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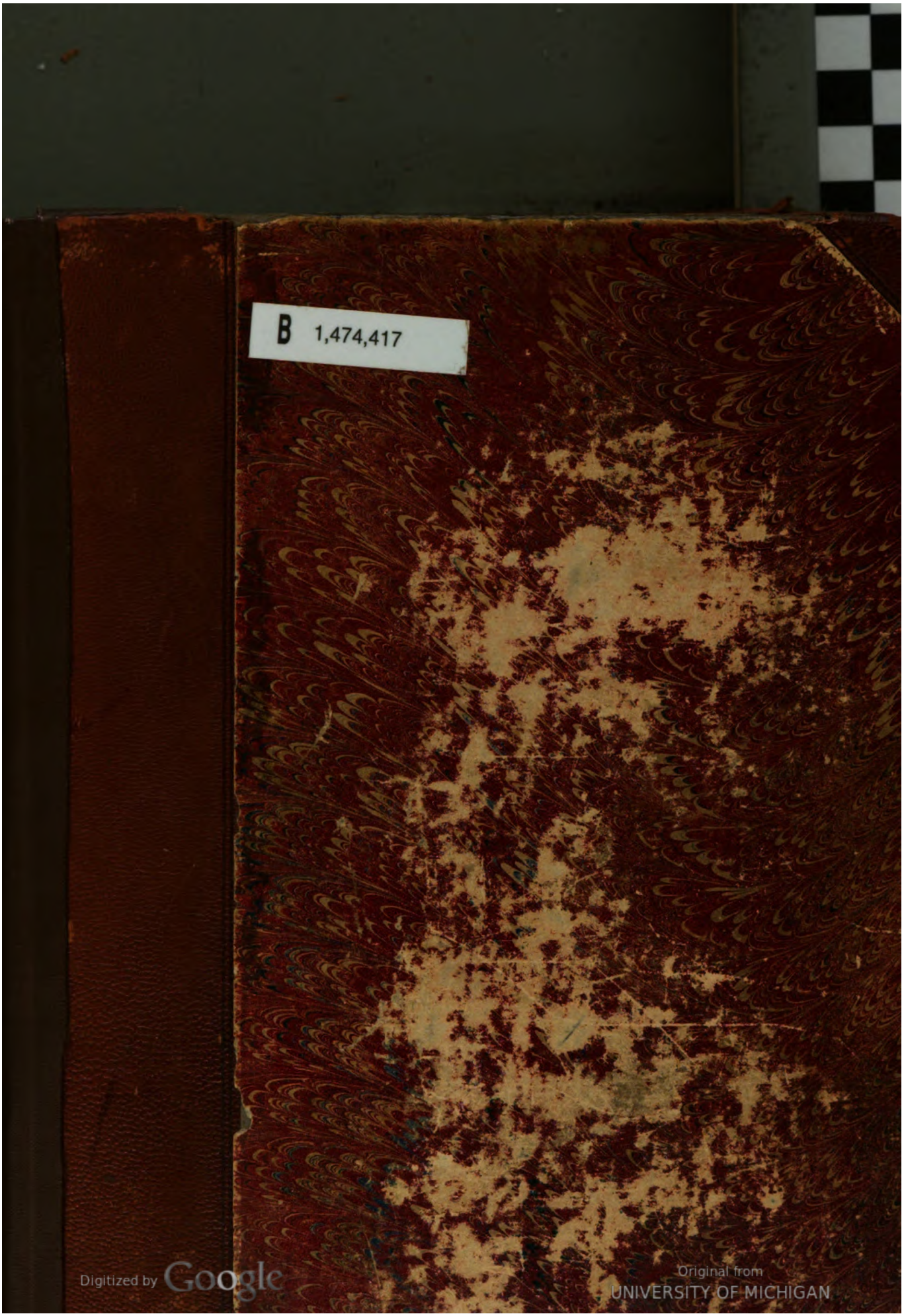


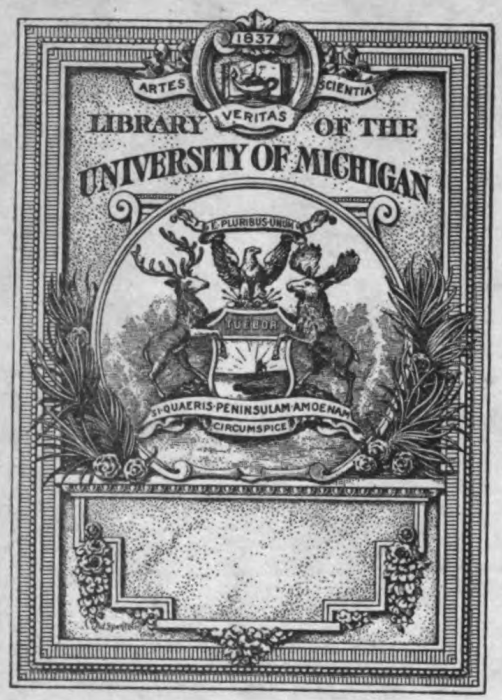
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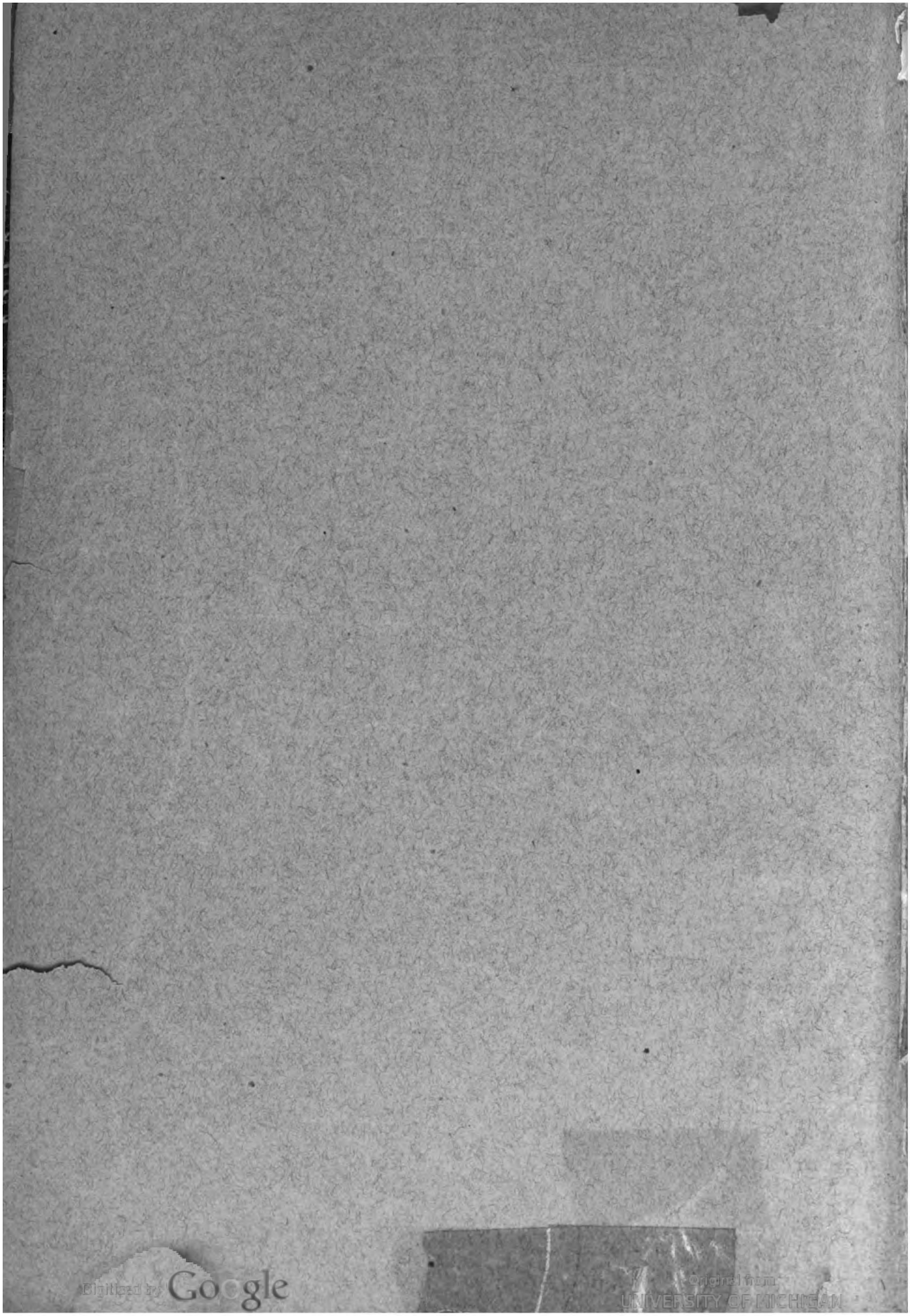


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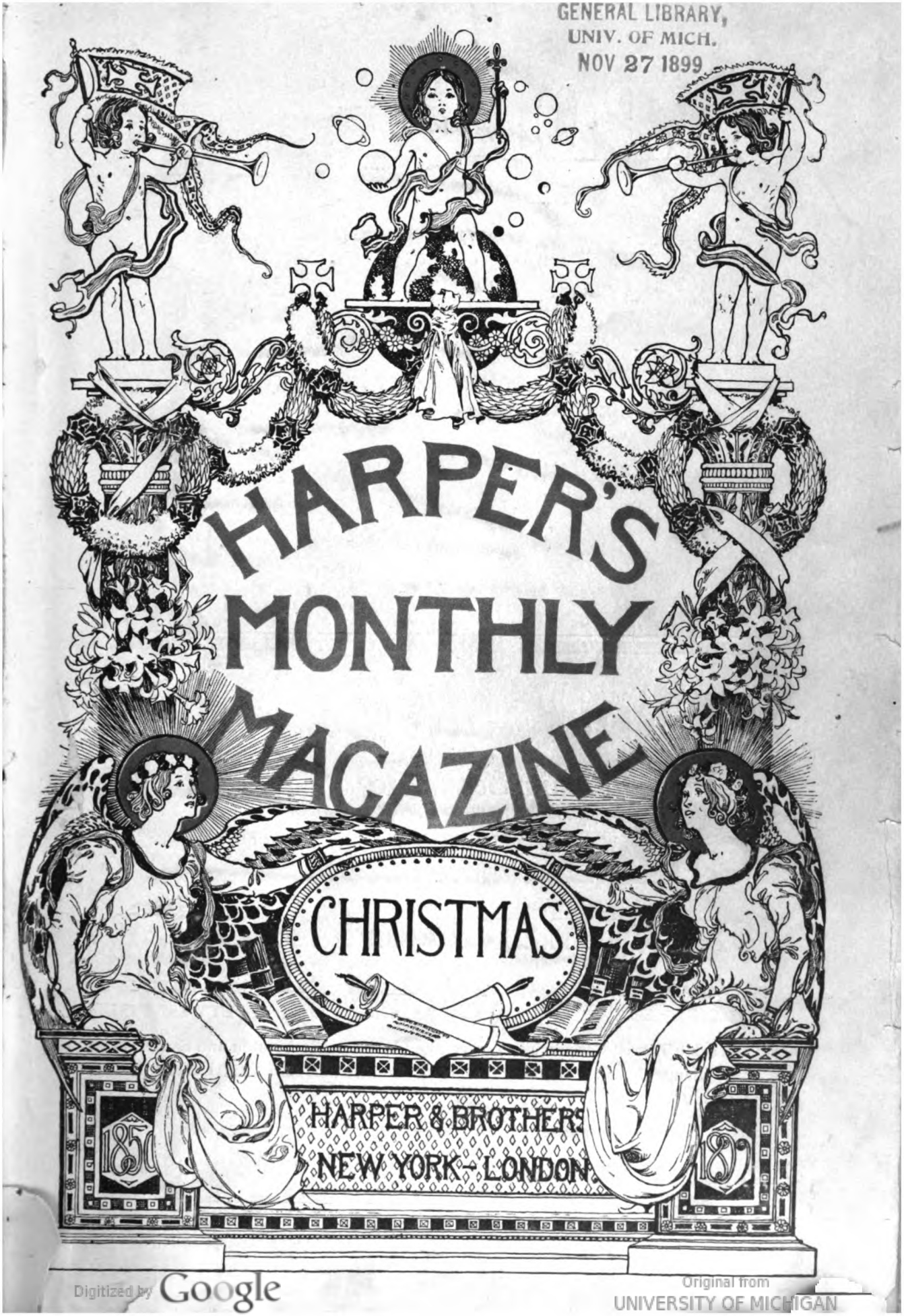
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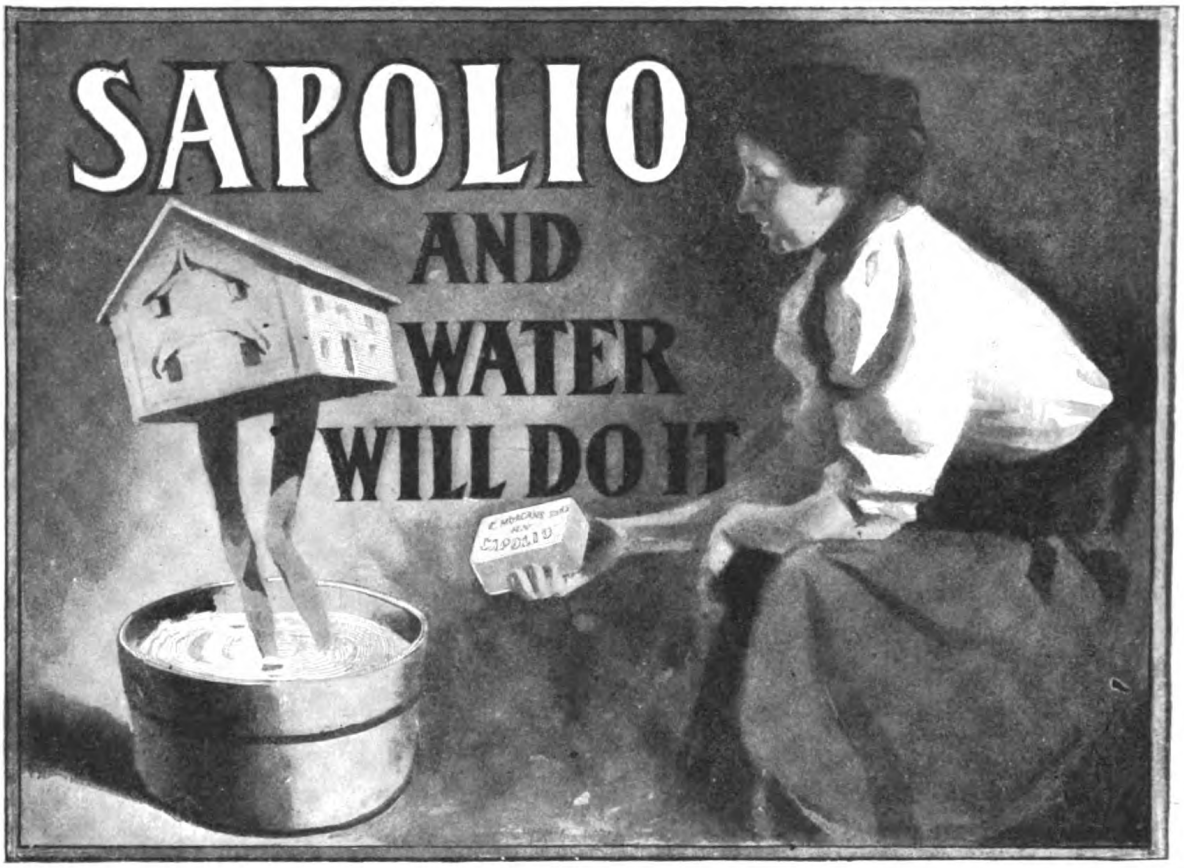
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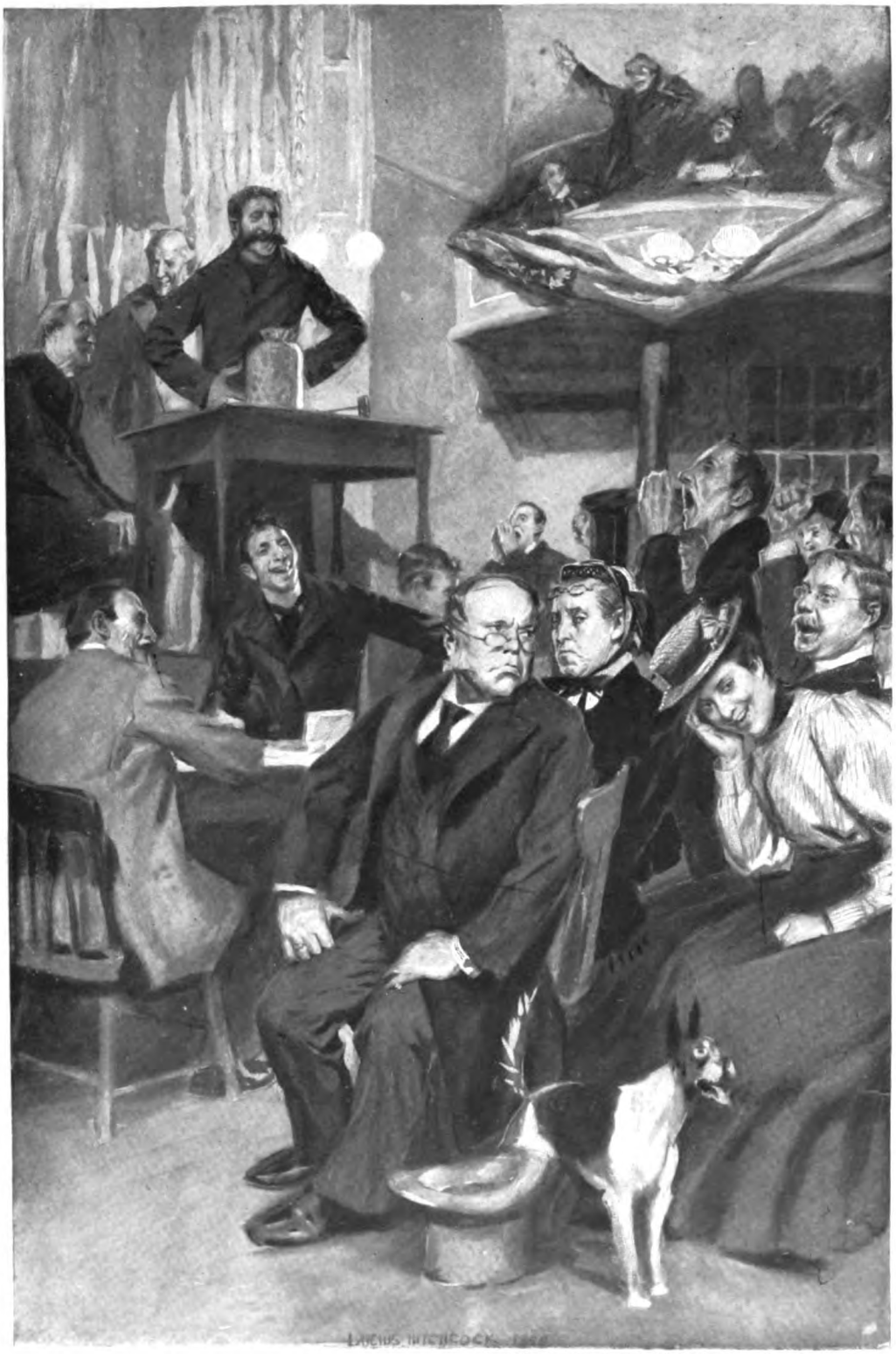
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See "The Man that corrupted Hadleyburg," by Mark Twain, p. 46.

"THE HOUSE WAS IN A ROARING HUMOR."

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. C DECEMBER, 1899 No. DXCV

THE BIRTH OF WINE IN ANCIENT PERSIA

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

PURPLE and silver the grapes of Shiraz
Ripened for wine in the long-fingered leaves:
Who is it told us that drinking was sin?
Surely he mocked God's will and deceives!
Clustered by thousands the blue and white berries
Swinging, and swelling in sunlight, shine;
Allah created the grape for man,
Jamshid altered the grape into wine.

Jamshid loved the grapes of Shiraz,
Hated the winter which swept them away;
Vessels an hundred, of bunches ripe,
In the vaults of his palace he bade them lay:—
Those he will eat in the time of the frost.
Lo! when he opened one,—*Ai, bu chist!**
Sour to the nostril, and sharp to the tongue,
Jamshid he spat, and he swore, and pished.

* "Ah! what odor is this?"

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That was the working away of the must!
When the season of ferment was o'er
Grape-juice grew mellowed to nectarous stuff;
Noble liquor hid there, in store!
"Mark it as poison," the Sultan said:
"Zahr" they wrote on those jars despised.
Nobody dreamed what the days had done,
Changing the grapes into wine well prized.

Jamshid's Queen had a turn of the blues,—
Maddened to frenzy for something amiss—
A frown from her lord, or a dead gazelle,
Or a ruby dropped, or a rival's kiss.
Wandering lorn those vessels she spied;
Read, in the Persian, "poison" there;
One beaker drained—two beakers—and then
Straightened her robe to die, severe.

Nay—and another! Death seemed so sweet
Quaffed in that dark and delicious draught!—
. . . . . .
What's fallen the Princess? Her woes have fled!
Joyous, at evils of life she laughed!
Bright were her eyes as the planets of night;
Her breast as calm as a Rose unshed;
But twice on the hem of her golden gown
Her white feet tripped as she went to bed.

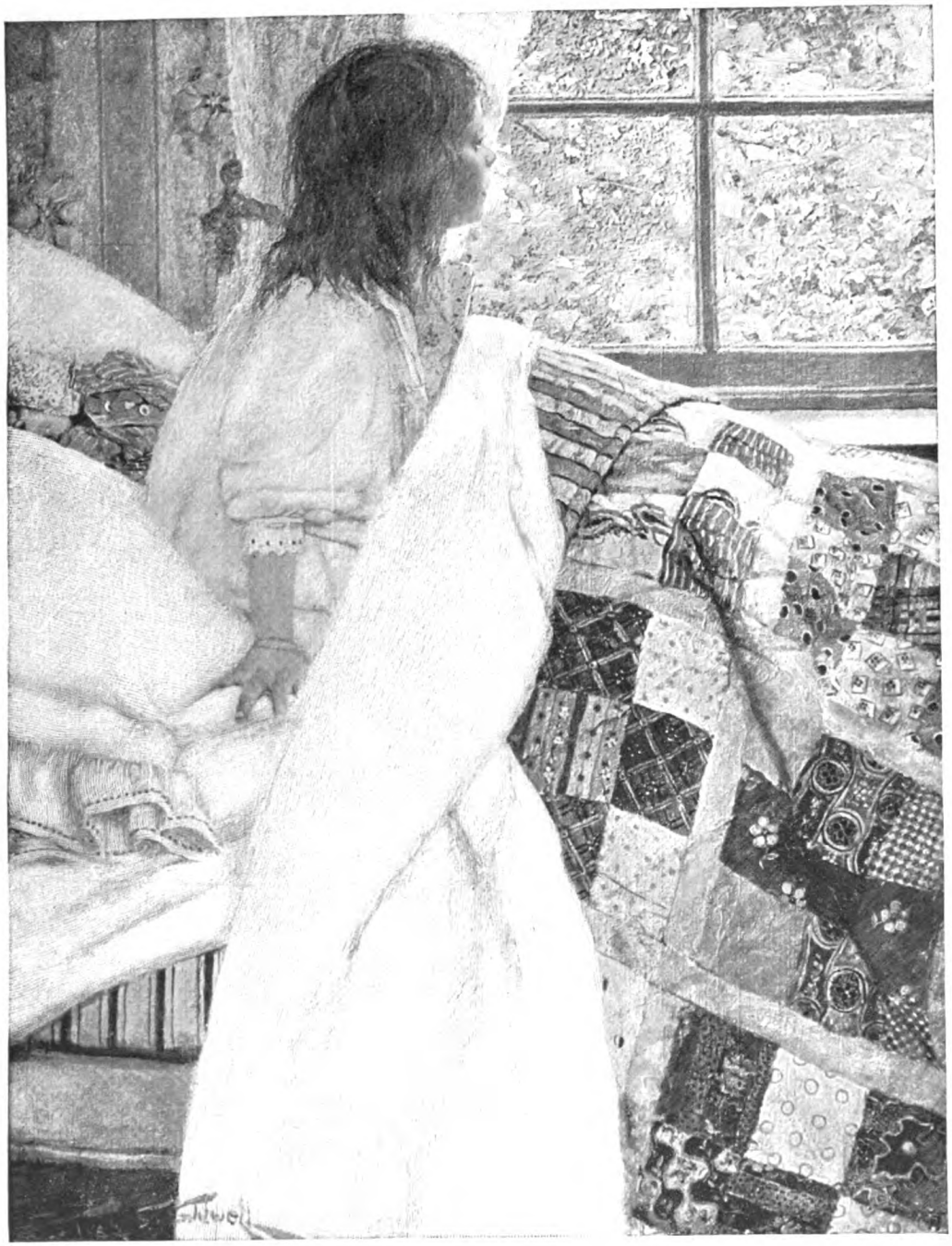
Comes, in the morning, great Jamshid;
Sees by his Queen a painted pitcher,
A jewelled cup:—her tantrums gone!
What hath the midnight wrought to bewitch her?
Never more lovely her face—more sweet
Her tulip cheeks and lips—as she said:
"Lord of the World! I drank the 'poison,'
Wishing and willing thy slave were dead.

"But 'tis Zahr-i-Khush! 'Tis the Water of Heaven!
'Tis energy, ecstasy, life made anew!
A fresh blood swims in my veins; soft madness
Gladdens me,—all from thy magical brew!"
Then Jamshid filled,—and Jamshid tasted;
And the golden wonder ran through the King,
As Ruknabad* glides and slides and sparkles
With ripples which joy and refreshment bring.

And there issued decree to summon a Court,
And, in midst of the highest, to set the Wine:
And Princes, and Captains, and gray-beard Mirs
Drank, all day long, of that drink divine,—
Drank, and were merry, and let cares go;
While the ladies sipped too, in their latticed bowers.
And that is how good wine came to be known
In Jamshid's reign, to this Land of ours.

* A famous stream of Shiraz.

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A NEW DAY.

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Children.

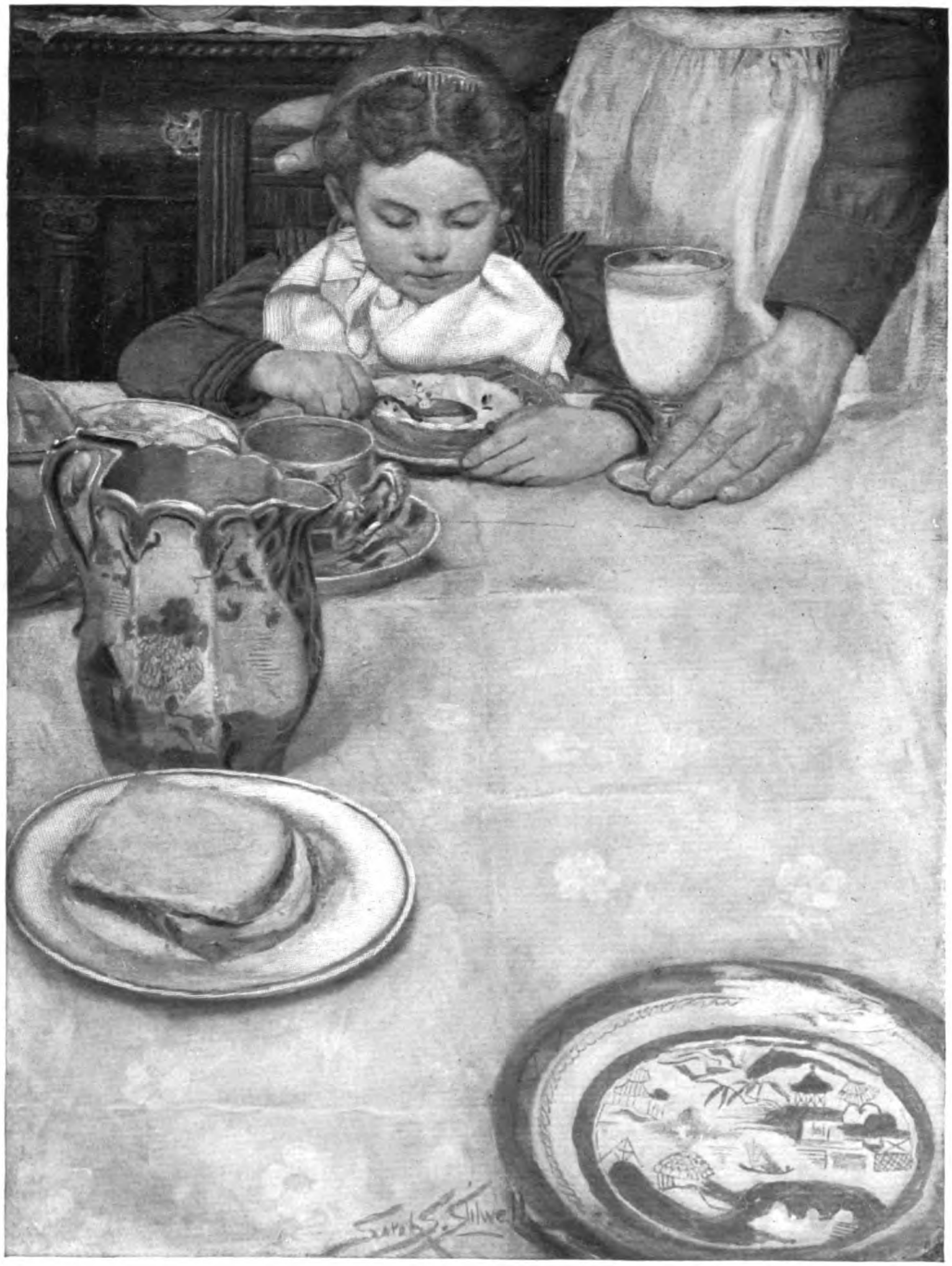
By E. S. Martin.

IT is not the custom in our family to return thanks after food, but seven-year-old Blandina, who is very deliberate about taking her simple nourishment, is apt, when she has finished what has been set before her and taken off her bib, to get down from her chair and kiss both her parents. Such a demonstration has never been expected, much less exacted, from Blandina. It is an impulse from within—the outward sign of replenished energies, and of a prompt and instinctive appreciation of the blessings of this life.

Those blessings Blandina has always appreciated. She has always been glad to be alive. She wakes in the morning benignly disposed towards all creation. She is glad when it is breakfast-time, glad to go to school, glad to come home, glad to get her luncheon, glad, after lunch, to go to the park, or to shop, or to read or play at home, or to do anything that comes handy. And when the gas is lighted, and the hour for bread-and-milk and dropped eggs comes around, she greets those restoratives with enthusiasm. It cannot truthfully be said of her that she is glad to go to bed. Usually she goes with reluctance and sometimes with tears; but once abed, her pleasant impressions of existence reassert themselves, her philosophy returns, and the current of her affections resumes its course. Somehow Blandina's affections seem to be always in commission. She is a person of considerable wilfulness, not without temper, not at all indifferent to getting her full share of any good thing that may be in course of distribution. Her tears flow readily and often, but dry incredibly soon. There never was a child more appreciative of the pleasures of consolation. I suppose that if she were analyzed by a competent hand, the report would note traces of jealousy and selfishness. Nevertheless she has the great charms of repose and good-will. The repose comes from the capacity to be satisfied with favorable conditions for a considerable period at a time. When she has been duly wound up, she goes steadily until she runs down. The good-will is an accident of birth.



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BREAKFAST.

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Blandina was born comfortable in mind and body, and affectionately disposed towards mankind and all nature. She looks always with interest into the world's mirror and sees pleasant things there. That is the gold spoon in her baby mouth. That is what makes her blunt nose, with all its freckles, seem an advantageous feature. That is what makes her more valuable as a mundane possession than a pretty big bunch of bonds with gilt on their edges and coupons attached. The coupons only come off the bonds twice a year, but the interest on Blandina accrues by the hour, and the payments are generous and constant.

The disgruntled person who thought that life might be tolerable if it were not for its pleasures was unable, probably, to command the simple and profitable form of satisfaction which comes from living in the house with a nice child. To be sure, *one* nice child is a scant allowance. At least six is preferable, if one can find keep and education for so many. Jason Jackson, of Boston, who loves all sports, and searches life's pockets for pleasures, appreciates children with a man's irresponsible joy, and loves to have them about in all stages of growth. It was he who admitted, with a new baby in his lap, that he liked to have always one nice soft one in the house. All properly constituted parents share that liking, though it is a very exceptional family nowadays that lives persistently up to its preferences in this particular. It is the disposition of all the world in these days to run to town; and town life, full of distractions and elaborations, and calculations and costs, undoubtedly favors small families. The possession of great treasures inevitably involves cares, and mothers remember, even if fathers forget, that children don't grow up as they should without thought being taken for them. One child is a more anxious charge than two or three, but more children than two or three means more care, and it is possible that of care there may be an over-supply. Then, too, the distribution of living space in cities is not at all sensible. The rule ought to be that the largest families should have the largest houses. The rule is, with due exceptions to prove it, that the size of one's domicile is in inverse proportion to the size of one's family. That is because the more of the family income goes for food, clothes, and schooling, the less remains for rent. The world is full of just such rules invented for the confusion of parents. Nevertheless, though there are folks to whom children are a trial, and to whom a certain scale of living, and strawberries in March, and the opera, and timely journeys, and various privileges of an unencumbered life, are worth more than young

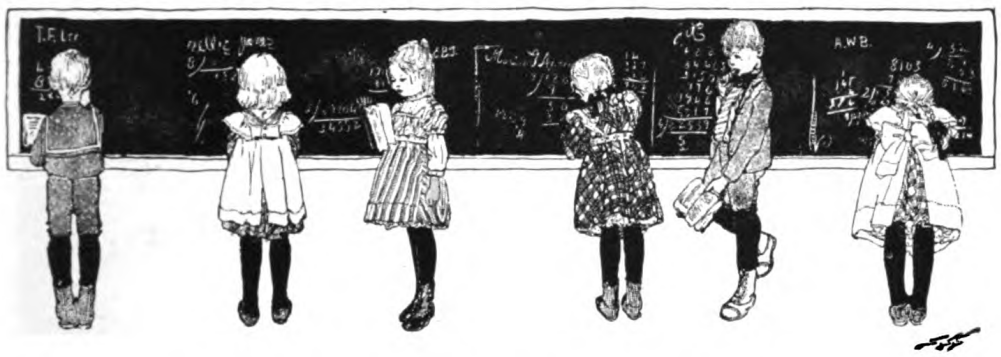


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IN SCHOOL.

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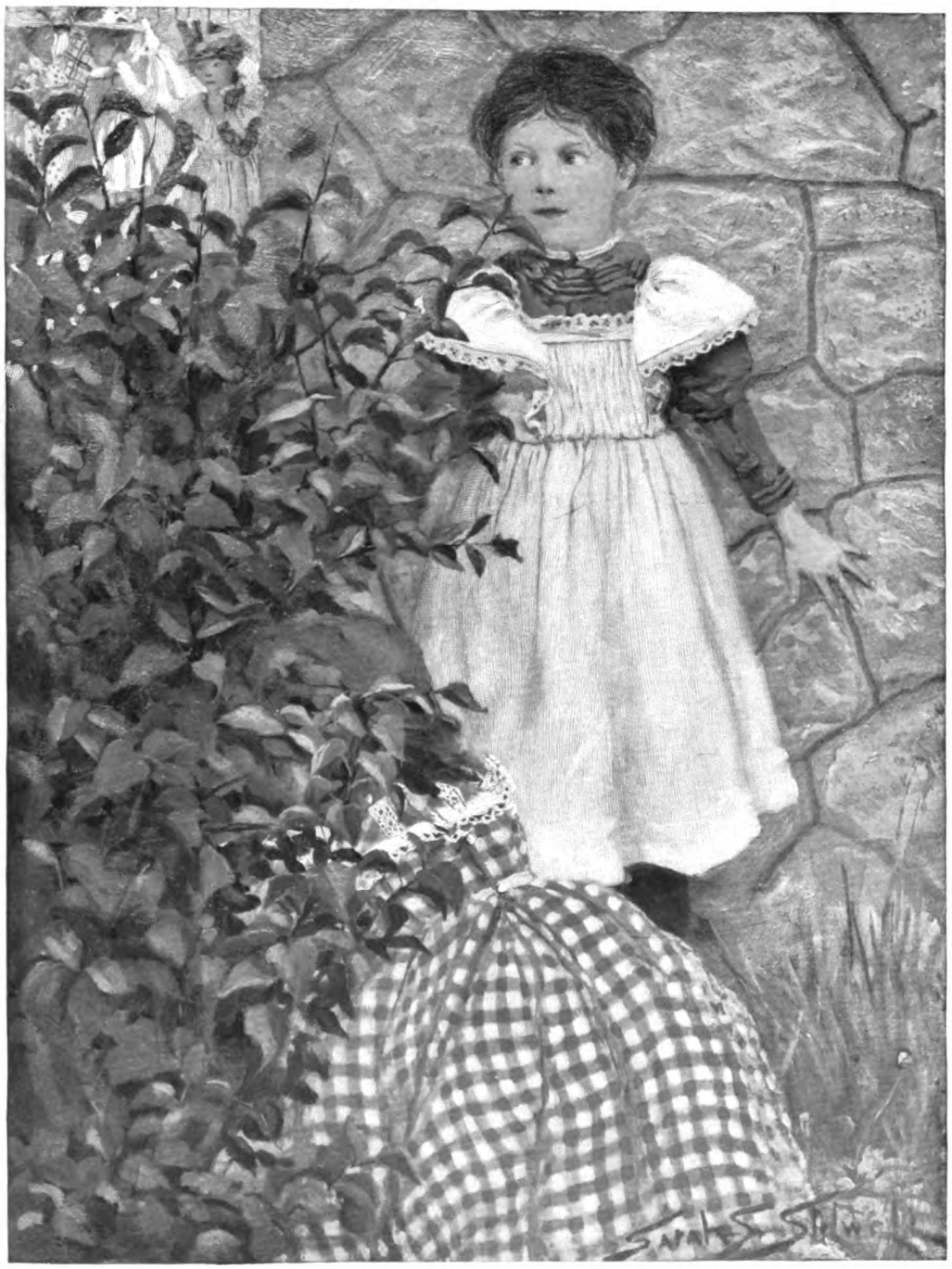
faces at the breakfast table and kisses at bedtime, the general conclusion of mankind is that nice children are God's best gift.

Some persons of a superior virtue live childless in the married state and love one another, and keep the peace, and find interests in life that afford them due entertainment; but the success which they make in living—when they do make it—is the triumph of character over circumstances, and it takes superior virtue to compass it. We should always admire and respect such persons as beings superior to their fate, and conversely we would seem entitled to think rather small potatoes of married people who, with children to help them, don't manage to live harmonious. In the case of such a couple it is pretty safe to conclude that about one or the other of them there is something very much amiss, since with the greatest luxury in life vouchsafed to them they cannot profit by it.

To have a family and no means of support is a serious predicament, and it is not bettered by the fact that the family is large. A family with a bad physical or mental inheritance, or in the hands of incompetent parents, is not likely to be a blessing or a valuable asset in the world. But a family of well-born children, committed to parents who appreciate their charge and are equal to it, is one of the very best things going. The very best and most important thing in the world is folks. Without them the world would be a mere point in space, and of no account except as a balance weight. All that ails the world as it is is a shortage of folks of the right quality. Of everything else there is enough to go around. Consequently the most valuable gift that can come to earth through man is rightly constituted children. Beside them all other forms of wealth are defective. Money is an excellent thing in so far as it enables one to command health and power and education and opportunity, and promotes one's usefulness, but children are a power and an unceasing entertainment, and constitute usefulness immediate and prospective. While money tempts to idleness, children are an incentive to industry; where money makes for self-indulgence, children make for self-denial; where money is an aid to vagrancy, children necessitate a home and some adherence to it. Money in superfluous quantities is a recognized demoralizer, but every good child is a moralizer to its parents. Can there be any question, then, that to accumulate a reasonable number of children is better worth one's while than to accumulate an unreasonable amount of money? Not a bit: and yet the world is full of ignorants whose ideal of the condition of happiness is to have a very large



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NOON-TIME.

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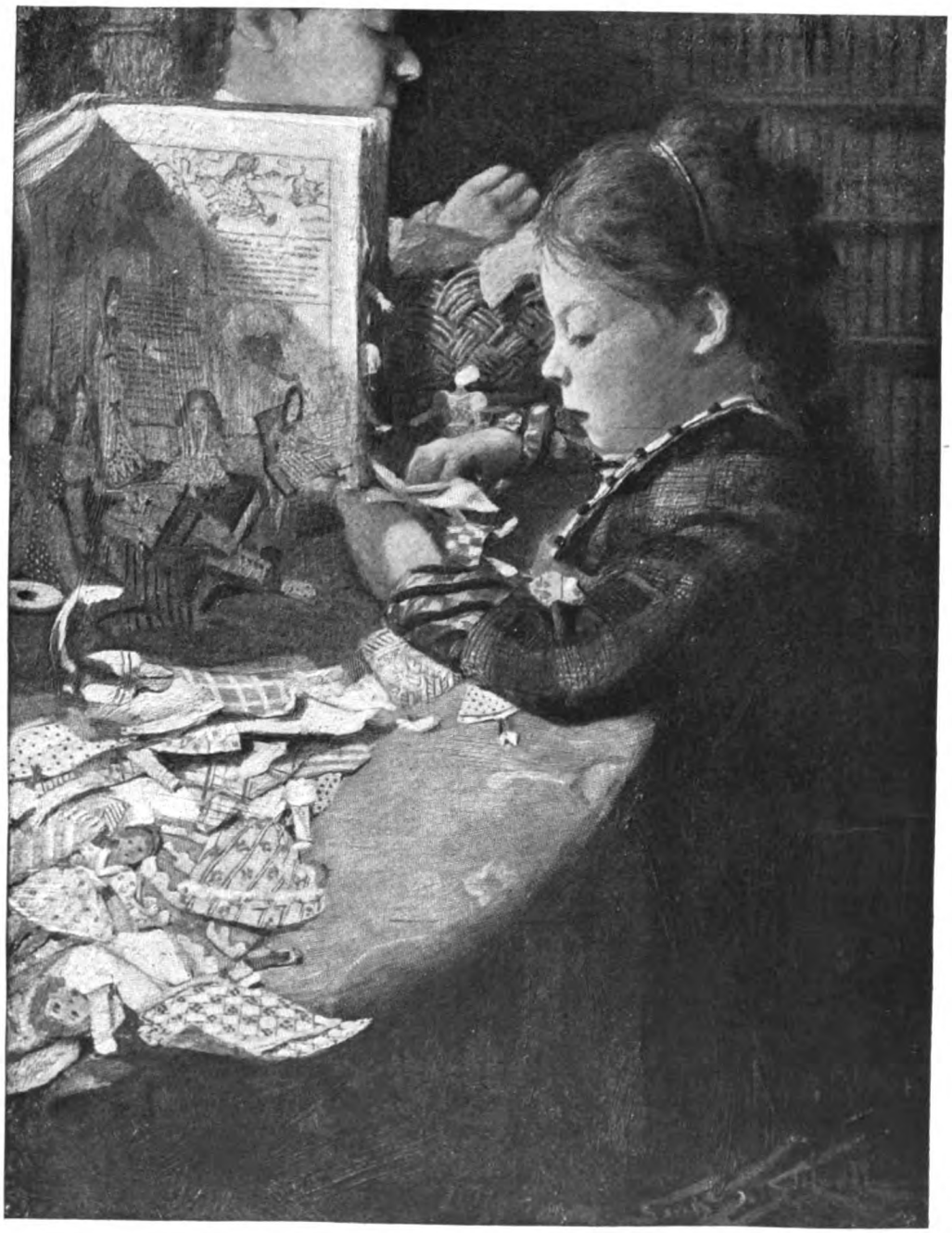
fortune and a very small family. To such persons to raise more than two children seems a flight in the face of Providence, and a reckless preference for the poor-house as the refuge of one's declining days. Great is prudence; but it is worth remembering that there are chances of raising too few children as well as too many, and while it is an embarrassment to have a young family on one's hands and run out of funds, it is also an embarrassment to find one's self past middle life and fairly in funds but short of children. The man who has exercised such discretion as to reach the age of fifty without having any children to fall back on has probably, if he has any sense, passed the period when he admires his own prudence, and has come to think of himself as one who has wasted his opportunities.

We are amiss in that we don't think of children as wealth. Our minds are apt to dwell unduly on the cost of raising them and starting them in the world, and not enough on the profit of them. We speak of Jenkins as "a poor man with a very large family," as though a man with a large family could justly be regarded as poor, provided the family was of good quality. Jenkins has only six or seven children, and can feed and clothe and love them all, and sends them to school, and has fun with them—thanks to his having a very able wife. We also speak of Disbrow as a rich man with one daughter, as though a man with much money and only one daughter could justly be called rich. We are not very accurate in our use of language. If a man who has valuables is rich, Jenkins is very well off, and we should recognize it in our thoughts of him; whereas a man with much money and only one daughter is but one step removed from want.

Excessively rich people rarely raise large families nowadays, and there are good reasons for it. They haven't time, for one thing. Conscientious parents, be they rich or poor, don't want to neglect their children, or to turn them over entirely to hired supervision. You might almost as well not have children as not live with them and be bothered with them. But six or seven children constitute for many years almost a complete occupation for a mother, and women who can command the various exercises that money can buy are loath to spend too large a share of their lives in the service of childhood. You can't take a troop of children abroad in the spring, to Newport in the summer, to Lenox in the fall, to New York in the winter, and to Florida in February. They have to go to school, for one thing; and, for another, it isn't healthy for them to keep them on the road. Any travelling circus-man will tell you that it's hard to keep the menagerie cubs alive while the show is mov-



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THE EVENING HOUR.

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ing. There's no place for children like almost any plain home where the plumbing is safe, and the water can be boiled, and where you think your doctor knows the milkman. But if you are going to stay at home, there's no special point about being egregiously rich, so the families of the extremely opulent as a general thing are small. Another thing: where there is a fortune of one hundred and fifty millions or more, it always seems a pity to split it into more than two or three pieces. It is well enough as endowments after the division, but it is spoilt as a curiosity. When a collection of money has been made so nearly complete that it approaches the condition of being a phenomenon, there is a natural reluctance on the owner's part to cut it up into mere incidents. Accordingly the incalculably rich do not, as a rule, care for a large group of heirs; one or two answer as well as a dozen. As far as raising a large family goes, a man with only two or three millions is better off than though he were really opulent, for if he has ten children he can provide for them all, and educate them, and give them a handsome start in life, and still have enough left to live and die on and make his widow happy. The idea of being "worth" a hundred and fifty millions, and raising as large a family as such a fortune would warrant, is not a practical idea, albeit it is a dream of a grand family.

The interminable variety in children has its good points and its disadvantages. If they were more alike they would be less interesting, but it would be more nearly possible to feel that a family was sometimes complete. But the possibilities of heredity are inexhaustible. One child inherits this or that from his mother and something else from his father, and another in selecting the composite qualities in which it is to clothe itself may skip its parents altogether and go back to grandparents or forebears still more remote. This lends an interminable excitement to the rearing of families. The certainty that no new-comer will be a duplicate of any child in being stirs in the optimist thoughts of combinations of powers and perfections the development of which it would be a life-long delight to watch. The records of some younger children, late-comers in large families, who have been born with great endowments and turned out to be great people, must always be an aggravation to ambitious parents whose families are small. To know of whole series of wonders which have been accomplished by seventh sons is disconcerting to folks to whom a seventh son is an impossible luxury; but they may always comfort themselves by remembering that a small family well raised is more likely to rejoice its parents than a big one neglected.



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SHADOW-TIME.

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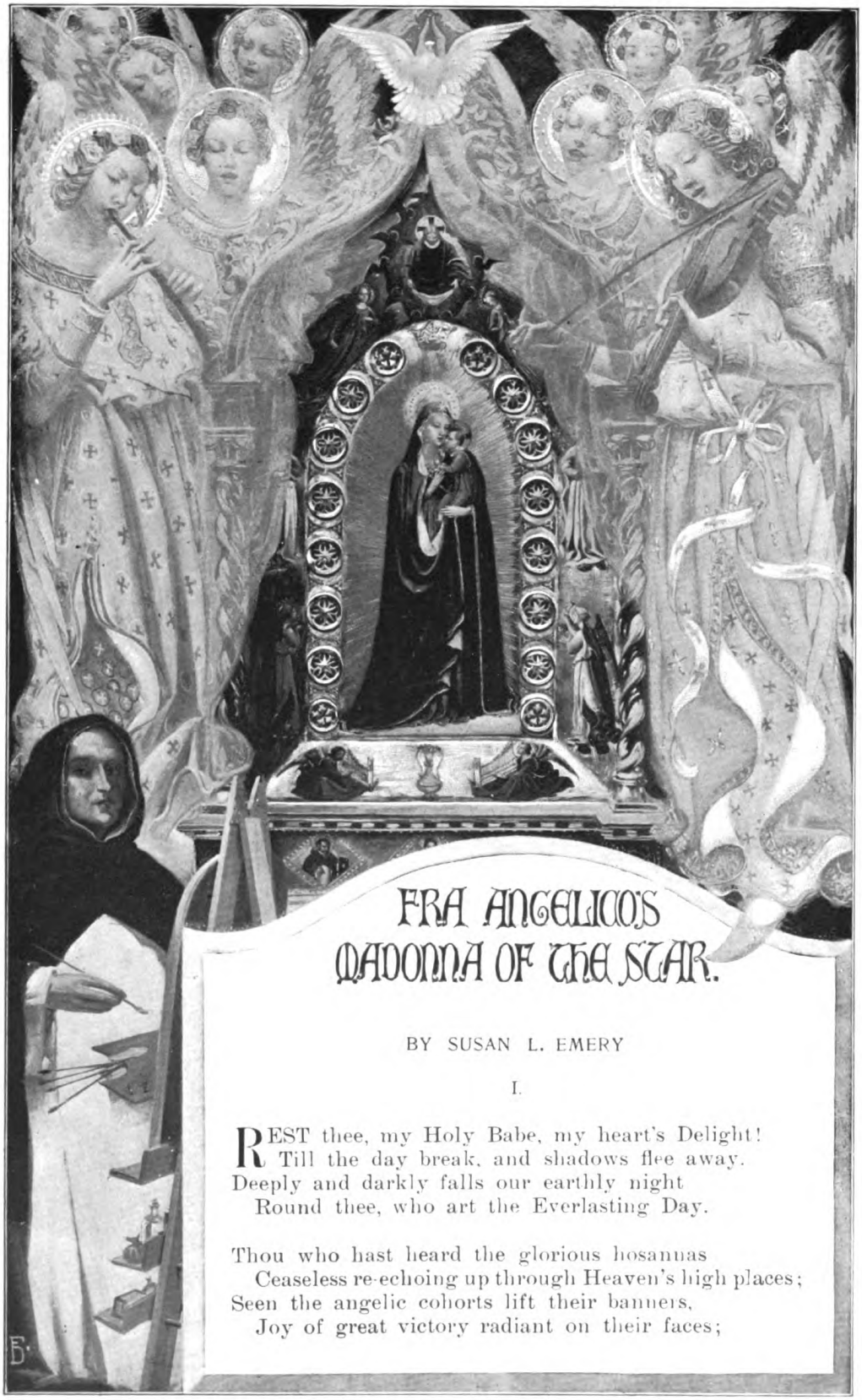
But that introduces the question of what a good bringing-up consists in. As to that, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. We will all agree that children should learn to read and write, and speak the truth; that it is good for them to love and be loved; that they ought not to be so snowed under with what are called "advantages" as to stifle their natural development; that the aim of education is to bring out the good and the strength there is in the child, and not to shape it by main strength according to some preconceived idea of parent or teacher.

The people who are of most account in the world are the people who work. We certainly do not want our children to grow up into do-nothings. We want them to learn to work as hard and as successfully as possible. We want them also to be good, and to keep out of mischief, and to be pleasant. We want them, if possible, to be so trained as to be able to work advantageously at things whereof the pursuit is agreeable and stimulating, and which bring rich rewards to successful labor.

We shall not be content with a development of mind or of body which the heart does not share. If our children are successful solely for themselves, and not for us too, and for others as well, we shall not feel entirely proud of their raising. We all feel, though, that the common lot is not quite good enough for our children. We hope for them that they may not drudge interminably at weary tasks. We want to command for them the brighter aspects of life. We cannot be sure of accomplishing that, but if we are wise enough, and not too selfish or too lazy ourselves, we can do a good deal towards it. Unworthy people who are shrewd and selfish and unscrupulous get a good deal in this world that is rated as valuable, but, after all, the use that they are able to make of what they get depends upon what they are. We want our children to grow up to be such persons that ill fortune, if they meet with it, will bring out strength in them, and that good fortune will not trip them up, but make them winners. To fight the battle of life under hard conditions and fall on the field is not inglorious, but to be turned loose in fields that are white and gather no satisfying harvest, ah! that is a sad fate. We should try by all means to save our children from that. One may miss most of the comforts of life and still succeed, but to have good chances and waste them all is failure.



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FRA ANGELICO'S MADONNA OF THE STAR.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY

I.

REST thee, my Holy Babe, my heart's Delight!
Till the day break, and shadows flee away.
Deeply and darkly falls our earthly night
Round thee, who art the Everlasting Day.

Thou who hast heard the glorious hosannas
Ceaseless re-echoing up through Heaven's high places;
Seen the angelic cohorts lift their banners,
Joy of great victory radiant on their faces;

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Seen the fair, peaceful river winding slowly,
River of Life, beside the fadeless flowers;
Heard mystic chant of Holy, Holy, Holy!—
What can content thee in a world like ours?

Long had I pondered what the prophets told me,—
Yearned for thee,—prayed for thee,—as years went by.
Now to my bosom fondly I enfold thee,
Child of my womb, and Son of God Most High!

Worlds would I give thee, had I them to give thee.
What means the longing in thy wondrous eyes?
Goest thou heart-broken, till Heaven again receive thee?
Lo! my own heart is broken by thy sighs.

Stand I to-night with thee while shadows gather,
Wherein all stars are set, and day is done.
O thou Eternal Word of God the Father!
I am thy Mother. Speak to me, my Son!

II.

Close to her cheek his baby cheek he presses,
(Lo! he is King of kings, and Lord of lords!)
Then, in the bliss of those divine caresses,
Speaks to her spirit without noise of words.

Down fall the flame-lit seraphs to adore him,
Awe-struck and still, in their attendant places.
Only the eye of God beheld before him
Those two most beautiful, most holy faces.

All his great purpose lies before her vision
In a deep peace that sets her heart at rest.
Though he has come to earth from fields Elysian,
Heaven is still with him on her stainless breast.

Sees she the cross, the crown of thorns, the dying;
Feels his deep hunger for the souls of men.
It is for this his homesick soul is sighing,—
That they may all reach Home with him again.

Sweet beyond words that silence. Then thrills through it
One sweetest thought, all other thoughts above:—
"So hath God loved the world he sent me to it;
Yea, he hath loved it 'with an everlasting love."

III.

When the dread chains of sleepless nights have bound us,
When all our hopes have fled from us afar,
When we see only deepest gloom around us,
Shine on us then, Madonna of the Star!

Tell us, when those are gone we held the dearest,
Sweet voices silent, and earth's love-lights dim,
Then thy Child Jesus to our hearts is nearest,
Sorrow and silence leading us to him.

Tell us to hush our very hearts before him,
(Lo! he is King of kings, and Lord of lords!)
In that deep stillness, while our souls adore him,
He will speak to us, without noise of words.

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MISS LADY

· BY · NANCY · VINCENT · McCLELLAND ·

CHIVERS was awfully bored. And the Other Fellow was a cad because he did not see it. Not to be able to walk unmolested up Broad Street on a crisp December afternoon! Another square of this would kill him. For the sake of escape, Chivers would—he wondered what he would do.

A gay poster flashed a sudden bright idea into his head, and Chivers turned into Horticultural Hall with quite a sensible relief.

"So long, old man," he said, almost joyfully. "I'm due here."

The Other Fellow went plodding up the street. "I wonder," he said to himself, "why Chivers is due at a doll show?"

If Chivers had realized what his escape from the frying-pan meant, it is doubtful whether he would have made this move of his. For there were never dolls without children, and Chivers's *bête noire* was a child. "They have such a queer way of looking at you," he explained. "I'd rather stand up before a locomotive, head on, than before a child's eyes." This did not mean that Chivers had a guilty conscience. It was simply an idea of his. He had really come dangerously near losing some of his best friends because he had staid away from their houses for months after knowing that he might meet a child there.

Fortunately none of the genus were in the lower hall, and Chivers sauntered in unsuspectingly, and tossed his money to the doorkeeper.

"Just to see who's here," he reflected. "The Willingfords are sure to be here, and the Appletons, and perhaps—" He did not finish the sentence even to himself, but started up the broad staircase.

At the head of it, backs toward him, a little group of boy cripples gathered around a case of athletic implements. One was a hunchback, and two were on crutches, and the littlest one clung tight to the hand of a tall Girl who stood in their midst. They were pointing out everything of interest to her, and she let them do it, as if she had never seen any of the things before, and she laughed blithely over their childish jokes.

In spite of the surroundings, Chivers quickened his steps as he heard the laugh and saw the Girl's gold-brown head rising out of the little clump of boys. She was his Perhaps.

As he came up the broad low steps she leaned to catch some question, and Chivers was at her side when she raised her head again. She smiled at him and gave him her hand in welcome, but Chivers forgot every sort of conventional greeting when he saw that her eyes were full of tears. He only realized that something had hurt the Girl he knew.

"What is it?" he asked, impulsively. The Girl drew her hand away and felt in her pocket, but couldn't find one there. Chivers tucked his into her hand, and she gave a quick touch to her eyes.

"Thank you, Chivers," she said. "I was a little foolish. You see, that one hasn't any hands." She pointed to one of the little fellows, whose soft felt hat was hung over the stumps of his maimed arms. "And he was begging me to buy him a football, and somehow the pity of it just sort of—"

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Chivers nodded in silent sympathy.

"Where did you get them?" he asked, tactfully.

"It's Crippled Home day," explained the Girl, "and I just happened to be here, and these boys were waiting for some one to take them around, so I did it. They haven't enough attendants, you know."

"I see," said Chivers, in awe. "And have you time to talk to me a little while?" he asked.

"Not just now," said the Girl, "but if you will wait until the boys and I have gone around the hall, why, then, Chivers, you may take me home."

Chivers said he would, and the Girl started off. Then she beckoned to him. "Won't you come too?" she asked.

Chivers shook his head bashfully and glanced at the four children.

"I think not," he replied; "I believe I am a little afraid."

The Girl laughed, took two boys' hands in hers, and turned gayly away.

Chivers lounged lazily around the outer hall to kill time. His luck wasn't so bad, after all. If there had been one person on the earth he had particularly wanted to see, it was the Girl. He collided absent-mindedly with two or three other parties of people, then finally extricated himself from the crowd and leaned against the railing of the staircase, digging at the square tiles with his cane.

"Chivers, will you do something for me?" asked the Girl's voice, hastily, at his elbow.

Chivers straightened himself, and looked down at her attentively. "I am yours to command," he answered. "What have you done with them all?"

"Oh," said the Girl, "the three big ones went with some others they met, but the littlest one is waiting for you."

"For me!" said Chivers, in surprise.

The Girl nodded. "He is so small that the people crush him, and he can't see a doll. Not a doll!" she repeated. "I have tried to lift him, but he is too heavy for me. And it's his first frolic this year, and I want to know if you won't carry him around the hall for me."

Chivers gave a cowardly recoil, and gasped a little with fright.

"Please do, Chivers," said the Girl. "I'd rather ask you than any one else." Her eyes were shining, and in her eagerness she put out her hand and touched his arm.

Chivers looked for an instant at his new gloves and thought — well, never mind what he thought. He looked at the Girl and squared his shoulders, and said yes, as she knew he would. Chivers was a gentleman. But he took off his gloves.

"You'll come too, won't you?" he asked of the Girl, as they made their way through the crowd. "Just to talk to the little fellow, you know," he added, waiting for her reply with unconcealed anxiety.

The Girl turned round toward him and laughed. "Oh yes!" she answered. "It was cruel enough to ask you to carry the baby. I wouldn't be quite so heartless as to leave you all alone with him in this crowd."

Chivers smiled, but he was heartily grateful. It was not half such martyrdom when she was going to share it.

"See," said the Girl, when they had pushed their way through to the corner where the little lad was patiently waiting for them. "Wouldn't you like to sit on the shoulder of this great big man, and be taller than anybody else in the room, and see everything that is here?"

Chivers prayed for a refusal, but in vain. The child considered her proposition seriously for a moment, and gave Chivers a judicial survey. "Yes," he said finally, and held out his arms. With set teeth, Chivers braced himself for the strain. The Girl took up the two tiny crutches and led the way. People gave place instinctively for the little procession.

They visited the Indian dolls and the baby dolls, then they stopped before an enchanting cotton-bat scene where Canadian puppets were sleighing and tobogganing and snowballing in bewildering succession.

"You'll like this, I know," she said to the boy.

He smiled at her gratefully, and leaned over Chivers's back. "Miss Lady," he said, and held out something in his little closed fist. The Girl reached up, and he dropped a warm penny into her hand. "Please buy somefing for me wif it," he whispered. "Wight now."

He got a cheery nod for an answer, and saw the Girl go quickly over to the [illegible]. Then he devoted himself to blissful absorption of the things about him.

Chivers had not heard the quick little whisper nor seen its answer. But he thought, after a while, that things were

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remarkably quiet around him, and he looked to the Girl to see why. She was not at his right, nor on the other side. Great heavens! she was not there at all! She had left him alone, absolutely alone, with a child!

Chivers looked about him helplessly, and with the least bit of a vindictive light in his eye. That Girl just wanted to put him in a ridiculous position and leave him stranded with the crippled thing in his arms! For one wild moment he debated dumping his burden to the floor and making a clean bolt of it. There were plenty of people around who would look after the little chap. Then he did not dare put the child down, because it could not stand alone, and its crutches of course had gone with the Girl. He did not know anything about dolls, and, for pity's sake, what else could he find in common to talk about to this broken baby? His arms were getting tired too. The situation was growing desperate.

The kindly old lady in charge of Canada had been watching the group with interest. She saw Chivers's savage glances and the boy's inquiring looks, and she came forward good-heartedly to the rescue. "Did you want mother, child?" she asked. Then she said reassuringly to Chivers: "I saw where your wife went, sir. I can get her for you in a moment." And before Chivers had time to open his mouth she trotted away. The man groaned audibly and hurried to move from the place.

At his next turn he ran into the Appletons. The elder Miss Appleton greeted him with well-bred unconsciousness of his perturbation and of his dishevelment; the younger stared at him in undisguised amusement.

"Charming exhibition!" they murmured to him together.

Chivers knew that they meant himself. The absurdity of it all struck him, and he chuckled as he escaped.

"Dear me!" he heard the younger girl remark, with a voice like lifted eyebrows. "Isn't that very peculiar?" Things had already gone too far!

"I say," he suggested desperately to the boy on his shoulder, "have you seen enough of these things yet?"

The child clasped his hands a little tighter around Chivers's neck and gave a wiggle of delight.

"Oh, no!" he said, wrenching his eyes for one minute away from the doll beauties. "There are lots of fings yet, vewy lots of them. We didn't see ve talking dolls, nor ve—somefing bats, Miss Lady called them, nor ve football game, and vat will be ve bestest, don't you fink?"

He leaned down so that he could scan Chivers's face with his big brown eyes, and he caught a glimpse of Chivers's frown. "Are you vewy tired of lifting me?" he asked politely, in a plaintive little voice that went straight to Chivers's heart.

"Not at all, sir," was the cheerful assurance that person hastened to give. "You needn't get down until you have seen everything you want. But—er—you wouldn't mind climbing over to my other shoulder, would you?" Chivers lifted him gently with his big strong hands and moved him across. Then, a good deal ashamed of himself, he faced about and followed the choice of the boy's pointing finger.

When the Girl came back she found them laughing together like life-long friends. Chivers greeted her very ungraciously. He had forgotten how he had been longing for her in his agony of ten minutes before.

"Oh, you're not needed at all," he said, in fine scorn. "I'm an excellent nurse. And we have been all round now. Pray don't stay on my account!"

The child turned and smiled at her. She seemed not to realize the seriousness of her misdeed. Her hands were full.

"Put him down, Chivers, why don't you?" she said, "if you have seen everything. I have some candies for him."

Chivers lowered his load doubtfully upon the chair that stood near, and the Girl put her burden into the child's lap.

"And here is your change," she said, pressing the penny back into his hand.

The boy looked up aggrieved. "You didn't get anyfing wif my money!" he said, in disappointment. "I wanted you to, Miss Lady, somefing of my vewy own." His lip trembled.

Chivers shrugged his shoulders. "The greed of a child!" he muttered.

"It isn't, Chivers," protested the Girl, quietly; "he only wants to feel that he has the right of ownership over something." She slipped away to buy another sugar animal, and brought it back in triumph to the child.

His face lit up with perfect satisfaction

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"HE ONLY WANTS TO FEEL THAT HE HAS THE RIGHT OF OWNERSHIP OVER SOMETHING"

as he clasped the beast tight, and his cheeks glowed.

Chivers staid by the chair a moment longer while the Girl went to speak to one of the attendants.

She came back with her soft furs all about her face. "I must go now," she said, bending down, "and don't forget you are to come to see me, if Miss Harrison will bring you."

The woman behind her nodded assent to the child.

He put up his arms very gently around the Girl's neck; he was almost afraid to touch her.

"Good-by, Miss Lady," he said.

"Good-by, sir," said Chivers, shaking his hand heartily as man to man. He added, mysteriously, "That was awfully good of you, you know, that last thing."

Then he ran down after the Girl.

They were both silent as they came out into the stinging cold and the glow of the early lighted street-lamps.

The Girl glanced up expectantly after a few moments. "Well?" she said.

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"I think," responded Chivers, thoughtfully, "that I am very much obliged to you, Miss Lady. And, by-the-way," he added, "I'll take back what I said about the child's greed."

"What the dickens shall I do with it?" He held it gingerly in his fingers.

The Girl laughed at his dilemma, but caught his arm as he aimed at a little snow-bank. "Don't throw it away,



"GIVE ME YOUR RIGHT OF OWNERSHIP."

He prodded his coat pocket and brought out a sticky object in a piece of paper. "The boy gave it to me," he said.

"Why, Chivers!" she exclaimed, with a soft laugh. "And it was his right of ownership!"

"Yes," said Chivers, thoughtfully. Chivers," she said. "Give me your right of ownership."

"Elizabeth," he answered, quite gravely, "it is yours already, you know. Do you really mean you will accept it?"

For answer the Girl stretched out her hand.

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WHILOMVILLE STORIES · BY STEPHEN CRANE

V.—MAKING AN ORATOR

IN the school at Whilomville it was the habit, when children had progressed to a certain class, to have them devote Friday afternoon to what was called elocution. This was in the piteously ignorant belief that orators were thus made. By process of school law, unfortunate boys and girls were dragged up to address their fellow-scholars in the literature of the mid-century. Probably the children who were most capable of expressing themselves, the children who were most sensitive to the power of speech, suffered the most wrong. Little blockheads who could learn eight lines of conventional poetry, and could get up and spin it rapidly at their classmates, did not undergo a single pang. The plan operated mainly to agonize many children permanently against arising to speak their thought to fellow-creatures.

Jimmie Trescott had an idea that by exhibition of undue ignorance he could escape from being promoted into the first class room which exacted such penalty from its inmates. He preferred to dwell in a less classic shade rather than venture into a domain where he was obliged to perform a certain duty which struck him as being worse than death. However, willy-nilly, he was somehow sent ahead into the place of torture.

Every Friday at least ten of the little children had to mount the stage beside the teacher's desk and babble something which none of them understood. This was to make them orators. If it had been ordered that they should croak like frogs, it would have advanced most of them just as far towards oratory.

Alphabetically Jimmie Trescott was near the end of the list of victims, but his time was none the less inevitable. "Tanner, Timmens, Trass, Trescott—" He saw his downfall approaching.

He was passive to the teacher while she drove into his mind the incomprehensible lines of "The Charge of the Light Brigade":

> Half a league, half a league,
> Half a league onward—

He had no conception of a league. If in the ordinary course of life somebody had told him that he was half a league from home, he might have been frightened that half a league was fifty miles; but he struggled manfully with the valley of death and a mystic six hundred, who were performing something there which was very fine, he had been told. He learned all the verses.

But as his own Friday afternoon approached he was moved to make known to his family that a dreadful disease was upon him, and was likely at any time to prevent him from going to his beloved school.

On the great Friday when the children of his initials were to speak their pieces Dr. Trescott was away from home, and the mother of the boy was alarmed beyond measure at Jimmie's curious illness, which caused him to lie on the rug in front of the fire and groan cavernously.

She bathed his feet in hot mustard water until they were lobster-red. She

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also placed a mustard plaster on his chest.

He announced that these remedies did him no good at all—no good at all. With an air of martyrdom he endured a perfect downpour of motherly attention all that day. Thus the first Friday was passed in safety.

With singular patience he sat before the fire in the dining-room and looked at picture-books, only complaining of pain when he suspected his mother of thinking that he was getting better.

The next day being Saturday and a holiday, he was miraculously delivered from the arms of disease, and went forth to play, a blatantly healthy boy.

He had no further attack until Thursday night of the next week, when he announced that he felt very, very poorly. The mother was already chronically alarmed over the condition of her son, but Dr. Trescott asked him questions which denoted some incredulity. On the third Friday Jimmie was dropped at the door of the school from the doctor's buggy. The other children, notably those who had already passed over the mountain of distress, looked at him with glee, seeing in him another lamb brought to butchery. Seated at his desk in the school-room, Jimmie sometimes remembered with dreadful distinctness every line of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and at other times his mind was utterly empty of it. Geography, arithmetic, and spelling—usually great tasks—quite rolled off him. His mind was dwelling with terror upon the time when his name should be called and he was obliged to go up to the platform, turn, bow, and recite his message to his fellowmen.

Desperate expedients for delay came to him. If he could have engaged the services of a real pain, he would have been glad. But steadily, inexorably, the minutes marched on towards his great crisis, and all his plans for escape blended into a mere panic fear.

The maples outside were defeating the weakening rays of the afternoon sun, and in the shadowed school-room had come a stillness, in which, nevertheless, one could feel the complacence of the little pupils who had already passed through the flames. They were calmly prepared to recognize as a spectacle the torture of others.

Little Johnnie Tanner opened the ceremony. He stamped heavily up to the platform, and bowed in such a manner that he almost fell down. He blurted out that it would ill befit him to sit silent while the name of his fair Ireland was being reproached, and he appealed to the gallant soldier before him if every British battle-field was not sown with the bones of sons of the Emerald Isle. He was also heard to say that he had listened with deepening surprise and scorn to the insinuation of the honorable member from North Glenmorganshire that the loyalty of the Irish regiments in her Majesty's service could be questioned. To what purpose, then, he asked, had the blood of Irishmen flowed on a hundred fields? To what purpose had Irishmen gone to their death with bravery and devotion in every part of the world where the victorious flag of England had been carried? If the honorable member for North Glenmorganshire insisted upon construing a mere pothouse row between soldiers in Dublin into a grand treachery to the colors and to her Majesty's uniform, then it was time for Ireland to think bitterly of her dead sons, whose graves now marked every step of England's progress, and yet who could have their honors stripped from them so easily by the honorable member for North Glenmorganshire. Furthermore, the honorable member for North Glenmorganshire—

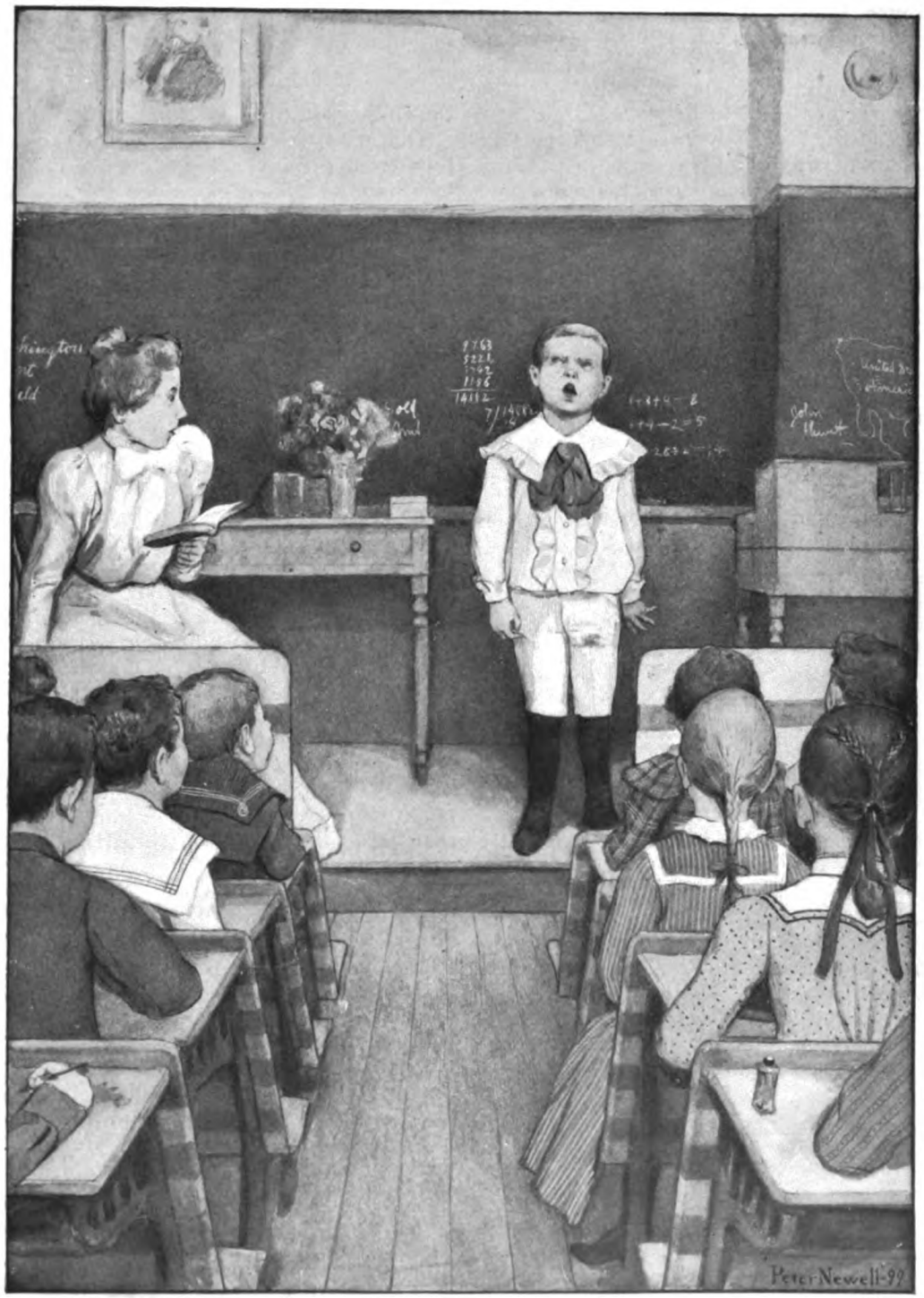
It is needless to say that little Johnnie Tanner's language made it exceedingly hot for the honorable member for North Glenmorganshire. But Johnnie was not angry. He was only in haste. He finished the honorable member for North Glenmorganshire in what might be called a gallop.

Susie Timmens then went to the platform, and with a face as pale as death whisperingly reiterated that she would be Queen of the May. The child represented there a perfect picture of unnecessary suffering. Her small lips were quite blue, and her eyes, opened wide, stared with a look of horror at nothing.

The phlegmatic Trass boy, with his moon face only expressing peasant parentage, calmly spoke some undeniably true words concerning destiny.

In his seat Jimmie Trescott was going half blind with fear of his approaching

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"AND THEN HE SUDDENLY SAID, 'HALF A LEG—'"

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doom. He wished that the Trass boy would talk forever about destiny. If the school-house had taken fire he thought that he would have felt simply relief. Anything was better. Death amid the flames was preferable to a recital of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

But the Trass boy finished his remarks about destiny in a very short time. Jimmie heard the teacher call his name, and he felt the whole world look at him. He did not know how he made his way to the stage. Parts of him seemed to be of lead, and at the same time parts of him seemed to be light as air, detached. His face had gone as pale as had been the face of Susie Timmens. He was simply a child in torment; that is all there is to be said specifically about it; and to intelligent people the exhibition would have been not more edifying than a dog-fight.

He bowed precariously, choked, made an inarticulate sound, and then he suddenly said,

"Half a leg—"

"*League*," said the teacher, coolly.

"Half a leg—"

"*League*," said the teacher.

"*League*," repeated Jimmie, wildly.

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward."

He paused here and looked wretchedly at the teacher.

"Half a league," he muttered—"half a league—"

He seemed likely to keep continuing this phrase indefinitely, so after a time the teacher said, "Well, go on."

"Half a league," responded Jimmie.

The teacher had the opened book before her, and she read from it:

"'All in the valley of Death
Rode the—'

Go on," she concluded.

Jimmie said,

"All in the valley of Death
Rode the—the—the—"

He cast a glance of supreme appeal upon the teacher, and breathlessly whispered, "Rode the what?"

The young woman flushed with indignation to the roots of her hair.

"Rode the six hundred,"

she snapped at him.

The class was arustle with delight at this cruel display. They were no better than a Roman populace in Nero's time.

Jimmie started off again:

"Half a leg—league, half a league, half a league onward,
All in the valley of death rode the six hundred.
Forward—forward—forward—"

"The Light Brigade," suggested the teacher, sharply.

"The Light Brigade," said Jimmie. He was about to die of the ignoble pain of his position.

As for Tennyson's lines, they had all gone grandly out of his mind, leaving it a whited wall.

The teacher's indignation was still rampant. She looked at the miserable wretch before her with an angry stare.

"You stay in after school and learn that all over again," she commanded. "And be prepared to speak it next Friday. I am astonished at you, Jimmie. Go to your seat."

If she had suddenly and magically made a spirit of him and left him free to soar high above all the travail of our earthly lives she could not have overjoyed him more. He fled back to his seat without hearing the low-toned gibes of his schoolmates. He gave no thought to the terrors of the next Friday. The evils of the day had been sufficient, and to a childish mind a week is a great space of time.

With the delightful inconsistency of his age he sat in blissful calm, and watched the sufferings of an unfortunate boy named Zimmerman, who was the next victim of education. Jimmie, of course, did not know that on this day there had been laid for him the foundation of a finished incapacity for public speaking which would be his until he died.

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THE MAN THAT CORRUPTED HADLEYBURG





BY MARK TWAIN

I.

IT was many years ago. Hadleyburg was the most honest and upright town in all the region round about. It had kept that reputation unsmirched during three generations, and was prouder of it than of any other of its possessions. It was so proud of it, and so anxious to insure its perpetuation, that it began to teach the principles of honest dealing to its babies in the cradle, and made the like teachings the staple of their culture thenceforward through all the years devoted to their education. Also, throughout the formative years temptations were kept out of the way of the young people, so that their honesty could have every chance to harden and solidify, and become a part of their very bone. The neighboring towns were jealous of this honorable supremacy, and affected to sneer at Hadleyburg's pride in it and call it vanity; but all the same they were obliged to acknowledge that Hadleyburg was in reality an incorruptible town; and if pressed they would also acknowledge that the mere fact that a young man hailed from Hadleyburg was all the recommendation he needed when he went forth from his natal town to seek for responsible employment.

But at last, in the drift of time, Hadleyburg had the ill luck to offend a passing stranger—possibly without knowing it, certainly without caring, for Hadleyburg was sufficient unto itself, and cared not a rap for strangers or their opinions. Still, it would have been well to make an exception in this one's case, for he was a bitter man and revengeful. All through his wanderings during a whole year he kept his injury in mind, and gave all his leisure moments to trying to invent a compensating satisfaction for it. He contrived many plans, and all of them were good, but none of them was quite sweeping enough; the poorest of them would hurt a great many individuals, but what he wanted was a plan which would comprehend the entire town, and not let so much as one person escape unhurt. At last he had a fortunate idea, and when it fell into his brain it lit up his whole head with an evil joy. He began to form a plan at once, saying to himself, "That is the thing to do—I will corrupt the town."

Six months later he went to Hadleyburg, and arrived in a buggy at the house of the old cashier of the bank about ten at night. He got a sack out of the buggy, shouldered it, and staggered with it through the cottage yard, and knocked at the door. A woman's voice said "Come in," and he entered, and set his sack behind the stove in the parlor, saying politely to the old lady who sat reading the *Missionary Herald* by the lamp:

"Pray keep your seat, madam, I will not disturb you. There—now it is pretty well concealed; one would hardly know it was there. Can I see your husband a moment, madam?"

No, he was gone to Brixton, and might not return before morning.

"Very well, madam, it is no matter. I merely wanted to leave that sack in his care, to be delivered to the rightful owner when he shall be found. I am a stranger; he does not know me; I am merely passing through the town tonight to discharge a matter which has been long in my mind. My errand is now completed, and I go pleased and a little proud, and you will never see me again. There is a paper attached to the

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sack which will explain everything. Good-night, madam."

The old lady was afraid of the mysterious big stranger, and was glad to see him go. But her curiosity was roused, and she went straight to the sack and brought away the paper. It began as follows:

"TO BE PUBLISHED; or, the right man sought out by private inquiry — either will answer. This sack contains gold coin weighing a hundred and sixty pounds four ounces—"



"IT LIT UP HIS WHOLE HEAD WITH AN EVIL JOY."

"Mercy on us, and the door locked!"

Mrs. Richards flew to it all in a tremble and locked it, then pulled down the window-shades and stood frightened, worried, and wondering if there was anything else she could do toward making herself and the money more safe. She listened awhile for burglars, then surrendered to curiosity and went back to the lamp and finished reading the paper:

"I am a foreigner, and am presently going back to my own country, to remain there permanently. I am grateful to America for what I have received at her hands during my long stay under her flag; and to one of her citizens—a citizen of Hadleyburg—I am especially grateful for a great kindness done me a year or two ago. Two great kindnesses, in fact. I will explain. I was a gambler. I say I *was*. I was a ruined gambler. I arrived in this village at night, hungry and without a penny. I asked for help—in the dark; I was ashamed to beg in the light. I begged of the right man. He gave me twenty dollars—that is to say, he gave me life, as I considered it. He also gave me fortune; for out of that money I have made myself rich at the gaming-table. And finally, a remark which he made to me has remained with me to this day, and has at last conquered me; and in conquering has saved the remnant of my morals: I shall gamble no more. Now I have no idea who that man was, but I want him found, and I want him to have this money, to give away, throw away, or keep, as he pleases. It is merely my way of testifying my gratitude to him. If I could stay, I would find him myself; but no matter, he will be found. This is an honest town, an incorruptible town, and I know I can trust it without fear. This man can be identified by the remark which he made to me; I feel persuaded that he will remember it.

"And now my plan is this:

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prefer to conduct inquiry privately, do . Tell the contents of this present writing to any one who is likely to be the right man. If he shall answer, 'I am the man; the remark I made was so-and-so,' apply the test — to wit: open the sack, and in it you will find a sealed envelope containing that remark. If the remark mentioned by the candidate tallies with it, give him the money, and ask no further questions, for he is certainly the right man.

"But if you shall prefer a public inquiry, then publish this present writing in the local paper—with these instructions added, to wit: Thirty days from now, let the candidate appear at the town-hall at eight in the evening (Friday), and hand his remark, in a sealed envelope, to the Rev. Mr. Burgess (if he will be kind enough to act); and let Mr. Burgess there and then destroy the seals of the sack, open it, and see if the remark is correct; if correct, let the money be delivered, with my sincere gratitude, to my benefactor thus identified."



"BUT IT WAS NOT MY EDWARD."

Mrs. Richards sat down, gently quivering with excitement, and was soon lost in thinkings—after this pattern: "What a strange thing it is!.... And what a fortune for that kind man who set his bread afloat upon the waters!.... If it had only been my husband that did it!—for we are so poor, so old and poor!...." Then, with a sigh —"But it was not my Edward; no, it was not he that gave a stranger twenty dollars. It is a pity too; I see it now...." Then, with a shudder — "But it is *gambler's* money! the wages of sin; we couldn't take it; we couldn't touch it. I don't like to be near it; it seems a defilement." She moved to a farther chair.... "I wish Edward would come, and take it to the bank; a burglar might come at any moment; it is dreadful to be here all alone with it."

At eleven Mr. Richards arrived, and

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while his wife was saying, "I am *so* glad you've come!" he was saying, "I'm so tired—tired clear out; it is dreadful to be poor, and have to make these dismal journeys at my time of life. Always at the grind, grind, grind, on a salary—another man's slave, and he sitting at home in his slippers, rich and comfortable."

"I am so sorry for you, Edward, you know that; but be comforted; we have our livelihood; we have our good name—"

"Yes, Mary, and that is everything. Don't mind my talk—it's just a moment's irritation and doesn't mean anything. Kiss me—there, it's all gone now, and I am not complaining any more. What have you been getting? What's in the sack?"

Then his wife told him the great secret. It dazed him for a moment; then he said:

"It weighs a hundred and sixty pounds? Why, Mary, it's for-ty thou-sand dollars—think of it—a whole fortune! Not ten men in this village are worth that much. Give me the paper."

He skimmed through it and said:

"Isn't it an adventure! Why, it's a romance; it's like the impossible things one reads about in books, and never sees in life." He was well stirred up now; cheerful, even gleeful. He tapped his old wife on the cheek, and said, humorously, "Why, we're rich, Mary, rich; all we've got to do is to bury the money and burn the papers. If the gambler ever comes to inquire, we'll merely look coldly upon him and say: 'What is this nonsense you are talking? We have never heard of you and your sack of gold before;' and then he would look foolish, and—"

"And in the mean time, while you are running on with your jokes, the money is still here, and it is fast getting along toward burglar-time."

"True. Very well, what shall we do—make the inquiry private? No, not that; it would spoil the romance. The public method is better. Think what a noise it will make! And it will make all the other towns jealous; for no stranger would trust such a thing to any town but Hadleyburg, and they know it. It's a great card for us. I must get to the printing-office now, or I shall be too late."

"But stop—stop—don't leave me here alone with it, Edward!"

But he was gone. For only a little while, however. Not far from his own house he met the editor-proprietor paper, and gave him the documen said, "Here is a good thing for yo —put it in."

"It may be too late, Mr. Richards, bu I'll see."

At home again he and his wife sat down to talk the charming mystery over; they were in no condition for sleep. The first question was, Who could the citizen have been who gave the stranger the twenty dollars? It seemed a simple one; both answered it in the same breath—

"Barclay Goodson."

"Yes," said Richards, "he could have done it, and it would have been like him, but there's not another in the town."

"Everybody will grant that, Edward—grant it privately, anyway. For six months, now, the village has been its own proper self once more—honest, narrow, self-righteous, and stingy."

"It is what he always called it, to the day of his death—said it right out publicly, too."

"Yes, and he was hated for it."

"Oh, of course; but he didn't care. I reckon he was the best-hated man among us, except the Reverend Burgess."

"Well, Burgess deserves it—he will never get another congregation here. Mean as the town is, it knows how to estimate *him*. Edward, doesn't it seem odd that the stranger should appoint Burgess to deliver the money?"

"Well, yes—it does. That is—that is—"

"Why so much that-*is*-ing? Would *you* select him?"

"Mary, maybe the stranger knows him better than this village does."

"Much *that* would help Burgess!"

The husband seemed perplexed for an answer; the wife kept a steady eye upon him, and waited. Finally Richards said, with the hesitancy of one who is making a statement which is likely to encounter doubt,

"Mary, Burgess is not a bad man."

His wife was certainly surprised.

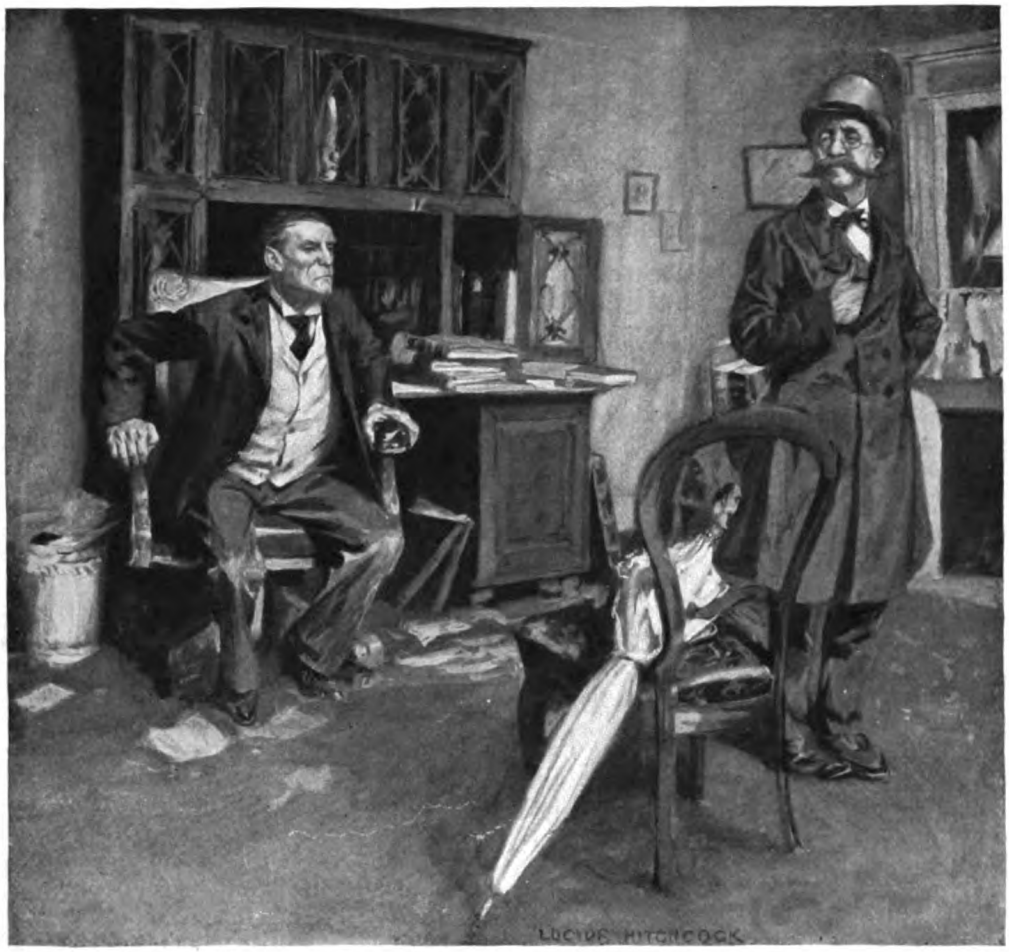
"Nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"He is not a bad man. I know. The whole of his unpopularity had its foundation in that one thing—the thing that made so much noise."

"That 'one thing,' indeed! As if that 'one thing' wasn't enough, all by itself."

"Plenty. Plenty. Only he wasn't guilty of it."

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"GOODSON LOOKED HIM OVER."

"How you talk! Not guilty of it! Everybody knows he *was* guilty."

"Mary, I give you my word—he was innocent."

"I can't believe it, and I don't How do you know?"

"It is a confession. I am ashamed, but I will make it. I was the only man who knew he was innocent. I could have saved him, and—and—well, you know how the town was wrought up—I hadn't the pluck to do it. It would have turned everybody against me. I felt mean, ever so mean; but I didn't dare; I hadn't the manliness to face that."

Mary looked troubled, and for a while was silent. Then she said, stammeringly:

"I—I don't think it would have done for you to—to— One mustn't—er—public opinion—one has to be so careful—so—" It was a difficult road, and she got mired; but after a little she got started again. "It was a great pity, but—Why, we couldn't afford it, Edward—we couldn't indeed. Oh, I wouldn't have had you do it for anything!"

"It would have lost us the good-will of so many people, Mary; and then—and then—"

"What troubles me now is, what *he* thinks of us, Edward."

"He? *He* doesn't suspect that I could have saved him."

"Oh," exclaimed the wife, in a tone of relief, "I am glad of that. As long as he doesn't know that you could have saved him, he—he—well, that makes it a great deal better. Why, I might have known he didn't know, because he is always trying to be friendly with us, as little encouragement as we give him. More

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than once people have twitted me with it. There's the Wilsons, and the Wilcoxes, and the Harknesses, they take a mean pleasure in saying, '*Your friend* Burgess,' because they know it pesters me. I wish he wouldn't persist in liking us so; I can't think why he keeps it up."

"I can explain it. It's another confession. When the thing was new and hot, and the town made a plan to ride him on a rail, my conscience hurt me so that I couldn't stand it, and I went privately and gave him notice, and he got out of the town and staid out till it was safe to come back."

"Edward! If the town had found it out—"

"*Don't!* It scares me yet, to think of it. I repented of it the minute it was done; and I was even afraid to tell you, lest your face might betray it to somebody. I didn't sleep any that night, for worrying. But after a few days I saw that no one was going to suspect me, and after that I got to feeling glad I did it. And I feel glad yet, Mary—glad through and through."

"So do I, now, for it would have been a dreadful way to treat him. Yes, I'm glad; for really you did owe him that, you know. But, Edward, suppose it should come out yet, some day!"

"It won't."

"Why?"

"Because everybody thinks it was Goodson."

"Of course they would!"

"Certainly. And of course *he* didn't care. They persuaded poor old Sawlsberry to go and charge it on him, and he went blustering over there and did it. Goodson looked him over, like as if he was hunting for a place on him that he could despise the most, then he says, 'So you are the Committee of Inquiry, are you?' Sawlsberry said that was about what he was. 'Hm. Do they require particulars, or do you reckon a kind of a *general* answer will do?' 'If they require particulars, I will come back, Mr. Goodson; I will take the general answer first.' 'Very well, then, tell them to go to hell — I reckon that's general enough. And I'll give you some advice, Sawlsberry: when you come back for the particulars, fetch a basket to carry the relics of yourself home in.'"

"Just like Goodson; it's got all the marks. He had only one vanity; he thought he could give advice better than any other person."

"It settled the business, and saved us, Mary. The subject was dropped."

"Bless you, I'm not doubting *that*."

Then they took up the gold-sack mystery again, with strong interest. Soon the conversation began to suffer breaks—interruptions caused by absorbed thinkings. The breaks grew more and more frequent. At last Richards lost himself wholly in thought. He sat long, gazing vacantly at the floor, and by-and-by he began to punctuate his thoughts with little nervous movements of his hands that seemed to indicate vexation. Meantime his wife too had relapsed into a thoughtful silence, and her movements were beginning to show a troubled discomfort. Finally Richards got up and strode aimlessly about the room, ploughing his hands through his hair, much as a somnambulist might do who was having a bad dream. Then he seemed to arrive at a definite purpose; and without a word he put on his hat and passed quickly out of the house. His wife sat brooding, with a drawn face, and did not seem to be aware that she was alone. Now and then she murmured, "Lead us not into t.... but —but—we are so poor, so poor!.... Lead us not into.... Ah, who would be hurt by it?—and no one would ever know.... Lead us...." The voice died out in mumblings. After a little she glanced up and muttered in a half-frightened, half-glad way—

"He is gone! But, oh dear, he may be too late—too late.... Maybe not—maybe there is still time." She rose and stood thinking, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. A slight shudder shook her frame, and she said, out of a dry throat, "God forgive me—it's awful to think such things — but. . . . Lord, how we are made—how strangely we are made!"

She turned the light low, and slipped stealthily over and kneeled down by the sack and felt of its ridgy sides with her hands, and fondled them lovingly; and there was a gloating light in her poor old eyes. She fell into fits of absence; and came half out of them at times to mutter, "If we had only waited!—oh, if we had only waited a little, and not been in such a hurry!"

Meantime Cox had gone home from his office and told his wife all about the

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strange thing that had happened, and they had talked it over eagerly, and guessed that the late Goodson was the only man in the town who could have helped a suffering stranger with so noble a sum as twenty dollars. Then there was a pause, and the two became thoughtful and silent. And by-and-by nervous and fidgety. At last the wife said, as if to herself,

"Nobody knows this secret but the Richardses....and us....nobody."

The husband came out of his thinkings with a slight start, and gazed wistfully at his wife, whose face was become very pale; then he hesitatingly rose, and glanced furtively at his hat, then at his wife—a sort of mute inquiry. Mrs. Cox swallowed once or twice, with her hand at her throat, then in place of speech she nodded her head. In a moment she was alone, and mumbling to herself.

And now Richards and Cox were hurrying through the deserted streets, from opposite directions. They met, panting, at the foot of the printing-office stairs; by the night-light there they read each other's face. Cox whispered,

"Nobody knows about this but us?"

The whispered answer was,

"Not a soul—on honor, not a soul!"

"If it isn't too late to—"

The men were starting up stairs; at this moment they were overtaken by a boy, and Cox asked,

"Is that you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't ship the early mail—nor *any* mail; wait till I tell you."

"It's already gone, sir."

"*Gone?*" It had the sound of an unspeakable disappointment in it.

"Yes, sir. Time-table for Brixton and all the towns beyond changed to-day, sir—had to get the papers in twenty minutes earlier than common. I had to rush; if I had been two minutes later—"

The men turned and walked slowly away, not waiting to hear the rest. Neither of them spoke during ten minutes; then Cox said, in a vexed tone,

"What possessed you to be in such a hurry, *I* can't make out."

The answer was humble enough:

"I see it now, but somehow I never thought, you know, until it was too late. But the next time—"

"Next time be hanged! It won't come in a thousand years."

Then the friends separated without a good-night, and dragged themselves home with the gait of mortally stricken men. At their homes their wives sprang up with an eager "Well?"—then saw the answer with their eyes and sank down sorrowing, without waiting for it to come in words. In both houses a discussion followed of a heated sort—a new thing; there had been discussions before, but not heated ones, not ungentle ones. The discussions to-night were a sort of seeming plagiarisms of each other. Mrs. Richards said,

"If you had only waited, Edward—if you had only stopped to think; but no, you must run straight to the printing-office and spread it all over the world."

"It *said* publish it."

"That is nothing; it also said do it privately, if you liked. There, now—is that true, or not?"

"Why, yes—yes, it is true; but when I thought what a stir it would make, and what a compliment it was to Hadleyburg that a stranger should trust it so—"

"Oh, certainly, I know all that; but if you had only stopped to think, you would have seen that you *couldn't* find the right man, because he is in his grave, and hasn't left chick nor child nor relation behind him; and as long as the money went to somebody that awfully needed it, and nobody would be hurt by it, and—and—"

She broke down, crying. Her husband tried to think of some comforting thing to say, and presently came out with this:

"But after all, Mary, it must be for the best—it *must* be; we know that. And we must remember that it was so ordered—"

"Ordered! Oh, everything's *ordered*, when a person has to find some way out when he has been stupid. Just the same, it was *ordered* that the money should come to us in this special way, and it was you that must take it on yourself to go meddling with the designs of Providence—and who gave you the right? It was wicked, that is what it was—just blasphemous presumption, and no more becoming to a meek and humble professor of—"

"But, Mary, you know how we have been trained all our lives long, like the whole village, till it is absolutely second nature to us to stop not a single moment to think when there's an honest thing to be done—"

"Oh, I know it, I know it—it's been one everlasting training and training and training in honesty—honesty shielded,

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from the very cradle, against every possible temptation, and so it's *artificial* honesty, and weak as water when temptation comes, as we have seen this night. God knows I never had shade nor shadow of a doubt of my petrified and indestructible honesty until now—and now, under the very first big and real temptation, I—Edward, it is my belief that this town's honesty is as rotten as mine is; as rotten as yours is. It is a mean town, a hard, stingy town, and hasn't a virtue in the world but this honesty it is so celebrated for and so conceited about; and so help me, I do believe that if ever the day comes that its honesty falls under great temptation, its grand reputation will go to ruin like a house of cards. There, now, I've made confession, and I feel better; I am a humbug, and I've been one all my life, without knowing it. Let no man call me honest again—I will not have it."

"I— Well, Mary, I feel a good deal as you do; I certainly do. It seems strange, too, so strange. I never could have believed it—never."

A long silence followed; both were sunk in thought. At last the wife looked up and said,

"I know what you are thinking, Edward."

Richards had the embarrassed look of a person who is caught.

"I am ashamed to confess it, Mary, but—"

"It's no matter, Edward, I was thinking the same question myself."

"I hope so. State it."

"You were thinking, if a body could only guess out *what the remark was* that Goodson made to the stranger."

"It's perfectly true. I feel guilty and ashamed. And you?"

"I'm past it. Let us make a pallet here; we've got to stand watch till the bank vault opens in the morning and admits the sack.... Oh, dear, oh, dear—if we hadn't made the mistake!"

The pallet was made, and Mary said:

"The open sesame—what could it have been? I do wonder what that remark could have been? But come; we will get to bed now."

"And sleep?"

"No; think."

"Yes, think."

By this time the Coxes too had completed their spat and their reconciliation, and were turning in—to think, to think, and toss, and fret, and worry over what the remark could possibly have been which Goodson made to the stranded derelict: that golden remark; that remark worth forty thousand dollars, cash.

The reason that the village telegraph-office was open later than usual that night was this: The foreman of Cox's paper was the local representative of the Associated Press. One might say its honorary representative, for it wasn't four times a year that he could furnish thirty words that would be accepted. But this time it was different. His despatch stating what he had caught got an instant answer:

"*Send the whole thing—all the details—twelve hundred words.*"

A colossal order! The foreman filled the bill; and he was the proudest man in the State. By breakfast-time the next morning the name of Hadleyburg the Incorruptible was on every lip in America, from Montreal to the Gulf, from the glaciers of Alaska to the orange-groves of Florida; and millions and millions of people were discussing the stranger and his money-sack, and wondering if the right man would be found, and hoping some more news about the matter would come soon—right away.

II.

Hadleyburg village woke up world-celebrated — astonished — happy — vain. Vain beyond imagination. Its nineteen principal citizens and their wives went about shaking hands with each other, and beaming, and smiling, and congratulating, and saying *this* thing adds a new word to the dictionary — *Hadleyburg*, synonym for *incorruptible*—destined to live in dictionaries forever! And the minor and unimportant citizens and their wives went around acting in much the same way. Everybody ran to the bank to see the gold-sack; and before noon grieved and envious crowds began to flock in from Brixton and all neighboring towns; and that afternoon and next day reporters began to arrive from everywhere to verify the sack and its history and write the whole thing up anew, and make dashing free-hand pictures of the sack, and of Richards's house, and the bank, and the Presbyterian church, and the Baptist church, and the public square, and the town-hall where the test would

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be applied and the money delivered; and damnable portraits of the Richardses, and Pinkerton the banker, and Cox, and the foreman, and Reverend Burgess, and the postmaster—and even of Jack Halliday, who was the loafing, good-natured, no-account, irreverent fisherman, hunter, boys' friend, stray-dogs' friend, typical "Sam Lawson" of the town. The little mean, smirking, oily Pinkerton showed the sack to all comers, and rubbed his sleek palms together pleasantly, and enlarged upon the town's fine old reputation for honesty and upon this wonderful endorsement of it, and hoped and believed that the example would now spread far and wide over the American world, and be epoch-making in the matter of moral regeneration. And so on, and so on.

By the end of a week things had quieted down again; the wild intoxication of pride and joy had sobered to a soft, sweet, silent delight—a sort of deep, nameless, unutterable content. All faces bore a look of peaceful, holy happiness.

Then a change came. It was a gradual change: so gradual that its beginnings were hardly noticed; maybe were not noticed at all, except by Jack Halliday, who always noticed everything; and always made fun of it, too, no matter what it was. He began to throw out chaffing remarks about people not looking quite so happy as they did a day or two ago; and next he claimed that the new aspect was deepening to positive sadness; next, that it was taking on a sick look; and finally he said that everybody was become so moody, thoughtful, and absent-minded that he could rob the meanest man in town of a cent out of the bottom of his breeches pocket and not disturb his revery.

At this stage—or at about this stage—a saying like this was dropped at bedtime—with a sigh, usually—by the head of each of the nineteen principal households:

"Ah, what *could* have been the remark that Goodson made!"

And straightway—with a shudder—came this, from the man's wife:

"Oh, *don't!* What horrible thing are you mulling in your mind? Put it away from you, for God's sake!"

But that question was wrung from those men again the next night—and got the same retort. But weaker.

And the third night the men uttered the question yet again—with anguish, and absently. This time—and the following night—the wives fidgeted feebly, and tried to say something. But didn't.

And the night after that they found their tongues and responded—longingly,

"Oh, if we *could* only guess!"

Halliday's comments grew daily more and more sparklingly disagreeable and disparaging. He went diligently about, laughing at the town, individually and in mass. But his laugh was the only one left in the village: it fell upon a hollow and mournful vacancy and emptiness. Not even a smile was findable anywhere. Halliday carried a cigar-box around on a tripod, playing that it was a camera, and halted all passers and aimed the thing and said, "Ready!—now look pleasant, please," but not even this capital joke could surprise the dreary faces into any softening.

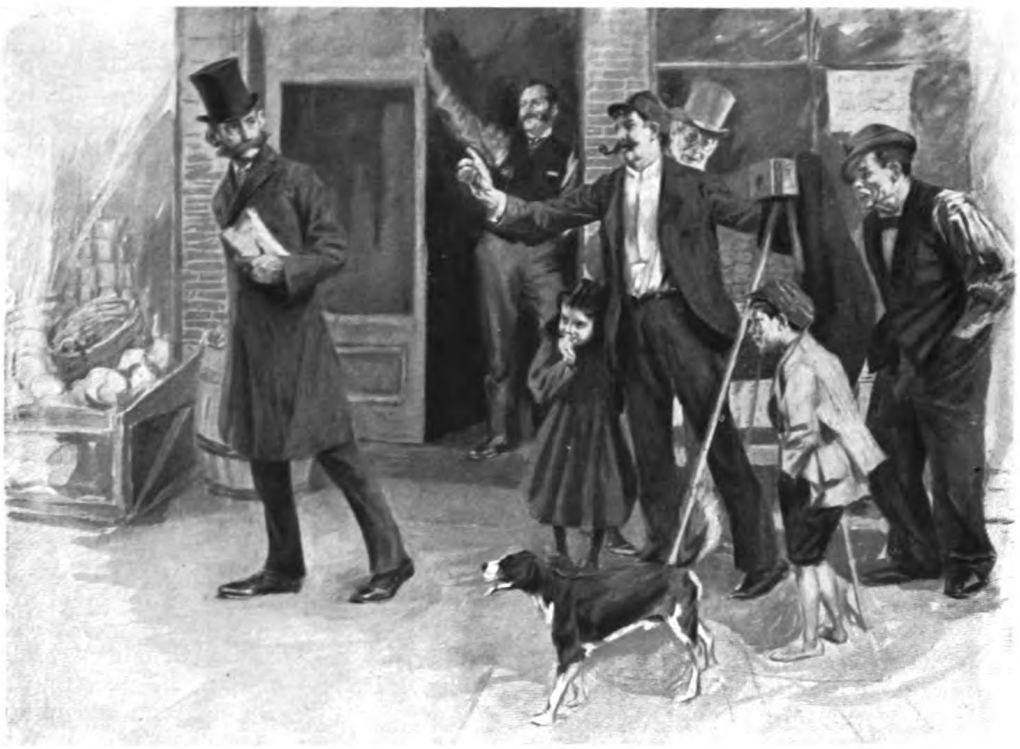
So three weeks passed—one week was left. It was Saturday evening—after supper. Instead of the aforetime Saturday-evening flutter and bustle and shopping and larking, the streets were empty and desolate. Richards and his old wife sat apart in their little parlor—miserable and thinking. This was become their evening habit now: the life-long habit which had preceded it, of reading, knitting, and contented chat, or receiving or paying neighborly calls, was dead and gone and forgotten, ages ago—two or three weeks ago; nobody talked now, nobody read, nobody visited—the whole village sat at home, sighing, worrying, silent. Trying to guess out that remark.

The postman left a letter. Richards glanced listlessly at the superscription and the post-mark—unfamiliar, both—and tossed the letter on the table and resumed his might-have-beens and his hopeless dull miseries where he had left them off. Two or three hours later his wife got wearily up and was going away to bed without a good-night—custom now—but she stopped near the letter and eyed it awhile with a dead interest, then broke it open, and began to skim it over. Richards, sitting there with his chair tilted back against the wall and his chin between his knees, heard something fall. It was his wife. He sprang to her side, but she cried out:

"Leave me alone, I am too happy. Read the letter—read it!"

He did. He devoured it, his brain

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"READY!—NOW LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

reeling. The letter was from a distant State, and it said:

"I am a stranger to you, but no matter: I have something to tell. I have just arrived home from Mexico, and learned about that episode. Of course you do not know who made that remark, but I know, and I am the only person living who does know. It was *Goodson*. I knew him well, many years ago. I passed through your village that very night, and was his guest till the midnight train came along. I overheard him make that remark to the stranger in the dark—it was in Hale Alley. He and I talked of it the rest of the way home, and while smoking in his house. He mentioned many of your villagers in the course of his talk—most of them in a very uncomplimentary way, but two or three favorably: among these latter yourself. I say 'favorably'—nothing stronger. I remember his saying he did not actually *like* any person in the town—not one; but that you—I *think* he said you—am almost sure—had done him a very great service once, possibly without knowing the full value of it, and he wished he had a fortune, he would leave it to you when he died, and a curse apiece for the rest of the citizens. Now, then, if it was you that did him that service, you are his legitimate heir, and entitled to the sack of gold. I know that I can trust to your honor and honesty, for in a citizen of Hadleyburg these virtues are an unfailing inheritance, and so I am going to reveal to you the remark, well satisfied that if you are not the right man you will seek and find the right one and see that poor Goodson's debt of gratitude for the service referred to is paid. This is the remark: '*You are far from being a bad man: go, and reform.*'

HOWARD L. STEPHENSON."

"Oh, Edward, the money is ours, and I am so grateful, *oh*, so grateful—kiss me, dear, it's forever since we kissed—and we needed it so—the money—and now you are free of Pinkerton and his bank, and nobody's slave any more; it seems to me I could fly for joy."

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It was a happy half-hour that the couple spent there on the settee caressing each other; it was the old days come again—days that had begun with their courtship and lasted without a break till the stranger brought the deadly money. By-and-by the wife said:

"Oh, Edward, how lucky it was you did him that grand service, poor Goodson! I never liked him, but I love him now. And it was fine and beautiful of you never to mention it or brag about it." Then, with a touch of reproach, "But you ought to have told *me*, Edward, you ought to have told your wife, you know."

"Well, I—er—well, Mary, you see—"

"Now stop hemming and hawing, and tell me about it, Edward. I always loved you, and now I'm proud of you. Everybody believes there was only one good generous soul in this village, and now it turns out that you— Edward, why don't you tell me?"

"Well—er—er— Why, Mary, I can't!"

"You *can't*? *Why* can't you?"

"You see, he—well, he—he made me promise I wouldn't."

The wife looked him over, and said, very slowly,

"Made—you—promise? Edward, what do you tell me that for?"

"Mary, do you think I would lie?"

She was troubled and silent for a moment, then she laid her hand within his and said:

"No....no. We have wandered far enough from our bearings—God spare us that! In all your life you have never uttered a lie. But now—now that the foundations of things seem to be crumbling from under us, we—we—" She lost her voice for a moment, then said, brokenly, "Lead us not into temptation.... I think you made the promise, Edward. Let it rest so. Let us keep away from that ground. Now—that is all gone by; let us be happy again; it is no time for clouds."

Edward found it something of an effort to comply, for his mind kept wandering—trying to remember what the service was that he had done Goodson.

The couple lay awake the most of the night, Mary happy and busy, Edward busy, but not so happy. Mary was planning what she would do with the money. Edward was trying to recall that service. At first his conscience was sore on account of the lie he had told Mary—if it was a lie. After much reflection—suppose it *was* a lie? What then? Was it such a great matter? Aren't we always *acting* lies? Then why not *tell* them? Look at Mary—look what she had done. While he was hurrying off on his honest errand, what was she doing? Lamenting because the papers hadn't been destroyed and the money kept! Is theft better than lying?

That point lost its sting—the lie dropped into the background and left comfort behind it. The next point came to the front: *had* he rendered that service? Well, here was Goodson's own evidence as reported in Stephenson's letter; there could be no better evidence than that—it was even *proof* that he had rendered it. Of course. So that point was settled.... No, not quite. He recalled with a wince that this unknown Mr. Stephenson was just a trifle unsure as to whether the performer of it was Richards or some other—and, oh dear, he had put Richards on his honor! He must himself decide whither that money must go—and Mr. Stephenson was not doubting that if he was the wrong man he would go honorably and find the right one. Oh, it was odious to put a man in such a situation—ah, why couldn't Stephenson have left out that doubt! What did he want to intrude that for?

Further reflection. How did it happen that *Richards's* name remained in Stephenson's mind as indicating the right man, and not some other man's name? That looked good. Yes, that looked very good. In fact, it went on looking better and better, straight along—until by-and-by it grew into positive *proof*. And then Richards put the matter at once out of his mind, for he had a private instinct that a proof once established is better left so.

He was feeling reasonably comfortable now, but there was still one other detail that kept pushing itself on his notice: of course he had done that service—that was settled; but what *was* that service? He must recall it—he would not go to sleep till he had recalled it; it would make his peace of mind perfect. And so he thought and thought. He thought of a dozen things—possible services, even probable services—but none of them seemed adequate, none of them seemed large enough, none of them seemed worth the money—worth the fortune Goodson had

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wished he could leave in his will. And besides, he couldn't remember having done them, anyway. Now, then—now, then—what *kind* of a service would it be that would make a man so inordinately grateful? Ah—the saving of his soul! That must be it. Yes, he could remember, now, how he once set himself the task of converting Goodson, and labored at it as much as—he was going to say three months; but upon closer examination it shrunk to a month, then to a week, then to a day, then to nothing. Yes, he remembered, now, and with unwelcome vividness, that Goodson had told him to go to thunder and mind his own business—*he* wasn't hankering to follow Hadleyburg to heaven!

So that solution was a failure—he hadn't saved Goodson's soul. Richards was discouraged. Then after a little came another idea: had he saved Goodson's property? No, that wouldn't do—he hadn't any. His life? That is it! Of course. Why, he might have thought of it before. This time he was on the right track, sure. His imagination-mill was hard at work in a minute, now.

Thereafter during a stretch of two exhausting hours he was busy saving Goodson's life. He saved it in all kinds of difficult and perilous ways. In every case he got it saved satisfactorily up to a certain point; then, just as he was beginning to get well persuaded that it had really happened, a troublesome detail would turn up which made the whole thing impossible. As in the matter of drowning, for instance. In that case he had swum out and tugged Goodson ashore in an unconscious state with a great crowd looking on and applauding, but when he had got it all thought out and was just beginning to remember all about it a whole swarm of disqualifying details arrived on the ground: the town would have known of the circumstance, Mary would have known of it, it would glare like a limelight in his own memory instead of being an inconspicuous service which he had possibly rendered "without knowing its full value." And at this point he remembered that he couldn't swim, anyway.

Ah—*there* was a point which he had been overlooking from the start: it had to be a service which he had rendered "possibly without knowing the full value of it." Why, really, that ought to be an easy hunt—much easier than those others. And sure enough, by-and-by he found it. Goodson, years and years ago, came near marrying a very sweet and pretty girl, named Nancy Hewitt, but in some way or other the match had been broken off; the girl died, Goodson remained a bachelor, and by-and-by became a soured one and a frank despiser of the human species. Soon after the girl's death the village found out, or thought it had found out, that she carried a spoonful of negro blood in her veins. Richards worked at these details a good while, and in the end he thought he remembered things concerning them which must have gotten mislaid in his memory through long neglect. He seemed to dimly remember that it was *he* that found out about the negro blood; that it was he that told the village; that the village told Goodson where they got it; that he thus saved Goodson from marrying the tainted girl; that he had done him this great service "without knowing the full value of it," in fact without knowing that he *was* doing it; but that Goodson knew the value of it, and what a narrow escape he had had, and so went to his grave grateful to his benefactor and wishing he had a fortune to leave him. It was all clear and simple now, and the more he went over it the more luminous and certain it grew; and at last, when he nestled to sleep satisfied and happy, he remembered the whole thing just as if it had been yesterday. In fact, he dimly remembered Goodson's *telling* him his gratitude once. Meantime Mary had spent six thousand dollars on a new house for herself and a pair of slippers for her pastor, and then had fallen peacefully to rest.

That same Saturday evening the postman had delivered a letter to each of the other principal citizens—nineteen letters in all. No two of the envelopes were alike, and no two of the superscriptions were in the same hand, but the letters inside were just like each other in every detail but one. They were exact copies of the letter received by Richards—handwriting and all—and were all signed by Stephenson, but in place of Richards's name each receiver's own name appeared.

All night long eighteen principal citizens did what their caste-brother Richards was doing at the same time—they put in their energies trying to remember what notable service it was that they had u

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consciously done Barclay Goodson. In no case was it a holiday job; still they succeeded.

And while they were at this work, which was difficult, their wives put in the night spending the money, which was easy. During that one night the nineteen wives spent an average of seven thousand dollars each out of the forty thousand in the sack—a hundred and thirty-three thousand altogether.

Next day there was a surprise for Jack Halliday. He noticed that the faces of the nineteen chief citizens and their wives bore that expression of peaceful and holy happiness again. He could not understand it, neither was he able to invent any remarks about it that could damage it or disturb it. And so it was his turn to be dissatisfied with life. His private guesses at the reasons for the happiness failed in all instances, upon examination. When he met Mrs. Wilcox and noticed the placid ecstasy in her face, he said to himself, "Her cat has had kittens"—and went and asked the cook; it was not so; the cook had detected the happiness, but did not know the cause. When Halliday found the duplicate ecstasy in the face of "Shadbelly" Billson (village nickname), he was sure some neighbor of Billson's had broken his leg, but inquiry showed that this had not happened. The subdued ecstasy in Gregory Yates's face could mean but one thing—he was a mother-in-law short; it was another mistake. "And Pinkerton — Pinkerton — he has collected ten cents that he thought he was going to lose." And so on, and so on. In some cases the guesses had to remain in doubt, in the others they proved distinct errors. In the end Halliday said to himself, "Anyway it foots up that there's nineteen Hadleyburg families temporarily in heaven; I don't know how it happened; I only know Providence is off duty to-day."

An architect and builder from the next State had lately ventured to set up a small business in this unpromising village, and his sign had now been hanging out a week. Not a customer yet; he was a discouraged man, and sorry he had come. But his weather changed suddenly now. First one and then another chief citizen's wife said to him privately:

"Come to my house Monday week—but say nothing about it for the present. We think of building."

He got eleven invitations that day. That night he wrote his daughter and broke off her match with her student. He said she could marry a mile higher than that.

Pinkerton the banker and two or three other well-to-do men planned country-seats—but waited. That kind don't count their chickens until they are hatched.

The Wilsons devised a grand new thing—a fancy-dress ball. They made no actual promises, but told all their acquaintanceship in confidence that they were thinking the matter over and thought they should give it—"and if we do, you will be invited, of course." People were surprised, and said, one to another, "Why, they are crazy, those poor Wilsons, they can't afford it." Several among the nineteen said privately to their husbands, "It is a good idea; we will keep still till their cheap thing is over, then *we* will give one that will make it sick."

The days drifted along, and the bill of future squanderings rose higher and higher, wilder and wilder, more and more foolish and reckless. It began to look as if every member of the nineteen would not only spend his whole forty thousand dollars before receiving-day, but be actually in debt by the time he got the money. In some cases light-headed people did not stop with planning to spend, they really spent—on credit. They bought land, mortgages, farms, speculative stocks, fine clothes, horses, and various other things, paid down the bonus, and made themselves liable for the rest—at ten days. Presently the sober second thought came, and Halliday noticed that a ghastly anxiety was beginning to show up in a good many faces. Again he was puzzled, and didn't know what to make of it. "The Wilcox kittens aren't dead, for they weren't born; nobody's broken a leg; there's no shrinkage in mother-in-laws; *nothing* has happened—it is an insolvable mystery."

There was another puzzled man, too—the Rev. Mr. Burgess. For days, wherever he went, people seemed to follow him or to be watching out for him; and if he ever found himself in a retired spot, a member of the nineteen would be sure to appear, thrust an envelope privately into his hand, whisper "To be opened at the town-hall Friday evening," then vanish away like a guilty thing. He was expecting

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that there might be one claimant for the sack—doubtful, however, Goodson being dead—but it never occurred to him that all this crowd might be claimants. When the great Friday came at last, he found that he had nineteen envelopes.

III.

The town-hall had never looked finer. The platform at the end of it was backed by a showy draping of flags; at intervals along the walls were festoons of flags; the gallery fronts were clothed in flags; the supporting columns were swathed in flags; all this was to impress the stranger, for he would be there in considerable force, and in a large degree he would be connected with the press. The house was full. The 412 fixed seats were occupied; also the 68 extra chairs which had been packed into the aisles; the steps of the platform were occupied; some distinguished strangers were given seats on the platform; at the horseshoe of tables which fenced the front and sides of the platform sat a strong force of special correspondents who had come from everywhere. It was the best-dressed house the town had ever produced. There were some tolerably expensive toilets there, and in several cases the ladies who wore them had the look of being unfamiliar with that kind of clothes. At least the town thought they had that look, but the notion could have arisen from the town's knowledge of the fact that these ladies had never inhabited such clothes before.

The gold-sack stood on a little table at the front of the platform where all the house could see it. The bulk of the house gazed at it with a burning interest, a mouth-watering interest, a wistful and pathetic interest; a minority of nineteen couples gazed at it tenderly, lovingly, proprietarily, and the male half of this minority kept saying over to themselves the moving little impromptu speeches of thankfulness for the audience's applause and congratulations which they were presently going to get up and deliver. Every now and then one of these got a piece of paper out of his vest pocket and privately glanced at it to refresh his memory.

Of course there was a buzz of conversation going on—there always is: but at last when the Rev. Mr. Burgess rose and laid his hand on the sack he could hear his microbes gnaw, the place was so still. He related the curious history of the sack, then went on to speak in warm terms of Hadleyburg's old and well-earned reputation for spotless honesty, and of the town's just pride in this reputation. He said that this reputation was a treasure of priceless value; that under Providence its value had now become inestimably enhanced, for the recent episode had spread this fame far and wide, and thus had focussed the eyes of the American world upon this village, and made its name for all time, as he hoped and believed, a synonym for commercial incorruptibility. (*Applause.*) "And who is to be the guardian of this noble treasure—the community as a whole? No! The responsibility is individual, not communal. From this day forth each and every one of you is in his own person its special guardian, and individually responsible that no harm shall come to it. Do you—does each of you—accept this great trust? [*Tumultuous assent.*] Then all is well. Transmit it to your children and to your children's children. To-day your purity is beyond reproach—see to it that it shall remain so. To-day there is not a person in your community who could be beguiled to touch a penny not his own—see to it that you abide in this grace. ["*We will! we will!*"] This is not the place to make comparisons between ourselves and other communities—some of them ungracious toward us; they have their ways, we have ours; let us be content. [*Applause.*] I am done. Under my hand, my friends, rests a stranger's eloquent recognition of what we are; through him the world will always henceforth know what we are. We do not know who he is, but in your name I utter your gratitude, and ask you to raise your voices in indorsement."

The house rose in a body and made the walls quake with the thunders of its thankfulness for the space of a long minute. Then it sat down, and Mr. Burgess took an envelope out of his pocket. The house held its breath while he slit the envelope open and took from it a slip of paper. He read its contents—slowly and impressively—the audience listening with tranced attention to this magic document, each of whose words stood for an ingot of gold:

"'*The remark which I made to the distressed stranger was this: "You are very far from being a bad man; go, and re-*

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form."' Then he continued: "We shall know in a moment now whether the remark here quoted corresponds with the one concealed in the sack; and if that shall prove to be so—and it undoubtedly will—this sack of gold belongs to a fellow-citizen who will henceforth stand before the nation as the symbol of the special virtue which has made our town famous throughout the land—Mr. Billson!"

The house had gotten itself all ready to burst into the proper tornado of applause; but instead of doing it, it seemed stricken with a paralysis; there was a deep hush for a moment or two, then a wave of whispered murmurs swept the place—of about this tenor: "*Billson!* oh, come, this is *too* thin! Twenty dollars to a stranger—or *anybody—Billson!* Tell it to the marines!" And now at this point the house caught its breath all of a sudden in a new access of astonishment, for it discovered that whereas in one part of the hall Deacon Billson was standing up with his head meekly bowed, in another part of it Lawyer Wilson was doing the same. There was a wondering silence now for a while. Everybody was puzzled, and nineteen couples were surprised and indignant.

Billson and Wilson turned and stared at each other. Billson asked, bitingly,

"Why do *you* rise, Mr. Wilson?"

"Because I have a right to. Perhaps you will be good enough to explain to the house why *you* rise?"

"With great pleasure. Because I wrote that paper."

"It is an impudent falsity! I wrote it myself."

It was Burgess's turn to be paralyzed. He stood looking vacantly at first one of the men and then the other, and did not seem to know what to do. The house was stupefied. Lawyer Wilson spoke up, now, and said,

"I ask the Chair to read the name signed to that paper."

That brought the Chair to itself, and it read out the name,

"'John Wharton *Billson.*'"

"There!" shouted Billson, "what have you got to say for yourself, now? And what kind of apology are you going to make to me and to this insulted house for the imposture which you have attempted to play here?"

"No apologies are due, sir; and as for the rest of it, I publicly charge you with pilfering my note from Mr. Burgess and substituting a copy of it signed with your own name. There is no other way by which you could have gotten hold of the test-remark; I alone, of living men, possessed the secret of its wording."

There was likely to be a scandalous state of things if this went on; everybody noticed with distress that the shorthand scribes were scribbling like mad; many people were crying "Chair, Chair! Order! order!" Burgess rapped with his gavel, and said:

"Let us not forget the proprieties due. There has evidently been a mistake somewhere, but surely that is all. If Mr. Wilson gave me an envelope—and I remember now that he did—I still have it."

He took one out of his pocket, opened it, glanced at it, looked surprised and worried, and stood silent a few moments. Then he waved his hand in a wandering and mechanical way, and made an effort or two to say something, then gave it up, despondently. Several voices cried out:

"Read it! read it! What is it?"

So he began in a dazed and sleep-walker fashion:

"'*The remark which I made to the unhappy stranger was this:* "*You are far from being a bad man.* [The house gazed at him, marvelling.] *Go, and reform.*'" [*Murmurs:* "Amazing! what can this mean?"] This one," said the Chair, "is signed Thurlow G. Wilson."

"There!" cried Wilson, "I reckon that settles it! I knew perfectly well my note was purloined."

"Purloined!" retorted Billson. "I'll let you know that neither you nor any man of your kidney must venture to—"

The Chair. "Order, gentlemen, order! Take your seats, both of you, please."

They obeyed, shaking their heads and grumbling angrily. The house was profoundly puzzled; it did not know what to do with this curious emergency. Presently Thompson got up. Thompson was the hatter. He would have liked to be a Nineteener; but such was not for him; his stock of hats was not considerable enough for the position. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, if I may be permitted to make a suggestion, can both of these gentlemen be right? I put it to you, sir, can both have happened to say the very same words to the stranger? It seems to me—"

The tanner got up and interrupted him. The tanner was a disgruntled man; he

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believed himself entitled to be a Nineteener, but he couldn't get recognition. It made him a little unpleasant in his ways and speech. Said he:

"Sho, *that's* not the point! *That* could happen—twice in a hundred years—but not the other thing. *Neither* of them gave the twenty dollars!" (*A ripple of applause.*)

Billson. "*I* did!"

Wilson. "*I* did!"

Then each accused the other of pilfering.

The Chair. "Order! Sit down, if you please—both of you. Neither of the notes has been out of my possession at any moment."

A Voice. "Good—that settles *that!*"

The Tanner. "Mr. Chairman, one thing is now plain: one of these men has been eavesdropping under the other one's bed, and filching family secrets. If it is not unparliamentary to suggest it, I will remark that both are equal to it. [*The Chair.* "Order! order!"] I withdraw the remark, sir, and will confine myself to suggesting that *if* one of them has overheard the other reveal the test-remark to his wife, we shall catch him now."

A Voice. "How?"

The Tanner. "Easily. The two have not quoted the remark in exactly the same words. You would have noticed that, if there hadn't been a considerable stretch of time and an exciting quarrel inserted between the two readings."

A Voice. "Name the difference."

The Tanner. "The word *very* is in Billson's note, and not in the other."

Many Voices. "That's so—he's right!"

The Tanner. "And so, if the Chair will examine the test-remark in the sack, we shall know which of these two frauds—[*The Chair.* "Order!"]—which of these two adventurers—[*The Chair.* "Order! order!"]—which of these two gentlemen—[*laughter and applause*]—is entitled to wear the belt as being the first dishonest blatherskite ever bred in this town—which he has dishonored, and which will be a sultry place for him from now out!" (*Vigorous applause.*)

Many Voices. "Open it!—open the sack!"

Mr. Burgess made a slit in the sack, slid his hand in and brought out an envelope. In it were a couple of folded notes. He said:

"One of these is marked, 'Not to be examined until all written communications which have been addressed to the Chair—if any—shall have been read.' The other is marked '*The Test.*' Allow me. It is worded—to wit:

"'I do not require that the first half of the remark which was made to me by my benefactor shall be quoted with exactness, for it was not striking, and could be forgotten; but its closing fifteen words are quite striking, and I think easily rememberable; unless *these* shall be accurately reproduced, let the applicant be regarded as an impostor. My benefactor began by saying he seldom gave advice to any one, but that it always bore the hall-mark of high value when he did give it. Then he said this—and it has never faded from my memory: "*You are far from being a bad man—*"'"

Fifty Voices. "That settles it—the money's Wilson's! Wilson! Wilson! Speech! Speech!"

People jumped up and crowded around Wilson, wringing his hand and congratulating fervently—meantime the Chair was hammering with the gavel and shouting:

"Order, gentlemen! Order! Order! Let me finish reading, please." When quiet was restored, the reading was resumed—as follows:

"'"*Go, and reform—or, mark my words—some day, for your sins, you will die and go to hell or Hadleyburg*—TRY AND MAKE IT THE FORMER."'"

A ghastly silence followed. First an angry cloud began to settle darkly upon the faces of the citizenship; after a pause the cloud began to rise, and a tickled expression tried to take its place; tried so hard that it was only kept under with great and painful difficulty; the reporters, the Brixtonites, and other strangers bent their heads down and shielded their faces with their hands, and managed to hold in by main strength and heroic courtesy. At this most inopportune time burst upon the stillness the roar of a solitary voice—Jack Halliday's:

"*That's* got the hall-mark on it!"

Then the house let go, strangers and all. Even Mr. Burgess's gravity broke down presently, then the audience considered itself officially absolved from all restraint, and it made the most of its privilege. It was a good long laugh, and a tempestuously whole-hearted one, but it ceased at last—long enough for Mr.

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Burgess to try to resume, and for the people to get their eyes partially wiped; then it broke out again; and afterward yet again; then at last Burgess was able to get out these serious words:

"It is useless to try to disguise the fact—we find ourselves in the presence of a matter of grave import. It involves the honor of your town, it strikes at the town's good name. The difference of a single word between the test-remarks offered by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Billson was itself a serious thing, since it indicated that one or the other of these gentlemen had committed a theft—"

The two men were sitting limp, nerveless, crushed; but at these words both were electrified into movement, and started to get up—

"Sit down!" said the Chair, sharply, and they obeyed. "That, as I have said, was a serious thing. And it was—but for only one of them. But the matter has become graver; for the honor of *both* is now in formidable peril. Shall I go even further, and say in inextricable peril? *Both* left out the crucial fifteen words." He paused. During several moments he allowed the pervading stillness to gather and deepen its impressive effects, then added: "There would seem to be but one way whereby this could happen. I ask these gentlemen — Was there *collusion?—agreement?*"

A low murmur sifted through the house; its import was, "He's got them both."

Billson was not used to emergencies; he sat in a helpless collapse. But Wilson was a lawyer. He struggled to his feet, pale and worried, and said:

"I ask the indulgence of the house while I explain this most painful matter. I am sorry to say what I am about to say, since it must inflict irreparable injury upon Mr. Billson, whom I have always esteemed and respected until now, and in whose invulnerability to temptation I entirely believed—as did you all. But for the preservation of my own honor I must speak—and with frankness. I confess with shame—and I now beseech your pardon for it — that I said to the ruined stranger all of the words contained in the test-remark, including the disparaging fifteen. [*Sensation.*] When the late publication was made I recalled them, and I resolved to claim the sack of coin, for by every right I was entitled to it. Now I will ask you to consider this point, and weigh it well: that stranger's gratitude to me that night knew no bounds; he said himself that he could find no words for it that were adequate, and that if he should ever be able he would repay me a thousandfold. Now, then, I ask you this: could I expect—could I believe—could I even remotely imagine—that, feeling as he did, he would do so ungrateful a thing as to add those quite unnecessary fifteen words to his test?—set a trap for me?—expose me as a slanderer of my own town before my own people assembled in a public hall? It was preposterous; it was impossible. His test would contain only the kindly opening clause of my remark. Of that I had no shadow of doubt. You would have thought as I did. You would not have expected a base betrayal from one whom you had befriended and against whom you had committed no offence. And so, with perfect confidence, perfect trust, I wrote on a piece of paper the opening words—ending with 'Go, and reform,'—and signed it. When I was about to put it in an envelope I was called into my back office, and without thinking I left the paper lying open on my desk." He stopped, turned his head slowly toward Billson, waited a moment, then added: "I ask you to note this: when I returned, a little later, Mr. Billson was retiring by my street door." (*Sensation.*)

In a moment Billson was on his feet and shouting:

"It's a lie! It's an infamous lie!"

The Chair. "Be seated, sir! Mr. Wilson has the floor."

Billson's friends pulled him into his seat and quieted him, and Wilson went on:

"Those are the simple facts. My note was now lying in a different place on the table from where I had left it. I noticed that, but attached no importance to it, thinking a draught had blown it there. That Mr. Billson would read a private paper was a thing which could not occur to me; he was an honorable man, and he would be above that. If you will allow me to say it, I think his extra word '*very*' stands explained; it is attributable to a defect of memory. I was the only man in the world who could furnish here any detail of the test-mark —by *honorable* means. I have finished."

There is nothing in the world like a

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persuasive speech to fuddle the mental apparatus and upset the convictions and debauch the emotions of an audience not practised in the tricks and delusions of oratory. Wilson sat down victorious. The house submerged him in tides of approving applause; friends swarmed to him and shook him by the hand and congratulated him, and Billson was shouted down and not allowed to say a word. The Chair hammered and hammered with its gavel, and kept shouting,

"But let us proceed, gentlemen, let us proceed!"

At last there was a measurable degree of quiet, and the hatter said,

"But what is there to proceed with, sir, but to deliver the money?"

Voices. "That's it! That's it! Come forward, Wilson!"

The Hatter. "I move three cheers for Mr. Wilson, Symbol of the special virtue which—"

The cheers burst forth before he could finish; and in the midst of them—and in the midst of the clamor of the gavel also—some enthusiasts mounted Wilson on a big friend's shoulder and were going to fetch him in triumph to the platform. The Chair's voice now rose above the noise—

"Order! To your places! You forget that there is still a document to be read." When quiet had been restored he took up the document, and was going to read it, but laid it down again, saying, "I forgot; this is not to be read until all written communications received by me have first been read." He took an envelope out of his pocket, removed its enclosure, glanced at it—seemed astonished—held it out and gazed at it—stared at it.

Twenty or thirty voices cried out:

"What is it? Read it! read it!"

And he did—slowly, and wondering:

"'The remark which I made to the stranger—[*Voices.* "Hello! how's this?"]—was this: "You are far from being a bad man. [*Voices.* "Great Scott!"] Go, and reform."' [*Voice.* "Oh, saw my leg off!"] Signed by Mr. Pinkerton the banker."

The pandemonium of delight which turned itself loose now was of a sort to make the judicious weep. Those whose withers were unwrung laughed till the tears ran down; the reporters, in throes of laughter, set down disordered pothooks which would never in the world be decipherable; and a sleeping dog jumped up, scared out of its wits, and barked itself crazy at the turmoil. All manner of cries were scattered through the din: "We're getting rich—*two* Symbols of Incorruptibility!—without counting Billson!" "*Three!*—count Shadbelly in—we can't have too many!" "All right—Billson's elected!" "Alas, poor Wilson—victim of *two* thieves!"

A Powerful Voice. "Silence! The Chair's fished up something more out of its pocket."

Voices. "Hurrah! Is it something fresh? Read it! read! read!"

The Chair (reading). "'The remark which I made,' etc. 'You are far from being a bad man. Go,' etc. Signed, 'Gregory Yates.'"

Tornado of Voices. "Four Symbols!" "'Rah for Yates!" "Fish again!"

The house was in a roaring humor now, and ready to get all the fun out of the occasion that might be in it. Several Nineteeners, looking pale and distressed, got up and began to work their way toward the aisles, but a score of shouts went up:

"The doors, the doors—close the doors; no Incorruptible shall leave this place! Sit down, everybody!"

The mandate was obeyed.

"Fish again! Read! read!"

The Chair fished again, and once more the familiar words began to fall from its lips—"'You are far from being a bad man—'"

"Name! name! What's his name?"

"'L. Ingoldsby Sargent.'"

"Five elected! Pile up the Symbols! Go on, go on!"

"'You are far from being a bad—'"

"Name! name!"

"'Nicholas Whitworth.'"

"Hooray! hooray! it's a symbolical day!"

Somebody wailed in, and began to sing this rhyme (leaving out "it's") to the lovely *Mikado* tune of "When a man's afraid of a beautiful maid"; the audience joined in, with joy; then, just in time, somebody contributed another line—

"And don't you this forget—"

The house roared it out. A third line was at once furnished—

"Corruptibles far from Hadleyburg are—"

at one too. As

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the last note died, Jack Halliday's voice rose high and clear, freighted with a final line—

"But the Symbols are here, you bet!"

That was sung, with booming enthusiasm. Then the happy house started in at the beginning and sang the four lines through twice, with immense swing and dash, and finished up with a crashing three-times-three and a tiger for "Hadleyburg the Incorruptible and all Symbols of it which we shall find worthy to receive the hall-mark to-night."

Then the shoutings at the Chair began again, all over the place:

"Go on! go on! Read! read some more! Read all you've got!"

"That's it—go on! We are winning eternal celebrity!"

A dozen men got up now and began to protest. They said that this farce was the work of some abandoned joker, and was an insult to the whole community. Without a doubt these signatures were all forgeries—

"Sit down! sit down! Shut up! You are confessing. We'll find *your* names in the lot."

"Mr. Chairman, how many of those envelopes have you got?"

The Chair counted.

"Together with those that have been already examined, there are nineteen."

A storm of derisive applause broke out.

"Perhaps they all contain the secret. I move that you open them all and read every signature that is attached to a note of that sort—and read also the first eight words of the note."

"Second the motion!"

It was put and carried—uproariously. Then poor old Richards got up, and his wife rose and stood at his side. Her head was bent down, so that none might see that she was crying. Her husband gave her his arm, and so supporting her, he began to speak in a quavering voice:

"My friends, you have known us two—Mary and me—all our lives, and I think you have liked us and respected us—"

The Chair interrupted him:

"Allow me. It is quite true—that which you are saying, Mr. Richards; this town *does* know you two; it *does* like you; it *does* respect you; more—it honors you and *loves* you—"

Halliday's voice rang out:

"That's the hall-marked truth, too! If the Chair is right, let the house speak up and say it. Rise! Now, then—hip! hip! hip!—all together!"

The house rose in mass, faced toward the old couple eagerly, filled the air with a snow-storm of waving handkerchiefs, and delivered the cheers with all its affectionate heart.

The Chair then continued:

"What I was going to say is this: We know your good heart, Mr. Richards, but this is not a time for the exercise of charity toward offenders. [Shouts of "Right! right!"] I see your generous purpose in your face, but I cannot allow you to plead for these men—"

"But I was going to—"

"Please take your seat, Mr. Richards. We must examine the rest of these notes—simple fairness to the men who have already been exposed requires this. As soon as that has been done—I give you my word for this—you shall be heard."

Many Voices. "Right!—the Chair is right—no interruption can be permitted at this stage! Go on!—the names! the names!—according to the terms of the motion!"

The old couple sat reluctantly down, and the husband whispered to the wife, "It is pitifully hard to have to wait; the shame will be greater than ever when they find we were only going to plead for *ourselves.*"

Straightway the jollity broke loose again with the reading of the names.

"'You are far from being a bad man—' Signature, 'Robert J. Titmarsh.'

"'You are far from being a bad man—' Signature, 'Eliphalet Weeks.'

"'You are far from being a bad man—' Signature, 'Oscar B. Wilder.'"

At this point the house lit upon the idea of taking the eight words out of the Chairman's hands. He was not unthankful for that. Thenceforward he held up each note in its turn, and waited. The house droned out the eight words in a massed and measured and musical deep volume of sound (with a daringly close resemblance to a well-known church chant)—"'You are f-a-r from being a b-a-a-a-d man.'" Then the Chair said, "Signature, 'Archibald Wilcox.'" And so on, and so on, name after name, and everybody had an increasingly and gloriously good time except the wretched Nineteen. Now and then, when a particularly shining name was called, the

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house made the Chair wait while it chanted the whole of the test-remark from the beginning to the closing words, "And go to hell or Hadleyburg—try and make it the for-or-m-e-r!" and in these special cases they added a grand and agonized and imposing "A-a-a-a-*men!*"

The list dwindled, dwindled, dwindled, poor old Richards keeping tally of the count, wincing when a name resembling his own was pronounced, and waiting in miserable suspense for the time to come when it would be his humiliating privilege to rise with Mary and finish his plea, which he was intending to word thus: ". . . for until now we have never done any wrong thing, but have gone our humble way unreproached. We are very poor, we are old, and have no chick nor child to help us; we were sorely tempted, and we fell. It was my purpose when I got up before to make confession and beg that my name might not be read out in this public place, for it seemed to us that we could not bear it; but I was prevented. It was just; it was our place to suffer with the rest. It has been hard for us. It is the first time we have ever heard our name fall from any one's lips—sullied. Be merciful—for the sake of the better days; make our shame as light to bear as in your charity you can." At this point in his revery Mary nudged him, perceiving that his mind was absent. The house was chanting, "You are f-a-r," etc.

"Be ready," Mary whispered. "Your name comes now; he has read eighteen."

The chant ended.

"Next! next! next!" came volleying from all over the house.

Burgess put his hand into his pocket. The old couple, trembling, began to rise. Burgess fumbled a moment, then said,

"I find I have read them all."

Faint with joy and surprise, the couple sank into their seats, and Mary whispered,

"Oh, bless God, we are saved!—he has lost ours—I wouldn't give this for a hundred of those sacks!"

The house burst out with its *Mikado* travesty, and sang it three times with ever-increasing enthusiasm, rising to its feet when it reached for the third time the closing line—

"But the Symbols are here, you bet!"

and finishing up with cheers and a tiger for "Hadleyburg purity and our eighteen immortal representatives of it."

Then Wingate, the saddler, got up and proposed cheers "for the cleanest man in town, the one solitary important citizen in it who didn't try to steal that money—Edward Richards."

They were given with great and moving heartiness; then somebody proposed that Richards be elected sole Guardian and Symbol of the now Sacred Hadleyburg Tradition, with power and right to stand up and look the whole sarcastic world in the face."

Passed, by acclamation; then they sang the *Mikado* again, and ended it with,

"And there's *one* Symbol left, you bet!"

There was a pause; then—

A Voice. "Now, then, who's to get the sack?"

The Tanner (*with bitter sarcasm*). "That's easy. The money has to be divided among the eighteen Incorruptibles. They gave the suffering stranger twenty dollars apiece—and that remark—each in his turn—it took twenty-two minutes for the procession to move past. Staked the stranger—total contribution, $360. All they want is just the loan back—and interest—forty thousand dollars altogether."

Many Voices (*derisively*). "That's it! Divvy! divvy! Be kind to the poor—don't keep them waiting!"

The Chair. "Order! I now offer the stranger's remaining document. It says: 'If no claimant shall appear [*grand chorus of groans*], I desire that you open the sack and count out the money to the principal citizens of your town, they to take it in trust [*Cries of "Oh! Oh! Oh!"*], and use it in such ways as to them shall seem best for the propagation and preservation of your community's noble reputation for incorruptible honesty [*more cries*]—a reputation to which their names and their efforts will add a new and far-reaching lustre.' [*Enthusiastic outburst of sarcastic applause.*] That seems to be all. No—here is a postscript:

"'P. S.—CITIZENS OF HADLEYBURG: There *is* no test-remark—nobody made one. [*Great sensation.*] There wasn't any pauper stranger, nor any twenty-dollar contribution, nor any accompanying benediction and compliment—these are all inventions. [*General buzz and hum of astonishment and delight.*] Allow me to tell my story—it will take but a word or two. I passed through your

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town at a certain time, and received a deep offence which I had not earned. Any other man would have been content to kill one or two of you and call it square, but to me that would have been a trivial revenge, and inadequate; for the dead do not *suffer*. Besides, I could not kill you all—and, anyway, made as I am, even that would not have satisfied me. I wanted to damage every man in the place, and every woman—and not in their bodies or in their estate, but in their vanity—the place where feeble and foolish people are most vulnerable. So I disguised myself, and came back and studied you. You were easy game. You had an old and lofty reputation for honesty, and naturally you were proud of it—it was your treasure of treasures, the very apple of your eye. As soon as I found out that you carefully and vigilantly kept yourselves and your children *out of temptation*, I knew how to proceed. Why, you simple creatures, the weakest of all weak things is a virtue which has not been tested in the fire. I laid a plan, and gathered a list of names. My project was to corrupt Hadleyburg the Incorruptible. My idea was to make liars and thieves of nearly half a hundred smirchless men and women who had never in their lives uttered a lie or stolen a penny. I was afraid of Goodson. He was neither born nor reared in Hadleyburg. I was afraid that if I started to operate my scheme by getting my letter laid before you, you would say to yourselves, "Goodson is the only man among us who would give away twenty dollars to a poor devil"—and then you might not bite at my bait. But Heaven took Goodson; then I knew I was safe, and I set my trap and baited it. It may be that I shall not catch all the men to whom I mailed the pretended test secret, but I shall catch the most of them, if I know Hadleyburg nature. [*Voices.* "Right—he got every last one of them."] I believe they will even steal ostensible *gamble*-money, rather than miss, poor, tempted, and mistrained fellows. I am hoping to eternally and everlastingly squelch your vanity and give Hadleyburg a new renown—one that will *stick*—and spread far. If I have succeeded, open the sack and summon the Committee on Propagation and Preserv[illegible]on of the Hadleyburg Reputation.'"

A Cyclone of Voices. "Open it! Open it! The Eighteen to the front! Committee on Propagation of the Tradition! Forward—the Incorruptibles!"

The Chair ripped the sack wide, and gathered up a handful of bright, broad, yellow coins, shook them together, then examined them—

"Friends, they are only gilded disks of lead!"

There was a crashing outbreak of delight over this news, and when the noise had subsided, the tanner called out:

"By right of apparent seniority in this business, Mr. Wilson is Chairman of the Committee on Propagation of the Tradition. I suggest that he step forward on behalf of his pals, and receive in trust the money."

A Hundred Voices. "Wilson! Wilson! Wilson! Speech! Speech!"

Wilson (*in a voice trembling with anger*). "You will allow me to say, and without apologies for my language, *damn* the money!"

A Voice. "Oh, and him a Baptist!"

A Voice. "Seventeen Symbols left! Step up, gentlemen, and assume your trust!"

There was a pause—no response.

The Saddler. "Mr. Chairman, we've got *one* clean man left, anyway, out of the late aristocracy; and he needs money, and deserves it. I move that you appoint Jack Halliday to get up there and auction off that sack of gilt twenty-dollar pieces, and give the result to the right man—the man whom Hadleyburg delights to honor—Edward Richards."

This was received with great enthusiasm, the dog taking a hand again; the saddler started the bids at a dollar, the Brixton folk and Barnum's representative fought hard for it, the people cheered every jump that the bids made, the excitement climbed moment by moment higher and higher, the bidders got on their mettle and grew steadily more and more daring, more and more determined, the jumps went from a dollar up to five, then to ten, then to twenty, then fifty, then to a hundred, then—

At the beginning of the auction Richards whispered in distress to his wife: "Oh, Mary, can we allow it? It—it—you see, it is an honor-reward, a testimonial to purity of character, and—and—can we allow it? Hadn't I better get up and— Oh, Mary, what ought we to do? —what do you think we—" (*Halliday's*

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voice. "*Fifteen I'm bid!—fifteen for the sack!—twenty!—ah, thanks!—thirty—thanks again! Thirty, thirty, thirty!—do I hear forty?—forty it is! Keep the ball rolling, gentlemen, keep it rolling!—fifty!—thanks, noble Roman!—going at fifty, fifty, fifty!—seventy!—ninety!—splendid!—a hundred!—pile it up, pile it up!—hundred and twenty—forty!—just in time!—hundred and fifty!*—TWO *hundred!—superb! Do I hear two h—thanks!—two hundred and fifty!*—")

"It is another temptation, Edward—I'm all in a tremble—but, oh, we've escaped *one* temptation, and that ought to warn us, to— ["*Six did I hear?—thanks!—six fifty, six f*—SEVEN *hundred!*"] And yet, Edward, when you think—nobody susp— ["*Eight hundred dollars!—hurrah!—make it nine!—Mr. Parsons, did I hear you say—thanks!—nine!—this noble sack of virgin lead going at only nine hundred dollars, gilding and all—come! do I hear—a thousand!—gratefully yours!—did some one say eleven?—a sack which is going to be the most celebrated in the whole Uni*—"] Oh, Edward" (beginning to sob), "we are *so* poor!—but—but—do as you think best—do as you think best."

Edward fell—that is, he sat still; sat with a conscience which was not satisfied, but which was overpowered by circumstances.

Meantime a stranger, who looked like an amateur detective gotten up as an impossible English earl, had been watching the evening's proceedings with manifest interest, and with a contented expression in his face; and he had been privately commenting to himself. He was now soliloquizing somewhat like this: "None of the Eighteen are bidding; that is not satisfactory; I must change that—the dramatic unities require it; they must buy the sack they tried to steal; they must pay a heavy price, too—some of them are rich. And another thing, when I make a mistake in Hadleyburg nature the man that puts that error upon me is entitled to a high honorarium, and some one must pay it. This poor old Richards has brought my judgment to shame; he is an honest man:—I don't understand it, but I acknowledge it. Yes, he saw my deuces-*and* with a straight flush, and by rights the pot is his. And it shall be a jack-pot, too, if I can manage it. He disappointed me, but let that pass."

He was watching the bidding. At a thousand, the market broke; the prices tumbled swiftly. He waited—and still watched. One competitor dropped out; then another, and another. He put in a bid or two, now. When the bids had sunk to ten dollars, he added a five; some one raised him a three; he waited a moment, then flung in a fifty-dollar jump, and the sack was his—at $1282. The house broke out in cheers—then stopped; for he was on his feet, and had lifted his hand. He began to speak.

"I desire to say a word, and ask a favor. I am a speculator in rarities, and I have dealings with persons interested in numismatics all over the world. I can make a profit on this purchase, just as it stands; but there is a way, if I can get your approval, whereby I can make every one of these leaden twenty-dollar pieces worth its face in gold, and perhaps more. Grant me that approval, and I will give part of my gains to your Mr. Richards, whose invulnerable probity you have so justly and so cordially recognized to-night; his share shall be ten thousand dollars, and I will hand him the money to-morrow. [*Great applause from the house.* But the "invulnerable probity" made the Richardses blush prettily; however, it went for modesty, and did no harm.] If you will pass my proposition by a good majority—I would like a two-thirds vote—I will regard that as the town's consent, and that is all I ask. Rarities are always helped by any device which will rouse curiosity and compel remark. Now if I may have your permission to stamp upon the faces of each of these ostensible coins the names of the eighteen gentlemen who—"

Nine-tenths of the audience were on their feet in a moment—dog and all—and the proposition was carried with a whirlwind of approving applause and laughter.

They sat down, and all the Symbols except "Dr." Clay Harkness got up, violently protesting against the proposed outrage, and threatening to—

"I beg you not to threaten me," said the stranger, calmly. "I know my legal rights, and am not accustomed to being frightened at bluster." (*Applause.*) He sat down. "Dr." Harkness saw an opportunity here. He was one of the two very rich men of the place, and Pinkerton was the other. Harkness was proprietor of a mint; that is to say, a popular

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patent medicine. He was running for the Legislature on one ticket, and Pinkerton on the other. It was a close race and a hot one, and getting hotter every day. Both had strong appetites for money; each had bought a great tract of land, with a purpose: there was going to be a new railway, and each wanted to be in the Legislature and help locate the route to his own advantage; a single vote might make the decision, and with it two or three fortunes. The stake was large, and Harkness was a daring speculator. He was sitting close to the stranger. He leaned over while one or another of the other Symbols was entertaining the house with protests and appeals, and asked, in a whisper,

"What is your price for the sack?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"I'll give you twenty."

"No."

"Twenty-five."

"No."

"Say thirty."

"The price is forty thousand dollars; not a penny less."

"All right, I'll give it. I will come to the hotel at ten in the morning. I don't want it known; will see you privately."

"Very good." Then the stranger got up and said to the house:

"I find it late. The speeches of these gentlemen are not without merit, not without interest, not without grace; yet if I may be excused I will take my leave. I thank you for the great favor which you have shown me in granting my petition. I ask the Chair to keep the sack for me until to-morrow, and to hand these three five-hundred dollar notes to Mr. Richards." They were passed up to the Chair. "At nine I will call for the sack, and at eleven will deliver the rest of the ten thousand to Mr. Richards in person, at his home. Good-night."

Then he slipped out, and left the audience making a vast noise, which was composed of a mixture of cheers, the *Mikado* song, dog-disapproval, and the chant, "You are f-a-r from being a b-a-a-d man —a-a-a-a-men!"

IV.

At home the Richardses had to endure congratulations and compliments until midnight. Then they were left to themselves. They looked a little sad, and they sat silent and thinking. Finally Mary sighed and said,

"Do you think we are to blame, Edward—*much* to blame?" and her eyes wandered to the accusing triplet of big bank-notes lying on the table, where the congratulators had been gloating over them and reverently fingering them. Edward did not answer at once; then he brought out a sigh and said, hesitatingly:

"We—we couldn't help it, Mary. It —well, it was ordered. *All* things are."

Mary glanced up and looked at him steadily, but he didn't return the look. Presently she said:

"I thought congratulations and praises always tasted good. But—it seems to me, now— Edward?"

"Well?"

"Are you going to stay in the bank?"

"N-no."

"Resign?"

"In the morning—by note."

"It does seem best."

Richards bowed his head in his hands and muttered:

"Before, I was not afraid to let oceans of people's money pour through my hands, but— Mary, I am so tired, so tired—"

"We will go to bed."

At nine in the morning the stranger called for the sack and took it to the hotel in a cab. At ten Harkness had a talk with him privately. The stranger asked for and got five checks on a metropolitan bank—drawn to "Bearer,"—four for $1500 each, and one for $34,000. He put one of the former in his pocket-book, and the remainder, representing $38,500, he put in an envelope, and with these he added a note, which he wrote after Harkness was gone. At eleven he called at the Richards house and knocked. Mrs. Richards peeped through the shutters, then went and received the envelope, and the stranger disappeared without a word. She came back flushed and a little unsteady on her legs, and gasped out:

"I am sure I recognized him! Last night it seemed to me that maybe I had seen him somewhere before."

"He is the man that brought the sack here?"

"I am almost sure of it."

"Then he is the ostensible Stephenson too, and sold every important citizen in this town with his bogus secret. Now if he has sent checks instead of money, we are sold too, after we thought we had escaped. I was beginning to feel fairly

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comfortable once more, after my night's rest, but the look of that envelope makes me sick. It isn't fat enough; $8500 in even the largest bank-notes makes more bulk than that."

"Edward, why do you object to checks?"

"Checks signed by Stephenson! I am resigned to take the $8500 if it could come in bank-notes—for it does seem that it was so ordered, Mary—but I have never had much courage, and I have not the pluck to try to market a check signed with that disastrous name. It would be a trap. That man tried to catch me; we escaped somehow or other; and now he is trying a new way. If it is checks—"

"Oh, Edward, it is *too* bad!" and she held up the checks and began to cry.

"Put them in the fire! quick! we mustn't be tempted. It is a trick to make the world laugh at *us*, along with the rest, and— Give them to *me*, since you can't do it!" He snatched them and tried to hold his grip till he could get to the stove; but he was human, he was a cashier, and he stopped a moment to make sure of the signature. Then he came near to fainting.

"Fan me, Mary, fan me! They are the same as gold!"

"Oh, how lovely, Edward! Why?"

"Signed by Harkness. What can the mystery of that be, Mary?"

"Edward, do you think—"

"Look here—look at this! Fifteen—fifteen—fifteen—thirty-four. Thirty-eight thousand five hundred! Mary, the sack isn't worth twelve dollars, and Harkness—apparently—has paid about par for it."

"And does it all come to us, do you think—instead of the ten thousand?"

"Why, it looks like it. And the checks are made to 'Bearer,' too."

"Is that good, Edward? What is it for?"

"A hint to collect them at some distant bank, I reckon. Perhaps Harkness doesn't want the matter known. What is that—a note?"

"Yes. It was with the checks."

It was in the "Stephenson" handwriting, but there was no signature. It said:

"I am a disappointed man. Your honesty is beyond the reach of temptation. I had a different idea about it, but I wronged you in that, and I beg pardon, and do it sincerely. I honor you—and that is sincere, too. This town is not worthy to kiss the hem of your garment. Dear sir, I made a square bet with myself that there were nineteen debauchable men in your self-righteous community. I have lost. Take the whole pot, you are entitled to it."

Richards drew a deep sigh, and said:

"It seems written with fire—it burns so. Mary—I am miserable again."

"I, too. Ah, dear, I wish—"

"To think, Mary—he *believes* in me."

"Oh, don't, Edward—I can't bear it."

"If those beautiful words were deserved, Mary—and God knows I believed I deserved them once—I think I could give the forty thousand dollars for them. And I would put that paper away, as representing more than gold and jewels, and keep it always. But now— We could not live in the shadow of its accusing presence, Mary."

He put it in the fire.

A messenger arrived and delivered an envelope. Richards took from it a note and read it; it was from Burgess.

"You saved me, in a difficult time. I saved you last night. It was at cost of a lie, but I made the sacrifice freely, and out of a grateful heart. None in this village knows so well as I know how brave and good and noble you are. At bottom you cannot respect me, knowing as you do of that matter of which I am accused, and by the general voice condemned; but I beg that you will at least believe that I am a grateful man; it will help me to bear my burden.

[Signed] BURGESS."

"Saved, once more. And on such terms!" He put the note in the fire. "I—I wish I were dead, Mary, I wish I were out of it all."

"Oh, these are bitter, bitter days, Edward. The stabs, through their very generosity, are so deep—and they come so fast!"

Three days before the election each of two thousand voters suddenly found himself in possession of a prized memento—one of the renowned bogus double-eagles. Around one of its faces was stamped these words: "THE REMARK I MADE TO THE POOR STRANGER WAS—" Around the

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other face was stamped these: "GO, AND REFORM. (SIGNED) PINKERTON." Thus the entire remaining refuse of the renowned joke was emptied upon a single head, and with calamitous effect. It revived the recent vast laugh and concentrated it upon Pinkerton; and Harkness's election was a walk-over.

Within twenty-four hours after the Richardses had received their checks their consciences were quieting down, discouraged; the old couple were learning to reconcile themselves to the sin which they had committed. But they were to learn, now, that a sin takes on new and real terrors when there seems a chance that it is going to be found out. This gives it a fresh and most substantial and important aspect. At church the morning sermon was of the usual pattern; it was the same old things said in the same old way; they had heard them a thousand times and found them innocuous, next to meaningless, and easy to sleep under; but now it was different: the sermon seemed to bristle with accusations; it seemed aimed straight and specially at people who were concealing deadly sins. After church they got away from the mob of congratulators as soon as they could, and hurried homeward, chilled to the bone at they did not know what—vague, shadowy, indefinite fears. And by chance they caught a glimpse of Mr. Burgess as he turned a corner. He paid no attention to their nod of recognition! He hadn't seen it; but they did not know that. What could his conduct mean? It might mean—it might mean—oh, a dozen dreadful things. Was it possible that he knew that Richards could have cleared him of guilt in that bygone time, and had been silently waiting for a chance to even up accounts? At home, in their distress they got to imagining that their servant might have been in the next room listening when Richards revealed the secret to his wife that he knew of Burgess's innocence; next, Richards began to imagine that he had heard the swish of a gown in there at that time; next, he was sure he *had* heard it. They would call Sarah in, on a pretext, and watch her face: if she had been betraying them to Mr. Burgess, it would show in her manner. They asked her some questions—questions which were so random and incoherent and seemingly purposeless that the girl felt sure that the old people's minds had been affected by their sudden good fortune; the sharp and watchful gaze which they bent upon her frightened her, and that completed the business. She blushed, she became nervous and confused, and to the old people these were plain signs of guilt—guilt of some fearful sort or other—without doubt she was a spy and a traitor. When they were alone again they began to piece many unrelated things together and get horrible results out of the combination. When things had got about to the worst, Richards was delivered of a sudden gasp, and his wife asked,

"Oh, what is it?—what is it?"

"The note—Burgess's note! Its language was sarcastic, I see it now." He quoted: "'At bottom you cannot respect me, *knowing*, as you do, of *that matter* of which I am accused'—oh, it is perfectly plain, now, God help me! He knows that I know! You see the ingenuity of the phrasing. It was a trap—and like a fool, I walked into it. And Mary—?"

"Oh, it is dreadful—I know what you are going to say—he didn't return your transcript of the pretended test-remark."

"No—kept it to destroy us with. Mary, he has exposed us to some already. I know it—I know it well. I saw it in a dozen faces after church. Ah, he wouldn't answer our nod of recognition—*he* knew what he had been doing!"

In the night the doctor was called. The news went around in the morning that the old couple were rather seriously ill—prostrated by the exhausting excitement growing out of their great windfall, the congratulations, and the late hours, the doctor said. The town was sincerely distressed; for these old people were about all it had left to be proud of, now.

Two days later the news was worse. The old couple were delirious, and were doing strange things. By witness of the nurses, Richards had exhibited checks—for $8500? No—for an amazing sum—$38,500! What could be the explanation of this gigantic piece of luck?

The following day the nurses had more news—and wonderful. They had concluded to hide the checks, lest harm come to them; but when they searched they were gone from under the patient's pillow—vanished away. The patient said:

"Let the pillow alone; what do you want?"

"We thought it best that the checks—"

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"You will never see them again—they are destroyed. They came from Satan. I saw the hell-brand on them, and I knew they were sent to betray me to sin." Then he fell to gabbling strange and dreadful things which were not clearly understandable, and which the doctor admonished them to keep to themselves.

Richards was right; the checks were never seen again.

A nurse must have talked in her sleep, for within two days the forbidden gabblings were the property of the town; and they were of a surprising sort. They seemed to indicate that Richards had been a claimant for the sack himself, and that Burgess had concealed that fact and then maliciously betrayed it.

Burgess was taxed with this and stoutly denied it. And he said it was not fair to attach weight to the chatter of a sick old man who was out of his mind. Still, suspicion was in the air, and there was much talk.

After a day or two it was reported that Mrs. Richards's delirious deliveries were getting to be duplicates of her husband's. Suspicion flamed up into conviction, now, and the town's pride in the purity of its one undiscredited important citizen began to dim down and flicker toward extinction.

Six days passed, then came more news. The old couple were dying. Richards's mind cleared in his latest hour, and he sent for Burgess. Burgess said:

"Let the room be cleared. I think he wishes to say something in privacy."

"No!" said Richards; "I want witnesses. I want you all to hear my confession, so that I may die a man, and not a dog. I was clean—artificially—like the rest; and like the rest I fell when temptation came. I signed a lie, and claimed the miserable sack. Mr. Burgess remembered that I had done him a service, and in gratitude (and ignorance) he suppressed my claim and saved me. You know the thing that was charged against Burgess years ago. My testimony, and mine alone, could have cleared him, and I was a coward, and left him to suffer disgrace—"

"No—no—Mr. Richards, you—"

"My servant betrayed my secret to him—"

"No one has betrayed anything to me—"

—"and then he did a natural and justifiable thing; he repented of the saving kindness which he had done me, and he *exposed* me—as I deserved—"

"Never!—I make oath—"

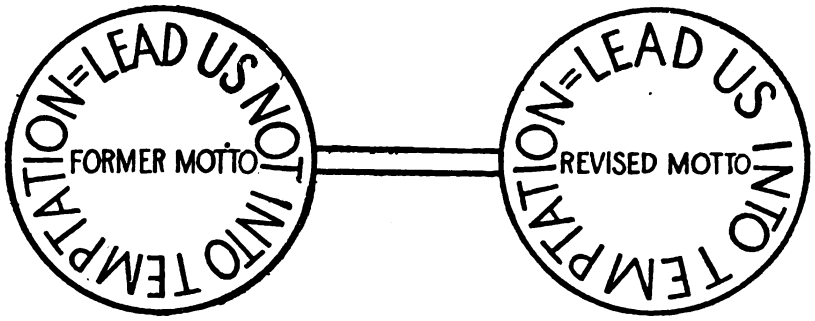
"Out of my heart I forgive him."

Burgess's impassioned protestations fell upon deaf ears; the dying man passed away without knowing that once more he had done poor Burgess a wrong. The old wife died that night.

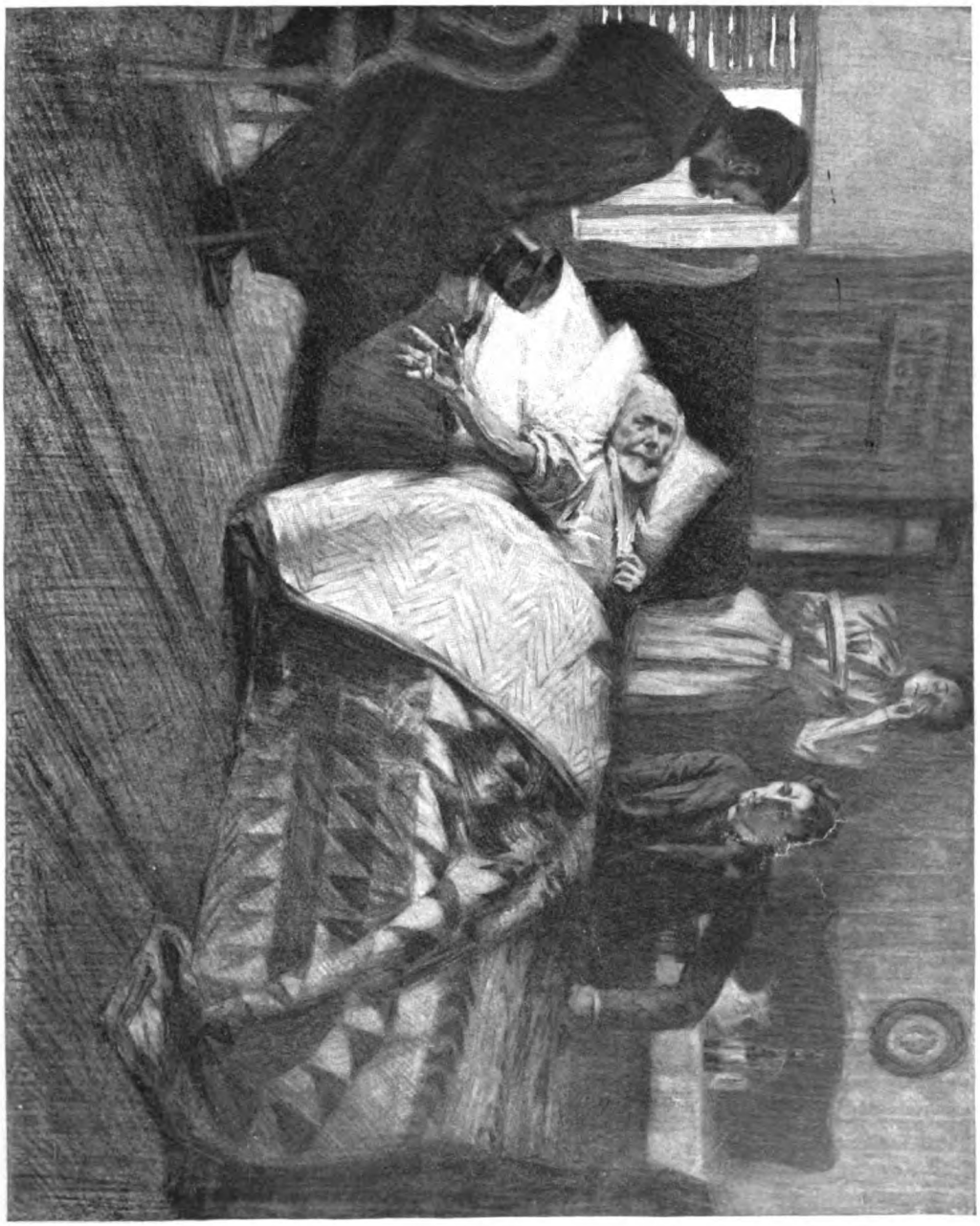
The last of the sacred Nineteen had fallen a prey to the fiendish sack; the town was stripped of the last rag of its ancient glory. Its mourning was not showy, but it was deep.

By act of the Legislature—upon prayer and petition—Hadleyburg was allowed to change its name to (never mind what—I will not give it away), and leave one word out of the motto that for many generations had graced the town's official seal.

It is an honest town once more, and the man will have to rise early that catches it napping again.



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THE LAST OF THE SACRED NINETEEN.

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THE WINDS

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

WE move across the morning lake
Soon as the dawns begin,
The evening lamps of gold we break
When the stars are looking in.

We wake with morn, and forth we go,
We follow after day;
Like thoughts we wander to and fro,
Like dreams we pass away.

We help the brightness where it weaves
The hill his glittering crown;
We come among the valley leaves,
They flutter up and down.

We rouse at noon the sleepy reeds,
And they make melody;
We fret the meads, and set the weeds
A-swinging blissfully.

We linger where the roses are
When warmth and light are gone,
We take their sweet, and bear it far
To her whose cheek is wan.

We bring her wilding melody,
Beyond the singer's art;
Sweeter than in the summer tree
It trembles at her heart.

The living meet us, whither led,
We greet them as we blow;
We bend the grasses on the bed
Of them that never know.

They say, who mourn the human lot,
We are as breath of men;
But breath that goes, it cometh not,
We go to come again.

Though there's a falling of the flowers,
A time when no bird sings,
We shed not with the happy hours
The gladness from our wings.

Our breath is on the mountain pine,
Our murmur on the sea:
The burden is of things divine,—
Love and eternity.

We rove whence none can ever come,
On hidden paths we fare;
Think not to follow to our home,
All is God's secret there.

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ABIJAH was a hoodoo; moreover, he had the reputation, over a wide stretch of territory, of having the evil or Judas eye, as it was called among the negroes, which gave him a power over them all the year round, which was only claimed by the first exhorter during "Big Meetin'."

No journey was ever undertaken, no new work begun, in fact, nothing of importance was ever planned by the negroes without first consulting Uncle 'Jah, who spoke as an oracle.

His fame extended even to the poor whites of the section who had never owned a slave, and many were the potions for healing and philters for unrequited love that passed from Uncle 'Jah's hands for a small consideration.

Uncle 'Jah also told the stars, and blended the inherited African rites most unreservedly with the Indian traditions and his idea of the white man's religious ceremonials.

Of course there were other hoodoos on the place, for what plantation had them not? but they were all lesser lights whose radiance paled before the effulgence of the leading spirit.

Uncle 'Jah added to his dignities and honors the fact of having been born free. The story ran that his mother was a princess in her own country, having been stolen by traders at an early age, and in the home of her adoption her faithfulness and tender care won the sympathy of her invalid mistress, who was pleased to give her freedom as a reward.

She had never left the plantation, for a humble romance followed, and the free woman became the wife of a slave.

By "Ole Miss's" will in the olden time her children were to be free from their birth, and Abijah, the seventh son of the seventh son, though living, as his father had done, on the plantation, was free to come and go, and received wages for his labor when he chose to work.

But Abijah was gathered to his fathers long ago, and many were the lamentations when he passed away. As the passing of a dusky Mohammed, marvels were expected, and great were the wonders and happenings on his burial night, for, like his aforesaid predecessor, he planned his own funeral, and he decreed that the burial should occur at night.

It was said that everything had come to him in the dark of the moon; it was dark when he was born, and dark when he died, so they buried him in the midst of the tall bracken, whose swaying plumes cast weird and grotesque shadows by the light of the flickering pine torches.

The exhorters were holding their services at the meeting-ground, and would not officiate, as they deemed the burial unholy; but the mass of negroes, who knew the work of Abijah, were afraid that his ghost would walk, and attended for the laying of his spirit, and all but the torch-bearers prostrated themselves low upon the ground, while the hoodoos waved their arms, as the coffin was lowered, and forbade the spirit's return to earthly habitations; then bitter herbs and Abijah's drinking-cup were thrown in before the grave was filled.

As has been said, the passing of Abijah happened many years ago, and now in the third and fourth generations his fame had grown even to that of a dusky god.

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So there were not wanting those who, through the mists of time and forgetfulness, attributed to him supernatural powers, a fearless handling of the forces of good and evil, even a personal exorcism of the devil—that old-fashioned devil who donned such familiar forms upon occasion.

Of course such a devil is entirely out of date, but in that long ago there was a certain little maid to whom these devil stories, forbidden fruit though they were, gave the most unalloyed delight.

They were told at night when the trundle-bed was rolled out and the little toes were toasting by the fire, and sometimes even, it is to be feared, the "Now I lay me" was rather hastily said that the story might be resumed; later, perhaps, an anxious mother wondered why the little one tossed so restlessly, but every genuine child has been duly "scared to death once upon a time," and so had the little maid.

Through the tangles of the past a picture rises, though the Scheherazade of the nursery has passed away, the voice comes no more to the childish ears, for the little maid too is gone, perhaps the stories are half forgotten, but a word, a thought, stirs the pulse of memory.

"Tell a devil tale, Ellen."

"Naw, I hain't gwine tell you 'n' Charlie no mo' devil tales."

"Please, Ellen, we'll go to sleep in two minutes if you will."

"Tell about Uncle 'Jah, the devil, and the dark of the moon."

"I hain't gwine tell hit—Miss 'Tishy say you git skeered an' don' go ter sleep, an' I hain't gwine tell 'em to yo' no mo'."

"Oh, Ellen, yes, we will; they don't scare us. We'll get right in bed and listen, and by the time you are through we'll be asleep. Mamma won't care."

"But she do keer; she say you mustn't heah 'em no mo'. Dey gibs her de horrors."

"Go on, Ellen. She was just afraid that we'd be scared in the night, but we are too big for that now. Go on about the devil and Uncle 'Jah."

"Miss 'Tishy be mighty mad!"

"But we won't tell her. Her mammy used to tell her those tales when she was little; she said so."

"An' you won't tell yo' maw?"

"No, we won't tell her."

"Yo' sho' yo' won't tell?"

"Cross my heart and body, we won't, Ellen!"

"Well, one time dey hab er powerful Big Meetin' on de place whar Unc' 'Jah lib, an' dar was er mighty prophesyin' an' 'zortin' 'count er hit.

"Dey was er-prophesyin' 'bout dis an' prophesyin' 'bout dat, but dar wan't many sinners got up twel er stranger kim up an' sot inter prophesyin', an' den sech er gittin' erbout yo' nebber did see; dar wan't 'nough benches fur de mo'ners, an' dey des laid down in de straw.

"Some uv 'em 'low de stars gwine fall ergin; an' some uv 'em 'low de stars hain't gwine fall, but de pest'*lence* er kimmin'; an' some 'low de pest'*lence* ain' kimmin', but dey gwine hab er rain er sarpents; but de stranger he 'zort an' prophesy louder an' longer, an' he 'low dat arter de Big Meetin' de debil gwine be loose on de place an' gwine take de form uv er sarpent, er tarrypin, er man, an' er fly, an' he gwine pester mightily de chillen er de promus; but de sarpent dey kin shoot, de tarrypin dey kin kill, an' de man dey kin see, but hit gwine ter be mighty hard ter ketch up wid de fly, specuil in fly-time, 'case de debil choose de innercentest house-fly he kin fin'.

"But de stranger say de debil do de mos' tore-down things es er fly, 'case he kin go ever'whar, an' walk on de ceiling top side down des er-seein' things dat's hid, an' he kin git erroun' faster 'n de man, an' fas' ergin es de sarpent, an' er hundred times es fas' es de tarrypin. He taken de tarrypin so's ter git de 'scusin' er movin' slow. Well, Unc' 'Jah he don' pay no 'tention ter de prophesyin' an' de churchin', 'case he do he own prophesyin' an' workin', so he des lay low an' keep still.

"'Bout dat time Unc' 'Jah's boy Rube he go co'tin' de putties' nigger gal dat ebber were borned; but she were unner conviction at de Big Meetin', an' don' 'pear ter take no notice er Rube, but she like him powerful, unbeknownst.

"Oh, but she were putty! an' she were er house-nigger, an' w'ar finer close dan t'others, an' sot an' sew right by her Ole Miss.

"Well, Rube he savin' uv he wedges, an' he think he ax Ole Marse mought he buy her, arter dey marries, fur hit 'pear lack dey gwine ter marry arter de Big Meetin', 'case Rube he were mighty lack he mammy, an' all de gals was plum sot on him.

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Well, Unc' 'Jah don' 'pear ter take no notice, 'case he were er-workin' on he mammy, who were mighty po'ly, des er-draggin' one foot an' totin' t'other, twel sumpen 'pear ter happen ter Rube's gal, an den Unc' 'Jah he 'pear ter des wake up.

"Hit happin dis way: 'Bout de time de Big Meetin' ober dar kim er stranger in de quarters dat taken er powerful shine ter de gal, an' he allus kim in de night, an' walk an' talk wid de gal er little erway fum t'others.

"Well, dat gal she show him her putty teef, an' laugh an' jeck her putty head erbout, but she thinkin' 'bout Rube.

"Den he fotch some big gole year-rings an' er brooch—powerful fine fur er nigger, 'case dey mos' es fine es her Ole Miss wear ever' day; an' dat nigger w'ar broadclof lack a gemmen; an' Rube he were powerful low in he min', 'case de stranger talk mighty putty, an' he 'low dat 'omens lub putty talkin'; but dat stranger ain' say whar he fum, an' he ain't call he name ter any er de niggers, not eben ter de gal.

"An' sing! Lord, how dat stray nigger sing, an' pick de banjo, an' mek de fiddle fa'rly dance! Eben de 'zorters, hearin' uv hit 'way off, couldn' keep dey foots fum shufflin' an' dey han's fum pattin' when dey hears dat nigger play de fiddle. But es fine es he were, wid he mustache an' de b'ar's grease on he hair, he allus wanter set down; an' Unc' 'Jah, 'case Rube were so po'ly, he pull he eye, lack er lizard, down on him, an' he see dat he got sumpen de matter wid he right foot, an' he try ter hide hit all he kin.

"But Unc' 'Jah don' say nuffin; he des er-workin'. An' de stray nigger he promus de gal fine close an' fine house lack her Ole Miss got; an' de gal she show him her teef ergin, but she still er-thinkin' 'bout Rube.

"Den de stranger he chink de gole money in he pocket an' show 'em ter de gal; she 'ain't nebber see er nigger tote gole money erfore, an' she op'n 'er eyes wide, an' ain' think 'bout Rube no more.

"Dat Rube he were er cuissome nigger, an' he git ter be mighty painful, an' he ain' wanter eat 'count er de gal, an' ain' look at t'others des er-rinnin' arter him; an' Unc' 'Jah he ain' say nuffin, but he sot er charm fur de gal dat done promus ter marry de stray nigger an' shakes her big gole hoops in de face er Rube. Dat gal mout er-knowed de stray nigger 'ain' git 'em hones'.

"Den he gib her er ring wid two hearts on hit dat ud come in two, perzackly lack white folks, an' dat rin Rube putty nigh crazy, 'case he done gib her he gran'maw's gole ring; an' de gal gib out dat she gwine marry de stranger, an' er-gwine ter er far country. Unc' 'Jah were mighty pestered, an' he casts er bout; den he ups an' ax de gal fur er lock uv her hair ter 'member her by.

"Hit please de gal powerful, 'case she were mighty uppish—uppish lack white folks—an' she gib hit ter 'im; an' Unc' 'Jah chuckle powerful, 'case he got all he want fur ter mek he charm work.

"An' dat night when de gal was er-walkin' wid de stranger in de moonlight, she see sumpen dat skeer her mos' ter def; but she 'feared ter holler; fur de stranger he taken he hat off fur ter cool he head, des er-talkin' sweet 's sugar all de time; an' dat gal, sho's you born, see two little horns des er-growin' in de moonlight, er-sproutin' outer he forud; an' she skeered so she look down, an', my Lord! she see de lame foot des nuffin but er hoof. Den dat gal she know she done gib her promus ter marry wid de debil, 'case Unc' 'Jah's charm hit taken de scales fum her eyes: an' she think 'bout Rube ergin, an' she shuck an' shuck, an' tell de debil she cole; but he laugh, an' show he teef, an' 'low, 'You's done mine now; I gwine warm yo' bime-by.' An' she sweat cole, and 'low she gwine gib back de ring an' de gole year-rings, an' de promus; dat she ain' lub nobody but Rube; but hit de debil, an' he ain' let her go, an' he say she gotter marry him; but she say she ain', dat she hate him.

"Unc' 'Jah workin' yit, an' bime-by de stranger ain' kim ter see de gal no mo'; but er tarrypin foller her, an' stay by her when she work, an' listen when she talk, an' hit 'ten' ter be ersleep; but when she ain' look at hit, hit snap at her toes wid hits ugly mouf, an' she cain't dribe hit off. An' bime-by she shivers, den taken hit up in her lap, 'case hit de debil an' he mek her do hit; an' dat tarrypin hit bite de blood outen her arm, 'case she b'long ter him an' he got her promus; an' she were so po'ly dat she gitten right scrawny.

"Den Rube ain' know what ter do, 'case de gal cry, an' he taken he axe an' cut de tarrypin's head off, while de gal hold hit ter keep hit fum drawin' back;

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but he wa'n't no hoodoo lack he daddy—he des er common nigger—an' he mek er miss an' cut de gal's thumb off wid hit.

"But de cut neck er de head an' de cut neck er de body dey retch an' stretch todes one nuther, an' retch an' stretch twel dey tech, an' den dey des jines right erfore dey eyes, an' dat ole tarrypin he lif' he head an' blink dem ole eyes at bofe uv 'em. Hit go on dat way twel de gal 'mos' cry her eyes out ter git shet er de tarrypin, when Unc' 'Jah he kim erlong swingin' he axe keerless lack, an' he hear de commotion lack he nebber hear hit erfore, an' taken sumpen laek grease outen er box in he pocket, an' smear hit on de sharp aige, an' blip! down he kim on de tarrypin's neck, an' de head an' de body part don't jine no mo'.

"Well, dat gal done git shet er de tarrypin, an' dough she mighty po' an' sickly lookin', lack she hab de swamp-fever, she say she gwine marry Rube soon; but Unc' 'Jah he know what were kimmin', an' she ain' gwine marry Rube yit.



"I GWINE WARM YO' BIME-BY."

"Dat gal git ter be so po' an' droopy dat her Ole Miss 'low she let her work en de fiel', dat de fresh air gwine do her good.

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"So she sot inter choppin' out cotton, 'case hit de spring er de year, but she sorter skeered dat de tarrypin kim back.

"He ain' gwine kim back, but one day in de row she feel sumpen ticklin' uv her bare foot mighty sof', an' she look an' see hit were er long wigglin' sarpent, an' hit w'ar de face er de stray nigger she done promus ter marry, an' hit smile an' smile at dat gal in de row, an' hit foller her down de row an' back ergin, an' when she ain' look at hit, hit bite her foots an' strike wid its fangs, 'case hit gwine ter be noticed. Ever' day hit meet her in de row, an' ever' day hit bite her, drawin' de blood, an' bime-by hit say it cole, an' she hatter take it up in her arms ter warm hit, 'case hit de debil an' he done git de promus.



"UNC' 'JAH AIN'T TALKIN'."

"Well, dar ain' nobody kin kill dat snake wid er stick, an' dar ain' nobody dat kin shoot hit wid er gun, 'case dey done try, an' all de time dat sarpent des er-thinnin' dat gal's blood lack er man-eatin' bat, when here kim Unc' 'Jah down in de fiel', an' he taken de gun fum he shoulder an' wipe de sweat offen him, 'case hit were hot. Den he kinder keerless lack 'n'int de bullets wid de sumpen dat he 'n'int de axe wid, an' load up. Den he say sumpen ter hese'f an' p'int de gun at dat streaked snake, an' he were sho' dead dat time.

"Dat gal she fall down and hug Unc' 'Jah's knees; but de debil he wa'n't fru wid de gal yit; he ain' wanter let her git erway fum him.

"Hit were summer-time good now, an' de gnats dey pesterin' de hosses an' de cattle, an' hit were fly-time 'mongst de people.

"Well, hit were de debil's chance ergin, fur de gal say she ain' marry de man, an' de sarpent an' de tarrypin bofe dead.

"Well, de debil he gwine mek dat gal see sights, fur he sot an' think an' think; den he finds out de innercentest house-fly dat ebber was hatched, an' put it in he pocket, an' day arter day he trainin' dat fly; den on de dark er de moon he set facin' er de fly, an' mek hese'f mighty small an' git inter de fly, an' fly up ter whar dat gal was er-settin', an' buzz an' buzz.

"He light on her han', an' she bresh him off; he light on her year, an' she mek dem gole year-rings ring; an' he tickle her nose, an' stick he cole clammy foots on her chin lack 'twere gwine ter rain; den he lit on her mouf an' rin her putty nigh plum crazy.

"When her an' Rube was co'tin 'unbeknownst, he buzz an' buzz, an' fly ertwixt 'em an' listen ter all dey say, an' he hears 'em say when dey gwine marry, an' he buzz so hard he mos' skeer hese'f.

"Den when de gal go ter bed he draw de blood 'mos' es bad es de sarpent, an' pester her so she hatter kiver up her head wid er quilt, dough hit were so mighty hot. Bime-by hit 'pear lack dat gal she know hit were de debil, an' she git ashy

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an' ashy, an' dat fly pester her so dat de folks say she gone crazy erbout er little house-fly; but dat Rube hain't gib her up, an' de debil hain't nuther.

"Well, Unc' 'Jah ain't talkin'; he des er-watchin', an' hit were de dark er de moon ergin, an' he were plum ready ter meet de debil now.

"So whilst dey was er-prayin' an' 'zortin' ober de gal fur ter mek her min' kim back, he was er-workin' wid er 'intment ter kill dat fly, an' er'-sortin' ter 'spedients fur ter keep de debil's sperit fum gittin' back inter he body when he kim outer de fly.

"'Mos' ever' hoodoo kin do dat. I's heard 'bout hit many er time; dar whar de debil larn hit. Dar allus two uv 'em, an' dey set facin', an' spits deyse'fs inter anything dey wants ter go inter.

"Course Unc' 'Jah could do hit hese'f; dey cotch him er-doin' uv hit; an 'course he ain't gwine ter let de debil beat him at he best game.

"Well, Unc' 'Jah he sot erbout fur ter mek er 'intment fur ter cotch dat fly, so he mek er 'intment dat smells powerful sweet, an' he sot de pot down by de side er de gal, an' bime-by de fly buzz round an' smell hit, an' he fin' hit sweeter ter him 'n de gal, an' furgit all 'bout her, an' eat twel he fitten ter bus'; den he drap offen de aidge an' buzz his wings twel he die.

"Den Unc' 'Jah he know de debil sperit loose fum de fly, an' he ain' gwine ter let de debil git back inter he body dis time ef he kin hope hit, so he 'gin ter work he charm hard es he kin.

"De debil mek er win' blow de fly out de do'; but Unc' 'Jah follers hit. Den de debil blow dus' in Unc' 'Jah's eyes; but he rubs hit out, an' follers de fly.

"Den de debil blow er strong smoke in Unc' 'Jah's eyes fur ter keep him fum follerin'; an' hit burn an' hit smart, but Unc' 'Jah he foller whar de win' er-totin' dat fly.

"Den de debil gib Unc' 'Jah er miz'ry in de knee: he were ole, Unc' 'Jah were, an' 'twere mighty easy ter mek him painful: but Unc' 'Jah des limp on an' keep de dead fly in de win' des erfore him, 'case he wanter hope set de gal free, 'count er his son Rube.



"DEY RETCH AN' STRETCH TODES ONE NUTHER."

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UNC' 'JAH AND THE DEVIL SNAKE.

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"Well, de debil play all kinds er capers wid Unc' 'Jah 'dout techin' him, 'case he were de bestes' hoodoo dat ebber were, dead er libin', an' de debil were mighty put ter hit, 'case de power er de debil stops short somers, 'n' he were putty nigh rin ter de end uv he rope.

"So dey rin an' rin an' rin', Unc' 'Jah allus keepin' de fly in de win' des erhead uv him, dough his tongue was hangin' out.

"Den de debil he mek de win' blow harder, an' de fly in de win' des fa'r flew; but Unc' 'Jah he hol' up he charm erfore him an' split de win' des 'hine de fly.

"Hit were sho' cuissome ter see dat dead fly scootin' on de win', an' Unc' 'Jah des er-ridin' hard, an' er-rid-in' on nuffin; but dey say dat he sho' done hit, an' hit 'pear lack arter while de debil 'stonished 'case he see sech er powerful hoodoo, an' he let dat win' die back an' dat fly flop down so suddent dat hit 'mos' take Unc' 'Jah's bref erway.

"Den Unc' 'Jah he see dat de debil sperit done gone inter er debil hoss dat was waitin' fur he marster close by ter whar de fly fall; an' hit were powe'ful hard ter keep up wid de debil hoss, 'case he mek he time by jumps es well es by flyin'; but Unc' 'Jah's charm was es good es de debil hoss, an' when he fly, 'Unc' 'Jah fly, an' when he jump, Unc' 'Jah jump, an' he keep 'im plum in sight.

"Den de debil he w'ar out he hoss, an' goes inter er grasshopper. Unc' 'Jah groans at dat, fur he was mighty ole ter go so high an' drap so low ever' time wid de grasshopper, but dey say dat he done hit, an' sho' beat de grasshopper er-hoppin'.

"Dar was er squinch-eyed toad er settin' by er rock, de debilishest-lookin' toad dat ebber you see, an' when de grasshopper wore out, de debil flings his ole laigs erway an' goes inter de toad.

"Unc' 'Jah he know hit wa'n't no use ter kill de toad, 'case de debil gwine fin' sumpen harder ter git ter he body in, so Unc' 'Jah he hole he charm fas' an' des hop 'long sider de toad.

"Hit were mighty low-down work fur Unc' 'Jah, but he were workin' ter git eben wid de debil, an' we has ter squat low ter rise high sometimes, an' dat gal an' dat Rube was bofe er-pinin' unner de cuss.



"AN' SPLIT DE WIN' DES HINE DE FLY."

"Well, dat toad wa'n't any good company ter Unc' 'Jah, an' his belly wa'n't useter stayin' so clost ter de groun', so he were powerful glad when dat toad 'low he was mighty tired an' sleepy too.

"So Unc' 'Jah were on de watch, an' all uv er sudden dat toad flop down an' open he mouf fur bref, fur de debil rid him hard, an' fum de flutterin' an' hol-

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lerin', Unc' 'Jah know de debil done fine he nigger, de jay; but de jay cain't bre'k he word ter Ole Mammy Natur', an' cain't fly at night, an' he hole so fas' de debil cain't shake him outen de tree.



"AN' SHO' BEAT DE GRASSHOPPER."

"Hit were de same way wid de jay's cousin, de crow; dar wa'n't no corn dat de debil mout coax him wid in de night.

"An' dat whar birds an' beastes is better'n men; ef you offers er man ernough, he'll 'low ter do anything, but t'others cain't go 'gin Natur'; an' hit ain't natchel fur er jay er er crow ter go kerhootin' in de night-time.

"Dar wa'n't nuffin lef' fur de debil ter tek fur ter retch his body in but er bat, an' Unc' 'Jah hain't got no wings; but Unc' 'Jah he spread he arms an' he ragged coat, an' riz wid de bat.

"Hit were de dark er de moon, an' dar wa'n't many bugs er-flyin', an' hit 'pear lack dat bat wa'n't so powerful anxious ter go; an' de way he skimmed in de space an' bumped ergin de trees fur ter spite de debil in him was er caution.

"But ever' time de bat skim, Unc' 'Jah skum, an' ever' time de bat bumped, Unc' 'Jah bumped, twel hit 'mos' knock de bref plum outen him, an' his ole bald head were es full er goose aigs es er nut is er meat; but Unc' 'Jah were des er-keepin' up wid de debil.

"Well, dat body er de debil were er long way off, fur dey flewed an' dey flewed, an' rin ergin mo' quare creatures in de air dat 'pear ter be some 'quaintance er de bat, an' he stop ter say 'howdy' ter. Dey rin ergin all kinds er owls, an' de bat 'pear ter be mighty thick wid 'em, an' fum de things dey talks ter one nuther in de dark, Unc' 'Jah think they mout be kin.

"Well, dey flewed an' dey flewed, an' es Unc' 'Jah were in mighty close comp'ny wid de bat, de owls dey think Unc' 'Jah er mighty big un, an' dey mek dey compliments ter him. Bein' es how Unc' 'Jah he w'ar de charm an' were er high-toned hoodoo, he know de language, an' mek 'em back mighty perlight, des lack de owls, an' de owls an' de bat an' Unc' 'Jah dey 'pear ter be des lack brudders.

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"Unc' 'Jah he lack mighty well ter be back in he cabin, 'sleep, but hit wa'n't ever' hoodoo dat git de chances er gittin' eben wid de debil ever' day, so he keep er spreadin' he coat an' stretchin' he arms lack de bat.

"Dey flewed so high dat dey could see down folks' chimblies; an' 'pear lack dar wa'n't no tops on de houses, fur de debil were 'long an' he onkiver 'em, lack he do ever' night, an' Unc' 'Jah see de white folks, des what dey doin', some uv 'em 'sleep, some uv 'em drinkin', some uv 'em dancin', an' some uv 'em playin' cards, an' er-doin' all kinds er devilment dey think nobody kin see—stranglin' wid ropes, an' killin' in de dark, an' sech lack; but Unc' 'Jah he ain't say nuffin, 'case hit wa'n't none er his business. De debil he were mighty peart, an' ever' time dey kim ter rinnin' water he try ter shoot dat bat er-crost hit, 'case he know er hoodoo cain't cross er rinnin' branch; but ever' time dat bat dive, Unc' 'Jah he spread he coat tails wider an' head 'im off, 'case he know what bre'k he charm, an' de way dey kep' er-duckin' an' er-divin' when all hones' folks was in dey beds was des fa'rly scand'lous; but Unc' 'Jah were tryin' ter set dat gal free fum de cuss er de debil.



"DEY FLEWED AN' DEY FLEWED."

"Well, Unc' 'Jah he do so lack de bat dat he most furgit whedder he er bat er no, 'case he do dey ways an' know dey talk 'dout steddyin' uv hit; but bime-by de debil he git tired er dodgin' Unc' 'Jah, 'case he done lef' dat body so long already dat de know hit dry up an' crack lack clay in he sun, an' he know he gwine hab er power er trouble ter git back inter hit; an' he see de dodgin' ain't do no good, an' 'pear lack he lef' dat body 'cross de branch, so he mek de kin' er breeze blow up dat allus mek Unc' 'Jah powerful sleepy. Unc' 'Jah fit hit mighty hard, an' he op'n he eyes wide an' cl'ar he throat fur ter wake him up when he feels 'em shet, but Unc' 'Jah des couldn' mek er stan' 'gin dat breeze, an' es he fly erlong he op'n he mouf an' 'gin ter snore. Dat were enough fur de debil, an' de way he mek dat bat duck an' dive an' git 'cross dat branch whilst

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Unc' 'Jah were nappin' would er mek yo' head fa'r swim. Well, when Unc' 'Jah wake up an' fin' hese'f on de groun', an' de bat lyin' dead an' de debil 'cross de branch, he sho' were plum mad, an' he rub an' rub he charm fur ter mek hit work.

"Dar sot Unc' 'Jah on one side de branch, an' dar sot de debil on t'other, an' Unc' 'Jah couldn' cross hit, 'case he er hoodoo, an' dar hain't no hoodoo kin cross rinnin' water 'dout bre'kin' de spell. De debil he drag de body fum unner de trees, but hit were des es dry es clay, an' de debil tryin' es hard es he could ter git back inter hit, an' Unc' 'Jah des er tryin' fur ter keep him fum hit.

"But de charm ain' workin' good, 'count er de rinnin' water, dough de debil hab er mighty hard time.

"De debil sot de body up 'gin er tree, an' he sot down er facin' uv hit, an' he try ter spit hese'f back inter de body; an' he spit an' spit twel he mouf plum dry, but dat body ain' move, 'case de debil been gone too long, an' hit done git too dry.

"De debil hatter borry er body, 'case he cain't mek one, an' hit b'long ter some low-down man dat wand'rin' roun' outen he skin; an' de debil he hatter gib hit back, an' he kinder in er hurry too, 'case dat man gotter go ter work in de mornin.'

"Well, de debil he spit an' he spit, an' 'cross de branch Unc' 'Jah he work an' he work—he tryin' fur ter dry up de water so's his charm kin work on de debil.

"Hit 'pear lack de debil gwine win, 'case he done spit hese'f 'mos' half inter de body; an' de body lif' he arm an' chuckle an' laugh—course hit were de debil chucklin' an' laughin' in him; but dat branch were er dryin' up too, mighty fas', an' dey bofe uv 'em herry, fur hit done 'most day.

"De body lif' t'other arm; but de branch done plum dry now; an' Unc' 'Jah he riz wid he charm an' jump 'cross an' lay he han's on de body; an' de debil he pull, an' Unc' 'Jah he pull; but de debil cain't work 'gin Unc' 'Jah's charm; an' he howls lack er dog fur ter skeer Unc' 'Jah off, but Unc' 'Jah ain't skeered; an' he barks lack er wolf, but Unc' 'Jah know him; an' he roar lack er lion an' holler lack er mad bull, but Unc' 'Jah keep he han' wid de charm in hit on de body.

"Den de debil shine he eyes at Unc' 'Jah lack er tiger-cat, an' r'ar an' t'ar an' chaw de ole coat plum offen Unc' 'Jah, but Unc' 'Jah got holt er de body yit. Den de debil he gin hit up, 'case he cain't work 'gin sech er powerful hoodoo, an' draw de res' uv he sperit outen de body, an' gib one las' awful howl, 'case de day was bre'kin' now, an' go des er-limpin' an' er-yellin' inter de wood in de shape uv er lame yaller dorg dat was er-sniffin' close by.

"Den Unc' 'Jah go up ter de house an' git some salt, fur salt hit mek de debil plum miserbul, an' he fill up dat ole body wid hit lack er sack, an' tie hit up, an' fling hit inter de bayou.

"De debil he go erbout er-seekin' fresh parstures an' er-feedin' on new grass, fur he ain' nebber kim on dat place no mo'; an' he ain' pester de gal no mo' arter Rube done marry her; fur dat de way Unc' 'Jah git shet uv him, an' dat de way ter git even wid him when he pesters yo', ef yo' does hit lack Unc' 'Jah do, in de dark er de moon."



"AN' GIB ONE LAS' AWFUL HOWL."

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A PUPPET OF FATE.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

BY HOWARD PYLE



CHAPTER I.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY INTERVIEW BETWEEN A YOUNG CLERGYMAN AND A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WITH A RED SEAL-RING.

THE Rev. Enoch Miller was a young High-Church clergyman, established in a small and modest living at Westwood, a village of inconsiderable size not far distant from West Chester in Pennsylvania. The emoluments of his position as pastor of St. Gabriel's Chapel amounted only to about four hundred dollars per annum. Nevertheless, though this income was so modest, the Rev. Enoch Miller had felt himself warranted in becoming engaged in marriage to a young lady, the daughter of a prosperous storekeeper of the village, a Miss Marietta Hawkins.

The startling events which befell this young gentleman, the account of which is about to follow, occurred immediately upon the afternoon of the day before Christmas. Upon that day he had taken the noon train to Philadelphia for the purpose of purchasing a Christmas gift to be presented to the intended partner of his future life, and to this undertaking he had brought no inconsiderable thought and consideration.

Possessing a taste at once practical and chaste, he had, after a great deal of deliberation, concluded to present his affianced wife with a handsome coal-oil lamp such as would make an attractive ornament for the centre table of a small home, and to this end had set aside no less a sum than twelve dollars for the purchase thereof.

Mistrusting his own taste in such an important affair, he had arranged that his mother, who was a Philadelphia lady of extreme respectability, should meet him at the waiting-room of Mr. Wanameyer's great department store at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, and it was his purpose that she should aid him in making the proper selection of the handsome gift he designed to purchase.

In person our hero possessed a slender and delicate frame, and he was endowed with a gentleness of manner that was almost feminine in its nature. Not only because of his priestly profession and his studious inclinations, but because of a natural disposition as well, he was singularly retiring and timid in his habits. These characteristics peculiarly fitted him for the society of the gentler sex, and by them he was held in no small esteem as possessing a disposition of unusual gentleness and amiability. When it is added that he was immoderately fond of cake and tea, the polite reader is put entirely in possession of a knowledge of the person and the disposition of the hero of this narrative.

The mind of the Rev. Enoch Miller, as he sped in the railroad train through the bleak and wintry landscape, was so entirely occupied with the consideration of different and ornate styles of coal-oil lamps that he was altogether unaware of the ap-

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proach of a stranger who, delivering a quick bow of apology, assumed the vacant seat beside him. As the Rev. Enoch Miller moved aside to allow for more room upon the cushioned seat, he had but a moment to observe that the other occupant was dressed with such singular sumptuousness of apparel as a long Astrakhan overcoat, a rather noisy suit of mixed tweed, and a velvet waistcoat embellished with small but brilliant sprigs of flowers might afford. A heavy and massive watch-chain of gold, with a cluster of seals, apparently of no inconsiderable value, further enhanced the magnificence of his personal appearance, whilst his fingers covered with a multitude of rich and handsome rings completed a presence at once imposing and splendid.

Our young clergyman had but a moment to observe these particulars, for almost directly his neighbor began addressing him, speaking with an accent that at once distinguished him as an Englishman.

"Perhaps, sir," he said, "you may wonder at my assuming a seat that is partly occupied when there are other and entirely vacant places in the coach. But I must inform you that I am a prodigious traveller, having roamed over nearly the entire habitable globe, and it is always my habit upon such occasions as this to establish myself near to some intelligent itinerant like yourself, whom I may question concerning the country through which I pass."

Our hero, altogether overcome by the imposing appearance of his neighbor, and at all times timid in the presence of entire strangers, murmured some not very distinct acknowledgment of the polite speech with which he had been favored, whereupon the other continued as follows:

"I am, sir," he said, "a stranger upon this railroad. I purpose stopping over at a place called Media, but how far distant that town may be I am entirely at a loss to know."

"I think," observed the Rev. Enoch Miller, "that it is the next station."

"Indeed!" cried the other. "Is it so near as that?" And then suddenly assuming an air of extreme friendliness, he continued: "Upon my word, I cannot but regret that I am not to have a longer journey. For I must inform you that the instant I clapped eyes upon you I conceived a prodigious fancy for your person, and I am sure, could my journey be prolonged, I might promise myself much improvement and entertainment from the conversation of one so intelligent as you appear to be."

So surprised was our hero at this sudden and unexpected address of compliment from an entire stranger of so magnificent an appearance as his new acquaintance presented that he found it upon the instant altogether impossible to frame a single appropriate word of reply to the polite speech with which he had been favored. Nor was he less surprised when the stranger, rising hastily from his seat, and suddenly betraying every appearance of extreme eagerness, stood gazing for a considerable time back through the length of the car. Ap-



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parently having relieved his mind of some apprehension, he reseated himself, and began addressing his new-found acquaintance as follows:

"I am a man of no inconsiderable wealth, and have lately made a large investment in Pennsylvania lumber lands. My agent lives in Media, hence the necessity of my stopping over at the station. You yourself," he continued, with a sudden change of subject to one which was more distinctly personal, that made his hearer start in his seat—"you yourself are perhaps a native of this locality?"

"My home," said the Rev. Enoch Miller, "is at Westwood, and my family lives in Philadelphia." And then, impressed by the extraordinary frankness and affability of the stranger, and feeling that it would be ungracious not to respond in kind, he continued: "I am, sir, upon my way to our metropolis for a purpose of very considerable importance indeed. I design this afternoon to purchase a coal-oil lamp for a young lady of my acquaintance. My mother is to go with me to lend me the assistance of her valuable advice, which, seeing that the transaction involves so considerable an outlay as twelve dollars of money, I can hardly be depended upon to execute myself."

"Indeed," cried the other, "what you tell me is vastly interesting, and I cannot sufficiently applaud the exquisite extravagance that can prompt the thought of so delightful a gift. Indeed I dare venture to affirm that it is intended for some young lady whose beauty, perhaps, and whose exquisite charms have entirely overcome the fortress of your heart."

At this startling discovery of a secret so sacred our hero was entirely overcome by an infinite confusion. He felt the color rise to his face until his cheeks burned as with fire. "Nay," cried his friendly interlocutor, "you shall not say a single word. I perceive by your heightened color that I have guessed aright. I am entirely pleased that it should be so, for I confess that I myself am in a like case as yourself. I too am engaged to a young and charming lady who has promised to be my wife, and who is now living in Philadelphia."

Having so spoken the stranger suddenly leaned forward and laid his hand upon our hero's knee in a most intimate and confidential manner. "Sir," he said, "I believe we are now approaching my station of Media, and that we must part, perhaps never to meet again. What I propose to say I must say quickly, for I am seized with a sudden determination that may perhaps seem most extraordinary to you. Not only am I engaged to be married to the young lady of whom I have just spoken, but I love her with an intensity of ardor that I cannot very well describe to you. I am most desirous of presenting her with a little surprise in the shape of a cluster of exquisite roses. These flowers I have had enclosed in an ordinary hat-box, to the end that she shall have no conception of its contents until she has opened it. This I had intended to present to her this evening, and I would not for the world forego that she should receive it before to-morrow morning — against which time, indeed, the flowers will doubtless be entirely withered. What steps, I ask you, am I to take, now that I discover myself to be obliged to stop over the night at Media?

"Indeed, sir," said our hero, "I do not in the least know what you are to do in such a case, unless, indeed, you should call a messenger-boy to your aid."

"Impossible!" cried the other, speaking with increasing rapidity as the train slackened its pace upon approaching the station. "Impossible! The box is in the package-room of the Broad Street station, and can only be taken thence by the presentation of a check."

"Then indeed, sir," said our hero, "I do not see what service I can render you in the matter. Though," he added, "could I be of any further assistance to you I would gladly lend you my aid."

To this polite observation, innocent of any serious intent, and to the unbounded amazement of the Rev. Enoch Miller, the other suddenly grasped his hand with a vehemence that caused the joints of his knuckles to crack. "Generous man!" he cried, in a voice moved, apparently, by the profoundest emotion of gratitude. "I knew, the moment I beheld you, I could not be mistaken in you. How generous! How noble is your proffer of assistance! It shall be accepted as gratefully and entirely as it has been graciously offered. You shall take my box of flowers to its beloved destination."

To say that our hero was astonished at the unexpectedness and the assurance of this address would be to convey no adequate idea of the emotions that over-

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whelmed him. Nor could he upon the instant gather his faculties together to protest against so extraordinary a misrepresentation of his purposes. "Indeed, sir," he began, in a timid and frightened voice, "you altogether mistake me."

"No," cried the stranger, "I do not mistake you! You are at once the most generous and the most modest of human beings. But in this instance you shall not escape the thanks that are justly yours. But come, I perceive that the railroad train is nearly stopped, and that I must presently leave you. Accordingly, I have only time to complete a few small instructions for your guidance in this matter which you have so kindly undertaken."

"But, sir," protested the Rev. Enoch Miller—"but, sir—"

"Nay, sir," said the other. "Do not consume the time by unnecessary protestations of your willingness to accommodate me. Listen attentively, rather, to my instructions. You will find at the Broad Street railroad station in Philadelphia a little man with red hair and a crimson waistcoat waiting at the exit gate. You cannot mistake him, for he is possessed, as you may guess, of no ordinary appearance. He is acquainted with all the circumstances of this affair. He will give you every instruction as to how to proceed upon your commission."

"But, sir," cried our poor hero, desperately, "do please listen to me for a moment!"

"Nay," said the other; "you do but waste time. I know what you would ask. You would ask me how my agent in Philadelphia shall recognize you, and I have but told you how you shall recognize him." As the stranger spoke he drew from his finger a ring, which he presented to our young clergyman, who took it, helplessly, hardly knowing what he did. "Wear this ring," said his strange acquaintance, "and upon presenting it my assistant will instantly recognize you as my accredited agent, and will complete the instructions which I find I have not time to convey to you. See! the train has already stopped, and the passengers are leaving the car. My acquaintance with you has been not only vastly entertaining to me, but infinitely instructive as well, and I trust that at a future day it may be more deliberately and less hastily resumed. Good-by, and may God bless you for your generosity to an otherwise lonely and friendless stranger! Farewell, generous man!"

With these words the young clergyman's extraordinary acquaintance instantly took his departure without once having permitted his helpless victim to utter a single word of protest or refusal. The next moment our hero beheld him leap to the platform and make his way with every appearance of extreme and agitated haste to the stairway that led to the street above.

But it was not until the train had begun again to move, and to accelerate its speed, that our hero so far recovered his scattered faculties as to observe the ring which had been delivered to him in so extraordinary a manner, and which he still held helplessly in his hand. It was a seal-ring, containing a stone of a vivid blood-red color, and marked with strange letters, apparently of a Russian character, the ring itself being curiously and wonderfully chased and engraved, and seemingly of very considerable value.

[The author here concludes this chapter of his story by observing that, having placed the ring upon his finger, the Rev. Enoch Miller completed the balance of his journey to Philadelphia in such a confusion of thoughts and speculations upon his late adventure as had never before disturbed the calm of his even and moderate life.]

CHAPTER II.

THE BUNLAP HAT-BOX.



NOR had our hero regained any considerable degree of equanimity against the time that his railroad train reached the Broad Street station. Rather had his apprehensions become the more acute and oppressive as he approached his destination. Somewhere within his bosom, to be sure, there burned a tiny ray of hope that he might, by some fortunate chance, escape any further entanglement in the adventure, or else that he had perhaps been

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made the victim of some incredible hoax. But such happy surmises as these were destined very speedily to be dashed, for as he approached the exit gate he beheld a person who he knew must be he for whom he had been directed to look. Indeed, what with his red hair and crimson waistcoat, together with a light-colored high hat, a white four-in-hand tie, and a dark blue cloth coat with metal buttons, the fellow was rendered so conspicuous a figure amid the surrounding and more sober crowd of Christmas travellers that even the most careless observer could not well have overlooked him.

Upon the instant our hero was prodigiously tempted to pass this individual by without appearing to observe him; but even if such had been his design he was not destined to escape so easily as that came to. For, whether or not the other recognized some expression of such a purpose upon his countenance, or whether or not he possessed some secret information as to our hero's personal appearance, he stepped quickly forward and touched the young clergyman upon the elbow, addressing him directly upon the subject of his commission.

"I perceive, sir," he said, "by the ring upon your finger that you are he for whom I have been waiting for so considerable a period. The box you know of is in the package-room awaiting your demand. Here, sir, is the check, and upon the presentation thereof the attendant in the package-room will immediately deliver your charge to you. If you will obtain it, I, in the mean time, will secure you a hansom-cab to aid you in its delivery; for this, sir, I must inform you, I have been instructed to do—"

"But, my dear friend," cried the young clergyman, "here is a most monstrous mistake, to which I am no party! The box is none of mine, nor do I in the least understand any of this business in which I find myself entangled. Do you not think that you yourself could deliver it to its destination? Indeed, rather than be obliged to undertake this commission (for which I must confess I have no appetite), I would gladly give you a quarter of a dollar if you would oblige me by undertaking the affair yourself."

"Indeed, sir," said the other, "while I would gladly satisfy almost any request that you might be pleased to urge upon me, even without the reward of so munificent a sum as that which you proffer me, in this instance it lies entirely beyond my power to accommodate you, for not only are my directions very explicit that I must deliver this box to no one excepting him who shows such a ring as that which I perceive upon your finger, but also I have some very pressing and exacting business which I discover demands my immediate and undivided attention."

"But," cried the Rev. Enoch Miller, "I beg you to listen to me for a moment in patience. I must inform you that I came up to town this afternoon for the express purpose of expending a very considerable sum of money (not less than

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twelve dollars, I may tell you) in the purchase of a handsome coal-oil lamp, which I design as a seasonable present for a young lady of my acquaintance. Moreover, my mother is waiting for me by appointment at Mr. Wanameyer's store, and the business of fulfilling this commission is a matter of so much inconveniency to me that I would gladly give you not a quarter of a dollar only, but even thirty cents, if you could execute it for me."

At this the other, in spite of his respectful demeanor, began to exhibit some signs of impatience. "Upon my word, sir," he said, "I would gladly do anything to favor you, but in this instance it is not possible. We do but lose time in bootless talk. Here is the check upon the package-room, and I must insist that you take it and delay me no longer. So soon as you have obtained the hat-box you will find me waiting for you below at the cab-stand."

Thereupon, thrusting the check into the unwilling hand of our young clergyman, his interlocutor turned and hurried away, presently disappearing down the broad stairway that led to the cab-stand below.

For some time our hero stood gazing after his departing figure with feelings not a little akin to despair. But, possessing a very considerable degree of philosophy, and finding that he was now inevitably embarked upon the affair, he resigned himself to the consideration that, after all, seeing that he was to ride in the unwonted luxury of a hansom-cab, his commission could not occupy him above twenty minutes or half an hour of time, and that his mother, being a woman endowed with extraordinary patience, would probably wait even a longer time than that for his arrival.

Accordingly, with such recovery of equanimity as this consideration permitted, he made his way through the crowd of Christmas travellers to the package-room, the polite attendant whereof gave him, upon presentation of the check, a Bunlap hat-box of an ordinary sort, plainly stamped with the manufacturer's name, and presenting such an appearance as to incline the observer to believe that it contained a high silk hat of the period. It was enclosed in no wrapper, but was securely tied up with a stout cord, having a loop at the top into which the bearer was supposed to slip his finger for the convenience of carrying it.

[There remains but little for the author to add to this second chapter of his story, excepting that our hero discovered the little red-haired man with the crimson waistcoat awaiting his coming, holding open the door of the hansom-cab. Here he received his final instructions, which were that the hat-box was to be delivered at No. 1917 Cadwallader Street, and that its destination was plainly marked upon the tag attached to the string. He of the crimson waistcoat furthermore informed our hero — impressing his injunctions with several repetitions—that the box was not to be delivered at the front door of the house, but at the alley gate, for that secrecy of delivery was a point of infinite importance to be observed in the affair. Having been so instructed, our young clergyman was thereupon enclosed in the confined space of the cab, and the coachman, whipping up his horse to a pretty smart pace, drove immediately away.]



CHAPTER III.

THE SURPRISING ENCOUNTER OF THE REV. ENOCH MILLER WITH A STRANGER IN A FUR-LINED OVERCOAT.

AFTER a considerable space of time, the hansom-cab in which our hero was ensconced drew up to the sidewalk of a street, and upon his flinging back the doors and dismounting from the vehicle with the hat-box in his hand our young clergyman discovered himself to be standing at the terminus of a long, narrow alleyway which extended the entire length of the block. Opening upon this narrow thoroughfare was an innumerable quantity of alley gates, whilst a multitude of ash-barrels and boxes of refuse encumbered the entire stretch of view.

"My good friend," said the Rev. Enoch Miller, addressing the coachman of the

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vehicle from which he had just descended, "I beg you to inform me how I am now to proceed with my commission. This box must be left at No. 1917 Cadwallader Street; now how am I to discover, among the incredible number of alley gates before me, the one to which my charge is directed?"

To this address the coachman replied, with some asperity, that he knew nothing about the business and that he cared less; that having delivered his charge at the place stipulated by the one who had hired the cab, his own responsibility was now entirely at an end. Therewith he immediately laid his whip to the horse and drove away, leaving our hero standing upon the sidewalk and to his own devices.

At this sudden and unexpected departure of the only one upon whom he possessed any claim for assistance, he felt not a little at a loss as to how next to proceed. For he was not in the least accustomed to practical affairs or to depend very greatly upon his own exertions. Accordingly, he knew not what next to do, nor to whom to turn for assistance, and in his indecision and perplexity he conceived a sudden disgust and hatred for the hat-box of so extreme a sort that, had he possessed a more vehement temperament, would have led him to curse it heartily as the cause of such considerable annoyance and inconvenience to himself.

At this juncture he was aroused from these displeasing thoughts by the approach of a stranger whom he had before barely observed standing a short distance away at the corner of the street, leaning against the lamp-post and smoking a cigar. Apparently perceiving our hero's perplexity, this individual came leisurely toward him, unbuttoning, as he drew near, the elaborate frogs that laced the front of a long and curiously fashioned overcoat, made entirely of fur apparently extremely rich and costly. An Astrakhan hat with a gold medallion in the front, and a red neck-cloth pinned with an extraordinary diamond solitaire, completed his singular and strikingly foreign costume. His black eyes, excessively bright and restless, burned like sparks of light beneath his deep and overhanging brows, and his waxed mustachios and his swarthy face gave to his expression a most sinister and forbidding look.

All these particulars, however, our hero



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had but a moment to observe, for the stranger, lifting his hat politely as he approached, began immediately addressing him in extremely correct though foreign English, as follows:

"I observe, sir, that you appear to be at a loss, and that you seem to betray no small degree of uncertainty and even of anxiety. If I can be of any help to you, I beg of you that you will command my advice and assistance as far as your needs may dictate."

"Indeed, sir," cried our hero, greatly relieved at the stranger's polite and affable words, "you are prodigiously kind. I confess that I am in no small degree puzzled as to how to proceed upon a commission of which I cannot altogether understand the present purport, far less anticipate the future results. I must inform you that I came up to town for the express purpose of purchasing a handsome and expensive coal-oil lamp as a Christmas gift for a young lady of my acquaintance. To aid me in this my mother is even now awaiting me (doubtless with no inconsiderable degree of anxiety and apprehension) at Mr. Wanameyer's store. Conceive, then, of my surprise at being intrusted by a perfect stranger with such a commission as that upon which I discover myself to be embarked. I must inform you, sir, that I am given to believe that this box contains a handsome assortment of roses, and I have been commanded by one whom I never before this day beheld to leave them at the alley gate of No. 1917 Cadwallader Street. Now which gate it is that belongs to that residence I am entirely at a loss to guess."

"I protest, sir," cried the affable stranger, "I am in no wise surprised at the difficulties that so embarrass you. They are, indeed, of a very puzzling nature. Nevertheless, in one particular I may be of assistance to you, for you may observe that each alley gate bears an appropriate number, and by a stretch of intelligence one might conceive that each number belongs to a house to which the gate appertains. If you will accept me for a guide, I will gladly lend you all the assistance in my power to reach your destination, and together we will see if we may not discover the particular gate of which you are in search."

This unexpected and generous offer of assistance from a perfect stranger our hero instantly accepted with a pleasure and gratitude which he took no pains to conceal, whereupon, his new-found friend leading the way and he following, together they plunged boldly into the narrow passageway, directing their steps around ash-barrels and boxes that obstructed the way.

And now at last our hero began fairly to congratulate himself that he was so near the completion of his unpalatable task. His heart beat high with hope, and once more his life began to assume its customary brightness.

From such pleasant contemplation as these thoughts evoked he was most unexpectedly and rudely awakened by beholding his conductor turn suddenly upon him with a countenance at once so threatening and so sinister that he stopped short, his anticipations shattered into a thousand fragments, and he himself suddenly rooted to the spot upon which he stood. He still held the hat-box helplessly in his hand, but under the basilisk stare of the other his breath gradually appeared to be drawn away from him so that it fluttered about his lips. Ten thousand apprehensive thoughts flew wildly through his brain, and he instantly became aware that he had been decoyed into this place by his companion that some fell and dire design might be executed upon him.

For a moment or two his new acquaintance regarded him with savage and malevolent silence; then he burst forth into a harsh and discordant laugh that in no wise tended to recompose our hero's nerves. "Fool!" he cried, "and did you then hope to deceive me with your apish pretences to innocence and candor? What must you think of my simplicity and lack of penetration when you try so to play upon my credulity, and yet display upon your finger the very ring that was once the personal property of Prince Nicholas Koniatowski! Know that your machinations are discovered, and that you yourself stand unmasked of your cunning semblance of innocence!"

Had a bolt of lightning fallen from the clear sky overhead and burst at his feet, the Rev. Enoch Miller could not have been more thunderstruck than he was at this unexpected and terrifying address. The sight of his eyes faded, his brain swam light as a bubble, and the strength appeared to go out of his thighs so that his knees smote together beneath him.

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He strove to speak, but his paralyzed tongue could only utter such incoherent words as "coal-oil lamp," "Marietta Hawkins," "my mother," "Wanameyer's store."

Again the other burst out into a dissonant and savage laugh. "What!" he cried. "Do you still try to play upon me? Know, then, that for three days past I have been watching, almost without food or rest, for your master or for one of his agents in disguise. Your hiding-place is discovered, and even this very instant the long-delayed vengeance of Nicholas Koniatowski overhangs you. Utter but a single outcry, or one call for help, and you are a dead man! Villain! deliver to me your treasure!"

As he spoke he thrust his hand into his bosom and drew thence a long, keen, and glittering dagger, and advanced upon our hero with so threatening an aspect that a douche of cold water emptied upon him could not have aroused him more instantly or more violently to action. With a shriek he sprang backward from his savage assailant, thinking nothing else but that the knife would upon the instant be grating betwixt his ribs. The next moment his legs encountered an ash-barrel, which immediately gave way before him, and ere he realized what had befallen him he and it were rolling over together in a blinding cloud of dust and ashes, and an avalanche of household refuse and half-consumed cinders.

As he fell he shrieked again and again for assistance, and at the same time became aware that the hat-box had fallen beneath him, and that its pasteboard sides had cracked and burst asunder beneath his weight.

As in answer to his call for help, a gate near by was burst open and several other figures suddenly appeared upon the scene.

Of what thereupon took place our hero was only partly aware, but as he lay among the ashes the trampling of feet smote the earth about him, and a dreadful and si-



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lent struggle was being enacted above him. A blow was struck; a loud and violent oath was uttered; and then the combat suddenly ceased, and the sound of rapid footsteps rang along the alley-way until it was lost upon the street beyond.

Presently our hero felt himself lifted. He was propped against the whitewashed fence behind him, to find himself confronted by three or four savage and foreign-looking figures, one of them a gigantic black, clad in a curious Oriental costume and favored with an extremely forbidding aspect.

But however threatening at first were the expressions and actions of these new actors upon the scene, they underwent an instant change of disposition when their eyes fell upon the ring that adorned his finger. They exclaimed aloud, gabbling to one another in a foreign tongue, and each in turn lifting his hand and examining the object of their interest with the closest scrutiny. Then, in an instant, they fell upon him and began brushing from his clothes the ashes and the dust that covered him, expressing all the while the utmost solicitude for his safety and well-being.

It was in the midst of these attentions —as inexplicable to our hero as had been their former violence—that a sudden and violent ejaculation uttered by one of the group directed the eyes of all to some object upon the ground, and our hero, following the indication of a pointing finger, beheld a sight so extraordinary as entirely to bereave him of what few faculties he had yet remaining to him.

The Bunlap hat-box upon which he had fallen had been burst open by the force of his impact, and now out from the split and shattered pasteboard there gushed a double handful of precious stones of incredible size and beauty and variety of color, glittering in the sunlight with an inconceivable radiance and splendor.

[The author, to complete this third chapter of his work, has only to add that this prodigious treasure of precious gems was speedily gathered up into two empty tomato-cans that his friendly captors (if such they may be called) disinterred from the débris of the overturned ash-barrels, and that this task being completed, the Rev. Enoch Miller was escorted through the gate and up the brick path to the door at the rear of the house to which he had come to deliver the hat-box.

Here it was discovered that his trousers, having caught upon a barrel nail, had been rent open in two places, extending from the knee to the ankle. Accordingly he was led to an apartment furnished with extraordinary sumptuousness and after an Oriental style, and there his trousers were removed and he was given a pair of yellow silk drawers, also of an Oriental pattern, to be worn until his accustomed garments could be mended and restored to him.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE SURPRISING INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN AND AN ORIENTAL PRINCESS OF GREAT BEAUTY.



FOR how long a time he was now left to his own devices our hero had no means of ascertaining, but it must have been for several hours, for the light was rapidly fading into darkness when the door was opened and the same Oriental negro who had before conducted him into the apartment presented himself, and with the most profound obeisance and in very imperfect English informed him that a lady in a near-by apartment desired to thank him for an important service he had, perhaps unconsciously, rendered her.

It was in vain that our young clergyman urged that he was entirely too discomposed by the several events that had befallen him to comport himself with any credit in an interview of such a nature; nor would the black hearken to any of the protestations that he made as to the inadvisability of his paying his respects to a strange lady clad as to his nether extremities in yellow silk drawers. To all that he could urge upon this point the black only replied that the cut of a pair of trousers was entirely a matter of fashion, and that in the country whence came

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the lady to whom he was about to be introduced the garments he then wore would be regarded as being not only very becoming, but extremely handsome as well.

With such satisfaction as this assurance conveyed our hero was obliged to follow his sable conductor, who led the way through various sumptuously appointed halls and apartments, and ushered him at last into a room whose Oriental magnificence and splendor exceeded the possibility of his wildest imaginings. Upon the walls hung tapestries of heavy and Oriental damask, whilst a multitude of Eastern rugs of infinite magnificence and beauty were spread thickly upon the floor. The splendors of this apartment were brilliantly illuminated by the light of a score of perfumed waxen tapers burning in as many candlesticks, apparently of silver and of exquisite workmanship, and the furniture and appointments were of ebony inlaid with silver.

Upon a cushioned couch at the farther side of the room reclined a female figure clad in an exquisite négligé of yellow silk, and presenting so ravishing a beauty that had she been a houri from Paradise she could not more have dazzled the sight of the Rev. Enoch Miller. Near to her lay a lute inlaid with ebony and mother-of-pearl, which she had apparently only just the moment before allowed to slip from her indolent grasp. The hand that had perhaps just struck its silver strings now lightly held a cigarette, from which arose a thread of blue smoke perfuming the warm and fragrant air with the aroma of Turkish tobacco.

Altogether overcome with the splendor of his surroundings and the beauty of the lady, our hero, obeying her injunctions like one in a dream, sank into a cushioned chair which the eager attendant placed for his accommodation.

After he had somewhat composed himself and had in a degree recovered from the embarrassment that his yellow silk drawers occasioned him, the lady addressed him as follows, speaking with a softly lisping intonation and a foreign accent: "My dear sir, I know not how sufficiently to thank you for the service you have this day rendered me. I am the Princess Zurlinda Koniatowski, and the treasure you have fetched hither was, I must inform you, my only source of support. Without it, the unhappy Zurlinda would have been poor indeed. I pray you



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to recount to me the adventures that have befallen you, for I doubt not they will prove of extraordinary interest, as well as extremely entertaining."

"Madam," said our hero, "whilst I am glad to have been of such great service to one so beautiful as yourself, I must confess that I have been no very willing partner to the business. I came to this city, madam, this afternoon for the express purpose of obtaining a handsome coal-oil lamp as a Christmas gift for a young lady of my acquaintance. I was to meet my mother by appointment at Mr. Wanameyer's great department store, and we were to go together to consummate this considerable purchase, the failure to keep which assignation has, without doubt, caused my worthy parent no small degree of anxiety."

With this preface our hero thereupon launched forth into a narration of everything that had befallen him that afternoon, to all of which the lady listened, struggling the while with a suppressed emotion that appeared almost to overwhelm her. Nor was it until our hero, nearly dissolved into tears, had entirely completed his story that she burst into an immoderate and uncontrollable fit of laughter, that rang through the apartment again and again like a chime of silver bells. Indeed, it was not until her mirth had exhausted her almost to the point of weeping that she so far recovered herself as to be able to speak to him again.

"Indeed, sir," she cried at last, wiping her eyes with an exquisite handkerchief of lace, "your adventures should be written in letters of gold, for I protest that your story is the most extraordinary that it was ever my fortune to listen to. But I perceive that you are indeed exhausted with all that has befallen you, and I now insist that you take such stimulant as shall serve to recuperate your depleted powers. Ho, Yusef! Fetch hither a bottle of your master's best!"

In obedience to this command the gigantic negro disappeared from the room, which he presently entered again, bearing with him a silver bucket filled with snow, and containing a large bottle of a peculiar shape tipped with gold. From this bottle he immediately poured forth a golden and scintillating liquor into two goblets, one of which he presented to the lady, and the other to our hero.

The Rev. Enoch Miller had tasted cider upon several occasions, even when it had exhibited considerable signs of fermentation; but this was as infinitely superior to that humble beverage as the soul is superior to the body or the spirit to the flesh. And not only was it extremely delectable to the taste, but it immediately infused throughout his entire being a glow so generous and so ample that he found his courage and his hopes return with a tenfold vigor. He was easily induced to accept a second goblet of the same elixir, the effect of which was even more surprising than the first, and which infused into him a resolution that enabled him not only to reply to his companion's sallies with a very pretty spirit, but with considerable hilarity as well.

Under its influence his brain appeared to expand with a strange and deliciously airy lightness; his accustomed timidity evaporated, and in the same degree he discovered himself to be inspired by a tremendous spirit to which he had hitherto been entirely a stranger. He even ventured a few remarks of a lighter and more jocular nature, and finding them well received by the lady (who herself partook very freely of the beverage which she had offered her guest), he was emboldened to further efforts, until at length he found himself embarked upon a flow of language and a stream of witticism of which he never before suspected he was a master. The laughter and applause of his fair auditor stimulated him to ever-greater efforts, and her unbounded merriment awakened in him a responsive jocularity little less vehement.

"Indeed," she cried, in an interval of one of the paroxysms of mirth that overwhelmed her, and with tears standing in her eyes—"indeed, sir, I protest that it is one of the greatest misfortunes of my life that I have never before made your acquaintance. Your vivacity and your wit alike assure me that you have altogether mistaken your profession, and that you should rather entertain the large and varied audience of a circus than be so entirely lost to fame as you doubtless are."

This exquisite piece of flattery so delighted our hero that he knew not how to reply in kind. "Madam," he protested, with the utmost solemnity of countenance, "I never before knew I was possessed of so much wit as that which you are pleased to applaud. I have, I find, hitherto entirely wasted my powers, and

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no one but you has appreciated me. Away with such a dull and stupid life!" he cried. "A fig for Marietta Hawkins and her coal-oil lamp! I care not this for the one or the other!" As he spoke he seized the goblet from which he had been quaffing the golden spirit of the grape and dashed it vehemently upon the floor, so that it was instantly shattered into ten thousand fragments.

Again the young lady shrieked with laughter, clapping her hands in immoderate applause; then snatching up the lute that lay beside her, and having struck a few chords of delicious melody, she began singing a foreign song in a voice of such exquisite sweetness as had never before greeted her hearer's ears. But if this song pleased him so ineffably, how much more transcendent was his delight when the fascinating charmer, having ended her melody, and having struck up a livelier air, began a dance of such graceful and airy lightness as our young clergyman could not have conceived of in his wildest imaginings! The past and the present were alike obliterated from his mind. He recollected neither Miss Marietta Hawkins nor Wanameyer's store. The dancer's hair, in the exquisite mazes of the measures, fell in an ebony cloud to her shoulders and about her face, and from it her beautiful eyes shone like twin stars. The bright and delicate fabric of her draperies floated about her graceful figure like mist about the moon, and her feet twinkled and winked with an incredible swiftness. When at last she flung herself upon the couch, our hero burst forth into such a paroxysm of applause as the wisest essay could not have evoked from him.

It was at this instant that the door was suddenly flung open and two figures entered the room. The first was our hero's acquaintance of the railroad train; the other, who followed immediately behind him, was the little man with the red hair and the crimson waistcoat.

"Zurlinda," said the first, in a stern and sombre voice, "what means all this extravagance and folly?"

"Oh, Rodney," she cried, "you should hear the story of his adventures! And to think of the treasure of Nicholas Koniatowski being brought hither in a pair of discarded tomato-cans!" And again she burst into an uncontrollable paroxysm of laughter.

But no answering smile lit up the face of him whom she addressed. "Enough of this!" he commanded. "Death is dogging at our very footsteps, and his shadow already lies across the doorsteps of this house. We must quit this place at once, for one minute of longer delay may mean death for us both."

[At this point the author finds himself obliged to conclude his fourth chapter as follows: Listening to no protest from our hero, and not even allowing him time to change his yellow silk drawers for his customary apparel, the new-comer hurried the Rev. Enoch Miller, together with the young lady, his late companion, both considerably sobered by what had occurred, out into the cold and darkness of the winter street. There our hero discovered a coach drawn up to the curb of the pavement, and surrounded by a group of figures.]

CHAPTER V.

THE SINGULAR ADVENTURES THAT BEFELL THE REV. ENOCH MILLER IN COMPANY WITH A RUSSIAN PRINCE OF EXALTED BIRTH AND HIGH POSITION.



As the Rev. Enoch Miller and his two companions emerged thus from the house into the gloom of the darkened street, the group of black and indistinguishable figures that were gathered about the coach appeared suddenly to move and to separate, the one from the other. The change that took place happened in an instant, but in that instant our hero became aware that not only was retreat to the house cut off for him and his companions, but also that it was equally unavailing to hope to escape in any other way.

The sinister significance of this apparently unexpected movement seemed equally to overwhelm the young lady and the gentleman in whose company she was. The lady, with a slight shriek that was instantly suppressed, caught her

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companion's arm, whilst he, upon his part, seemed rooted to the spot, though with what expression of countenance our hero was unable to perceive in the gloom that enveloped them all.

Immediately a man advanced and stood directly before them, and even in the darkness of the early winter night our hero, as by some instinct, recognized in him the man who had assaulted him in the alleyway that afternoon. The lady also appeared to recognize him, for she cried out, in a faint and faltering voice: "Ivan, is that you? Have mercy, Ivan! I have never injured you. Whatever your master may have suffered, I was always kind to you, Ivan!"

By this time the gentleman to whom she clung appeared to have regained command of his faculties. "Be still, Zurlinda!" he commanded; and then addressing the other, he said: "Where the jackal is, the tiger cannot be far distant. Is your master here, Ivan Andreavitch?" and then, as the other nodded, he continued: "Well, I have played and have lost, and now I suppose I must pay my stakes. But tell your master from me that though I have lost, the game has not been without cost to him, either."

To this the other made no further reply than to point toward the waiting coach with a wave of his hand. "Enter, sir!" he commanded. "Enter, madam!" And then, as they moved forward, the lady apparently half fainting and the gentleman entirely supporting her, he turned to our hero. "As for you, sir," he said, "you are to come with me. No harm shall befall you unless you utter an alarm, in which case you shall not escape so easily as you did this afternoon."

Whatever fumes of wine might have lingered within our hero's brain, they were entirely dissipated by this time, for he was now become as sober as ever he had been in all his life. Nor did he dare to disobey the commands thus enjoined upon him. He now perceived that a figure hitherto unnoticed by him had for all this time been standing beneath the light of a corner lamp at some distance, a motionless and silent observer of all that had passed. As his guide conducted the Rev. Enoch Miller toward this figure, the young clergyman found himself standing before a man perhaps sixty years of age, short of figure and stout of person. His face was fat, his cheeks and chin falling into rolls of flesh upon his collar. A pair of extremely keen gray eyes glanced and sparkled with excessive brightness in the light of the lamp. He wore a large fur cap, and a long overcoat of green cloth which reached almost to his feet, and which was trimmed with rich and heavy fur. His fat hands, the fingers of which were fairly covered with rings, grasped, the one a gold-headed cane, the other a pair of gloves trimmed with fur.

"Is this the man?" he demanded, regarding our hero with eyes that had every appearance of cunning and cruelty.

"It is, your Highness," replied our hero's companion.

The stout gentleman regarded the young clergyman for a long while in silence. "Ivan," said he at last, "here is some blunder. This is not one of that band of thieves. Tell me," he continued, addressing our trembling hero, "how came you in possession of that treasure?"

"Sir," said the Rev. Enoch Miller, "I must inform you that I came to Philadelphia this afternoon for the express purpose of purchasing a handsome coal-

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oil lamp for a young lady of my acquaintance. My mother was to meet me at Mr. Wanameyer's store, to aid me in making choice of one that should at once be chaste and elegant in its design. From this purpose I was diverted by the most extraordinary sequence of adventures that perhaps ever befell any one of my profession." With so much of a preface as this, our hero embarked upon an exhaustive narration of everything that had befallen him, to all of which the other listened with the utmost patience, and with every appearance of interest.

"I see," said he, when the young clergyman had finished his narration, "that you have been played upon in a most extraordinary fashion, and by people of whose wickedness you can have no conception. My advice to you is that you now go immediately home to the country with all the speed that you can command. In the mean time I must trouble you to return to me the ring which I see upon your finger. It is mine, and was stolen from me by one upon whom I had bestowed all my love and confidence, and who entirely violated the trust." Here he took out his watch and looked at it. "You have now," he said, "exactly time to catch the evening train. I will take you to the Broad Street station in my coach yonder, and from thence it will be an easy matter to reach your destination."

"But," cried out the Rev. Enoch Miller, in the utmost consternation, "these yellow silk drawers! Cannot I change them for clothes of a more seemly sort?"

"It is impossible," said the other. "You cannot again return into that accursed house." Nor would he listen to any further protest or petitions, but, enforcing his commands with a fierce rap of his cane upon the pavement, compelled our hero to enter the coach, whither he himself immediately followed, taking the seat beside his victim.

The Rev. Enoch Miller perceived that the young lady and her companion were still seated in their places; nor did they move or offer any observation as he and the other entered the vehicle, the curtains of which had been lowered so as to involve the interior in an almost impenetrable darkness. Thus, in a silence as impenetrable, the coach was driven rapidly through the streets for a time, turning an occasional corner, until, from the sound of escaping steam and the rumble of wheels overhead, our young clergyman became aware that they were approaching the station which was their destination.

At last the coach stopped abruptly at the sidewalk, and at the same moment our hero's companion raised the curtain of the window. A square of electric light shone in through the glass and directly upon the faces of the figures confronting him. Then it was that, to the Rev. Enoch Miller's utter and inexpressible horror, it was discovered to his dizzy eyes and ringing and expanding brain that the two figures were dead. A fine silken cord had been knotted tightly about the throat of each, and the hands of each lay patiently and inertly upon the motionless knees.

At the same moment a voice came to the young clergyman's ears as from a remote distance. It was the voice of his companion. "I am Prince Nicholas Koniatowski," said he. "This"—here he touched the inert hand of the woman's figure—"was my wife, a Levantine Greek, who robbed me not only of my treasure, but of my honor. This"—he indicated the man's figure—"was Captain Rodney Standish, an English adventurer, and her companion in guilt. I have followed them patiently throughout all their windings. Behold my vengeance!"

The next instant the coach door was opened, and our hero, like one in a dream, stepped out upon the sidewalk with a consciousness too benumbed to think even of his yellow silk drawers. Thereupon the coach door was closed again with a crash, and instantly the vehicle rumbled away across the cobble-stones and was swallowed into the darkness.

[Here the author is compelled to conclude his story, for, having conducted it so far, he finds himself obliged to confess that it is a task entirely beyond his ability to escort the Rev. Enoch Miller home again with his yellow silk drawers; nor can he in the least invent any explanation upon our young clergyman's behalf that would be at all likely to satisfy his mother as to the cause for his not keeping his appointment, or any reasonable excuse to Miss Marietta Hawkins why he did not present her with her expected Christmas gift upon the following day. Accordingly, the writer is obliged to resign these things to the ingenious reader, with entire permission to conclude the story to his own satisfaction.]

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THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

PART XII

LXXI.

THE morning was raw, but it was something not to have it rainy; and the clouds that hung upon the hills and hid their tops were at least as fine as the long board signs advertising chocolate on the banks. The smoke rising from the chimneys of the many manufactories of Mayence was not so bad, either, when one got them in the distance a little; and March liked the way the river swam to the stems of the trees on the low grassy shores. It was like the Mississippi between St. Louis and Cairo in that; and it was yellow and thick, like the Mississippi, though he thought he remembered it blue and clear. A friendly German, of those who began to come aboard more and more at all the landings after leaving Mayence, assured him that he was right, and that the Rhine was unusually turbid from the unusual rains. March had his own belief that whatever the color of the Rhine might be the rains were not unusual, but he could not gainsay the friendly German.

Most of the passengers at starting were English and American; but they showed no prescience of the international affinition which has since realized itself, in their behavior toward one another. They held silently apart, and mingled only in the effect of one young man who kept the Marches in perpetual question whether he was a Bostonian or an Englishman. His look was Bostonian, but his accent was English; and was he a Bostonian who had been in England long enough to get the accent, or was he an Englishman who had been in Boston long enough to get the look? He wore a belated straw hat and a thin sack-coat; and in the rush of the boat through the raw air they fancied him very cold, and longed to offer him one of their superabundant wraps. At times March actually lifted a shawl from his knees, feeling sure that the stranger was English and that he might make so bold with him; then at some glacial glint in the young man's eye, or at some petrific expression of his delicate face, he felt that he was a Bostonian, and lost courage and let the shawl sink again. March tried to forget him in the wonder of seeing the Germans begin to eat and drink, as soon as they came on board, either from the baskets they had brought with them or from the boat's provision. But he prevailed, with his smile that was like a sneer, through all the events of the voyage; and took March's mind off the scenery with a sudden wrench when he came unexpectedly into view after a momentary disappearance. At the table d'hôte, which was served when the landscape began to be less interesting, the guests were expected to hand their plates across the table to the stewards but to keep their knives and forks throughout the different courses, and at each of these partial changes March felt the young man's chilly eyes upon him, inculpating him for the semi-civilization of the management. At such times he knew that he was a Bostonian.

The weather cleared as they descended the river, and under a sky at last cloudless, the Marches had moments of swift reversion to their former Rhine journey, when they were young and the purple light of love mantled the vineyarded hills along the shore, and flushed the castled steeps. The scene had lost nothing of the beauty they dimly remembered; there were certain features of it which seemed even fairer and grander than they remembered. The town of Bingen, where everybody who knows the poem was more or less born, was beautiful in spite of its factory chimneys, though there were no compensating castles near it; and the castles seemed as good as those of the theatre. Here and there some of them had been restored and were occupied, probably by robber barons who had gone into trade. Others were still ruinous, and there was now and then one such a mere gray snag that March, at sight of it, involuntarily

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put his tongue to the broken tooth which he was keeping for the skill of the first American dentist.

For natural sublimity the Rhine scenery, as they recognized once more, does not compare with the Hudson scenery; and they recalled one point on the American river where the Central Road tunnels a jutting cliff, which might very well pass for the rock of the Loreley, where she dreams

Sole sitting by the shores of old romance,

and the trains run in and out under her knees unheeded. "Still, still you know," March argued, "this is the Loreley on the Rhine, and not the Loreley on the Hudson; and I suppose that makes all the difference. Besides, the Rhine doesn't set up to be sublime; it only means to be storied and dreamy and romantic, and it does it. And then we have really got no Mouse Tower; we might build one, to be sure."

"Well, we have got no *denkmal*, either," said his wife, meaning the national monument to the German reconquest of the Rhine, which they had just passed, "and that is something in our favor."

"It was too far off for us to see how ugly it was," he returned.

"The denkmal at Coblenz was so near that the bronze Emperor almost rode aboard the boat."

He could not answer such a piece of logic as that. He yielded, and began to praise the orcharded levels which now replaced the vine-purpled slopes of the upper river. He said they put him in mind of orchards that he had known in his boyhood; and they agreed that the supreme charm of travel, after all, was not in seeing something new and strange, but in finding something familiar and dear in the heart of the strangeness.

At Cologne they found this in the tumult of getting ashore with their baggage and driving from the steamboat landing to the railroad station, where they were to get their train for Düsseldorf an hour later. The station swarmed with travellers eating and drinking and smoking; but they escaped from it for a precious half of their golden hour, and gave the time to the great cathedral, which was built a thousand years ago, just round the corner from the station, and is therefore very handy to it. Since they saw the cathedral last it had been finished, and now under a cloudless evening sky it soared and swept upward like a pale flame. Within it was a bit overclean, a bit bare, but without it was one of the great memories of the race, the record of a faith which wrought miracles, at least of beauty, if not piety.

The train gave the Marches another, a last, view of it as they slowly drew out of the city, and began to run through a level country walled with far-off hills; past fields of buckwheat showing their stems like coral under their black tops; past peasant houses changing from the wonted shape to taller and narrower forms; past sluggish streams from which the mist rose and hung over the meadows, under a red sunset, glassy clear till the manifold factory chimneys of Düsseldorf stained it with their dun smoke.

This industrial greeting seemed odd from the town where Heinrich Heine was born; but when they had eaten their supper in the capital little hotel they found there, and went out for a stroll, they found nothing to remind them of the factories, and much to make them think of the poet. The moon, beautiful and perfect as a stage moon, came up over the shoulder of a church as they passed down a long street which they had all to themselves. Everybody seemed to have gone to bed, but at a certain corner a girl opened a window above them and looked out at the moon. When they returned to their hotel they found a high-walled garden facing it, full of black depths of foliage. In the night March woke and saw the moon standing over the garden and silvering its leafy tops. This was really as it should be in the town where the idolized poet of his youth was born; the poet whom of all others he had adored, and who had once seemed like a living friend; who had been witness of his first love, and had helped him to speak it. His wife used to laugh at him for his Heine-worship in those days; but she had since come to share it, and she, even more than he, had insisted upon this pilgrimage. He thought long thoughts of the past as he looked into the garden across the way, with an ache for his perished self and the dead companionship of his youth, all ghosts together in the silvered shadow. The trees shuddered in the night breeze, and its chill penetrated to him where he stood.

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His wife called to him from her room, "What are you doing?"

"Oh, sentimentalizing," he answered, boldly.

"Well, you will be sick," she said, and he crept back into bed again.

They had sat up late, talking in a glad excitement. But he woke early, as an elderly man is apt to do after broken slumbers, and left his wife still sleeping. He was not so eager for the poetic interests of the town as he had been the night before, he even deferred his curiosity for Heine's birth-house to the instructive conference which he had with his waiter at breakfast. After all, was not it more important to know something of the actual life of a simple common class of men than to indulge a faded fancy for the memory of a genius, which no amount of associations could feed again to its former bloom? The waiter said he was a Nuremberger, and had learned English in London, where he had served a year for nothing. Afterwards, when he could speak three languages, he got a pound a week, which seemed low for so many, though not so low as the one mark a day which he now received in Düsseldorf; in Berlin he paid the hotel two marks a day. March confided to him his secret trouble as to tips, and they tried vainly to enlighten each other as to what a just tip was.

He went to his banker's, and when he came back he found his wife with her breakfast eaten, and so eager for the exploration of Heine's birthplace that she heard with indifference of his failure to get any letters. It was too soon to expect them, she said, and then she showed him her plan, which she had been working out ever since she woke. It contained every place which Heine had mentioned, and she was determined not one should escape them. She examined him sharply upon his condition, accusing him of having taken cold when he got up in the night, and acquitting him with difficulty. She herself was perfectly well, but a little fagged, and they must have a carriage.

They set out in a lordly two-spanner, which took up half the little Bolkerstrasse where Heine was born, when they stopped across the way from his birth-house, so that she might first take it all in from the outside before they entered it. It is a simple street, and not the cleanest of the streets in a town where most of them are rather dirty. Below the houses are shops, and the first story of Heine's house is a butcher shop, with sides of pork and mutton hanging in the windows; above, where the Heine family must have lived, a gold-beater and a frame-maker displayed their signs.

But did the Heine family really once live there? The house looked so fresh and new that in spite of the tablet in its front affirming it the poet's birthplace, they doubted; and they were not reassured by the people who half halted as they passed, and stared at the strangers, so anomalously interested in the place. They dismounted and crossed to the butcher shop, where the provision man corroborated the tablet, but could not understand their wish to go up stairs. He did not try to prevent them, however, and they climbed to the first floor above, where a placard on the door declared it private and implored them not to knock. Was this the outcome of the inmate's despair from the intrusion of other pilgrims who had wished to see the Heine dwelling-rooms? They durst not knock and ask so much, and they sadly descended to the ground-floor, where they found a butcher-boy of much greater apparent intelligence than the butcher himself, who told them that the building in front was as new as it looked, and the house where Heine was really born was the old house in the rear. He showed them this house, across a little court patched with mangy grass and lilac-bushes; and when they wished to visit it he led the way. The place was strewn both underfoot and overhead with feathers; it had once been all a garden out to the street, the boy said, but from these feathers, as well as the odor which prevailed, and the anxious behavior of a few hens left in the high coop at one side, it was plain that what remained of the garden was now a chicken slaughter-yard. There was one well-grown tree, and the boy said it was of the poet's time; but when he let them into the house he became vague as to the room where Heine was born; he was certain only that it was somewhere upstairs and that it could not be seen. The room where they stood was the frame-maker's shop, and they bought of him a small frame for a memorial. They bought of the butcher's boy, not so commercially, a branch of lilac; and they came away, thinking how much amused Heine himself would have been with their visit; how sadly, how merrily he would have

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mocked at their effort to revere his birthplace.

They were too old if not too wise to be daunted by their defeat, and they drove next to the old court garden beside the Rhine where the poet says he used to play with the little Veronika, and probably did not. At any rate the garden is gone; the Schloss was burned down long ago; and nothing remains but a detached tower in which the good Elector Jan Wilhelm, of Heine's time, amused himself with his many mechanical inventions. The tower seemed to be in process of demolition, but an intelligent workman who came down out of it was interested in the strangers' curiosity, and directed them to a place behind the Historical Museum where they could find a bit of the old garden. It consisted of two or three low trees, and under them the statue of the Elector by which Heine sat with the little Veronika, if he really did. A fresh gale blowing through the trees stirred the bushes that backed the statue, but not the laurel wreathing the Elector's head and meeting in a neat point over his forehead. The laurel wreath is stone, like the rest of the Elector, who stands there smirking in marble ermine and armor, and resting his bâton on the nose of a very small lion, who, in the exigencies of foreshortening, obligingly goes to nothing but a tail under the Elector's robe.

This was a prince who loved himself in effigy so much that he raised an equestrian statue to his own renown in the market-place, though he modestly refused the credit of it, and ascribed its erection to the affection of his subjects. You see him there in a full-bottomed wig, mounted on a rampant charger with a tail as big round as a barrel, and heavy enough to keep him from coming down on his fore legs as long as he likes to hold them up. It was to this horse's back that Heine clambered when a small boy, to see the French take formal possession of Düsseldorf; and he clung to the waist of the bronze Elector, who had just abdicated, while the burgomaster made a long speech from the balcony of the Rathhaus, and the Electoral arms were taken down from its doorway.

The Rathhaus is a salad-dressing of German gothic and French rococo as to its architectural style, and is charming in its way, but the Marches were in the market-place for the sake of that moment of Heine's boyhood. They felt that he might have been the boy who stopped as he ran before them, and smacked the stomach of a large pumpkin lying at the feet of an old market-woman, and then dashed away before she could frame a protest against the indignity. From this incident they philosophized that the boys of Düsseldorf are as mischievous at the end of the century as they were at the beginning; and they felt the fascination that such a bounteous, unkempt old market-place must have for the boys of any period. There were magnificent vegetables of all sorts in it, and if the fruits were meagre, that was the fault of the rainy summer, perhaps. The market-place was very dirty, and so was the narrow street leading down from it to the Rhine, which ran swift as a mountain torrent along a slatternly quay. A bridge of boats crossing the stream shook in the rapid current, and a long procession of market-carts passed slowly over, while a cluster of scows waited in picturesque patience for the draw to open.

They saw what a beautiful town that was for a boy to grow up in, and how many privileges it offered, how many dangers, how many chances for hair-breadth escapes. They chose that Heine must often have rushed shrieking joyfully down that foul alley to the Rhine with other boys; and they easily found a leaf-strewn stretch of the sluggish Düssel, in the Public Garden, where his playmate, the little Wilhelm, lost his life and saved the kitten's. They were not so sure of the avenue through which the poet saw the Emperor Napoleon come riding on his small white horse when he took possession of the Elector's dominions. But if it was that where the statue of the Kaiser Wilhelm I. comes riding on a horse led by two Victories, both poet and hero are avenged there on the accomplished fact. Defeated and humiliated France triumphs in the badness of that foolish *denkmal* (one of the worst in all denkmal-ridden Germany), and the memory of the singer whom the Hohenzollern family pride forbids honor in his native place is immortal in its presence.

On the way back to their hotel, March made some reflections upon the open neglect, throughout Germany, of the greatest German lyrist, by which the poet might have profited if he had been present. He contended that it was not altogether an effect of Hohenzollern pride,

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which could not suffer a joke or two from the arch-humorist, but that Heine had said things of Germany herself which Germans might well have found unpardonable. He concluded that it would not do to be perfectly frank with one's own country. Though, to be sure, there would always be the question whether the Jew-born Heine had even a step-father-land in the Germany he loved so tenderly and mocked so pitilessly. He had to own that if he were a negro poet he would not feel bound to measure terms in speaking of America, and he would not feel that his fame was in her keeping.

Upon the whole he blamed Heine less than Germany, and he accused her of taking a shabby revenge in trying to forget him; in the heat of his resentment that there should be no record of Heine in the city where he was born, March came near ignoring himself the fact that the poet Freiligrath was almost born there. As for the famous Düsseldorf school of painting, which once filled the world with the worst art, he rejoiced that it was now so dead, and he grudged the glance which the beauty of the new Art Academy extorted from him. It is in the French taste, and is so far a monument to the continuance in one sort of that French supremacy of which in another sort another denkmal celebrates the overthrow. Düsseldorf is not content with the denkmal of the Kaiser on horseback with the two Victories for grooms; there is a second, which the Marches found when they strolled out again late in the afternoon. It is in the lovely park which lies in the heart of the city, and they felt in its presence the only emotion of sympathy which the many patriotic monuments of Germany awakened in them. It had dignity and repose, which these never had elsewhere; but it was perhaps not so much for the dying warrior and the pitying lion of the sculpture that their hearts were moved as for the gentle and mournful humanity of the inscription, which dropped into equivalent English verse in March's note-book:

> Fame was enough for the Victors, and glory and verdurous laurel;
> Tears by their mothers wept founded this image of stone.

To this they could forgive the vaunting record, on the reverse, of the German soldiers who died heroes in the war with France, the war with Austria, and even the war with poor little Denmark!

The morning had been bright and warm, and it was just that the afternoon should be dim and cold, with a pale sun looking through a September mist, which seemed to deepen the seclusion and silence of the forest reaches; for the park was really a forest of the German sort, as parks are apt to be in Germany. But it was beautiful, and they strayed through it, and sometimes sat down on the benches in its damp shadows, and said how much seemed to be done everywhere in Germany for the people's comfort and pleasure. In what was their own explicitly, as well as what was tacitly theirs, they were not so restricted as we were at home, and especially the children seemed made fondly and lovingly free of all public things. The Marches met troops of them in the forest, as they strolled slowly back by the winding Düssel to the gardened avenue leading to the park, and they found them everywhere gay and joyful. But their elders seemed subdued, and were silent. The strangers heard no sound of laughter in the streets of Düsseldorf, and they saw no smiling except on the part of a very old couple, whose meeting they witnessed and who grinned and cackled at each other like two children as they shook hands. Perhaps they were indeed children of that sad second childhood which one would rather not blossom back into.

In America, life is yet a joke with us, even when it is grotesque and shameful, as it so often is; for we think we can make it all right when we choose. But there is no joking in Germany, between the first and second childhoods, unless behind closed doors. Even there, people do not joke above their breath about kings and emperors. If they joke about them in print, they take out their laugh in jail, for the press laws are severely enforced, and the prisons are full of able editors, serious as well as comic. Lese-majesty is a crime that searches sinners out in every walk of life, and it is said that in family jars a husband sometimes has the last word of his wife by accusing her of blaspheming the sovereign, and so having her silenced for three months at least behind penitential bars.

"Think," said March, "how simply I could adjust any differences of opinion between us in Düsseldorf!"

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"Don't!" his wife implored, with a burst of feeling which surprised him. "I want to go home!"

They had been talking over their day, and planning their journey to Holland for the morrow, when it came to this outburst from her in the last half-hour before bed which they sat prolonging beside their stove.

"What! And not go to Holland? What is to become of my after-cure?"

"Oh, it's too late for that, now. We've used up the month running about, and tiring ourselves to death. I should like to rest a week—to get into my berth on the *Norumbia* and rest!"

"I guess the September gales would have something to say about that."

"I would risk the September gales."

LXXII.

In the morning March came home from his banker's gay with the day's provisional sunshine in his heart, and joyously expectant of his wife's pleasure in the letters he was bringing. There was one from each of their children, and there was one from Fulkerson, which March opened and read on the street, so as to intercept any unpleasant news there might be in them; there were two letters for Mrs. March which he knew without opening were from Miss Triscoe and Mrs. Adding respectively; Mrs. Adding's, from the post-marks, seemed to have been following them about for some time.

"They're all right at home," he said. "Do see what those people have been doing."

"I believe," she said, taking a knife from the breakfast tray beside her bed to cut the envelopes, "that you've really cared more about them all along than I have."

"No; I've only been anxious to be done with them."

She got the letters open, and holding one of them up in each hand, read them impartially and simultaneously; then she flung them both down, and turned her face into her pillow with an impulse of her inalienable girlishness. "Well, it is *too* silly."

March felt authorized to take them up and read them consecutively; when he had done so, he did not differ from his wife. In one case, Agatha had written to her dear Mrs. March that she and Burnamy had just that evening become engaged; Mrs. Adding on her part owned a farther step, and announced her marriage to Mr. Kenby. Following immemorial usage in such matters, Kenby had added a postscript affirming his happiness in unsparing terms, and in Agatha's letter there was an avowal of like effect from Burnamy. Agatha hinted her belief that her father would soon come to regard Burnamy as she did; and Mrs. Adding professed a certain humiliation in having realized that after all her misgiving about him, Rose seemed rather relieved than otherwise, as if he were glad to have her off his hands.

"Well," said March, "with these troublesome affairs settled, I don't see what there is to keep us in Europe any longer, unless it's the consensus of opinion in Tom, Bella, and Fulkerson that we ought to stay the winter."

"Stay the winter!" Mrs. March rose from her pillow, and clutched the home letters to her from the abeyance in which they had fallen on the coverlet while she was dealing with the others. "What do you mean?"

"It seems to have been prompted by a hint you let drop, which Tom has passed to Bella and Fulkerson."

"Oh, but that was before we left Carlsbad!" she protested, while she devoured the letters with her eyes, and continued to denounce the absurdity of the writers. Her son and daughter both urged that now their father and mother were over there, they had better stay as long as they enjoyed it, and that they certainly ought not to come home without going to Italy, where they had first met, and revisiting the places which they had seen together when they were young engaged people: without that their silver wedding journey would not be complete. Her son said that everything was going well with *Every Other Week*, and both himself and Mr. Fulkerson thought his father ought to spend the winter in Italy and get a thorough rest. "Make a job of it, March," Fulkerson wrote, "and have a Sabbatical year while you're at it. You may not get another."

"Well, I can tell them," said Mrs. March, indignantly, "we shall not do anything of the kind."

"Then you didn't mean it?"

"*Mean* it!" She stopped herself with a look at her husband, and asked gently, "Do *you* want to stay?"

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"Well, I don't know," he answered, vaguely. The fact was, he was sick of travel and of leisure; he was longing to be at home and at work again. But if there was to be any self-sacrifice which could be had, as it were, at a bargain, which could be fairly divided between them, and leave him the self and her the sacrifice, he was too experienced a husband not to see the advantage of it, or to refuse the merit. "I thought you wished to stay."

"Yes," she sighed, "I *did*. It has been very, very pleasant, and, if anything, I have over-enjoyed myself. We have gone romping through it like two young people, haven't we?"

"*You* have," he assented. "I have always felt the weight of my years in getting the baggage registered; they have made the baggage weigh more every time."

"And I've forgotten mine. Yes, I have. But the years haven't forgotten me, Basil, and now I remember them. I'm tired. It doesn't seem as if I could ever get up. But I dare say it's only a mood; it may be only a cold; and if *you* wish to stay, why—we will think it over."

"No, we won't, my dear," he said, with a generous shame for his hypocrisy if not with a pure generosity. "I've got all the good out of it that there was in it, for me, and I shouldn't go home any better six months hence than I should now. Italy will keep for another time; and so, for the matter of that, will Holland."

"No, no!" she interposed. "We won't give up Holland, whatever we do. I couldn't go home feeling that I had kept you out of your after-cure; and when we get there, no doubt the sea air will bring me up so that I shall want to go to Italy too, again. Though it seems so far off, now! But go and see when the afternoon train for the Hague leaves, and I shall be ready. My mind's quite made up on that point."

"What a bundle of energy!" said her husband, laughing down at her.

He went and asked about the train to the Hague, but only to satisfy a superficial conscience; for now he knew that they were both of one mind about going home. He also looked up the trains for London, and found that they could get there by way of Ostend in fourteen hours. Then he went back to the banker's, and with the help of the Paris-New York *Chronicle* which he found there, he got the sailings of the first steamers home. After that he strolled about the streets for a last impression of Düsseldorf, but it was rather blurred by the constantly recurring pull of his thoughts toward America, and he ended by turning abruptly at a certain corner and going to his hotel.

He found his wife dressed, but fallen again on her bed, beside which her breakfast stood still untasted; her smile responded wanly to his brightness. "I'm *not* well, my dear," she said. "I don't believe I could get off to the Hague this afternoon."

"Could you to Liverpool?" he returned.

"To Liverpool?" she gasped. "What *do* you mean?"

"Merely that the *Cupania* is sailing on the twentieth, and I've telegraphed to know if we can get a room. I'm afraid it won't be a good one, but she's the first boat out, and—"

"No, indeed, we won't go to Liverpool, and we will never go home till you've had your after-cure in Holland." She was very firm in this, but she added: "We will stay another night, here, and go to the Hague to-morrow. Sit down, and let us talk it over. Where were we?"

She lay down on the sofa, and he put a shawl over her. "We were on the point of starting for Liverpool."

"No, no, we weren't! Don't say such things, dearest! I want you to help me sum it all up. You think it's been a success, don't you?"

"As a cure?"

"No, as a silver wedding journey?"

"Perfectly howling."

"I *do* think we've had a good time. I never expected to enjoy myself so much again in the world. I didn't suppose I should ever take so much interest in anything. It shows that when we choose to get out of our rut we shall always find life as fresh and delightful as ever. There is nothing to prevent our coming any year, now that Tom's shown himself so capable, and having another silver wedding journey. I don't like to think of its being confined to Germany quite."

"Oh, I don't know. We can always talk of it as our German-Silver Wedding Journey."

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"That's true. But nobody would understand nowadays what you meant by German-silver; it's perfectly gone out. How ugly it was! A sort of greasy yellowish stuff, always getting worn through; I believe it was *made* worn through. Aunt Mary had a caster of it, that I can remember when I was a child; it went into the kitchen long before I grew up. Would a joke like that console you for the loss of Italy?"

"It would go far to do it. And as a German-Silver Wedding Journey, it's certainly been very complete."

"What do you mean?"

"It's given us a representative variety of German cities. First we had Hamburg, you know, a great modern commercial centre."

"Yes! Go on!"

"Then we had Leipsic, the academic."

"Yes!"

"Then Carlsbad, the supreme type of German health-resort; then Nuremberg, the mediæval; then Ansbach, the extinct princely capital; then Würzburg, the ecclesiastical rococo; then Weimar, for the literature of a great epoch; then imperial Berlin; then Frankfort, the memory of the old free city; then Düsseldorf, the centre of the most poignant personal interest in the world— I don't see how we could have done better if we'd planned it all, and not acted from successive impulses."

"It's been grand; it's been perfect! As a German-Silver Wedding Journey it's perfect—it seems as if it had been ordered! But I will never let you give up Holland! No; we will go this afternoon; and when I get to Scheveningen I'll go to bed, and stay there, till you've completed your after-cure."

"Do you think that will be wildly gay for the convalescent?"

She suddenly began to cry. "Oh, dearest, what *shall* we do? I feel perfectly broken down. I'm afraid I'm going to be sick—and away from home! *How* could you let me overdo, so?" She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turned her face into the sofa pillow.

This was rather hard upon him, whom her vivid energy and inextinguishable interest had not permitted a moment's respite from pleasure since they left Carlsbad. But he had been married too long not to understand that her blame of him was only a form of self-reproach for her own self-forgetfulness. She had not remembered that she was no longer young till she had come to what he saw was a nervous collapse. The fact had its pathos and its poetry which no one could have felt more keenly than he. If it also had its inconvenience and its danger, he realized these too.

"Isabel," he said, "we are going home."

"Very well, then it will be *your* doing."

"Quite. Do you think you could stand it as far as Cologne? We get the sleeping-car there, and you can lie down the rest of the way to Ostend."

"This afternoon? Why I'm perfectly *strong;* it's merely my nerves that are gone." She sat up, and wiped her eyes. "But, Basil! If you're doing this for *me*—"

"I'm doing it for myself," said March as he went out of the room.

She stood the journey perfectly well, and in the passage to Dover she suffered so little from the rough weather that she was an example to many robust matrons who filled the ladies' cabin with the noise of their anguish during the night. She would have insisted upon taking the first train up to London, if March had not represented that this would not expedite the sailing of the *Cupania*, and that she might as well stay the forenoon at the convenient railway hotel, and rest. It was not quite his ideal of repose that the first people they saw in the coffee-room when they went to breakfast should be Kenby and Rose Adding, who were having their tea and toast and eggs together in the greatest apparent good-fellowship. He saw his wife shrink back involuntarily from the encounter, but this was only to gather force for it; and the next moment she was upon them in all the joy of the surprise. Then March allowed himself to be as glad as the others both seemed, and he shook hands with Kenby while his wife kissed Rose; and they all talked at once. In the confusion of tongues it was presently intelligible that Mrs. Kenby was going to be down in a few minutes; and Kenby took March into his confidence with a smile which was almost a wink in explaining that he knew how it was with the ladies. He said that Rose and he usually got down to breakfast first; and when he had listened inattentively to Mrs. March's apol-

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ogy for being on her way home, he told her that she was lucky not to have gone to Scheveningen, where she and March would have frozen to death. He said that they were going to spend September at a little place on the English coast near by, where he had been the day before with Rose to look at lodgings, and where you could bathe all through the month. He was not surprised that the Marches should be going home, and said, Well, that was their original plan, wasn't it?

Mrs. Kenby, appearing upon this, pretended to know better, after the outburst of joyful greeting with the Marches; and intelligently reminded Kenby that he *knew* the Marches had intended to pass the winter in Paris. She was looking extremely pretty, but she wished only to make them see how well Rose was looking, and she put her arm round his shoulders as she spoke. Scheveningen had done wonders for him, but it *was* fearfully cold there, and now they were expecting everything from Westgate, where she advised March to come too, for his after-cure: she recollected in time to say, She forgot they were on their way home. She added that she did not know *when* she should return; she was merely a passenger, now; she left everything to the men of the family. She had, in fact, the air of having thrown off every responsibility, but in supremacy, not submission. She was always ordering Kenby about; she sent him for her handkerchief, and her rings, which she had left either in the tray of her trunk, or on the pin-cushion, or on the wash-stand, or *somewhere*, and forbade him to come back without them. He asked for her keys, and then with a joyful scream she owned that she had left the door-key in the door and the whole bunch of trunk-keys in her trunk; and Kenby treated it all as the greatest joke; Rose, too, seemed to think that Kenby would make everything come right, and he had lost that look of anxiety which he used to have; at the most he showed a friendly sympathy for Kenby, for whose sake he seemed mortified at her. He was unable to regard his mother as the delightful joke which she appeared to Kenby, but that was merely temperamental; and he was never distressed except when she behaved with unreasonable caprice at Kenby's cost.

As for Kenby himself, he betrayed no dissatisfaction with his fate to March. He perhaps no longer regarded his wife as that strong character which he had sometimes wearied March by celebrating; but she was still the most brilliant intelligence, and her charm seemed only to have grown with his perception of its wilful limitations. He did not want to talk about her so much; he wanted rather to talk about Rose, his health, his education, his nature, and what was best to do for him. The two were on terms of a confidence and affection which perpetually amused Mrs. Kenby, but which left the sympathetic witness nothing to desire in their relation.

They all came to the train when the Marches started up to London, and stood waving to them as they pulled out of the station. "Well, I can't see but what *that's* all right," he said as he sank back in his seat with a sigh of relief. "I never supposed we should get out of their marriage half so well, and I don't feel that you quite made the match either, my dear."

She was forced to agree with him that the Kenbys seemed happy together, and that there was nothing to fear for Rose in their happiness. He would be as tenderly cared for by Kenby as he could have been by his mother, and far more judiciously. She owned that she had trembled for him till she had seen them all together; and now she should never tremble again.

"Well?" March prompted, at a certain inconclusiveness in her tone rather than her words.

"Well, you can see that it isn't *ideal*."

"Why isn't it ideal? I suppose you think that the marriage of Burnamy and Agatha Triscoe will be ideal, with their ignorances and inexperiences and illusions."

"Yes! It's the illusions: no marriage can be perfect without them, and at their age the Kenbys can't have them."

"Kenby is a solid mass of illusion. And I believe that people can go and get as many new illusions as they want, whenever they've lost their old ones."

"Yes, but the new illusions won't wear so well, and in marriage you want illusions that will last. No, you needn't talk to me. It's all very well, but it isn't ideal."

March laughed. "Ideal! What is ideal?"

"*Going home!*" she said, with such

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passion that he had not the heart to point out that they were merely returning to their old duties, cares, and pains, with the worn-out illusion that these would be altogether different when they took them up again.

LXXIII.

In fulfilment of another ideal Mrs. March took straightway to her berth when she got on board the *Cupania*, and to her husband's admiration she remained there till the day before they reached New York. Her theory was that the complete rest would do more than anything else to calm her shaken nerves; and she did not admit into her calculations the chances of adverse weather which March would not suggest as probable in the last week of September. The event justified her unconscious faith. The ship's run was of unparalleled swiftness, even for the *Cupania*, and of unparalleled smoothness. For days the sea was as smooth as oil; the racks were never on the tables once; the voyage was of the sort which those who make it no more believe in at the time than those whom they afterwards weary in boasting of it.

The ship was very full, but Mrs. March did not show the slightest curiosity to know who her fellow-passengers were. She said that she wished to be let perfectly alone, even by her own emotions, and for this reason she forbade March to bring her a list of the passengers till after they had left Queenstown, lest it should be too exciting. He did not take the trouble to look it up, therefore; and the first night out he saw no one whom he knew at dinner; but the next morning at breakfast he found himself to his great satisfaction at the same table with the Eltwins. They were so much at ease with him that even Mrs. Eltwin took part in the talk, and told him how they had spent the time of her husband's rigorous after-cure in Switzerland, and now he was going home much better than they had expected. She said they had rather thought of spending the winter in Europe, but had given it up because they were both a little homesick. March confessed that this was exactly the case with his wife and himself; and he had to add that Mrs. March was not very well otherwise, and he should be glad to be at home on her account. The recurrence of the word home seemed to deepen Eltwin's habitual gloom, and Mrs. Eltwin hastened to leave the subject of their return for inquiry into Mrs. March's condition; but her interest did not so far overcome her shyness that she ventured to propose a visit to her; and March found that the fact of the Eltwins' presence on board did not agitate his wife. It seemed rather to comfort her, and she said she hoped he would see all he could of the poor old things. She asked if he had met any one else he knew, and he was able to tell her that there seemed to be a good many swells on board, and this cheered her very much, though he did not know them; she liked to be near the rose, though it was not a flower that she really cared for.

She did not ask who the swells were, and March took no trouble to find out. He took no trouble to get a passenger list, and he had the more trouble when he tried at last; the lists seemed to have all vanished, as they have a habit of doing, after the first day; the one that he made interest for with the head steward was a second-hand copy, and he had found no one he knew in it but the Eltwins. The social solitude, however, was rather favorable to certain other impressions. There seemed even more elderly people than there were on the *Norumbia;* the human atmosphere was gray and sober; there was nothing of the gay expansion of the outward voyage; there was little talking or laughing among those autumnal men who were going seriously and anxiously home, with faces fiercely set for the coming grapple, or necks meekly bowed for the yoke. They had eaten their cake, and it had been good, but there remained a discomfort in the digestion. They sat about in silence, and March fancied that the flown summer was as dreamlike to each of them as it now was to him. He hated to be of their dreary company, but spiritually he knew that he was of it; and he vainly turned to cheer himself with the younger passengers. Some matrons who went about clad in furs amused him, for they must have been unpleasantly warm in their jackets and boas; nothing but the hope of being able to tell the customs inspector with a good conscience that the things had been worn, would have sustained one lady draped from head to foot in Astrakhan.

They were all getting themselves ready for the fray or the play of the coming winter; but there seemed nothing joyous in the preparation. There were many

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young girls, as there always are everywhere; but there were not many young men, and such as there were kept to the smoking-room. There was no sign of flirtation among them; he would have given much for a moment of the pivotal girl, to see whether she could have brightened those gloomy surfaces with her impartial lamp. March wished that he could have brought some report from the outer world to cheer his wife, as he descended to their state-room. They had taken what they could get at the eleventh hour, and they had got no such ideal room as they had in the *Norumbia*. It was, as Mrs. March graphically said, a basement room. It was on the north side of the ship, which is a cold exposure, and if there had been any sun it could not have got into their window, which was half the time under water. The green waves, laced with foam, hissed as they ran across the port; and the electric fan in the corridor moaned like the wind in a gable.

He felt a sinking of the heart as he pushed the state-room door open, and looked at his wife lying with her face turned to the wall; and he was going to withdraw, thinking her asleep, when she said quietly, "Are we going down?"

"Not that I know of," he answered, with a gayety he did not feel. "But I'll ask the head steward."

She put out her hand behind her for him to take, and clutched his fingers convulsively. "If I'm never any better, you will always remember this happy summer, won't you? Oh, it's been *such* a happy summer! It has been one long joy, one continued triumph! But it was too late; we were too old; and it's broken me."

The time had been when he would have attempted comfort, when he would have tried mocking; but that time was long past; he could only pray inwardly for some sort of diversion, but what it was to be in their barren circumstance he was obliged to leave altogether to Providence. He ventured, pending an answer to his prayers, upon the question, "Don't you think I'd better see the doctor, and get you some sort of tonic?"

She whirled round and faced him. "The doctor! Why, I'm not *sick*, Basil! If you can see the purser and get our rooms changed, or do something to stop those waves from slapping against that horrible blinking one-eyed window, you can save my life; but no *tonic* is going to help me."

She turned her face from him again, and buried it in the bedclothes, while he looked desperately at the racing waves and the port, that seemed to open and shut like a weary eye.

"Oh, go away!" she implored. "I shall be better presently, but if you stand there like that— Go and see if you can't get some other room, where I needn't feel as if I were drowning, all the way over."

He obeyed, so far as to go away at once, and having once started, he did not stop short of the purser's office. He made an excuse of getting greenbacks for some English bank-notes, and then he said casually that he supposed there would be no chance of having his room on the lower deck changed for something a little less intimate with the sea. The purser was not there to take the humorous view, but he conceived that March wanted something higher up, and he was able to offer him a room of those on the promenade where he had seen swells going in and out, for six hundred dollars. March did not blench, but said he would get his wife to look at it with him, and then he went out somewhat dizzily to take counsel with himself how he should put the matter to her. She would be sure to ask what the price of the new room would be, and he debated whether to tell her some kindly lie about it, or trust to the novel effect of the sum named in helping restore the lost balance of her nerves. He was not going home so rich that he could well throw six hundred dollars away; but there might be worse things; and he walked up and down thinking. All at once it flashed upon him that he had better see the doctor, anyway, and find out whether there were not some last hope in medicine before he took the desperate step before him. He turned in half his course, and ran into a lady who had just emerged from the door of the promenade laden with wraps, and who dropped them all and clutched him to save herself from falling.

"Why, Mr. March!" she shrieked.

"Miss Triscoe!" he returned, in the astonishment which he shared with her to the extent of letting the shawls he had knocked from her hold lie between them till she began to pick them up herself. Then he joined her, and in the relief of their common occupation they contrived

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to possess each other of the reason of their presence on the same boat. She had sorrowed over Mrs. March's sad state, and he had grieved to hear that her father was going home because he was not at all well, before they found the general stretched out in his steamer chair, and waiting with a grim impatience for his daughter.

"But how is it you're not in the passenger-list?" he inquired of them both, and Miss Triscoe explained that they had taken their passage at the last moment, too late, she supposed, to get into the list. They were in London, and had run down to Liverpool on the chance of getting berths. Beyond this she was not definite, and there was an absence of Burnamy not only from her company but from her conversation which mystified March through all his selfish preoccupations with his wife. She was a girl who had her reserves, but for a girl who had so lately and rapturously written them of her engagement, there was a silence concerning her betrothed that had almost a positive quality. With his longing to try Miss Triscoe upon Mrs. March's malady as a remedial agent, he had now the added desire to try Mrs. March upon Miss Triscoe's mystery as a solvent. She stood talking to him, and refusing to sit down and be wrapped up in the chair next her father. She said that if he were going to ask Mrs. March to let her come to her, it would not be worth while to sit down; and at this he hurried below.

"Did you get it?" asked his wife, without looking round, but not so apathetically as before.

"Oh, yes. *That's* all right. But now, Isabel, there's something I've got to tell you. You'd find it out, and you'd better know it at once."

She turned her face, and asked sternly, "What is it?"

Then he said, with an almost equal severity: "Miss Triscoe is on board. Miss Triscoe—and—her—father. She wishes to come down and see you."

Mrs. March sat up and began to twist her hair into shape. "And Burnamy?"

"There is no Burnamy physically, or, so far as I can make out, spiritually. She didn't mention him, and I talked at least five minutes with her."

"Hand me my dressing-sack," said Mrs. March, "and poke those things on the sofa under the berth. Shut up that wash-stand, and pull the curtain across that hideous window. Stop! Throw those towels into your berth. Put my shoes and your slippers into the shoe-bag on the door. Slip the brushes into that other bag. Beat the dint out of the sofa cushion that your head has made. Now!"

"Then—then you will see her?"

"*See* her!"

Her voice was so terrible that he fled before it, and he returned with Miss Triscoe in a dreamlike simultaneity. He remembered, as he led the way into his corridor, to apologize for bringing her down into a basement room.

"Oh, we're in the basement, too; it was all we could get," she said in words that ended within the state-room he opened to her. Then he went back and took her chair and wraps beside her father.

He let the general himself lead the way up to his health, which he was not slow in reaching, and was not quick in leaving. He reminded March of the state he had seen him in at Würzburg, and he said it had gone from bad to worse with him. At Weimar he had taken to his bed, and merely escaped from it with his life. Then they had tried Scheveningen for a week, where, he said in a tone of some injury, they had rather thought they might find them, the Marches. The air had been poison to him, and they had come over to England with some notion of Bournemouth; but the doctor in London had thought not, and urged their going home. "All Europe is damp, you know, and dark as a pocket in winter," he ended.

There had been nothing about Burnamy, and March decided that he must wait to see his wife if he wished to know anything, when the general, who had been silent, twisted his head toward him, and said, without regard to the context: "It was complicated, at Weimar, by that young man in the most devilish way. Did my daughter write to Mrs. March about— Well, it came to nothing, after all; and I don't understand how, to this day. I doubt if *they* do. It was some sort of quarrel, I suppose. I wasn't consulted in the matter either way. It appears that parents are *not* consulted in these trifling affairs, nowadays." He had married his daughter's mother in open defiance of her father, but in the glare of his daughter's wilfulness this

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"'MISS TRISCOE!' HE RETURNED."

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fact had whitened into pious obedience. "I dare say I shall be told, by-and-by, and shall be expected to approve of the result."

A fancy possessed March that by operation of temperamental laws General Triscoe was no more satisfied with Burnamy's final rejection than with his acceptance. If the engagement was ever to be renewed, it might be another thing; but as it stood, March divined a certain favor for the young man in the general's attitude. But the affair was altogether too delicate for any comment; the general's aristocratic frankness in dealing with it might have gone farther if his knowledge had been greater; but in any case March did not see how he could touch it. He could only say, He had always liked Burnamy himself.

He had his good qualities, the general owned. He did not profess to understand the young men of our time, but certainly the fellow had the instincts of a gentleman. He had nothing to say against him, unless in that business with that man—what was his name?

"Stoller?" March prompted. "I don't excuse him in that, but I don't blame him so much, either. If punishment means atonement, he had the opportunity of making that right very suddenly; and if pardon means expunction, then I don't see why that offence hasn't been pretty well wiped out."

"Those things are not so simple as they used to seem," said the general, with a seriousness beyond his wont in things that did not immediately concern his own comfort or advantage.

LXXIV.

In the mean time Mrs. March and Miss Triscoe were discussing another offence of Burnamy's.

"It wasn't," said the girl, excitedly, after a plunge through all the minor facts to the heart of the matter, "that he hadn't a perfect right to do it, if he thought I didn't care for him. I had refused him at Carlsbad, and I had forbidden him to speak to me about—on the subject. But that was merely temporary, and he ought to have known it. He ought to have known that I *couldn't* accept him, on the spur of the moment, that way, and when he had come back, after going away in disgrace, before he had done anything to justify himself. I couldn't have kept my self-respect; and as it was, I had the greatest difficulty; and he ought to have seen it. Of course he said afterwards that he didn't see it. But when—when I found out that *she* had been in Weimar, and that all the time while I had been suffering there in Carlsbad and Würzburg, and longing to see him, and tell him—let him know how I was *really* feeling—he was flirting with that—that girl, then I saw that he was a *false nature*, and I determined to put an end to everything. And that is what I did; and I shall always think I did right; and—and—"

The rest was lost in Agatha's handkerchief, which she put up to her eyes. Mrs. March watched her from her pillow, keeping the girl's unoccupied hand in her own, and softly pressing it till the storm was past sufficiently to allow her to be heard.

Then she said: "Men are very strange—the best of them. And from the very fact that he was disappointed, he would be all the more apt to rush into a flirtation with somebody else."

Miss Triscoe took down her handkerchief from a face that had certainly not been beautified by grief. "I didn't blame him for the flirting; or not so much. It was his keeping it from me afterwards. He ought to have told me the very first instant we were engaged. But he didn't. He let it go on, and if I hadn't happened on that bouquet I might never have known anything about it. That is what I mean by a false nature. I wouldn't have minded his deceiving me; but to let me deceive myself— Oh, it was too much!"

Agatha hid her face in her handkerchief again. She was perching on the edge of the berth, and Mrs. March said, with a glance, which she did not see, toward the sofa: "I'm afraid that's rather a hard seat for you. Won't you—"

"Oh, no, thank you! I'm *perfectly* comfortable—I *like* it—if you don't mind?"

Mrs. March pressed her hand for answer, and after another little delay, sighed and said: "They are not like us, and we cannot help it. They are more temporizing."

"How do you mean?" Agatha unmasked again.

"They can bear to keep things better than we can, and they trust to time to

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bring them right, or to come right of themselves."

"I don't think Mr. March would trust things to come right of themselves!" said Agatha in indignant accusal of Mrs. March's sincerity.

"Ah, that's just what he *would* do, my dear, and has done, all along; and I don't believe we could have lived through without it: we should have quarrelled ourselves into the grave!"

"Mrs. March!"

"Yes, indeed. I don't mean that he would ever deceive me. But he would let things go on, and hope that somehow they would come right without any fuss."

"Do you mean that he would let anybody deceive themselves?"

"I'm afraid he would—if he thought it would come right. It used to be a terrible trial to me; and it is yet, at times when I don't remember that he means nothing but good and kindness by it. Only the other day in Ansbach — how long ago it seems!—he let a poor old woman give him her son's address in Jersey City, and allowed her to believe he would look him up when we got back and tell him we had seen her. I don't believe, unless I keep right round after him, as we say in New England, that he'll ever go near the man."

Agatha looked daunted, but she said, "That is a very different thing."

"It isn't a different *kind* of thing. And it shows what men are,—the sweetest and best of them, that is. They are terribly apt to be easy-going."

"Then you think I was all wrong?" the girl asked in a tremor.

"No, indeed! You were right, because you really expected perfection of him. You expected the ideal. And that's what makes all the trouble, in married life: we expect too much of each other—we each expect more of the other than we are willing to give or can give. If I had to begin over again, I should not expect anything at all, and then I should be sure of being radiantly happy. But all this talking and all this writing about love seems to turn our brains; we know that men are not perfect, even at our craziest, because women are not, but we *expect* perfection of them; and they seem to expect it of us, poor things! If we could keep on after we are in love just as we were before we were in love, and take nice things as favors and surprises as we did in the beginning! But we get more and more greedy and exacting—"

"Do you think I was too exacting in wanting him to tell me everything after we were engaged?"

"No, I don't say that. But suppose he *had* put it off till you were married?" Agatha blushed a little, but not painfully. "Would it have been so bad? Then you might have thought that his flirting up to the last moment with some one else in his desperation was a very good joke. You would have understood better just how it was, and it might even have made you fonder of him. You might have seen that he had flirted with some one else because he was so heart-broken about you."

"Then you believe that if I could have waited till—till— But when I had found out, don't you see I *couldn't* wait? It would have been all very well if I hadn't known it till then. But as I did know it— Don't you see?"

"Yes, that certainly complicated it," Mrs. March admitted. "But I don't think, if he'd been a false nature, he'd have owned up as he did. You see, he didn't try to deny it; and that's a great point gained."

"Yes, that is true," said Agatha, with conviction. "I saw that afterwards. But you *don't* think, Mrs. March, that I was unjust or—or hasty?"

"*No*, indeed! You couldn't have done differently under the circumstances. You may be sure he felt that—he is so unselfish and generous—" Agatha began to weep into her handkerchief again; Mrs. March caressed her hand. "And it will certainly come right if you feel as you do."

"No," the girl protested. "He can never forgive me; it's all over; everything is over. It would make very little difference to me, what happened now—if the steamer broke her shaft, or anything. But if I can only believe I wasn't unjust—"

Mrs. March assured her once more that she had behaved with absolute impartiality; and she proved to her by a process of reasoning quite irrefragable that it was only a question of time, with which place had nothing to do, when she and Burnamy should come together again, and all should be made right between them. The fact that she did not know where he was, any more than Mrs. March herself,

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had nothing to do with the result; that was a mere detail, which would settle itself. She clinched her argument by confessing that her own engagement had been broken off, and that it had simply renewed itself. All you had to do was to keep willing it, and waiting. There was something very mysterious in it.

"And how long was it till—" Agatha faltered.

"Well, in our case it was two years."

"Oh!" said the girl, but Mrs. March hastened to reassure her:

"But our case was very peculiar. I could see afterwards that it needn't have been two months, if I had been willing to acknowledge at once that I was in the wrong. I waited till we met."

"If I felt that I was in the wrong, I should write," said Agatha. "I shouldn't care what he thought of my doing it."

"Yes, the great thing is to make sure that you were wrong."

They remained talking so long that March and the general had exhausted all the topics of common interest, and had even gone through those they did not care for. At last the general said, "I'm afraid my daughter will tire Mrs. March."

"Oh, I don't think she'll tire my wife. But do you want her?"

"Well, when you're going down."

"I think I'll take a turn about the deck, and start my circulation," said March, and he did so before he went below.

He found his wife up and dressed, and waiting provisionally on the sofa. "I thought I might as well go to lunch," she said, and then she told him about Agatha and Burnamy, and the means she had employed to comfort and encourage the girl. "And now, dearest, I want you to find out where Burnamy is, and give him a hint. You will, won't you? If you could have seen how unhappy she was!"

"I don't think I should have cared, and I'm certainly not going to meddle. I think Burnamy has got no more than he deserved, and that he's well rid of her. I can't imagine a broken engagement that would more completely meet my approval. As the case stands, they have my blessing."

"*Don't* say that, dearest! You know you don't mean it."

"I do; and I advise you to keep your hands off. You've done all and more than you ought to propitiate Miss Triscoe. You've offered yourself up, and you've offered me up—"

"No, no, Basil! I merely used you as an illustration of what men were—the best of them."

"And I can't observe," he continued, "that any one else has been considered in the matter. Is Miss Triscoe the sole sufferer by Burnamy's flirtation? What is the matter with a little compassion for the pivotal girl?"

"Now, you know you're not serious," said his wife; and though he would not admit this, he could not be seriously sorry for the new interest which she took in the affair. There was no longer any question of changing their state-room. Under the tonic influence of the excitement she did not go back to her berth after lunch, and she was up later after dinner than he could have advised. She was absorbed in Agatha, but in her liberation from her hypochondria she began also to make a comparative study of the American swells, in the light of her late experience with the German highhotes. It is true that none of the swells gave her the opportunity of examining them at close range, as the highhotes had done. They kept to their state-rooms mostly, where, after he thought she could bear it, March told her how near he had come to making her their equal by an outlay of six hundred dollars. She now shuddered at the thought; but she contended that in their magnificent exclusiveness they could give points to European princes; and that this showed again how, when Americans did try to do a thing, they beat the world. Agatha Triscoe knew who they were, but she did not know them; they belonged to another kind of set; she spoke of them as "rich people," and she seemed content to keep away from them with Mrs. March and with the shy, silent old wife of Major Eltwin, to whom March sometimes found her talking.

He never found her father talking with Major Eltwin. General Triscoe had his own friends in the smoking-room, where he held forth in a certain corner on the chances of the approaching election in New York, and mocked their incredulity when he prophesied the success of Tammany and the return of the King. March himself much preferred Major Eltwin to the general and his friends; he lived back in the talk of the Ohioan into his own

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younger years in Indiana, and he was amused and touched to find how much the mid-Western life seemed still the same as he had known. The conditions had changed, but not so much as they had changed in the East and the farther West. The picture that the major drew of them in his own region was alluring; it made March homesick, though he knew that he should never go back to his native section. There was the comfort of kind in the major; and he had a vein of philosophy, spare but sweet, which March liked; he liked also the meekness which had come through sorrow upon a spirit which had once been proud.

They had both the elderly man's habit of early rising, and they usually found themselves together waiting impatiently for the cup of coffee, ingenuously bad, which they served on the *Cupania* not earlier than half past six, in strict observance of a rule of the line discouraging to people of their habits. March admired the vileness of the decoction, which he said could not be got anywhere out of the British Empire, and he asked Eltwin the first morning if he had noticed how instantly on the Channel boat they had dropped to it, and to the sour, heavy, sodden British bread, from the spirited and airy Continental tradition of coffee and rolls.

The major confessed that he was no great hand to notice such things, and he said he supposed that if the line had never lost a passenger, and got you to New York in six days, it had a right to feed you as it pleased; he surmised that if they could get their airing outside before they took their coffee, it would give the coffee a chance to taste better; and this was what they afterwards did. They met, well buttoned and well muffled up, on the promenade when it was yet so early that they were not at once sure of each other in the twilight, and watched the morning planets pale east and west before the sun rose. Sometimes there were no paling planets and no rising sun, and a black sea, ridged with white, tossed under a low dark sky with dim rifts.

One morning they saw the sun rise with a serenity and majesty which it rarely has outside of the theatre. The dawn began over that sea which was like the rumpled canvas imitations of the sea on the stage, under long mauve clouds bathed in solemn light. Above these in the pale tender sky two silver stars hung, and the steamer's smoke drifted across them like a thin dusky veil. To the right a bank of dun cloud began to burn crimson, and to burn brighter till it was like a low hill-side full of gorgeous rugosities fleeced with a dense dwarfish growth of autumnal shrubs. The whole eastern heaven softened and flushed through diaphanous mists; the west remained a livid mystery. The eastern masses and flakes of cloud began to kindle keenly; but the stars shone clearly, and then one star, till the lawny pink hid it. All the zenith reddened, but still the sun did not show except in the color of the brilliant clouds. At last the lurid horizon began to burn like a flame-shot smoke, and a fiercely bright disc edge pierced its level, and swiftly defined itself as the sun's orb.

Many thoughts went through March's mind; some of them were sad, but in some there was a touch of hopefulness. It might have been that beauty which consoled him for his years; but somehow he felt himself, if no longer young, a part of the young immortal frame of things. His state was indefinable, but he longed to hint at it to his companion.

"Yes," said Eltwin, with a long, deep sigh, "I feel as if I could walk out through that brightness and find *her*. I reckon that such hopes wouldn't be allowed to lie to us; that so many ages of men couldn't have fooled themselves so. I'm glad I've seen this." He was silent, and they both remained watching the rising sun till they could not bear its splendor. "Now," said the major, "it must be time for that mud, as you call it." Over their coffee and crackers at the end of the table which they had to themselves he resumed: "I was thinking all the time—we seem to think half a dozen things at once, and this was one of them—about a piece of business I've got to settle when I reach home; and perhaps you can help me or advise me about it; you're an editor. I've got a newspaper on my hands; I reckon it's a pretty good thing, or it would be, if it had a chance; but I don't know what to do with it. I got it in trade with a fellow who has to go West for his lungs, but he's staying till I get back. What's become of that young chap—what's his name?—that went out with us?"

"Burnamy?" prompted March, rather breathlessly.

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"Yes. Couldn't he take hold of it? I rather liked him. He's smart, isn't he?"

"Very," said March. "But I don't know where he is. I don't know that he would go into the country. But he might, if—"

They entered provisionally into the case, and for argument's sake supposed that Burnamy would take hold of the major's paper if he could be got at. It really looked to March like a good chance for him, on Eltwin's showing; but he was not confident of Burnamy's turning up very soon, and he gave the major a pretty clear notion why, by entering into the young fellow's history for the last three months.

"Isn't it the very irony of fate?" he said to his wife when he found her in their room with a cup of the same mud he had been drinking, and reported the facts to her.

"Irony?" she said, with all the excitement he could have imagined or desired. "Nothing of the kind! It's a *leading*, if ever there was one. It will be the easiest thing in the world to find Burnamy. And out there she can sit on her steps!"

He slowly groped his way to her meaning, through the hypothesis of Burnamy's reconciliation and marriage with Agatha Triscoe, and their settlement in Major Eltwin's town under social conditions that implied a habit of spending the summer evenings on their front porch. While he was doing this she showered him with questions and conjectures and requisitions in which nothing but the impossibility of going ashore saved him from the instant devotion of all his energies to a world-wide inquiry into Burnamy's whereabouts.

The next morning he was up before Major Eltwin got out, and found the second-cabin passengers free of the first-cabin promenade at an hour when their superiors were not using it. As he watched these inferiors, decent-looking, well-clad men and women, enjoying their privilege with a furtive air, and with stolen glances at him, he asked himself in what sort he was their superior, till the inquiry grew painful. Then he rose from his chair, and made his way to the place where the material barrier between them was lifted, and interested himself in a few of them who seemed too proud to avail themselves of his society on the terms made. A figure seized his attention with a sudden fascination of conjecture and rejection: the figure of a tall young man who came out on the promenade, and without looking round walked swiftly away to the bow of the ship, and stood there looking down at the water, in an attitude which was bewilderingly familiar. His movement, his posture, his dress even, was that of Burnamy, and March, after a first flush of pleasure, felt a sickening repulsion in the notion of his presence. It would have been such a cheap performance on the part of life, which has all sorts of chances at command, and need not descend to the poor tricks of second-rate fiction; and he accused Burnamy of a complicity in the bad taste of the affair, though he realized, when he reflected, that if it were really Burnamy he must have sailed in as much unconsciousness of the Triscoes as he himself had done. He had probably got out of money and had hurried home while he had still enough to pay the second-cabin fare on the first boat home. Clearly he was not to blame, but life was to blame for such a shabby device; and March felt this so keenly that he wished to turn his back upon the situation, and have nothing to do with it. He kept helplessly moving toward him, drawn by the fatal attraction, and at a few paces' distance the young man whirled about and showed him the face of a stranger.

March made some witless remark on the rapid course of the ship as it cut its way through the water of the bow; the stranger answered with a strong Lancashire accent; and in the talk which followed he said he was going out to see the cotton-mills at Fall River and New Bedford, and he seemed hopeful of some advice or information from March; then he said he must go and try to get his Missus out; March understood him to mean his wife, and he hurried down to his own, to whom he related his hair-breadth escape from Burnamy.

"I don't call it an escape at all!" she declared. "I call it the greatest possible misfortune. If it had been Burnamy, we could have brought them together at once, just when she has seen so clearly that she was in the wrong, and is feeling all broken up. There wouldn't have been any difficulty about his being in the second cabin. We could have contrived to have them meet somehow. If the worst came to the worst you could have lent him money to

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pay the difference, and got him into the first cabin."

"I could have taken that six-hundred-dollar room for him," said March, "and then he could have eaten with the swells."

She answered that now he was teasing; that he was fundamentally incapable of taking anything seriously; and in the end he retired before the stewardess bringing her first coffee, with a well-merited feeling that if it had not been for his triviality the young Lancashire man would really have been Burnamy.

LXXV.

Except for the first day and night out from Queenstown, when the ship rolled and pitched with straining and squeaking noises, and a thumping of the lifted screws, there was no rough weather, and at last the ocean was livid and oily, with a long swell, on which she swayed with no perceptible motion save from her machinery.

Most of the seamanship seemed to be done after dark, or in those early hours when March found the stewards cleaning the stairs and the sailors scouring the promenades. He made little acquaintance with his fellow-passengers. One morning he almost spoke with an old Quaker lady whom he joined in looking at the Niagara flood which poured from the churning screws; but he did not quite get the words out. On the contrary he talked freely with an American who bred horses on a farm near Boulogne, and was going home to the Horse Show; he had been thirty-five years out of the country, but he had preserved his Yankee accent in all its purity, and was the most typical-looking American on board. Now and then March walked up and down with a blond Mexican, whom he found of the usual well-ordered Latin intelligence, but rather flavorless; at times he sat beside a nice Jew, who talked agreeably, but only about business; and he philosophized the race as so tiresome often because it seemed so often without philosophy. He made desperate attempts at times to interest himself in the pool-selling in the smoking-room where the betting on the ship's wonderful run was continual.

He thought that people talked less and less as they drew nearer home; but on the last day out there was a sudden expansion, and some whom he had not spoken with voluntarily addressed him. The sweet, soft air was like midsummer; the water rippled gently without a swell, blue under the clear sky, and the ship left a wide track that was silver in the sun. There were more sail; the first and second class baggage was got up and piled along the steerage deck.

Some people dressed a little more than usual for the last dinner, which was earlier than usual, so as to be out of the way against the arrival, which had been variously predicted at from five to seven-thirty. An indescribable nervousness culminated with the appearance of the customs officers on board, who spread their papers on cleared spaces of the dining-tables, and summoned the passengers to declare that they had nothing to declare, as a preliminary to being searched like thieves at the dock.

This ceremony proceeded while the *Cupania* made her way up the Narrows and into the North River, where the flare of lights from the crazy steeps and cliffs of architecture on the New York shore seemed a persistence of the last Fourth of July pyrotechnics. March blushed for the grotesque splendor of the spectacle, and was confounded to find some Englishmen admiring it, till he remembered that æsthetics were not the strong point of our race. His wife sat hand in hand with Miss Triscoe, and from time to time made him count the pieces of small baggage in the hands of their steward; while General Triscoe held aloof in a sarcastic calm.

The steamer groped into her dock; the gangways were lifted to her side; the passengers fumbled and stumbled down their incline, and at the bottom the Marches found themselves respectively in the arms of their son and daughter. They all began talking at once, and ignoring and trying to remember the Triscoes, to whom the young Marches were presented. Bella did her best to be polite to Agatha, and Tom offered to get an inspector for the general at the same time as for his father. Then March remorsefully remembered the Eltwins, and looked about for them, so that his son might get them an inspector too. He found the major already in the hands of an inspector, who was passing all his pieces after carelessly looking into one: the official who received the declarations on board had noted the Grand Army button like his own in the major's lapel, and had marked

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his fellow-veteran's paper with the mystic sign which procures for the bearer the honor of being promptly treated as a smuggler, while the less favored have to wait longer for this indignity at the hands of their government. When March's own inspector came he was as civil and lenient as our hateful law allows; when he had finished, March tried to put a bank-note in his hand, and was brought to a just shame by his refusal of it. The bed-room steward keeping guard over the baggage helped put it together after the search, and protested that March had feed him so handsomely that he would stay there with it as long as they wished. This partly restored March's self-respect, and he could share in General Triscoe's indignation with the Treasury ruling which obliged him to pay duty on his own purchases in excess of the hundred-dollar limit, though his daughter had brought nothing, and they jointly came far within the limit for two.

He found that the Triscoes were going to a quiet old hotel on the way to Stuyvesant Square, quite in his own neighborhood, and he quickly arranged for all the ladies and the general to drive together while he was to follow with his son on foot and by car. They got away from the scene of the customs' havoc while the steamer shed, with its vast darkness dimly lit by its many lamps, still showed like a battle-field where the inspectors groped among the scattered baggage like details from the victorious army searching for the wounded. His son clapped him on the shoulder when he suggested this notion, and said he was the same old father; and they got home as gayly together as the dispiriting influences of the New York ugliness would permit. It was still in those good and decent times, now so remote, when the city got something for the money paid out to keep its streets clean, and those they passed through were not foul but merely mean. The ignoble effect culminated when they came into Broadway, and found its sidewalks, at an hour when those of any European metropolis would have been brilliant with life, as unpeopled as those of a minor country town, while long processions of cable-cars solemnly carted heaps of men and women up and down the thoroughfare amidst the hideous deformities of the commercial architecture.

The next morning the March family breakfasted late after an evening prolonged beyond midnight in spite of half-hourly agreements that now they must really all go to bed. The children had both to recognize again and again how well their parents were looking; Tom had to tell his father about the condition of *Every Other Week;* Bella had to explain to her mother how sorry her husband was that he could not come on to meet them with her, but was coming a week later to take her home, and then she would know the reason why they could not all go back to Chicago with him: it was just the place for her father to live, for everybody to live. At breakfast she renewed the reasoning with which she had maintained her position the night before; the travellers entered into a full expression of their joy at being home again; March asked what had become of that stray parrot which they had left in the tree-top the morning they started; and Mrs. March declared that this was the last Silver Wedding Journey she ever wished to take, and tried to convince them all that she had been on the verge of nervous collapse when she reached the ship. They sat at table till she discovered that it was very nearly eleven o'clock, and said it was disgraceful.

Before they rose, there was a ring at the door, and a card was brought in to Tom. He glanced at it, and said to his father: "Oh, yes! This man has been haunting the office for the last three days. He's got to leave to-day, and as it seemed to be rather a case of life and death with him, I said he'd probably find you here this morning. But if you don't want to see him, I can put him off till afternoon, I suppose."

He tossed the card to his father, who looked at it quietly, and then gave it to his wife. "Perhaps I'd as well see him?"

"*See* him!" she returned, in accents in which all the intensity of her soul was centred. By an effort of self-control which no words can convey a just sense of she remained with her children, while her husband with a laugh more teasing than can be imagined went into the drawing-room to meet Burnamy.

The poor fellow was in an effect of belated summer as to clothes, and he looked not merely haggard but shabby. He made an effort for dignity as well as gayety, however, in stating himself to March, with many apologies for his per-

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sistency. But, he said, he was on his way West, and he was anxious to know whether there was any chance of his Kaspar Hauser paper being taken if he finished it up. March would have been a far harder-hearted editor than he was if he could have discouraged the suppliant before him. He said he would take the Kaspar Hauser paper and add a band of music to the usual rate of ten dollars a thousand words. Then Burnamy's dignity gave way, if not his gayety; he began to laugh, and suddenly he broke down and confessed that he had come home in the steerage; and was at his last cent, beyond his fare to Chicago. His straw hat looked like a withered leaf in the light of his sad facts; his thin overcoat affected March's imagination as something like the diaphanous cast shell of a locust, hopelessly resumed for comfort at the approach of autumn. He made Burnamy sit down, after he had once risen, and he told him of Major Eltwin's wish to see him; and he promised to go round with him to the major's hotel before the Eltwins left town that afternoon.

While he prolonged the interview in this way, Mrs. March was kept from breaking in upon them only by the psychical experiment which she was making with the help and sympathy of her daughter at the window of the dining-room which looked up Sixteenth Street. At the first hint she gave of the emotional situation which Burnamy was a main part of, her son, with the brutal contempt of young men for other young men's love-affairs, said he must go to the office; he bade his mother tell his father there was no need of his coming down that day, and he left the two women together. This gave the mother a chance to develop the whole fact to the daughter with telegrammic rapidity and brevity, and then to enrich the first outline with innumerable details, while they both remained at the window, and Mrs. March said at two-minutely intervals, with no sense of iteration for either of them: "I told her to come in the morning, if she felt like it, and I know she will. But if she doesn't, I shall say there is nothing in fate, or Providence *either*. At any rate I'm going to stay here and keep longing for her, and we'll see whether there's anything in that silly theory of your father's. I don't believe there is," she said, to be on the safe side.

Even when she saw Agatha Triscoe enter the park gate on Rutherford Place, she saved herself from disappointment by declaring that she was not coming across to their house. As the girl persisted in coming and coming, and at last came so near that she caught sight of Mrs. March at the window and nodded, the mother turned ungratefully upon her daughter and drove her away to her own room, so that no society detail should hinder the divine chance. She went to the door herself when Agatha rang, and then she was going to open the way into the parlor where March was still closeted with Burnamy, and pretend that she had not known they were there. But a soberer second thought than this prevailed, and she told the girl who it was that was within, and explained the accident of his presence. "I think," she said, nobly, "that you ought to have the chance of going away if you don't wish to meet him."

The girl seemed scarcely to hesitate; but with that heroic precipitation which Mrs. March had noted in her from the first with regard to what she wanted to do when Burnamy was in question, she answered, "But I *do* wish to see him, Mrs. March."

While they stood looking at each other, March came out to ask his wife if she would see Burnamy, and she permitted herself so much stratagem as to substitute Agatha, after catching her husband aside and subduing his proposed greeting of the girl to a hasty handshake.

Half an hour later she thought it time to join the young people, urged largely by the frantic interest of her daughter. But she returned from the half-open door without entering. "I couldn't bring myself to break in on the poor things. They are standing at the window together looking over at St. George's."

Bella silently clasped her hands. March gave a cynical laugh, and said, "Well, we are in for it, my dear." Then he added, "I hope they'll take us with them on their Silver Wedding Journey."

[THE END.]

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"I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO BREAK IN ON THE POOR THINGS."

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ACONCAGUA AND THE VOLCANIC ANDES

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY

WITH the climbing of Mounts Sorata and Illimani (the culminating points and the northern and southern extremities of the snowy Cordillera Real of Bolivia), and with the inspection and survey of the intervening range, the main objects were accomplished for which I went to South America. The rainy season showed signs of immediately coming on, else I should have visited other points of the range and perhaps crossed some of its passes, but it is unlikely that any substantial discoveries would have been made. Enough had been done to ascertain that this great ridge is not of volcanic formation in any part of its length, but, like the Alps and the Himalayas, has been heaved aloft by a series of earth movements, probably of very ancient date. It is in the coast range, or outer Cordillera, that volcanic energies have been and still are spending themselves. The recently extinct volcano Misti, seen by us at Arequipa on our upward way, was a type of the mountains we were now to visit on our way down to the Pacific at Antofagasta.

From several high points we had also beheld, far away across the high Bolivian desert, the snow-crowned cone of Sajama, perhaps the highest of the series of great volcanoes. To climb it was part of my plan, but difficulties about mules, and the limited time at my disposal, made the realization of this project impossible. Rumblings of the approaching revolution were already heard, and though I was overwhelmed with kindness alike on the part of members of the government and of the opposition, since successful, the times were not propitious for exploration. Accordingly, with my two Alpine guides, Antoine Maquignaz and Louis Pellissier, I quitted La Paz on the 13th of November, and drove in three days along the highroad of the Bolivian plateau to the mining centre and railway terminus at Oruro. The snowy range became a smaller vision in the increasing distance, and was often hidden from view by undulations in the ground, yet even from a low eminence near Oruro, Illimani still remained in sight on the far horizon.

The Puna, between Lake Titicaca and La Paz, is densely populated by Indians. From La Paz southward the population is sparse, and for miles and miles no human being is encountered. Our vehicle was a crazy kind of American buggy. We shared it with a polite Colombian from Bogotá. The driver was a wild and casual whip, who would gallop his sorry team of horses or mules for a mile or two over a road that made the ramshackle thing bounce like a ball, and would then let them drag it along at a snail's pace, while he dropped off to sleep. In his active moments he would stamp his feet, shout, whistle, jab the wheelers in the rear with a chunk of wood, while he chucked at the leaders with unerring aim stones carried *ad hoc* under his seat. The mornings of each day were cool, even cold; but as the blazing sun rose aloft the desert was inundated with heat, and the glare became intolerable to the naked eye. There came a fiery brilliancy into the blueness of the sky, whilst the desert boiled with trembling air currents, or vanished beneath mirage. Here and there wild and graceful *vicuñas* were seen, sometimes even on the road itself, and once a condor actually rose for a stupendous flight from the track not fifty yards in front of our vehicle. The mail-cart was encountered coming from Oruro. Both drivers pulled up and gazed at each other for a long time in silence. Then, "What news?" said our man. "Nothing," replied the other. "What did he say?" asked our man, continuing some discussion interrupted perhaps a month before. "Nothing," was the reply. "Good," responded our man, and drove on.

We halted at Ayo-ayo for the night, just as rain began to fall. The sun set grandly beyond a leaden earth and beneath a leaden sky supported on pillars of thunder-storm, between which, as it were a wide window opened to the glow-

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ing west, framed and barred with gold, the rich, low light came flooding over the mud village and made it appear for a moment like the new Jerusalem built all of precious stones. Long stretches of the road, next day and the day after, were marked every two hundred paces or so by mud-built towers about twenty feet high, remains of the days of Spanish rule. A line of such pilastrons, stretching for miles over the plain, is by no means unimpressive, though nowadays they are allowed to fall to ruin as they please. Time and again we passed ancient and long-abandoned habitations of the native population, some still retaining their mud roofs. Most of them were recently excavated by the Bandeliers, who came to meet us at a place festively called Patac-amaya (hundred corpses). While we were talking to them the summit of Illimani was still in sight in one direction, and that of Sajama in another. We halted for breakfast at Sicasica, a place that ought to be a rich mining centre, for the hills around are full of silver, copper, and tin. The silver was worked by the Spaniards, and I was told (though I did not verify the statement) that the neighboring chapel is roofed with sheets of it. Sicasica was an ill-omened place for us, for in its vicinity our baggage-wagon broke down, the wheel smashing utterly beyond repair. There was no other wagon nearer than La Paz, so a telegram was sent to fetch one. It came in two days, and bore the baggage perhaps forty miles farther before it in turn smashed up. Then another wagon was fetched from Oruro, which ultimately conveyed our goods to the railway four days late.

While waiting for the baggage at Oruro I visited the great silver-mines of San José. The delay caused the loss of a train, rather a serious matter when there are only three a week. At last, however, we were able to start. The cars were crowded, and the tame *vicuña* of the town came down to see us off, as is his invariable habit. The line ran on through a desert like that over which we had driven. This desert, I may observe, continues unbroken to the sea. The people in the train, like all the inhabitants of Oruro, talked of nothing but minerals, and kept pointing out the situation of mineral deposits, all fabled to be of incredible richness—here a mine of silver, there rich deposits of copper, tin, and so on. The mineral wealth may be exaggerated, but it certainly exists. We passed near and even along the margin of Lake Poopo, a sheet of water communicating with Titicaca by the river called Desaguadero; but I never knew when the lake came, for it was impossible to distinguish the mirages from water or the water from mirage. Once I was sure it was water, with islands, boats, and sailing-vessels; but the islands proved to be hills rising out of the plain, the boats were mounds, and the sails mere tussocks of grass. The bright sand of the desert, the purple-pink hills, the clear sky, and the great sense of space made every outlook glorious in the overwhelming sunshine. The hills flocked in upon our passage, and as we swung round a corner, behold! a snow-white dry salt river-bed cutting across steep-tilted volcanic strata of all colors, green, blue, red, purple, with blue hills far away. What a flashing glory of color it was! The sun lowered, the plain widened, smoking with blown dust in the far distance, from which, as from a cloud, low blue hills rose against a lemon sky, beyond the widest and flattest desert imaginable, bending only with the curvature of the world.

The train stopped a day at Uyuni, and I had hoped to spend the time in the Pulacayo mine; but the managers wanted no "chiel amang them takin' notes" just then, for report said there had been a further great inrush of water, and they were in danger of being utterly flooded out. On we sped again next day through the wilderness—not a man, not a house, not even a *vicuña*, seldom a track, the only change a change of surface texture and colors—white, gray, rough, smooth, bare, or tussocky. But at mid-day came a more exciting region, and we were amongst smoking volcanoes with flat white deposits interspersed, like lakes frozen and snowed over. One of the white dry lakes had a coal-black shore of volcanic ash. The smoking, or rather steaming, volcano had sulphur-yellow and rose-red patches and streaks. No colors seemed impossible in this strange landscape, except those of living things. Nowhere was visible a sign of life. Another smoking volcano, S. Pedro, came by just as we were crossing the frontier between Bolivia and Chile. At its foot was a small cone with a stream of lava two or three miles long, stretching away over the plain as though newly

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erupted. It looked just like a moraine-covered glacier, with its dark tumbled surface and rugged sides and snout. The railway goes right through it in the most remarkable cutting I ever saw. With this stream of lava for foreground, the big smoking volcano and its attendant small craters just behind, and all manner of volcanic hills and mountains in every direction, with a cinder-strewn desert about them and the fiery sky above, the view was as weird and unusual to an earth-dweller as a landscape of the moon. Over against S. Pedro is the Cerro Colorado, consisting, they said, of magnetic iron. Its sand leaps into the air when there is a suitable thunder-storm, and flies about in sheets and masses, to the horror of local Indians. Earthquakes continually shake the neighborhood, and floods scour it in the rains, yet people live here and dig out nitrates! We spent a night at Calama (at the Grand Central Hotel, if you please!), a place that looks like Port Said with the top stories taken off. Then on through more deserts and nitrate-fields, along by extinct volcanoes innumerable, and so down and down till we rattled round a corner, and there was the Pacific Ocean glittering in the perfect evening sunshine. Next morning I sailed from Antofagasta, and landed at Valparaiso a few days later.

I received more kindness in half a day at Valparaiso than I could return thanks for in a column, for I arrived there without introductions, but desirous of ascending Aconcagua. The road was at once made easy for me, the right people were telegraphed to make preparations and engage men and mules, so that in two or three days I was able to start. It was no question of making the first ascent of that fine mountain, which, as everybody knows, was ascended by Mr. Vines and my old Himalayan guide Zurbriggen, members of Mr. E. A. FitzGerald's expedition, at the beginning of 1897. Mr. FitzGerald is an old friend of mine. He had been my companion in a novel summer's journey, recorded in my book *The Alps from End to End*. I had followed his proceedings with the deepest interest, read all that he had written on the subject, and conversed with him about the mountain before leaving home. He had urged me to make the ascent, and had given me all information possible to facilitate it. My ascent of Aconcagua was not a scientific, but a merely sporting expedition. The mountain had been measured by FitzGerald with greater accuracy and care than any other high mountain in the world has ever been measured. He had also fixed its position astronomically with great exactitude, and had mapped the peak and its neighborhood most beautifully. When his book comes out the public will learn, as at this time of writing it does not know, how excellent was the work done by the FitzGerald party. I write thus because when I returned from a successful ascent after ten days' absence from Valparaiso the opinion of uninformed persons was that I had in some fashion surpassed the exploits of my predecessors, who spent seven months or more on or about the mountain. To begin with, had they not preceded me I should probably have had to expend the best part of a month in searching for the way, which is by no means obvious. Again, the time actually spent by them on the ascent was but little longer than that taken by me. Each of their camps was practically a well-fitted observatory; at each they made a long series of observations. The mere determination of the position of the Inca Hotel, from which they started, as I did, took them a month or more. They made a complete examination of the geology and natural history of the neighborhood. It is obvious that my climb cannot be compared with their expedition in any way, and I am the last to desire any comparison between the two to be made. If hereafter the summit of Sorata is attained by some more lucky climber than I was, he will owe to me the same recognition that I hereby gladly render to FitzGerald.

Aconcagua (pronounced Aconcawa) is not situated in Chile any more than Mont Blanc is in Switzerland. The boundary between Chile and the Argentine is the water-shed ridge of the Andes. Aconcagua stands on a secondary ridge, a few miles east of the water-shed, and is wholly Argentine. The main pass over the water-shed is the Uspallata Cumbre, which is approached by railways from both sides, and forms the main line of land communication between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres. Some day a tunnel will join the two railways, and the route will be kept open all the year round. At present it is closed to ordinary traffic in the winter months. Aconcagua lies on the north side of this main road, and is best approached by the tributary Hor-

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cones Valley, which debouches on the road at the Baths of Inca, where there is a hotel. This hotel is the natural starting-point for the ascent, and to it, accordingly, we had to make our way.

It was the 30th of November when we left Valparaiso by train — a date corresponding to the 30th of May in Northern latitudes. For the ascent of high mountains this would be early in the season anyhow; but in 1898 it was exceptionally early, for the winter had been unusually long and very snowy. At Inca they told me that snow was still lying in places from which it had melted away two months earlier in 1897. When the train arrived near the Aconcagua River, which the line follows for many miles, the raging flood that was coming down proved the rapidity with which snow was melting higher up. In fact, thus far the conditions seemed as bad as possible for a high ascent. Every one prophesied, and I quite expected that we should have to wait at Inca for a month. The only incident of the railroad journey worth record was that my baggage (though in charge of a company called Transportes Unidos, who guaranteed to take care of it or pay damages) was broken into by thieves, who abstracted from it a number of useful articles, including my revolver. I never received any compensation.

I quitted the train at the terminus, Salto del Soldado, and, in company with the rest of the transandean passengers, rode away on mules provided for us. In fact, we were a common personally conducted party all the way to Inca, and travelled like so many Cook's tourists. It was a novel experience, and less detestable than I should have expected. The way led up a fine valley, with plenty of waterfalls about, snow avalanches at intervals fallen across the road, and numbers of rocks fallen upon it. About sunset we reached a rough-and-tumble inn, named Juncal, situated just where the valley forks, one branch going up the Cumbre, the other to the big mountain Tupungato, which was climbed by members of the FitzGerald party.

We were ferreted out of the inn next morning at 3.30, in the sheer midnight darkness, and the ascent immediately began. The weather was magnificent, and so remained all day. In less than an hour the edge of the winter snow was reached and progress became interesting. It was, in fact, the opening day of the season. The company undertook to get travellers across within a stated time; before this day they had had to cross at their own risk. The snow was hard-frozen and the track well trodden, so that we made good progress. Some of the slopes were remarkably steep for mules, but the brave beasts did not falter. A couple of hours' steep ascent ended on a plateau where two valleys join and the Portillo Inn is built. But for the closed inn we might have thought ourselves in the region of eternal snow, so deep and white was the covering. A bleak hollow here holds a lake, that was still frozen and snowed over. Another steep ascent, and we entered a flatter valley completely buried in snow, over which our heterogeneous caravan laboriously struggled. Many of its members were far from being expert riders, so that falls from the plunging mules were not infrequent. One man, who had fallen on his head and cut his face open against the highroad below, was here a particularly active performer; but the snow was by this time soft, so no bones were broken.

The final ascent to the Cumbre led up a fairly steep slope, where the snow was deep and now melting in the hot sun. Being far ahead of the caravan, I arrived on the summit at 8 A.M., but in the hour or two that followed the snow became very soft, and the floundering of the mules was terrible to see; they were, however, accustomed to the work, and generally extricated themselves, though several had to be unloaded first, and most of them shot their living loads when in a difficulty. Neither in front nor behind is the view extensive from the Cumbre: big mountains shut it in. Even Aconcagua is hidden by the broad and splendid Torlosa peak. The striking fact, to my eyes, was the quantity of winter snow remaining, and the low level at which it lay. From the pass I descended a long slope covered with loose débris, and so gained the posada of Las Cuevas, down on the floor of the main valley, near the mouth of the future tunnel. Buggies were awaiting us, each drawn by four horses harnessed side by side, like a *quadriga*. After glancing up the Cuevas Valley, which was filled with snow to the very edge of its stream, we drove away, and arrived at the Baths of Inca in an hour. A short distance before reaching the hotel,

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THE LOWER PEAKS OF THE ACONCAGUA GROUP, FROM THE CUMBRE.

Aconcagua appeared in great splendor at the head of the Horcones Valley.

The position of the establishment is determined by some remarkable hot springs, strongly charged with various mineral ingredients. They ooze up at many points from the ground and form highly colored deposits wherever they trickle. A natural bridge of conglomerate that arches over the torrent is likewise due to infiltration from them. It is one of the largest natural bridges in the world, and the road to the hotel goes over it. Dr. Cotton, the proprietor of the establishment, greeted me with the welcome news that he had engaged porters and mules for me, and that a man, sent by him up the Horcones Valley to inspect, reported that it was clear of snow as far as he had gone or could see. Dr. Cotton said that so far from there being a difficulty in enlisting porters, every adventurous individual was eager to come with us, such was the interest which FitzGerald's expedition had excited in the neighborhood. This was another instance of how I was helped by coming after FitzGerald. The natural unwillingness of the natives to venture into the upper regions had been broken down by him, and a great eagerness to go had taken its place.

Thus at six o'clock in the morning of the very next day (December 3) I was able to quit once more the haunts of men and strive for the high abodes of the mountain gods. We were a party of six men and ten mules. There were my two Alpine guides, Maquignaz and Pellissier, and there were three strong local men, Anacleto Olavarria and two others. Dr. Cotton started with us, and we rode gayly away up the right bank of the Horcones Valley in as perfect weather as the heart of man could desire. Aconcagua was visible ahead. Fine mountains of lower elevation, built out of many-colored volcanic rocks, were on our right hand. One of them, named Almacenes (stores), is

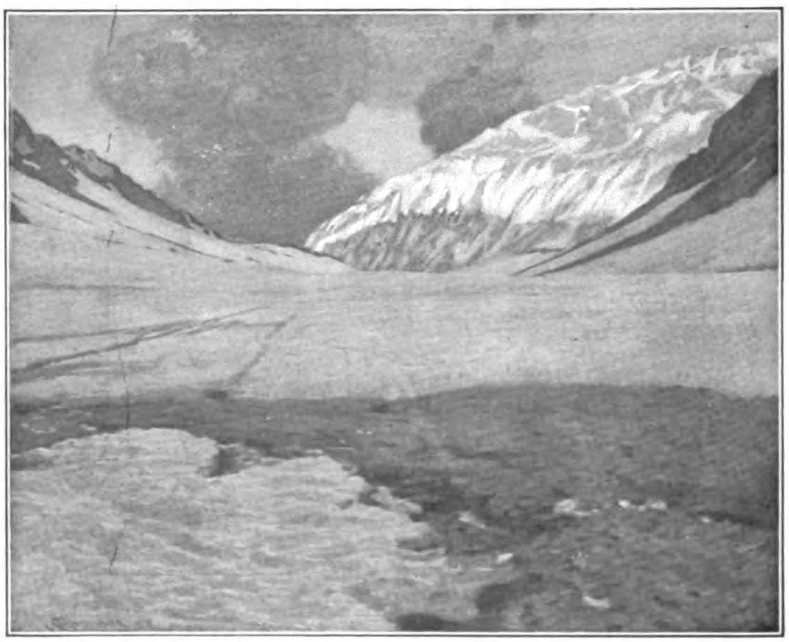
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INCA LAKE.

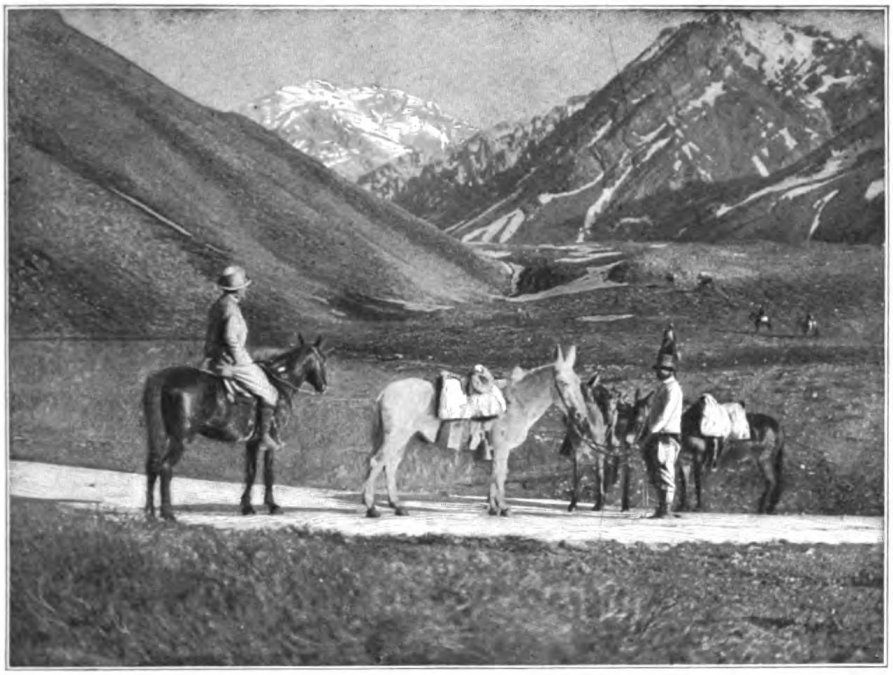
evidently so called from its vertical summit cliff, lined in the most curious manner by the edges of countless volcanic strata, all of different bright colors, like a pile of pieces of cotton goods in a draper's shop. Proceeding merrily for an hour and a half, we came to a point where the configuration of the ground forced us to cross to the other bank. Though so early in the day, the river was already in flood, and to ford it was not easy; but all crossed safely, though wet to the waist. A short way farther on we came to a steep slope of hard avalanche snow extending right across the route. It could not be turned, for it ended in the torrent below and reached to a cliff far above. Such a slope if encountered on a mountain would involve careful step-cutting, for it was steeper than the slope at the top of the Zermatt Breithorn, and it was too hard to tread steps in. To my astonishment, and the loudly expressed wonder of the guides, the baggage-mules walked straight over before I had time to take out the camera, to my enduring regret. I watched them in dismay, not dreaming that they could possibly cross in safety, and fearing that all my baggage would go slithering down with them into the raging torrent below. But nothing went wrong, so I followed, and had fortunately passed the steepest bit before my mule actually did begin to slide down. I clapped spurs into her, and she gave a mighty wriggle and jump, which just brought her fore feet on to rocks. The guides thereupon followed on foot.

Farther on, and at infrequent intervals thenceforward, came sheets of what are called *nieves penitentes*—that is to say, areas covered with spires of snow, from one to five feet in height, with their bases in contact with one another. It has been believed that eddying and violent winds



ON THE TRANSANDEAN ROUTE.

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THE MOUTH OF THE HORCONES VALLEY, ACONCAGUA IN THE DISTANCE.

are the cause of this strange phenomenon, but such is not the case. They are produced by the melting of a thick bed of snow under the hot and almost vertical sun. You never find them formed of fresh snow, but always out of an old snow bed. As the summer advances they grow larger by the melting of the hollows between them. They are cones not of circular but elliptic section, the major axis of the ellipse lying invariably east and west, with a twist to north or south according as their situation is more or less shaded from the morning or evening sun by neighboring hills. I observed examples of them in all stages of development. First, a dimpled snow surface; then a surface slightly mounded with oval hollows between the little mounds; then with the hollows deeper and running into one another, forming short spires by the junction of four hollows, and then with spires of larger and larger size. Where a snow bed was not too deep, the hollows would eventually penetrate to the surface of the ground below, and the spires would be left standing on it like so many chessmen. Riding through a field of these *penitentes* was often a difficult business.

The route became increasingly painful, and some very steep slopes of débris had to be descended or traversed. I photographed the bell-pony, who leads the caravan, ascending one of these slopes on the return journey. Riding down the same slope, on our way up, was rather an exciting experience to novices. At the mouth of the Horcones Valley we had crossed an immense accumulation of ancient moraines, deposited there when Aconcagua's glaciers reached all the way to Inca. Now we came upon a second set of moraines, deposited at a later date by the south glacier, which has now retreated many miles away from them up its own valley. This is the glacier whose snows lie on the steep south face of Aconcagua, to which we shall have occasion to refer later on. Our ascent was to be made by the west face, to reach the foot of which we were obliged to continue up the main valley for several miles.

The river had to be forded again, and a steep track scrambled up. Three hours from Inca we at last came out beyond all the moraines and entered a broad, flat-bottomed desert valley, here leaving behind the relatively fertile area (compared with Bolivia) which we had thus far traversed. Later in the season, I am told, there is a good deal of vegetation even here. From this point to the foot of

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IN THE HORCONES VALLEY—MEY AND ALMACENES.

Aconcagua the scenery is splendid, for there are the grand precipices and crags of Aconcagua on the one hand and a series of fine splintered peaks on the other. All the rocks are volcanic, and have the characteristic friability of volcanic rocks, yielding steep cliffs, sharp ridges, and splintered peaks, and pouring down vast piles of loose and small débris over their bases. The coloring of the strata was surprisingly varied and bright, so that the débris slopes, when fed by fragments from several kinds of rock, resembled the mixture of pure colors on a palette. The streams coming from the melting snows high aloft were often dyed with dust of the débris they flowed over or trickled through. Several were red or crimson, and brilliantly stained their beds and banks.

An hour or so of easy riding brought us to a point where the bottom of the valley narrowed again to a gorge, and we were forced to the steep and uneven slope on the east side. Where the ascent began was a big fallen rock, and under it the remains of a fire and some empty meat-tins—remnants of FitzGerald's expedition. We took the hint, and halted for lunch. Henceforward the way was difficult, owing to the big débris fans, cut up by countless gullies, each troublesome enough to climb into and out of (but babies, in fact, compared with corresponding Himalayan or even Spitsbergen impediments), and to the large fields of *nieves penitentes*. But the end of the valley steadily approached. Riding some distance ahead of the others, I saw a group of big fallen rocks with flat ground between and around them. There was a stream of fresh water near at hand. It seemed an ideal camping-place, and so my mule thought, for she made straight for it, turned in between two big rocks, as into a stable, and halted. I thought she might have been here before with FitzGerald, and that this was the site of his 14,000-foot camp. My suspicions were confirmed by finding some empty meat-tins and an old biscuit-box sunk into the ground and covered with pieces of a London newspaper containing accounts of the Jameson Raid inquiry. How far away,



FORDING THE HORCONES TORRENT.

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A CARAVAN IN THE HORCONES VALLEY.

dreamlike, and unimportant it seemed in the midst of such surroundings! The biscuit-tin was one of Philip Gosse's beetle-traps. As a matter of fact, FitzGerald had camped half a mile farther up, and we should have done well to follow his example; but knowing no better, we halted here, unloaded the baggage, and sent the mules away. An hour after they had gone, we found out our mistake.

Next day (December 4), the weather continuing magnificent, I sent off the two guides and two local porters, well laden, to find a camping-place at about 16,000 feet, leave the stuff there, and return. They performed the task creditably, finding the site of FitzGerald's middle encampment, and some of his tracks still remaining. Meanwhile I went alone up the side-valley opposite our tents, where frost had made, by help of a stream, a series of ice terraces of entrancing beauty, for each was fringed with icicles sparkling in the sunshine, and the whole was framed between rocks exquisitely colored. The rest of my time was devoted to examining and measuring *nieves penitentes* and regarding Aconcagua's grand expanse. The great western face rose above me in steps with vertical fronts, all delicately stratified in layers of many colors. The whole seemed a mere chaos of jutting buttresses with gullies between, and had anything but an easy appearance. There was little snow lying on this side of the mountain. As a matter of fact, the long débris slope by which one ascends was

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HIGH UP ON ACONCAGUA, LOOKING WEST.



BASE CAMP.



THE UPPER LEVEL OF THE HORCONES VALLEY.

hidden round a corner. Its existence is not suspected till you are actually on the side of the peak. The guides returned in good spirits, and we went early to sleep.

We set forth on the 5th at 6.30 A.M., to establish ourselves at the higher camp All were well laden and climbed slowly. The valley was followed as far as FitzGerald's base camp. Thence we mounted débris and followed the crest of the moraine of the glacier that fills the valley's head, until, in an hour, the foot of a long gully full of old avalanche snow was reached. The snow was good, and led straight and steeply in the direction in which we wanted to proceed. Sometimes on snow and sometimes on loose débris beside it we mounted, with many pauses to draw breath and admire the glorious views. At the top of the gully came one of the small rock shelves, with a short face of cliff below it, that occasionally crop out of the otherwise monotonous slope of loose

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stones which reaches from the glacier below to the crags near Aconcagua's summit. Those crags themselves are nothing more than the highest and largest of these emergent cliffs. A few minutes above the first shelf came another, involving a pleasant rock-scramble, and it was above that that we pitched camp on a convenient level spot about eleven o'clock in the morning. We might have gone farther, but every one was tired, for load-bearing even at 16,000 feet is rapidly fatiguing. The remainder of the day was a long-drawn-out misery, owing to the rage of the scorching sun. Our heads ached and throbbed with pain. We were in a magnificent position, with views of the greatest beauty and extent in all directions, but it was impossible to enjoy them. Clouds towered aloft in the afternoon everywhere, except between us and the sun; but when it came near setting they faded away, the heat diminished, our headaches vanished, and all became happy and hopeful once more. With darkness came frost. The night's minimum temperature was 10° Fahr.



NIEVES PENITENTES.

Next morning (December 6) we started again at 6.30 to push on to a yet higher camping-place. One of our two porters was ill, and had to be left behind; so the little tents, sleeping-bags, and other necessaries were carried by the four of us. The morning was again fine, with cold gusts of wind. The ascent was dull and most fatiguing, over loose stones all the way. An hour took us to the next shelf; half an hour more to the foot of a red wall, which we ascended by a gully. Thence we floundered up some more loose stones to a little platform, which looked as though it might have been used for camping. An old duster was found here between some rocks, so we concluded that this was the site of FitzGerald's top camp, and accordingly pitched our tents and settled down. Again, as a matter of fact, FitzGerald's top camp was not here at all.

As we stood looking upward, the remainder of the route to be followed was clearly visible. An uninterrupted slope of débris stretched from us to the highest crags of the mountain. This slope was bounded close on our right hand by a cliff that fell away into a gully. It was near the edge of this cliff that we camped. Half a mile or so away to the left the débris slope was bounded by the main northwestern ridge of Aconcagua. It was on that ridge that FitzGerald had camped, and his old duster must have been blown thence to where we found it. Had we camped where he did we might have followed the ridge and avoided some of the loose stones; as it was, our necessary way lay straight up them to the foot of one of the gullies in the final rock wall. The summit ridge of Aconcagua is about two miles long. The highest point, to our left, was not, I believe, in view, but the second peak was clearly visible to our right, and the gully close by us led towards it. I had half a mind to climb the gully to that peak, and I now wish we had done so. It would have been a more interesting climb. The heat this afternoon was not so unbearable as it had been the previous day, but it was bad enough. There is nothing so stifling as a tent with the sun shining on it, so I built up a thicker shelter for my head out of sleeping-bags supported on ice-axes. At

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FROM THE SUMMIT RIDGE, LOOKING OUT OF THE GULLY.



FROM THE SUMMIT RIDGE, LOOKING EAST TO THE ARGENTINE PAMPA.



FROM THE SUMMIT RIDGE, LOOKING NORTH TO MOUNT MERCEDARIO.

19,000 feet comfort is unattainable. Everything is exaggerated. If the sun shines, it scorches; if it goes behind a cloud, you freeze. If there is a wind, it blows your head off. In the early afternoon the sky blackened over and we shivered. At three o'clock there was thunder. At five the sky was clear again, and the sun set in great glory, foundering into the leaden expanse of the Pacific. The view, of course, was splendid, but I was never in the mood to enjoy it. The one solid satisfaction we had was in seeing the weather again set fine.

Maquignaz, full of his old Alpine traditions, which are often out of place on higher mountains, roused us all in the middle of the night, when the thermometer was down at 5° Fahr., and the blackness of darkness reigned. There was little or no wind. At 3.30 we started up the loose stones, following Maquignaz, who led the way with a lantern. As far as climbing went, there is nothing to record for our next six

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hours, except that we pressed on slowly up the quite monotonous slope of loose stones. It is easy to write. It was horrible in every moment of the performance. The higher we rose the lower was the temperature and the looser were the stones. Every one knows how loose stones fatigue even at low levels. At 20,000 feet they break a man's heart. There was no occasion to put on the rope; we walked separately and floundered about, each nourishing his own distress, not always in silence.

As we pounded our melancholy way upward the gray dawn crept over the hills, and the white world became visible far away—a land of death and silence. What happened in the east we could not see, but in due season the western sky faintly flushed, then burned red along the rim of the ocean. When the sun actually rose we knew it by the sudden appearance of Aconcagua's monstrous shadow, a purple cone with its point on the horizon. There is nothing more impressive than these cones of mountain shadow, but to see one you must be high up within it, and a far horizon must be in sight to the west. You must, in fact, be on the shadowed side and near the summit of a peak that stands out above all its neighbors and is near a low-lying country or the sea. Only twice can I remember to have seen in perfection such a sight—on Mount Hedgehog in Spitsbergen and on Aconcagua. As the sun rises higher the distant point of the cone slowly drops down to the earth and gradually approaches. You can watch its solemn and stately motion. But it is the effect of color that is most marvellous. For the shadow has a semi-solid look; it does not merely seem to lie upon the earth; it fills the air with a rich transparent purple tone. Outside it, flames the red or runs the gold of the direct sunshine, likewise filling the air as it were with fire, as well as covering the earth. Time and again I halted to watch the wonder of this gorgeous dawn, but always the cold drove me to action all too soon.

The light load, which was all we attempted to carry to the top, was upon the back of Pellissier. It gradually became obvious that it was more than he could bear. He had been unwell already on the previous day, and the diminished atmospheric pressure continued to derange his functions. Till the sunlight reached us the cold was far too intense to permit us to halt for him. What the actual temperature may have been I can only guess; doubtless it was many degrees below zero. At camp it was 5° Fahr., and felt comparatively warm; at 21,000 feet (before the sun caught us) the cold was like a piercing sword. The diminished atmospheric pressure and consequently reduced supply of oxygen doubtless makes the body more sensitive to cold, but the extra 2000 feet of height alone suffices to reduce the temperature by many degrees. Once in the sunshine, we could halt for Pellissier to come up. He then said he could go no farther, so Maquignaz took the load, and Pellissier turned back. He had no suspicion that he was frost-bitten, but on arrival at camp he felt something wrong with one foot, took off his boot, and found the whole front half of the foot black as far as the instep. He took off the other boot, and found that foot in the same condition. He spent the next five hours diligently rubbing them with snow, thereby just saving them from utter destruction. That a hardy man like Pellissier, used from his infancy to the cold of Alpine winters, was thus seriously frost-bitten in four hours, while taking violent exercise, and through two very thick pairs of woollen stockings, proves the severity of the cold. My own feet, in the foot-gear I have described, were never even chilly.

Meanwhile Maquignaz and I were working upward at a continually decreasing pace. Once or twice he turned round to me and said, "We shall never get up to the top." I replied, "We shall, even if we have to live here." Arguments are brief between two men gasping for breath like fishes out of water. The clearness of the air and the featurelessness of the long débris slope had made the upper rocks seem deceptively near when looked at from camp. We reckoned three hours for the ascent of the débris, but privately I thought, and doubtless so did Maquignaz, that three hours was an outside allowance. If we had reached the rocks in one hour, I should not have been surprised. But six hours passed, and still we had not touched them. It was not that we often halted. The air was still too cold for halting to be pleasant; one had to keep in motion, but we went slower and slower. Hope and expectation vanished in a mere dogged determination to take one more step, and then

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another. Every step was a compromise between an advance and a back-sliding, for all the stones under our feet were small and loose. Sometimes they were smaller and looser than at other times, but I don't suppose there was a step taken on this face that did not give way somewhat when the weight of the body was thrown forward upon the foot. Often it gave way altogether, so that after all the struggle of an upward step, the level of the body was not raised. The final snow slope of Sorata was worse than this, but it was nothing like so long.

I have more than once referred to the upper crags or cliff of the mountain, the foot of which we were now on the point of attaining. The top ridge of Aconcagua was once an almost flat or gently sloping strip of high land terminated on both sides by a cliff. On the east this cliff remains. On the west it has been eroded into a number of funnel-shaped gullies, narrow below and broad above, where they almost or quite join one another, leaving a number of cliff-ended buttresses sticking out from what is now a very narrow summit arête. The ascent to that arête has to be made up one of these gullies. The FitzGerald parties chose the gully most to the left, which is the natural line of ascent towards the highest peak. We were circling round under the foot of the cliff, which comes down much deeper on the right than it does on the left, and it was our intention to strike up FitzGerald's gully. Unfortunately the stones became looser and looser, till progress upward was nearly impossible. When, then, at last we found ourselves at the foot of a gully that led straight up to the summit ridge, and was clogged with large stones firmly wedged together, we decided to go up it instead of circling on round the loose débris. I think this gully was the third from the left. It is easily recognized by a remarkably sharp pillar, or finger, of rock that arises near its mouth.

Even at our camp below, the view had been one of astonishing grandeur and extent. As we climbed, it developed. Under ordinary circumstances I should have made notes of it on the spot, but the cold was far too intense to permit the holding of a pencil in a naked hand. For the same reason I was not able to take photographs. What remains of this noble prospect in my memory is the vast expanse of white mountains that were visible, stretching away in rows to north and south, and gradually diminishing in size and whiteness to the west, till there came the green hills and lowlands of Chile, and finally the leaden Pacific Ocean. I never saw a spark of sunshine reflected from the surface of the ocean, or any glimmering of light upon it, during the three days it was in our view; it always bore the semblance of a plain of lead, flat and solid as a desert. Sometimes it faded away into the sky without any line of division; at other times, and generally, the horizon-line was clear and sharply defined.

The prominent fact about the mountains, a fact that became more emphatically obvious when we stood on the summit ridge, was that they were a connected group of ranges, not a mountain area of tangled form like the Alps, but a backbone, a long narrow mass dividing two lowlands. You looked along them to north and south, and saw them stretching away and yet away in their whiteness, till the world bent them out of sight. Toward the east or the west you looked across them, and soon came to the green lowlands. The foreground peaks were finely jagged; but to north and south summits and crests so thronged upon one another that it was impossible to disentangle their intricacy or isolate them as individuals, except in the case of two great mountains which far surpassed their neighbors—Tupungato in the south and Mercedario in the north. The latter mountain particularly engaged my attention, for it had the appearance of being almost if not quite as high as Aconcagua. Had I known of its existence before, I should have attempted to climb it rather than Aconcagua. It is a mountain well worth the attention of climbers, and, being enveloped in glaciers divided by rocky crests, would afford a more enjoyable scramble than the peak we were stumbling up. There is certainly a practicable route from the south, and perhaps also from other sides.

Maquignaz and I now turned up the gully, and climbed it with our right hands on the solid rock. There were a few beds of hard snow, pleasant to tread on after the loose stones, and there were also firmly wedged rocks which did not give under the foot. It was a long gully, and of course we climbed but slowly.

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The higher we climbed the steeper it was; but the fine crest of snow at the top was steadily approached, and at last we stood upon it—the summit ridge of Aconcagua was won. No more sudden change of scene than that last step produced can well be imagined. Instead of a slope of rocks before our faces and a wall on either hand, we stood upon a knife-edge of snow, with Aconcagua's wonderful east cliff falling straight down some ten thousand feet, apparently sheer to the gray glacier below. At the same instant the whole eastward view was suddenly revealed, quite free from clouds. It resembled the view on the other side, except that a great stretch of pampa was visible to the northeast, flat like the western ocean, and only differing from it in color. Now it was that the backbone aspect of the mountain range became so evident, as we saw the continent sloping away to right and left, and the ridge continuing ahead and behind.

The snow crest on which we were standing led in both directions to higher points. North was Vines's summit, south the fine snow pyramid that looks towards Inca. I yearned to scramble along to the latter point, so fascinating was its white beauty; but the distance was great, and would have involved step-cutting all the way, whilst if a wind had sprung up, we should have been blown away without possibility of salvation. Accordingly we turned north, and cut steps along the crest, mounting over various undulations of the crest, till we had arrived upon a summit which commanded the whole panorama. It was doubtless a few feet lower than the very highest point a short way farther along. The simple fact is that we had overcome all the difficulties of the mountain, and, except from a pedantic point of view, were on the top. If it had been a first ascent, I should have taken the trouble to go to the neighboring point; but I did not, and for two good reasons: first, because of Pellissier's illness; secondly, because Zurbriggen, when he first ascended Aconcagua, made a record for altitude; I thought it likely that if I pushed on to his peak, I should be accused of mere jealousy, whereas if, after overcoming all the difficulties of the mountain and being within ten minutes of, and at the outside fifty feet below, the highest point, I turned back, I could not be so accused. When, therefore, Mr. Fitz-Gerald claims, as he now does, that the ascents of the mountain made by members of his party were the only "complete" ascents, he is technically correct; but if I had imagined that my ascent would be called "an attempt," or "incomplete," I might perhaps have been tempted to act otherwise. All the day was before us. There was no difficulty, and we were not over-tired. Before turning down I nearly froze my fingers and lost all sensation in and power over them attempting to take some photographs. My camera had a somewhat complicated changing-box, easily enough worked at low levels, but not constructed for these difficult conditions. The result was that out of six films which I endeavored to expose, three were exposed twice over, and three not at all. The only photographs I brought down from the summit ridge of Aconcagua were those taken from the point where we first emerged upon it.

At noon we started to descend. Once out of the gully we took widely different routes, for the loose stones slipped down with us in such masses that we feared they might give rise to a kind of avalanche if we remained and were borne off together. Once I was fortunate enough to start such a mass of the stones that they peeled off and left the subjacent rock exposed for a moment — long enough to enable me to observe how it had been scraped and rubbed into a slope so smooth that it is no wonder the débris upon it are loose; the wonder is that they remain upon it at all. If the view that was behind us in our ascent had been before us in the descent, it would have been delightful, for now the cold was less, the labor was comparatively trifling, and the mind was in a condition to receive impressions. Unfortunately clouds had gathered so thickly on all the hills that there was no longer anything but clouds to be seen.

We reached camp about two hours after leaving the top. Pellissier, most unselfish of men, when he saw us approaching, left off rubbing his poor feet, and cooked soup, so that a most welcome bowl of it was ready for each of us on arrival. While I was drinking this he revealed to me the full measure of his misfortune, and I at once saw that immediate action was needful. At present he could wear boots; next day that would be impossible, so down we must go. Our sound porter had fortunately come up.

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The things were quickly packed and divided, and the descent continued to the middle camp. The sick man who had rested there was roused up (funk was the worst part of *his* disease), the remaining stuff was packed, and we were off once more. Coming soon to the top of the snow, we rolled down the bundles of sleeping-bags and such property as would not break, and ourselves slid, rolled, and ran to the bottom. Anacleto, in high glee, insisted on my sitting upon a bundle which he dragged at the tail of his waistband. Holding on to this strange carriage was as fatiguing as climbing the peak, but for Anacleto's complete satisfaction it was necessary that I should do so. Finally, at six o'clock in the evening we arrived, with all our luggage, at the base camp, and Pellissier's retreat was secured. During the night great blisters came up all over the frost-bitten parts, and next day they were a sight to see; but he suffered little pain.

The morning was bright and sunshiny enough at our base camp, but revealed a very different state of things on Aconcagua. There a violent gale was raging, and the wind was tearing the clouds through the jagged crags like fleeces through a comb. Above 19,000 feet I do not think we could have lived this day. Nor did fine weather again return before I left the country. The clouds slowly settled down, lower each day. Two hours after we had crossed the Cordillera on our return the storm broke. Snow fell lower and lower. A week later I saw the Andes, from Santiago, white down to the orchard-level, whilst deluges of rain pursued me to Concepcion, and only ceased when I went on board the steamer at Lota *en route* for Tierra del Fuego.

On reaching our base camp in the evening of the descent we found a man awaiting me with a letter from Dr. Cotton and a bottle of something very strong and pleasant to drink. He advised half a wine-glass of it now and again as a comforter. We divided the bottle into three equal parts, and finished the whole there and then. Nothing was ever more opportune. The man was sent off at once to summon the mules from the pasture to which I had sent them down. By noon next day the mules arrived, and we started down. It was late in the afternoon before we reached the upper ford, and the stream was in flood. The arriero suggested camping for the night, but I urged him to make an effort to cross. We lassoed each mule by the head, and some one on the bank held the lasso. Thus Anacleto and I got over, and then we drew the others across one by one. The ford was above a violent rapid. Several of the mules lost their footing and disappeared right under the water, as did the rider also in one case; but ultimately all were safely landed. The second ford gave less trouble, and then—spurs and a gallop to Inca, where we surprised the hotel by our unexpected return just as the twilight was fading away. Next day the baggage was sent off; the day after we followed, with Anacleto to show us how the Cumbre really should be crossed. The receipt is to quit the path and ride straight down hill, regardless of steepness or of the nature of the ground. Such riding as Anacleto displayed in his glory that day surpasses my powers of description. He left us at the railway terminus. We parted from him with regret. I gave him an ice-axe, tent, etc., and told him to set up as guide for Aconcagua. He is now the only native who knows the way, and he is perfectly capable of leading any traveller to the top, though he did not actually come with us much above the top camp. As the train started he waved a farewell. The same evening we reached Valparaiso, and our Aconcagua expedition ended where it began.

A CORRECTION.—On page 670 of our October number it was stated that Mr. Bandelier, "the Flinders Petrie of prehistoric Peru," was excavating for the National Museum at Washington. We are now informed that Mr. Bandelier was sent out by a generous citizen of New York, Mr. Henry Villard, in 1892, and since 1894 has been constantly employed by the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History, of New York. A great work on the people and the antiquities of the Highlands of Bolivia is in process of publication by the museum.—EDITOR.

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UNDER THE VULTURES' WINGS

BY JULIAN RALPH

I HAVE described some striking features of one Bombay, but there are two Bombays just now. There will be two during the twenty or fifty years that the plague may last—Bombay the Rainbow City and Bombay the Horrible. The latter phase is now uppermost. While the plague lasts Bombay must continue dark and hideous, shaded by the vulture wings of death, tainted in water, soil, air, and food with the bacilli of the pestilence, strewn with dead like a battle-field whereon hunger, filth, and fatalism join hands with epidemic to decimate the human swarm. This phase has already lasted four years. In the menace it offers to Christendom, in the interest it has for men of science, in the extraordinary problem it presents to the white conquerors of India, in the strange, almost unearthly scenes it daily produces—in all these respects it is too important to miss at least a few pen-strokes toward description here. In these I will unite what I saw and heard of the pest between one side of India and the other.

It may surprise the reader that I have said nothing of the white and ruling population of this remarkable city. I purposely avoided it, having gone to India, as I went, earlier, to China, to see the natives, and not those others who can be so much more effectively studied in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. In Bombay the whites are comparatively few, and are mainly civil and military officers and subordinates, a few merchants, fewer professional men, and still fewer foreign consuls. These do not live delightfully, for during the greater part of each year it is a feat of endurance to live there at all. But to aid them in their boresome effort toward European ways they have a fine gymkhana or sports club with grounds in town; a ladies' gymkhana on Malabar Hill, where the well-to-do and official personages live; the Byculla (social) Club in the heart of the city; the Bombay Club, a fine lunching-place; and the Royal Bombay Yacht Club. The home of this last-mentioned club is one of the most modern, roomy, and beautifully situated houses of the kind that I have ever seen. Here the elect among the white men and women meet in the cool of the evening, after four o'clock, to sit out in the open beside the water, with the noble harbor, the lofty islands, and the shipping of both hemispheres before them, there to refresh themselves and forgather with their friends.

The head and heart of social life is Government House—the seat of the Governor, who ranks next but one to the Viceroy in the official scale in India. His dinners, dances, and receptions are the chief fashionable events, though very fine balls are given at the Byculla Club. Government House is on a point of land dividing the sea and the harbor, and here is at once a park and a strong hidden fortification. The "palace" buildings comprise several bungalows for the Governor, the members of his staff, his servants, and others, as well as tents for his military band. The long low bungalow of the Governor makes no outward pretence of splendor; and even inside, though every comfort-yielding appliance is there, it is given up to the most useful accommodations for sleeping, eating, and that undue amount of business which makes the present Governor's lot far from an easy one. It is in another building that the state functions take place. This is a very large and slightly ornate pavilion, enclosing a large room surrounded by wide verandas. When it is not cleared for a ball or reception, it is partitioned by the most exquisite and enormous screens of carved blackwood into a suite of drawing-rooms. These are decked with the beautiful appointments and ornaments which the present Governor, Lord Sandhurst, G. C. I. E., has collected in India. Among all these the carved screens are the chief treasures, and after them in value and novelty are the caskets containing the addresses which have been presented to him by English, Hindoo, Moslem, Parsi, and other organizations. Some of these are boxes of carved blackwood, teak or sandal wood—often com-

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bined with silver. Others are heavy cylinders of silver elaborately carved, and fitted with massive ornamental ends like the capitals of richly carved ornate columns.

Through the courtesy of Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India in the British government, I was enabled to meet Lord Sandhurst on the pleasantest footing, and enjoyed the spectacle of a formal dance at Government House, a lunch with him, and an afternoon drive through Bombay, during which he told me, as few others could have done, the facts about the relations between the government and the people, about the fearful epidemic which has made his régime most difficult and delicate to carry on, and about the manners and customs of those of whom he always spoke humanely as "his people."

The ball was so brilliantly and beautifully managed that Mr. Weldon and I rubbed our eyes to see whether the view of the palace grounds was real enough to stand even that test. And next day, when I lunched with the Governor, I rubbed my eyes again to see whether the plain bungalows and commonplace park could possibly be so plain and yet have yielded so thoroughly to dexterous and magnificent decoration on the preceding night. It was all of a piece with several other thoroughly Oriental experiences we had which might almost have been torn from between the covers of the *Tales of a Thousand and One Nights*. We drove from the house of our consul, Mr. Mayer, and his beautiful American wife, and suddenly turning in at a gateway of the Governor's park, saw a yellow glow ahead of us in the thick of the grove. This luminous heart of the park soon resolved itself into a series of lines of huge lanterns swung under the luxuriant foliage on either side of the roads and paths. These were covered with a cloth patterned in mosaic, and looking so like a tessellated stone floor that it continued to deceive the mind even after it was handled and walked upon and proved to be carpet. Along its edges were set square glass lamps of a pattern peculiarly Indian, like the globular and gaudy paper lanterns hung upon the trees.

At a tent near the edge of the illumination our hats and cloaks were parted with. By the tent door sat a servant in the Governor's livery, in charge of a great tray of cigarettes and cigars of many kinds in as many compartments. Near him stood another Indian lackey who carried a brazier of lighted charcoal —a strange but useful character whom we afterwards met walking round and round the park, offering lights to the men who came out of doors to refresh themselves under the trees, where all the smoking was enjoyed. Beyond the tent was the grand staircase of the pavilion, now decorated by the bulky, brilliant figures of Lord Sandhurst's body-guard. They wore a splendid red uniform, capped by enormous red turbans, and as they stood at equal distances along either side of the flight of stairs, with the Governor and his noble helpmeet above them at the end of the purple carpet which lay upon the stairs, the sight seemed to me as fine as anything of its kind that I ever witnessed. The Governor wore the Great Star of India, and Lady Sandhurst exhibited her many fine diamonds. For the rest, the affair was simply a ball. True, its spirit was spurred by a gorgeous military band seated between those wondrous screens of black lace-work in wood, and there were many splendid military costumes to compete with the gay colors worn by the ladies. But a ball is a ball the world around, and one differs from the others only when you are in Vienna, as I once was, and hear the dancers sing the words of the tunes the band is playing, or when a cake-walk breaks the gay monotony of dancing among our colored folks in America.

As I drove away, rounding the curve of the harbor, a long high wall, as of some ancient city, rose before me, and the sky above pulsated with red flashes. Curls of black smoke rose to merge into a dense jet cloud which drew its miles of length over the bay and beneath the blue heavens.

"Marster! marster!" cried my bearer; "see fire! see smoke! Plenty Hindoo man burning up. All plague bodies. Plenty busy. Want see?"

Remember that the incense of the ball was fresh in my nostrils — the odor of the flowers, the perfume of a hundred Bond Street scents. The melody of the last waltz still vibrated in my ears, and I could close my eyes and still see the swaying figures of the belles and soldiers whom I had but just left behind me.

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"Want see, marster? Very curious."

"Yes, bearer; jump down," I replied—for I cannot pick and choose, but must see everything to suit the eager variety of tastes, in serving which I am but the handle of the spoon.

Through a gate in the wall the bearer disappeared. We followed, stumbling up some steps in the darkness, and coming upon four half-naked Hindoos crouching before a little fire. These were the men whose business it was to build and light the stacks of firewood for the dead, who now come in such numbers that there is often a "waiting line," though the fires blaze night and day, and without a pause, like those on the altars of the Parsis.

The thick notes of crude bells rung to speed the souls of the crackling dead, the snapping and popping of the firewood, and the soft but very pervasive roar of the great pyres filled the air. We turned and faced nine high-blazing pyres. It was our bearer who counted them aloud, while we stood silent, amazed and horrified. With the first sweep of our eyes we saw the row of heaps of burning wood, the leaping flames, here and there a bared human leg or arm protruding from the pyres, some naked, demonlike figures with pokers superintending the little hell, and other persons seated in the attitudes of grief in the far distance.

Then the journalistic instinct came uppermost, and I studied the scene closely. We were facing a long and narrow yard between high walls. A small shallow ditch ran the length of it near one side. Beside this, in a row, were the pyres, each five or six feet high, and made by banking small rough tree branches and bits of tree trunks between tall, slender iron pillars, two on each side, to keep the pyres in shape. A pair of spreading trees, whose nearer leaves were shrivelled and dried, shivered painfully in the ascending currents of heat, as if they were holding their fingers in the flame and bravely resisting an inclination to shriek with pain. The skull of the man's or woman's body on the nearest pyre exploded at this moment with a loud noise, and again turned my attention to the fires. Several barelegged, barebreasted black men, draped about the upper legs and backs with smoky white cotton, poked at the pyres with long iron rods. Here one seemed to be pulling an arm from the embers; there one was pushing back a leg which protruded. I speak of black and white in describing these odious wretches, but, in truth, they were reddened by the fire-glow to the color of Mephistopheles's coat.

Back and to the right stood a group of motionless men and women in white, looking at the glowing heaps which shot up flames like fire-fountains. These were the mourners. Over their heads, in the trembling branches of the trees, I now noticed several mysterious bundles, like melons or puddings done up in bags. As we looked on, a polite man came up to our bearer and talked earnestly with him. He would not be put off from whatever he was urging. "He says we are to go away," said the bearer, "and that we can get passes to come again." Go away, I replied, by all means, and at once. Again my eye swept the repellent scene. Above each glowing cube of fire rose red tongues of flame; above these were yellow, fleeting, gaseous sheets of fire that came and went; higher still, the yellow flashes turned to blue. Then came the black clouds of smoke which blended in one grand jet mass that drifted lazily away toward the sea—the common pall of all the dead.

At one o'clock at the palace I could have likened my surroundings to a Moslem's idea of heaven. Now, at two o'clock, I thought I had never been so close to hell. We were hurrying home late, yet without hope of sleeping, hag-ridden by the weird and terrible conditions around us. The night was abnormally quiet. Now that the hideous flames were at our backs, the only life seemed that of the multitudinous and brilliant stars of the Southern sky. Out of nothing, as if from nowhere, there appeared beside our carriage a figure muffled in white from top to toe. It was shapeless, and yet it was human in its suggestion. It glided rather than walked or strode.

Mr. Weldon shuddered.

"Did you see that?" he asked. Then he added, "It was like the figure of Death."

"It would have seemed so at home," said I; "but here Death marches in battalions."

We leaned back in our landau, and during the remainder of the journey saw only the snow-white figures of our bearer and driver high above us, with the stars all round them. They also looked ghost-

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ly. And for myself it can truly be said that from that hour, until I left India at the opposite gate, Death rode me as if it were a witch and I was its broomstick. I was forever reading of it, having it discussed around me, seeing the dead, or the smoke of the pyres, or the swollen forms of the vultures that fatten on the pest. Merciful powers! what a monstrous place the plague has made of India!

For instance, we had but started out upon our first visit to the "Bazar," or native city, when we saw some coolies carrying a corpse through the streets, and our boy called cheerily from the driver's seat: "See! Look! Some plague coming out!" The body was simply wrapped in a sheet and carried upon two slender poles, and as its bearers bobbed along with extra businesslike rapidity, its head rolled this way and that in a manner which we agreed was horrible—until we had been longer in India and could differentiate the truly awful and the commonplace. When Mr. Weldon went to the office of the Hindoo Burial and Burning Committee he met four of the dead, each wrapped in a thin sheet, and being hurried along by shouting carriers through the busiest bit of the Bazar.

So it went on. We encountered the dead everywhere that we went, except in one place—Agra. We met them in city streets and upon country roads. We came upon them set down on a busy roadside near a city while their carriers rested from the labor of hustling them along. We found them arranged in rows, with their feet in the river, in two cities. In four we saw them burning. When we visited a lady on Malabar Hill, she urged us to come out again and see the Towers of Silence, where the vultures feed upon the dead Parsis. "The towers are just here, behind these houses, among those trees," she said, sweetly; "so you can come in and see us afterwards." At a dance, when we rested a moment, my partner murmured: "Isn't the plague horrible? We've had seven servants die of it in our house already." When we were at dinner at Oudeypore one evening our servants urged us to hurry and see a woman's body burned on the open ground behind our bungalow. I remember that I saw the husband and children going calmly to the spectacle, and that I asked, "Will they weep and wail while it goes on?" "No," my bearer answered, in surprise. "What for cry?" On second thoughts I did not see what for, and so I kept silence.

But, dear me! it was not only the plague that made touring grewsome in that resurrected land of a dead people, whose religion is a ghost of one, who preach that life is a dream, whose hopes are embalmed, and whose chief monument is a tomb. There was no plague in half the places where we found death so obtrusive. When we picked up a newspaper we were almost certain (it may have only happened so) to read of some white man's sudden death of cholera or "enteric" or tetanus. Our neighbors at table in a hotel would look up and say, "Heard the news? Peters is dead." "No! Why, I saw him yesterday!" "Yes, he was playing billiards here last night, as well and hearty as could be. He was taken in the night, and died before morning." Or at another time it was Miss Blank who had died. "She got warm while on her bicycle, and drank some impure water. She was dead in five hours."

One day, when we were feasting our eyes upon the wondrous daily morning scene of the ablution of the pious multitude at the sacred city of Benares, a Burmese princess joined the throng. She was as royal in beauty and attire as in rank. It is not given to many tourists in India to catch even a glimpse of a native lady, and that is why we hope to be forgiven for watching her so closely as she picked her dainty way down through the terraced lines of worshippers upon the massive steps. About her slender, shapely form a cloud of silk of the hue of pale heliotrope fluttered and clung. Upon her neck was a circlet of rubies. Gold set with diamonds—few, but brilliant—flashed upon one small wrist. Her feet were slippered in gold. Her face was almost as white as my own—a proud face, yet gentle and exquisitely fashioned. She stepped out of her slippers and into the water.

"What a beautiful picture! How romantic!" you say. Yes, but wait another second; remember this was in India.

She stooped to begin her devotions by drinking from the stream. Then we saw that three feet from her there rested, at the water's edge, the backbone and a

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A PARSI.

few ribs of a human body newly thrown from a near-by pyre. Two crows were perched upon it, feasting.

On an early afternoon, while three pianos filled the Bombay hotel with a lively jangle of music, and we were dressing for dinner, a journalist came to invite us to a plague-hospital.

"There," said he, "you will see the victims lying about on cots with their legs and arms strapped to prevent them from running about. Beside a man you will see a wife lying waiting for him to die; or beside a daughter, a mother watching silently and always calmly; or perhaps a husband resting upon one elbow beside a dying woman, tenderly stroking her hair to relieve her sufferings—or his own. After that we can follow one of the Hindoo bodies and see it flung upon one of the pyres which send their smoke unceasingly up from the cremation-yard. In the morning we can drive to the Towers of Silence, standing in a park of the superbest beauty, to which the bodies of the Parsis, six to twelve a day, are brought, to be laid on the grating on a tower's top, and to be shredded by vultures until the disjointed bones sift through the grating and drop into the pit at the base of the shaft."

Mr. Weldon readily obtained a pass, and returned to the Hindoo burning-yard with notebook and pencil. A talkative attendant enlightened him more than either of us had been upon our first visit. He pointed out the little pots of ashes hanging on the branches of the trees beside the pyres, the square wooden boxes nearer to the fires, the group of watching relatives, the well at the near end of the grounds, and all the rest. He gave Mr. Weldon to understand that the Hindoos only leave their dead when nothing but the ashes remain, and not even then if they have the means to go to the Ganges with these precious relics. The laborers prepare a bed of firewood to a height of two feet, and then the parents or other relatives lift the body upon the pyre. When a man or woman dies and leaves no kin, the servants perform this final office. Upon the body the laborers heap more wood to a height of four feet, and then set fire to it on all sides at once. For a peculiar reason the pyre is made shorter than the body to be consumed with it. This is in order that the lower

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extremities may not be wholly destroyed by the intense heat which does away with the rest of the body. When the rest is consumed, the feet, which have not been burned, are submitted to the fire—now much less intense, and incapable of wholly destroying its prey. When at last the fire has burned out, the mourners repair to the well, and drawing water from it in buckets, quench the embers. These are then collected in one of the large wooden boxes that have been referred to. In the process of collecting these ashes some small bits of bone—relics of the last part burned in the expiring fire—are found and put into a small vase or earthen-ware pot, such as those which swing above one's head like grewsome fruit upon the scorched and withered trees. Rich Hindoos take these vessels to Benares to scatter their contents upon the swift-moving face of the Ganges, waiting usually for some one of the great religious holidays upon which to perform this hallowed act. It is when the relatives of the dead are not able to afford this pilgrimage that they enclose the jar in a cloth and hang it upon a tree, with the dead one's name upon it, until it can be taken to the holy river by some wealthier mourners of other dead, or by some pious pilgrim journeying to the sacred city. The larger box, containing the mixed-up ashes of the dead and of the firewood, is quickly taken to the shore of the bay, and emptied upon the water, to be carried out to sea.

The most peculiar people of India are the Parsis (or "Parsees"—meaning "Persians"), who feed their dead to the vultures upon the Towers of Silence. They fled to India from Persia when that land fell into the hands of the Arabs twelve centuries ago. Their men are the first very singular persons the traveller sees on board the ship which takes him to India, their singularity consisting in their long sallow faces and large eyes, their shiny, patent-leather-looking, tubular hats, and their long and ugly coats. They are most numerous in Bombay, but one meets them in other cities on "Bombay side," and in Madras and Calcutta on the other shore. They are the richest natives of India, and have made and still make their money in trade. They are the only Indians who, as a body, admire and cultivate Western progressive ideas, who treat their women fairly well (according to our ideas), and who permit their widows to marry again. Their first rule of life is to practise benevolence, and no people do this more liberally. They maintain nearly twoscore charitable institutions in Bombay alone. They are the only people in the world who do not smoke, and this is because they will not trifle with fire, which is sacred in their belief. They never spit, and they will not in any way contaminate the earth or water, or defile the trees and flowers. That is why they destroy their dead without burning the bodies. They have no beggars among them; they are monogamists; they are not caste-ridden (or rotted) like the Hindoos, for they acknowledge but two classes—the priests and the people. They keep New-Year's day not only as a religious fête-day, but, much as we do, as a day for general visiting. Their women are not imprisoned with their servants or otherwise degraded, but may be met anywhere and everywhere to the same extent as English women in India. So often are these women comely, and so beautifully are they clad—in such soft and exquisitely colored silks—that, as one writer says, "they appear as houris floating about the earth in silk balloons, with a ballasting of anklets, necklaces, ear-rings, and jewelry." It is no more than fair of the Parsi men to let this be as it is, for they are the ugliest men that crawl upon this globe.

An English lady advised me to go and see the rich Parsi young women riding bicycles on the road beside the sea at four o'clock of any afternoon. What an idea! The bicycle has so revolutionized young womanhood in England that men who return there after a short absence cannot credit their senses as they note the change in the maidens and their home government. What will it do—or not do—in India? Truly that modest-looking toy has worked as much of the change in this swift-booted century as many of our most important inventions. It has proved a steed which leaps the highest bars of prejudice, runs away with the deepest-rooted conventions—even outpaces the plans of women for their own emancipation. I try to fancy what it may do in India, but, after all, it has only a few thousands of Parsis upon whom to work. Man is an older engine than the "bike," and yet he has not been able to force his way through the wall which custom has

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built around the Indian woman. Youth and love are a stronger team than "a bicycle built for two," but they have not succeeded—after centuries of desire—in tearing off one slat in the shutters through which the timorous inmates of the zenanas still peep out into the outer world.

One afternoon we set out and found our way to the water-side drive by following three of those tropical birds, the Parsi girls. One was clad in dark green, one in yellow, and one in pink, and as all wore the thinnest silks, all fluttered in the breeze like so many—like nothing in the whole world but what they were—Orientals in their loosely worn gossamer silks. Twenty-four hours earlier I could not have distinguished a Parsi from a Mohammedan or a Hindoo, but in one afternoon, spent where they were monopolizing a drive and promenade, I learned the pattern of those bright birdlike faces. If I met a Parsi to-morrow on the Saskatchewan, I should know him. All have long narrow faces, large white eyes, very long beaklike noses, and a color which is the tone of a dark olive lightly rubbed over with burnt cork. We often see that shade in young Southern Jewesses at home.

When these three Bombay butterflies lighted on a park settee, we sat opposite to study the mysteries of their dress. The outer robe of each was all in one piece, like that of any other Indian woman, and yet it was not drawn tight around the legs, and it revealed no glimpse of either limb, or even of either ankle. If Bombay is "a city of Adams and Eves," it must still be admitted that the Parsi women are Eves after the expulsion from the Garden, when shame developed modesty among them. "Nuns in gay colors" is a better nickname than "Eves" for these women. Each girl's length of silk was wrapped around the outside of her legs one and a half times, and then was carried from the left heel over the head and right shoulder, and down again in front, where it was tucked in over her left hip. Under this covering, which she and the wind could mar or make complete, as either willed, each girl wore a white linen waist,

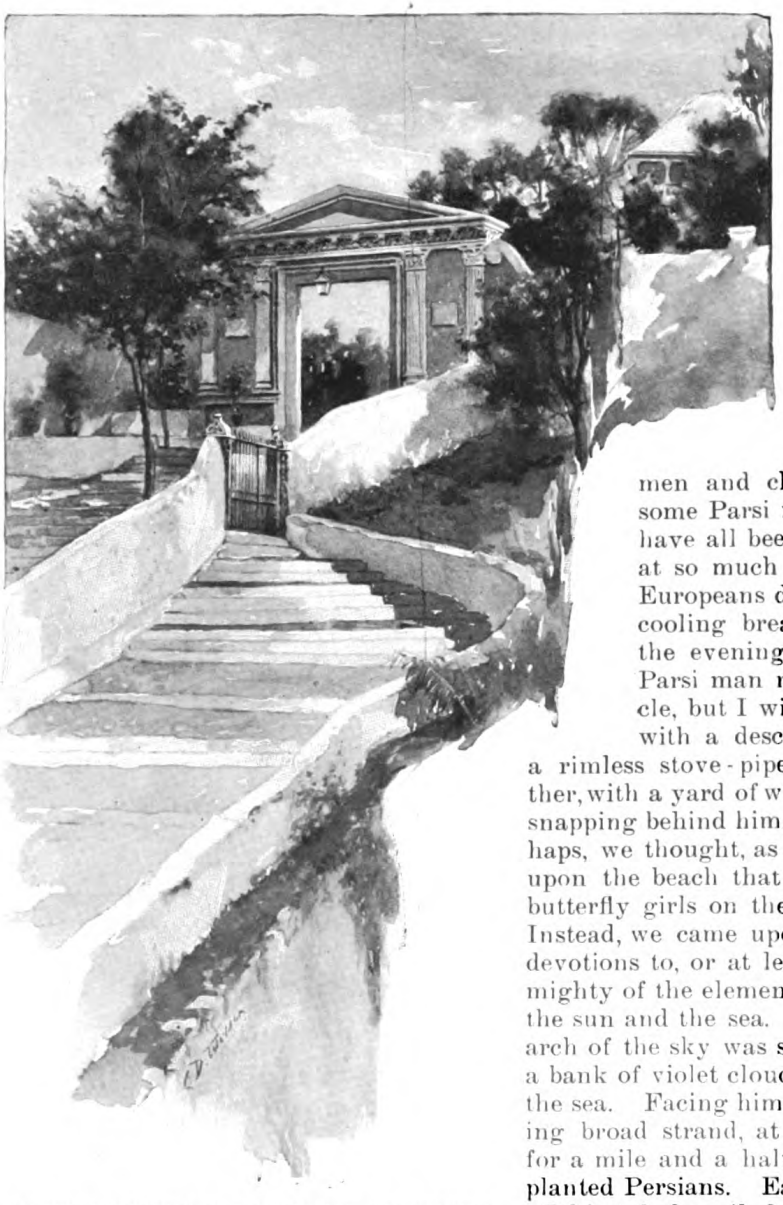


A PARSI PRAYING.

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pinned almost as tight as a corset, and under this, again, a thin shirt of white lawn. The outer robe of silk was, in each case, trimmed with a narrow figured border. All wore low shoes, colored stockings, and white bands tight around their heads, beneath the hoods or veils they made of the ends of their robes. As they were wealthy, and had never carried burdens on their heads, their bodies were limber, they sat bent over, they walked as badly as most European women.

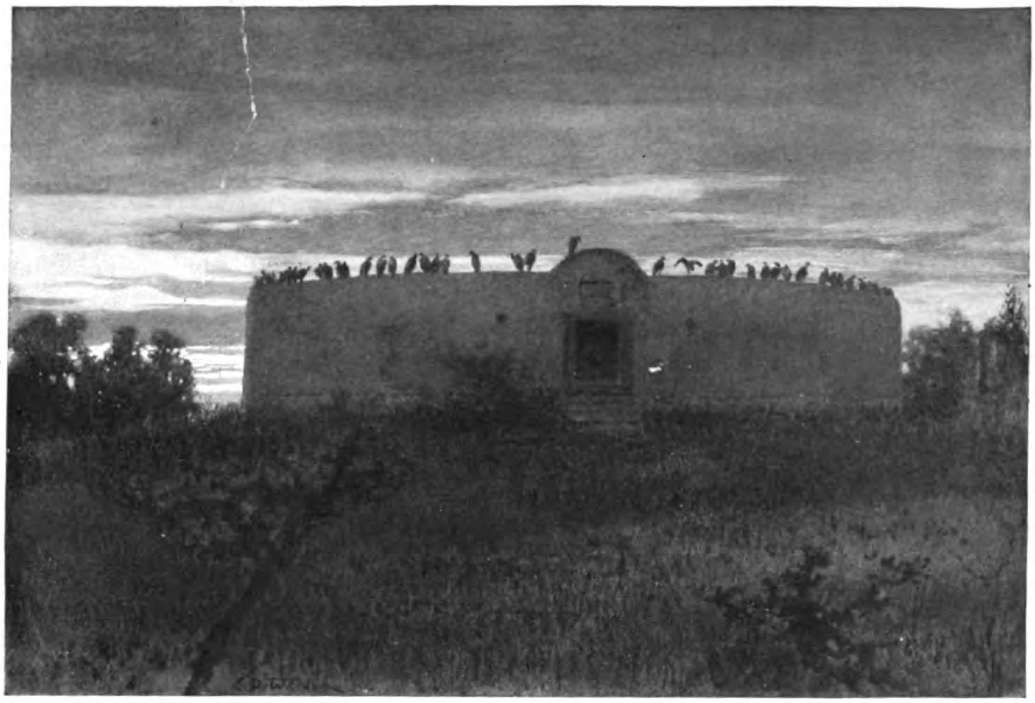
We saw no women upon bicycles, but when our butterflies guided us into the Parsi throng, we noticed many children, among whom were little girls who cut figures as splendid as if they had been the children of Solomon. Their little fezzes of velvet, silk, or satin were so elaborately embroidered that some looked like solid gold deeply carved. Many of their little jackets were as beautifully braided, and below these they wore broad trousers of blue, yellow, pink, or green silk, reaching to within an inch of the ground. Over the upper parts of these trousers were tiny transparent half-petticoats of figured lawn. Their magnificent little jackets, which were somewhat of the bolero shape, revealed their dainty skirts. These costumes of the little girls were the strongest reminders I saw of the Persian origin of this race of human money-magnets.



THE GATE LEADING TO THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

On the Queen's Road we saw carriage-loads of rainbowlike women and children, of the tiresome Parsi men, who seemed to have all been made in one mill at so much a gross, and a few Europeans dashing through the cooling breath of the sea and the evening. Now and then a Parsi man rolled by on a bicycle, but I will not blot my page with a description of a man in a rimless stove-pipe hat of patent-leather, with a yard of white cotton coat tails snapping behind him, on a bicycle. Perhaps, we thought, as we strode on, it was upon the beach that we were to see the butterfly girls on the spider-web wheels. Instead, we came upon the men at their devotions to, or at least before, the most mighty of the elements—fire and water—the sun and the sea. The splendid monarch of the sky was seeking his couch in a bank of violet clouds along the edge of the sea. Facing him upon the far-reaching broad strand, at irregular distances for a mile and a half, were these transplanted Persians. Each began by taking off his tubular oil-cloth hat to the sun,

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THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

and putting it back again, as we do to salute a lady. Then each produced a brass jar, smaller than his fist, and whose use I could not determine. Putting this down on the sand beside him, each took out a book and began to read his prayers aloud, in a chanting tone. All were dressed like French pastry-cooks, in cotton coats with skirtlike tails—all except one, I should say. He wore a large white turban and a long grizzled beard, and sat on the end of a wall bent over his book, with his legs crossed like a Turk or a tailor. We retraced our steps and saw no bicycling girls, but as we neared the hotel we met a square-built, bearded, rugged tar from a British man-of-war, comfortably tipsy, mounted on a bicycle, and wobbling along so as to be almost on both sides of the road at once. He was not as lovely as a Parsi girl would have been on a similar mount, but he was funnier than all the monkeys we ever saw in Benares.

On one afternoon I was driving to the Parsi Towers of Silence beside the curving edge of the harbor that is likened to the Bay of Naples.

"Look, marster," said my bearer, rousing me with his voice; "here is European gravy garden."

Just Heaven! Could not some unseen force have cloven the tongue of the creature before it came to call a graveyard such a name? And can I never pass an hour, I thought, without some new reminder of death? It was not to be, and so I anticipated my visit to the towers with reflection upon what I had heard of the Parsi behavior toward the dread harvester and his victims. It is said that when a Parsi dies his people leave the death-chamber as if fear of the awful presence impelled them, and from that time on will have no more to do with the body. It is taken to the ground-floor, where every Parsi must be born, and every one must lie in death—in token of humility—and the friends and relatives kneel and pray outside the door of the chamber where it lies. Then it is turned over to menials, who carry it to the Towers of Silence, strip it of its raiment, and bear it to the grating just within the top of one of the broad, low structures. And now it becomes the property of the great fat-bodied vultures which sit around the circular top of each tower, as close together, upon any one which is in use, as they can press their hideous bodies. There are five of these

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stone cylinders—one for suicides, one for the rich who can afford the luxury of a private place for their dead, and the others for the general Parsi public.

The largest of these towers is eighty feet in diameter and only twenty-five feet high, dimensions which render it possible for the sun and air and rain to move freely and abundantly from top to base. The grating on which the dead are delivered to the horrible birds slants downward toward the centre and has a large circular opening in the middle. This grating is divided into three rings—the outer one for the men, the middle one for women, the smallest and innermost one for children. The vultures work quickly. In two or three hours only the frame-work of a body remains.

The men who perform the repellent duties required by this custom have but little better standing than outcasts. They are often spoken of as "the hereditary corpse-bearers," but it is not required that a son shall succeed his father at the work, though such a practice prevails to a great extent in all the walks of Oriental life. These bearers are "taboo." A house is provided for them in Bombay, and they live by themselves, without the company, acquaintance, or friendship of their employers and co-religionists. On the other hand, they alone may enter the towers. No priest, millionaire, or official of that race has ever visited the interior of one of these charnel piles.

The towers would not be unpleasing objects were the vultures driven from them and from the trees around them. These gross birds, huge in frame, and so overweighted that they can fly only short distances, burden the palms, fringe the towers, and flop about the lower air in such numbers and so conspicuously that imagination riots sickeningly at sight of them. But the great gray towers are shapely objects, and stand in a garden of uncommon beauty. Broad and scrupulously ordered gravel paths, shaded by palms and fringed with gaudy flowers, lead the visitor far and wide in a park upon which both money and loving care have been lavished.

The plague throws above the surface all this paraphernalia of death of which I have spoken. It is an awful visitation. It has raged four years, still takes 1200 to 2000 souls weekly from Bombay alone, and has extended its scope over a quarter of India, and out to Zanzibar, Mauritius, Madagascar, and [illegible] Africa, to Manchuria and Central [illegible]. It is almost as mysterious and as little understood today as when it first appeared. Nothing about it, however, is more peculiar than the indifference with which both the whites and the natives regard it. As but a dozen and a half white men have died from it, the effect it has upon the English is to [illegible] those who are in authority, who wish to allay the anxiety of the outer world at once and end the epidemic as speedily as possible. As for the natives, the plague is to them an expression of the will of God, who, first by the famine, and now by this pest, shows His intent to limit the population to a number whose demands do not exceed the food-supply. At first there was great excitement among the natives, who fluttered in and out of their nests like startled pigeons, hastening away in droves, and presently crowding back again. This was not due to fear of the disease, for these better philosophers than ourselves neither dread sickness nor fear death. It was due to the house to house visits of the officials, the removal of the sick, and the inoculation of the sound. More than all else, it was the exposure of the women to these processes that made the trouble—and will increase it if the English do not heed the warnings they have had. The rules of caste, the privacy of the home, and the sequestration of the women are adhered to here more strictly than anywhere in the East, and the violations of their customs outraged the natives, who moved away by the thousands, only to come back when they found that the disease and the obnoxious methods of the white men in fighting it pursued them wherever they went.

When we left Bombay, Mr. Weldon and I determined to avoid all the plague centres except Calcutta, to which we were obliged to go; but though we dodged the plague, we could never, in any single journey, escape its consequences. As we travelled on the railways, we were turned out of our beds at almost every hour of the night, and out of our compartments in almost every daylight hour, to submit ourselves to so-called medical examination. It was not wholly a farce, because every now and then the examiners would set aside some of the native passengers, and we would roll away and

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"PLAGUE DOCTOR THIS PLACE."

leave them, presumably to be sent back to wherever they came from. In the daytime our babu or our bearer would notify us that "plague doctor this place," and we would turn out and stand upon the platform until a native, sometimes in uniform, came up and asked, "Where are you from?" As long as we continued to declare Bombay as our starting-point, we were subjected to a light and fleeting touch of the man's fingers upon one wrist. We presently learned to hail from no farther back than our last stopping-place, and the examiner passed us by with some such phrase as "I suppose you are quite well." At night the train would stop, and while we were slowly waking, strange hands would fumble under our blankets to find our wrists.

Through enormous districts we saw the roofs of villages, and even of whole towns, torn up to let the air through the abandoned houses, and we passed the temporary clusters of mat sheds in which the evicted people were living. Before we reached Calcutta a telegram sent by a tourist agency, and warning all travellers to keep away from that capital, was shown to us. When we reached Calcutta the plague was at its worst there, and we were to find that our taking passage from that city was to rob our entire homeward journey of the best of its pleasures. Thereafter we were "taboo" everywhere. Wherever we stopped, a yellow flag was run up on one of our masts, police-boats were rowed around our ship to keep us from escaping, and not only the peddlers, but it seemed to us even the gulls and crows gave our ship a wide berth. Finally, at far-off Malta, the next to the last of our stopping-places, Mr. Weldon and I persisted in going ashore, and were stripped and bathed and had our clothing baked for our pains.

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THE DEATH-FIRES OF LES MARTIGUES

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER



I.

"GOD keep you from the she-wolf, and from your heart's deep desire!"

That is one of our old sayings here in Provence. I used to laugh at it when I was young. I do not laugh at it now. When those words come into my heart, and they come often, I go by the rough hard way that leads upward to Notre Dame de la Garde until I come to the Crime Cross—it is a wearying toil for me to get up that steep hill-side, I am so stiff and old now—and there I cast fresh stones

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upon the heap at the foot of the cross. Each stone cast there, you know, is a prayer for forgiveness for some hidden crime: not a light fault, but a crime. The stones must be little stones, yet the heap is very wide and high—though every winter, when the great mistrals are blowing across the Etang de Berre, the little stones are whirled away down the hill-side. I do not know how this custom began, nor when; but it is a very old custom with us here in Les Martigues.

Once in every year I go up to the Crime Cross by night. This is on All Souls Eve. First I light the lamp over Magali's breast where she lies sleeping in the graveyard: going to the graveyard at dusk, as the others do, in the long procession that creeps up thither from the three parts of our town—from Jonquières, and the Isle, and Ferrières—to light the death-fires over the dear dead ones' graves. I go with the very first, as soon as the sun is down. I like to be alone with Magali while I light the little lamp that will be a guide for her soul through that night when souls are free; that will keep it safe from the devils who are free that night too. I do not like the low buzzing of voices which comes later, when the crowd is there, nor the broken cries and sobs. And when her lamp is lit, and I have lit my mother's lamp, I hurry away from the graveyard and the moaning people—threading my steps among the graves on which the lights are beginning to glimmer, and through the oncoming crowd, and then by the lonely path through the olive-orchards, and so up the stony height until I come at last to the Crime Cross—panting, aching—and my watch begins.

Up on that high hill-side, open to the west, a little of the dying daylight lingers. Eastward, like a big black mirror, lies the great étang; and far away across its still waters the mountain chain above Berre and Rognac rises purple-gray against the darker sky. In the west still are faint crimson blotches, or dashes of dull blood-red—reflected again, and made brighter, in the Etang de Caronte: that stretches away between the long downward slopes of the hills, on which stone-pines stand out in black patches, until its gleaming waters merge into the faint glow upon the waters of the Mediterranean. Above me is the sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde, a dark mass on the height above the olive-trees: of old a refuge for sinful bodies, and still a refuge where sinful souls may seek grace in prayer from their agony. And below me, on the slope far downward, is the graveyard: where the death-fires multiply each moment, as more and more lamps are lighted, until at last it is like a little fallen heaven of tiny stars. Only in its midst is an island of darkness where no lamps are. That is where the children lie together: the blessed innocents who have died sinless, and who wander not on All Souls Eve because when sweet death came to them their pure spirits went straight home to God. And beyond the graveyard, below it, is the black outspread of the town: its blackness deepened by a bright window here and there, and by the few street lamps, and by the bright reflections which shine up from the waters of its canals.

Seeing all this—yet only half seeing it, for my heart is full of other things—I sit there at the foot of the Crime Cross in the darkness, prayerful, sorrowing, while the night wears on. Sometimes I hear footsteps coming up the rocky path, and then the shadowy figure of a man or of a woman breaks out from the gloom and suddenly is close beside me—and I hear the rattle of little stones cast upon the heap behind me, on the other side of the cross. Presently, the rite ended, whoever it is fades back into the gloom again and passes away. And I know that another sinful soul has been close beside my sinful soul for a moment: seeking in penitent supplication, as I am seeking, rest in forgiveness for an undiscovered crime. But I am sure that none of them sees—as I see in the gloom there always—a man's white face on which the moonlight is shining, and beyond that white face the glint of moonlight on a raging sea; and I am sure that on none of their blackened souls rests a burden as heavy as that which rests on mine.

I am very weary of my burden, and old and broken too. It is my comfort to know that I shall die soon. But, also, the thought of that comfort troubles me. For I am a lone man, and childless. When I go, none of Magali's race, none of my race, will be left alive here in Les Martigues. Our death-fires will not be lighted. We shall wander in darkness on All Souls Eve.

II.

"God keep you from the she-wolf, and from your heart's deep desire!"

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My old mother, God rest her, said that to me when first she began to see that my love was set on Magali—and saw, too, that I was winning from Magali the love that belonged to Jan, who had her promise.

"It is an old man's lifetime, mother," I said, "since a wolf has been seen near Les Martigues." And I laughed and kissed her.

"Worse than a wolf is a heart that covets what it may not have, Marius," she answered. "Magali is as good as Jan's wife, and you know it. For a year she has been promised to him. She is my dead sister's child, and she is in my care—and in your care too, because you and she and I are all that is left of us, and you are the head of our house, the man. You are doing wickedness in trying to take her away from Jan—and Jan your own close friend, who saved your life out of the sea. The match is a good match for Magali, and she was contented with it until you—living here close beside her in your own house—began to steal away her heart from him. It is rascal work, Marius, that you are doing. You are playing false as a house-father and false as a friend—and God help me that I must speak such words to my own son! That is why I say, and I say it solemnly, 'God keep you from the she-wolf, and from your heart's deep desire!' That desire has no right to be in your heart, Marius. Drag it out of your heart and cast it away!"

But I only laughed and kissed her again, and told her that I would take good care of myself if a she-wolf tried to eat me—and so I went away, still laughing, to my fishing in the Gulf of Fos.

But I did not laugh when I was alone in my boat, slipping down the Etang de Caronte seaward. What she had said had made me see things clearly which until then had been half hid in a haze. We had slipped into our love for each other, Magali and I, softly and easily—just as my boat was slipping down the étang. Every day of our lives we were together, in the close way that housemates are together in a little house of four rooms. Before I got up in the morning I could hear her moving near me, only a thin wall between us; and her movements, again, were the last sounds that I heard at night. She waited on me at my meals. She helped my mother to mend my clothes—the very patches on my coat would bring to my mind the sight of her as she sat sewing at night beside the lamp. We were as close together as a brother and a sister could be; and in my dulness I had fancied for a long while that what I had felt for her was only what a brother would feel.

What first opened my eyes a little was the way that I felt about it when she gave her promise to Jan. For all our lives Jan and I had been close friends: and most close since that day when the squall struck our boats, as we lay near together, and I went overboard, and Jan—letting his own boat take its chances—came overboard after me because he knew that I could not swim. It was by a hair's-breadth only that we were not drowned together. After we were safe I told him that my life was his. And I meant it, then. Until Magali came between us I would have died for him with a right good will. After that I was ready enough that he should do the dying—and so be gone out of my way.

When he got Magali's promise, I say, my ugly feeling against him began. But it was not very strong at first, and I was not clear about it in my own mind. All that I felt was that, somehow, he had got between me and the sun. For one thing, I did not want to be clear about it. Down in the roots of me I knew that I had no right to that sunshine, and that Jan had—and I could not help thinking about how he had come overboard after me and had held me up there in the tumbling sea, and how I had told him that my life was his. But with this went a little thin thought, stirring now and then in the bottom of my mind though I would not own to it, that in giving him my life—which still was his if he wanted it—I had not given him [illegible]t to spoil my life for me while lea[illegible]e still alive. And I did my best no[illegible]k one way or the other, and was [illegible]t it all was a blur and a haze.

And all the [illegible] I was living close beside Magali in that little house, with the sound of h[illegible]s always near me and the sound [illegible] voice always in my ears. She had [illegible] swee voice, with a freshness an[illegible]ghtness in it that seemed to me [illegible] brightness of her eyes—and Mag[illegible]at black eyes were the brightest ey[illegible] ever I saw. Even in Arles, where [illegible] women are beauti-

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ful, there would be a buzz among the people lining Les Lices when Magali walked there of a feast-day, wearing the beautiful dress that our women wear here in Provence. To look at her made you think of an Easter morning sun.

III.

"God keep you from the she-wolf, and from your heart's deep desire!"

My mother's words kept on ringing in my ears after I had left her. Suddenly the haze was gone and I saw clearly—and I knew that my heart's deep desire was to have Magali for my very own. And with that sudden coming of clear sight I knew, too, that I could have her. Out of the past came a crowd of memories which proved it to me. In my dull way, I say, I had fancied that I loved Magali as a sister, and I had tried to keep that fancy always by me in my haze. But with the haze gone—swept away by my mother's words as the mistral sweeps away our Mediterranean fogs—I knew that Magali never had been the fool that I had been.

I remembered her looks and her ways with me from the very day when she came to us, when she was just turned of sixteen: how she used sometimes to lay her hand lightly on my shoulder, how she would bend over to look at the net that I was mending until her hair brushed against my cheek or my forehead, how she always was bringing things to show me that I could not see rightly unless she stood very close at my side, and most of all how a dozen times a day she would be flashing at me her great black eyes. And I remembered how moody and how strange in her ways she was just before Jan got his promise from her; and how, when she told me that her promise was given, she gave me a look like none that ever I had from her, and said slowly: "The fisherman who will not catch any fish at all because he cannot catch the fish he wants most—is a fool, Marius!"

Yet even then I did not understand; though, as I say, my eyes were opened a little and I had the feeling that Jan had got between me and the sun. That feeling grew stronger because of the way that she treated him and treated me. Jan was for hurrying the marriage, but she kept him dangling and always was putting him off. As for me, I got all sides of her moods and tempers. Sometimes she scarcely would speak to me. Sometimes she would give me looks from those big black eyes of hers that thrilled me through! Sometimes she would hang about me in a patient sad way that made me think of a dog begging for food. And the color so went out of her face that her big black eyes looked bigger and blacker still.

Then it was that I began to find in the haze that was about me a refuge—because I did not want to see clear. I let my thoughts go out to Magali, and stopped them before they got to Jan. It would be time enough, I reasoned—though I did not really reason it: I only felt it—to think about him when I had to. For the passing hours it was enough to have the sweetness of being near Magali—and that grew to be a greater sweetness with every fresh new day. Presently I noticed that her color had come back again; and it seemed to me—though that may have been only because of my new love of her—that she had a new beauty, tender and strange. Certainly there was a new brightness, a curiously glowing brightness, in her eyes.

For Jan, things went hardly in those days. Having her promise, he had rights in her—as we say in Provence. But he did not get many of his rights. Half the time when he claimed her for walks on the hill-sides among the olive-orchards, she would not go with him—because she had her work to do at home, she said. And there was I, where her work was, at home! For a while Jan did not see beyond the end of his nose about it. I do not think that ever it crossed his mind to think of me in the matter—not, that is, until some one with better eyes than his eyes helped him to see. For he knew that I was his friend, and I suppose that he remembered what I had told him about my life being his. And even when his eyes were helped, he would not at first fully believe what he must plainly have seen. But he soon believed enough to make him change his manner toward me, and to make him watch sharp for something that would give him the right to speak words to me which would bring matters to a fair settlement by blows. And I was ready, as I have said—though I would not fairly own it to myself—to come to blows with him. For I wanted him dead, and out of my way.

And so my mother's words, which had made me at last see clearly, staid by me as I went sailing in my boat softly sea-

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ward down the étang. And they struck deeper into me because Jan's boat was just ahead of mine; and the sight of him, and the thought of how he had saved my life only to cross it, made me long to run him down and drown him, and so be quit of him for good and all. I made up my mind then that, whether I killed him or left him living, it would be I who should have Magali and not he.

IV.

"God keep you from the she-wolf, and from your heart's deep desire!"

My mother said that again to me when I came home that night from my fishing; and she said it to me often as the days went on. She saw the change that had come to me, and she knew what was in my soul. It is not wonderful, when you stop to think about it, that a man's mother should know what is in his soul: for the body in which that soul is, the living home of it, is a part of her own. And she grew sad and weary-looking when she found that her words had no hold on me, and there came into her eyes the sorrowful look that comes into the eyes of old people who are soon to die.

But Magali's eyes were the only eyes that I cared for then, and they seemed to me to grow brighter and brighter every day. When she and I walked in the olive-orchards together in the starlight the glow of them outshone the starglow. It seemed to light up my heart.

I do not think that we talked much in those walks. I do not seem to remember our talking. But we understood each other, and we were agreed about what we were to do. I was old enough to marry as I pleased, but Magali was not—she could not marry without my mother's word. We meant to force that word. Some day we would go off in my boat together—over to Les Saintes Maries, perhaps; or perhaps to Marseille. It did not matter where we went. When we came back again, at the end of two or three days, my mother no longer could deny us—she would have to give in. And no one would think the worse of Magali: for that is our common way of settling a tangled love-matter here in Provence.

But I did not take account of Jan in my plans, and that was where I made a mistake. Jan had just as strong a will as I had, and every bit of his will was set upon keeping Magali for himself. I wanted her to break with him entirely, but that she would not do. She was a true Provençale—and I never yet knew one of our women who would rest satisfied with one lover when she could have two. If she can get more than two, that is better still. While I hung back from her, Magali was more than ready to come to me; but when she found me eager after her, and knew that she had a grip on me, she danced away.

And so, before long, Jan again had his walks with her in the olive-orchards by starlight just as I did, and likely enough her eyes glowed for him just as they did for me. When they were off that way together I would get into a wild-beast rage over it. Sometimes I would follow them, fingering my knife. I suppose that he felt like that when the turn was mine. Anyhow, the love-making chances which she gave him—even though in my heart I still was sure of her—kept me always watching him; and I could see that he always was watching me. Very likely he felt sure of her too, and that was his reason—just as it was my reason—for not bringing our matter to a fighting end. I was ready enough to kill him, God knows. Unless his eyes lied when he looked at me, he was ready to kill me.

And in that way the summer slipped past and the autumn came, and neither of us gained anything. I was getting into a black rage over it all. Down inside of me was a feeling like fire in my stomach that made me not want to eat, and that made what I did eat go wrong. My poor mother had given up trying to talk to me. She saw that she could not change my way—and, too, I suppose that she pretty well understood it all: for she had lived her life, and she knew the ways of our men and of our women when love stings them here in Provence. Only, her sadness grew upon her with her hopelessness. What I remember most clearly as I think of her in those last days is her pale old face and the dying look in her sorrowful eyes.

But seeing her in that way grief-struck only made my black rage blacker and the fire in my stomach burn hotter. I had the feeling that there was a devil down there who all the time was getting bigger and stronger: and that before long he and I would take matters in hand together and settle them for good and all. As for keeping on with things as they were, it was not to be thought of. Better than

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much more of such a hell-life would be ending everything by killing Jan.

What made me hang back from that was the certainty that if I did kill him—even in a fair fight, with his chance as good as mine—I would lose Magali beyond all hope: for the gendarmes would have me away in a whiff to jail—and then off would go my head, or, what would be just as bad, off I would go head and all to Cayenne. It was no comfort to me to know that Magali would almost cry her eyes out over losing me. Of course she would do that, being a Provençale. But before her eyes were quite out she would stop crying; and then in a moment she would be laughing again; and in another moment she would be freshly in love once more—with some man who was not murdered and who was not gone for his lifetime over seas. And all that, also, would be because she was a Provençale.

V.

All the devils are let loose on earth on All Souls Eve—that is a fact known to everybody here in Provence. But whether it was one of those loosed devils, or the devil that had grown big in my own inside, that made me do what I did I do not know. What I do know, certainly, is that about dusk on All Saints Day the thought of how I could force things to be as I wanted them to be came into my heart.

My thought was not a new thought, exactly. It was only that I would do what we had planned to do to make my mother give in to us: get Magali into my boat and carry her off with me for a day or two to Les Saintes. But it came to me with the new meaning that in that way I could make Magali give in to me too. When we came back she would be ready enough to marry me, and my mother would be for hurrying our marrying along. It all was as plain and as sure as anything could be. And, as I have said, nobody would think the worse of Magali afterward; because that way of cutting through such difficulties is a common way with us in Provence.

And All Souls Eve was the time of all times for doing it. The whole town is in commotion then. In the churches, when the Vespers of All Saints are finished, the Vespers of the Dead are said. Then, just after sunset, the streets are crowded with our people hurrying to the graveyard with their lanterns for the graves. Nothing is thought about but the death-fires. From all the church towers—in Jonquières, in the Isle, in Ferrières—comes the sad dull tolling of bells. After that, for an hour or more, the town is almost deserted. Only the very old, and the very young, and the sick with their watchers, and the bell-ringers in the towers, are left there. Everybody else is in the graveyard, high up on the hill-side: first busied in setting the lights and in weeping over dead loved ones; and then, when the duty to the dead ones is done with, in walking about through the graveyard to see the show. In Provence we take a great interest in every sort of show.

Magali and I had no death-fires to kindle, for in the graveyard were no dead of ours. Our people were of Les Saintes Maries, and there their graves were—and my father, who was drowned at his fishing, had no grave at all. But we went always to the graveyard on All Souls Eve, and most times together, that we might see the show with the others and enjoy the bustle of the crowd. And so there was nothing out of the common when I asked her to come with me; and off we started together—leaving my old mother weeping at home for my dead father, who could have no death-fire lit for him because his bones were lying lost to us far away in the depths of the sea.

Our house was in the eastern quarter of the town, in Jonquières. To reach the graveyard we had to cross the Isle, and go through Ferrières, and then up the hill-side beyond. But I did not mean that we should do that; and when we had crossed the Canal du Roi I said to Magali that we would turn, before we went onward, and walk down past the Fish-market to the end of the Isle—that from there we might see the lights glowing in the dusk on the slope rising above us black against the western sky. We had done that before—it is a pretty sight to see all those far-off glittering points of light above, and then to see their glittering reflections near by in the water below—and she willingly came with me.

But I had more in view. Down at the end of the Isle, along with the other boats moored at the wharf there to be near the Fish-market, my boat was lying; and when we were come close to her I said suddenly, as though the thought had entered my head that minute, that we would

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go aboard of her and run out a little way —and so see the death-fires more clearly because they would be less hidden by the shoulder of the hill. I did not have to speak twice. Magali was aboard of the boat on the instant, and was clapping her hands at the notion—for she had, as all our women have, a great pleasure in following any sudden fancy which promises something amusing and also a little strange. And I was quick after her, and had the lines cast off and began to get up the sail.

"Oh," she said, "won't the oars do? Need we bother with the sail for such a little way?"

But I did not answer her, and went on with what I was doing, while the boat drifted quickly out from land before the gusts of wind which struck us harder and harder as we cleared the point of the Isle. Until then I had not thought about the weather—my mind had been full of the other and bigger thought. The gusts of wind waked me up a little, and as I looked at the sky I began to have doubts that I could do what I wanted to do; for it was plain that a gale was rising which would make ticklish work for me even out on the Gulf of Fos—and would make pretty near impossible my keeping on to Les Saintes over the open sea. And I had about made up my mind that we must go back, and that I must carry out my plan some other time, when there came a hail to us from the shore.

"Where are you going?" called a voice —and as we turned our looks shoreward there was Jan. He had been following us, I suppose—just as I sometimes had followed him.

Before I could answer him, Magali spoke. "We are going out on the water to see the death-fires, Jan," she said. "We are going only a very little way."

Her words angered me. There was something in them that seemed to show that he had the right to question her. That settled me in my purpose. Storm or no storm, on I would go. And I brought the boat up to the wind, so as to lay our course straight down the Etang de Caronte, and called out to him: "We are going where you cannot follow. Good-by!"

And then a gust of wind heeled us over, and we went on suddenly with a dash—as a horse goes when you spur him—and the water boiled and hissed under our bows. In another half-minute we were clear of the shelter of the point, and then the wind came down on us off the hills in a rush so strong that I had to ease off the sheet sharply—and I had a queer feeling about what was ahead of me out on the Gulf of Fos.

"Marius! Marius! What are you doing?" Magali cried in a shiver of fright: for she knew by that time that something was back of it all in my mind. As she spoke I could see through the dusk that Jan was running up the sail of his boat, and in a minute more would be after us.

"I am doing what I ought to have done long ago," I said. "I am taking you for my own. But there is nothing to fear, dear Magali. You shall not be in danger. I had meant to take you to Les Saintes. But a gale is rising and we cannot get to Les Saintes to-night. We will run across the Gulf of Fos and anchor in the Grau de Gloria. There is a shepherd's hut near the Grau. I will make a fire in it and you can sleep there comfortably, while I watch outside. After all, it makes no difference where we go. I shall have carried you off—when we go back you must be my wife."

She did not understand at first. She was too much frightened with the suddenness of it all, and with the coming of Jan, and with the boat flying on through the rushing of the wind. I looked back and saw that Jan had got away after us. Dimly I could make out his sail through the dusk that lay thick upon the water. Beyond it and above it was a broad patch of brightness where all the death-fires were burning together in the graveyard. We had come too far to see any longer those many points of light singly. In a mass, they made against the black hillside a great bright glow.

VI.

"God keep you from the she-wolf, and from your heart's deep desire!"

My mother's words seemed to sound in my ears loudly, coming with the rush of wind that eddied around me out of the sail's belly. They gave me a queer start, as the thought came with them that here at last my heart's deep desire would be mine presently—if only I could snatch it and keep it from the she-wolf of the sea.

Magali was silent—half standing, half sitting, against the weather side of the boat, close in front of me as I stood at the tiller with the sheet in my hand.

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She had got over her fright. I could tell that by the brightness of her eyes, and by the warm color in her cheeks that I had a glimpse of as we flashed past the break in the hills where the Mas Labillon stands. And in that moment while the dusk was thinned a little I could see, too, that she was breathing hard. I know what our women are, and I know what she was feeling. Our women like to be fought for, and any one of them gladly would have been in Magali's place —with the two strongest and handsomest men in Les Martigues in a fair way to come to a death-grip for her in the whirl of a rising storm.

Back in the dusk, against the faint glow of the death-fires, I could see the sail of Jan's boat dipping and swaying with the thrusts of the wind-gusts as it came on after me. It had gained a little; and I knew that it would gain more, for Jan's boat was a speedier boat than mine on the wind. Close-hauled, I could walk away from him; but in running down the Etang de Caronte I had no choice in my sailing. Out on the Gulf of Fos, if I dared take that chance, and if he dared follow me, I could bear up to windward and so shake him off—making for the Anse d'Auguette and taking shelter there. But even my hot blood chilled a little at the thought of going out that night on the Gulf of Fos. When we were down near the end of the étang —close to the Salines, where it is widest —the wind that pelted down on us from the hills was terribly strong. It was hard to stand against even there, where the water was smooth. Outside, it would be still stronger, and the water would be all in a boil. And at the end, to get into the Anse d'Auguette, we should have to take the risk of a roaring sea abeam.

But any risk was better than the risk of what might happen if Jan overhauled me. Now that I fairly had Magali away from him I did not want to fight him. What might come in a fight in rough water—where the winds and the waves would have to be reckoned with, and with the most careful reckoning might play tricks on me—was too uncertain; while if I could stand him off and get away from him, so that even for one night I could keep Magali with me, the game would be won. After that, if he wanted it, I would fight him as much as he pleased.

The thought that I would win—in spite of Jan and in spite of the storm, too—made all my blood tingle. More by habit than anything else I sailed the boat: for my eyes were fixed on Magali's eyes, shining there close to me, and my heart was full of her. We did not speak, but once she turned and looked at me—bending forward a little, so that her face was within a foot of mine. What she saw in my eyes was so easy to read that she gave all at once a half laugh and a half sob—and then turned away and peered through the blustering darkness toward Jan's sail. Somehow, the way she did that made me feel that she was holding the balance between us; that she was waiting—as the she among wild beasts waits while the males are fighting for her—for the stronger of us to win. After that I was ready to face the Gulf of Fos.

The time for facing the gulf was close on me, too. We had run through the canal of the Salines and were out in the open water of Bouc—the great harbor at the mouth of the étang. The wind roared down on us, now that there was little land to break it, and we began to hear the boom of the waves pounding on the rocks outside. I luffed well into the wind and bore up for the narrows opening seaward where the Fort de Bouc light-house stands. The water still was not rough enough to trouble us. It would not be until we were at the very mouth of the narrows. Then, all at once, would come the crush and fury of the wind and sea. I knew what it would be like: and again a chill shot through me at the thought of risking everything on that one great chance. But I had one thing to comfort me: the moon had risen —and while the light came brokenly, as the clouds thinned and thickened again, there was brightness enough even at the darkest for me to lay a course when I got out among the tumbling waves. Yet only a man half mad with passion would have thought of fronting such a danger; and even I might have held back at the last moment had I not been stung to go on.

Jan had so gained on me in the run down the étang that as we came out from the canal of the Salines his boat was within less than a dozen rods of mine; and as I hauled my sheet and bore up for the narrows he shot down upon us and for a moment was almost under our stern. And at that Magali gave a little jump and a half gasp, and laid her hand upon

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mine, crying: "Marius! Quick! Sail faster! He will take me from you! Get me away! Get me away!"

And then I knew that she no longer balanced us, but that her heart was for me. After that I would have faced not only the Gulf of Fos but the open Mediterranean in the worst storm that ever blew.

VII.

"God keep you from the she-wolf, and from your heart's deep desire!"

The words were in my ears again as we went flying on toward the narrows—with the reflection of the flame in the light-house making a broad bright path for us, and the flame itself rising high before us against the cloud-rack like a ball of fire. But God was not with me then, and I gave those warning words no heed. I was drunk with the gladness that came to me when Magali made her choice between us; and all that I thought was that even if we did go down together, out there in the Gulf of Fos, I still would be keeping her from Jan and holding her as my own. That there might be any other ending for us never crossed my mind.

Jan did not think, I suppose, that I would dare to go outside the harbor. He was in a rage too, no doubt; but, still, he must have been a good deal cooler than I was—for a rage of hate does not boil in the very bones of a man, as a rage of love does—and so cool enough to know that it was sheer craziness to take a boat out into that sea. What I meant to do must have come to him with suddenness—as we drew so close to the light-house that the flame no longer was reflected ahead of us, and the narrows were open over my starboard bow, and I let the boat fall off from the wind and headed her into the broken water made by the inroll of half-spent waves. In my run close-hauled I had dropped him, but not so much as I thought I should, and as I came on the wind again—and hung for a moment before gathering fresh headway—he ranged up once more within hail.

"Where are you going? Are you crazy?" he called out—and though he must have shouted with all the strength of his big lungs his voice came thin through the wind to us, and broken by the pounding of the sea.

"Where you won't dare to follow!" I called back to him—and we went rushing on below the big old fort, that carries the light on its tower, through the short passage between the harbor and the Gulf of Fos.

Something he answered, but what it was I do not know: for as we cleared the shelter of the fort—but while the tail of rock beyond it still was to windward, so that I could not luff—down with a crash on us came the gale. I could only let fly the sheet—but even with the sheet all out over we went until the sail was deep in the water, and over the leeward gunwale the waves came hissing in. I thought that there was the end of it; but the boat had such way on her that even on her beam ends and with the sail dragging she went on until we had cleared the rocks; and then I luffed her and she rose slowly, and for the moment was safe again with her nose in the wind.

Magali's face was dead white—like a dead woman's face, only for her shining eyes. She fell to leeward as the boat went over—I could not spare a hand to save her—and struck hard against the gunwale. When the boat righted and she got up again her forehead was bleeding. On her white face the blood was like a black stain. But she put her hand on mine and said: "I am not frightened, Marius. I love you!"

Jan was close aboard again. As our way had deadened he had overhauled us; and because he saw what had happened to my boat he was able to bring his boat through the narrows without going over.

"Marius! Marius! For God's sake, for Magali's sake, put about!" he shouted. "It is the only chance to save her. Put about, I say!"

He was only a little way to leeward of us, but I barely made out his words. The wind was roaring past us, and the waves were banging like cannon on the rocks close by.

What he said was the truth, and I knew it. I knew that the gale was only just beginning, and that no boat could live through it for another hour. And then one of the devils loose on that All Souls Eve, or perhaps it was my own devil inside of me, put a new evil thought into my heart: making clear to me how I might get rid of Jan for good and all, and without its ending in my losing my head or in my losing Magali by being sent over seas. It was a chance, to be sure, and full of danger. But just then

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"THE OTHERS WERE UPCAST ON THE ROCKS."

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I was ready for any danger or for any chance.

"Lie down in the bottom of the boat, Magali," I called sharply. "That is the safest place for you. We are going about."

I spoke the truth to Magali; but, also, I did not want her to see what happened. She did what I told her to do, and then I began to wear the boat around. How I did it without swamping, I do not know. Perhaps the devils of All Souls Eve held up my mast through the black moments while we lay wallowing in the trough of the sea. But I did do it; and when I was come about I headed straight for Jan's boat—lying dead to leeward of me, not twenty yards away. The clouds thinned suddenly and almost the full light of the moon was with us. We could see each other's faces plainly—and in mine he saw what I meant to do.

"It will be all of us together, Marius!" he called to me. "Do you want to murder Magali too?"

But I did not believe that it would be all of us together: for I knew that his boat was an old one, and that mine was new and strong. And, also, the devils had me in their hold. The gale was behind me, driving me down upon him like a thunder-bolt. As I shot close to him the moon shone out full for a moment through a rift in the clouds. In that moment I saw his face clearly. The moonlight gleamed on it. It was a ghastly dead white. But I do not suppose that it was for himself that he was afraid. Jan was not a coward, or he would not have jumped after me when I was drowning in the sea.

Once more he called to me. "Marius! For the sake of Magali—"

And then there was a crashing and a rending of planks as I shot against his boat, and a sudden upspringing of my own boat under me. And after that, for a long while, a roaring of water about me, and my own body tumbled and thrust hither and thither in it, and at last a blow which seemed to dash me down into a vast black depth that was all buzzing with little blazing stars.

But the others were upcast on the rocks dead.

THE FIRST AMERICAN

HIS HOMES AND HIS HOUSEHOLDS

BY LEILA HERBERT

PART IV.—FINAL DAYS AT MOUNT VERNON

WASHINGTON went at once from Philadelphia to Mount Vernon. He had longed ineffably for the quiet of his beautiful home on the Potomac, but he had only two years and nine months to live when he left the Presidency.

The love of the few that are near more than makes up for lack of the praise of the many afar; but Washington, in his last days, had both love at home and praise abroad, heaped up and running over. He dearly loved the old faces, for in them he saw none of the curiosity that always tinged the adulation of the newcomer; and a few old friends, a few old servants, superannuated pensioners, were still about him.

His old white horse, the Revolutionary veteran "Nelson," ran neighing to a call and caress when Washington passed him feeding stiffly in the paddock. Horse, master, friends, and servants were affectionately to grow older together. Still within-doors was the lovely thrifty wife, busy as a clock, her white hair marking the flight of time. Like the sun-dial on the west lawn, the hand, her soul, still pointed upward, no matter where the shadows might range. Billy was now dilettante shoemaker; Christopher, a younger man, his master's valet, faithful and trusted, making Billy, the former incumbent, perhaps think for a moment that none of us is really needed in this world. That is where Billy could have made a mistake. Father Jack, the ancient fisherman, did not come into the

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MOUNT VERNON.

home life at Mount Vernon in the days when his step was as "peert" as any, in the honeymoon of his mistress. But youth has no more than its own advantage. More interesting now, Father Jack's tongue loosened when his legs grew stiff and the color forsook his kinky hair. If a boy could endure to sit with him in his boat, riding upon the Potomac beneath a beating sun that sweetly warmed the old African's back, Father Jack might tell him hair-raising tales of the king, his father, an Ethiopian monarch—that is, if the ancient fisherman could keep awake. The old fellow fished and dozed, and often waked to deny most indignantly that he had been asleep. When it was time to bring in the fish for dinner, the cook hoisted on shore a signal. To catch either Father Jack's eye when awake, or his one perfectly sound ear, frantic waving and shrieks sometimes failed. Father Jack was more than a hundred.

What is this moving upon the waters as if to attack Mount Vernon?

A vessel, not very big.

It heaves to. The gun, not very big, is ready; fired!

A boat is lowered, is manned (one man). It puts ashore.

"A fish, sir, for the General, with the compliments of Captain Benjamin Grymes, of the Life Guards, sir."

Old Benjamin Grymes, a faithful heart, lived not far down the Potomac, and gloried in repeating this performance.

Tom Davis shortened the lives of the canvas-back ducks on the Potomac near by. He was as faithful to the game course for the General's dinner as Father Jack or Captain Grymes to the fish.

"The country people about Mount Vernon loved Washington as a neighbor and a friend, and not as the distant great man of the army and the Presidency."

The deer-park fence rotted. The deer ran wild over the estate, but the General allowed no poaching. He caught a fellow making off in a boat with a freshly killed deer, and waded into the water and seized him, not tenderly.

Louis Philippe and his two brothers and the Duc de Liancourt, welcome now to Washington's house, gazed with swelling hearts upon the scene at Mount Vernon, peace everywhere but at times in the glorious sky.

Washington mourned with them the sorry fate of many French friends, former officers in the American Revolution; among them de Warville—once, too, a

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visitor at Mount Vernon—guillotined because, though an ardent republican, he opposed the cowardly murder of the King.

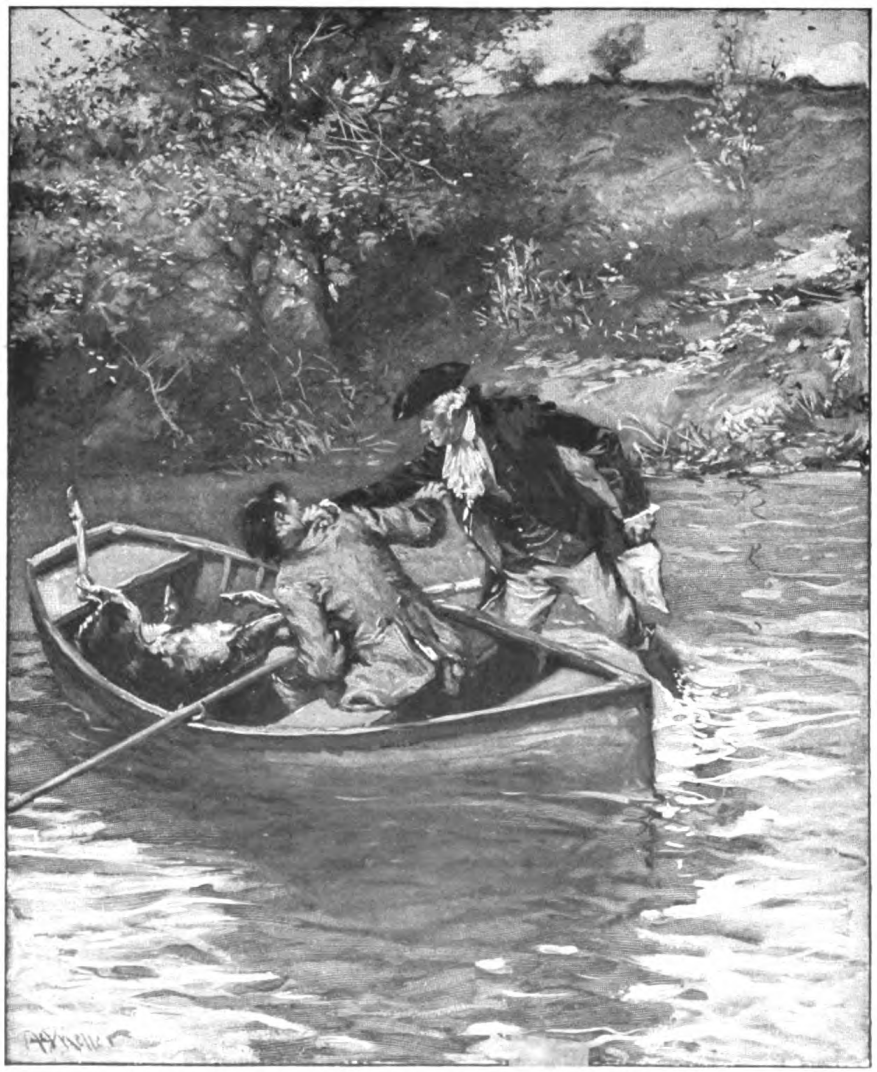
Said the Duc de Liancourt:

"In the days of my power, under the ancient régime of France, I had fifty servants to wait upon me, but yet my coat was never as well brushed as now that I do it myself."

Visitors, heralded and unheralded, continued to come, though the house was "in a litter and dirt" from necessary repairs; and Mrs. Washington had a swelling in her face. The demands upon the host were too many for an elderly man. The General sent for his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, to help entertain. This was not the nephew, Robert Lewis, who had been secretary during the Presidency.

Lawrence fell in love with Nelly Custis. What bachelor would not? She was religion, culture, daring, fun, turned by femininity to charm.

France grossly insulted United States envoys, and the envoys waited to be insulted again before they came home. After making sure that they were well enough cuffed, the United States prepared for war, vigorously and unmistakably; appointed Washington commander-in-chief. Principally from his home on the Potomac, by an active correspondence, Washington organized the army. France, partly by victories our



WASHINGTON AS HIS OWN G[illegible]ARDEN.

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ships had won at sea, and partly by our military preparations at home, was scared into politeness. She received our ambassador, and the "quasi war" ended. The trophies left at Mount Vernon were a gorgeously embroidered uniform for Washington, and the full, fluffy white plumes General Pinckney presented for his chapeau.



WASHINGTON AS HIS OWN SURVEYOR.

A direct history of Washington lies in the letters extant that he wrote on his farm. He replied unfailingly to correspondents, either personally or through a secretary. His literary style became masterful; at times turgid, involved, in stating fact; in setting forth opinion or plan of action his words were as clear as the Thames in its upper reaches, or as a mountain cascade in Georgia when it has been long since the rain fell. At intervals, to his latest day, he misspelled in this fashion: "of" for "off," "expence," "excepting" for "accepting," "sparce." He became careful and usually correct in punctuation. Not only in his letters, but in his diary, he wrote of his wife as "Mrs. Washington." He rarely referred without prefix to any man not a servant. He once wrote of the steward as "Mr." Hyde. He liked to see "a tub stand on its own bottom," and did nothing to upset it.

It is from Washington's dryness of fact concerning himself that comes much of the dryness of his history as often written. He is unconscious of and never notes down any trait indicating greatness in himself.

He was not above a pun. Colonel Lear was in Washington. He was suffering from rheumatism in his feet. The General wrote to Lear's doctor, "It would be well for him [Lear] to remain in the Federal City as long as he could derive benefit to his understanding from your friendly prescriptions."

In his letters to Dr. Craik, the Fairfaxes, Lafayette, Chastellux, Greene, Light Horse Harry Lee, Robert Morris, Knox, Washington expressed his affection in generous, outspoken terms. To Nelly Custis, absent at her first ball, he wrote, when her heart was free, "Be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool."

Of Nelly Custis, Latrobe, the Frenchman, wrote, "She has more perfection of

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RECEIVING HIS OLD FRIENDS AT MOUNT VERNON.

form, of expression, of color, of softness, and of firmness of mind than I have ever seen before." She had many suitors. The love-lorn Lawrence Lewis won her hand. The General approved. Lawrence, tall, firm-eyed, was his favorite among all his nephews. The wedding was on Washington's birthday, in 1799. Nelly, with a woman's eye to the splendid, wanted Washington to wear on the absorbing occasion his new uniform as commander-in-chief of the provisional army. He would not, but wore the old Continental uniform, buff and blue, wearing which he had planned and fought so many battles. He was fond of the buff and blue.

He rode about his farms in the hot summer, surveying, carrying his compass himself; his dress suitably plain drab, a great round hat on his head, an umbrella fixed in the saddle. He was quietly collecting and digesting items for his will, and for the minute directions he was writing to his agent for the conduct of the estate for several years to come. If belated, he galloped home at a round pace in time for the getting-ready-for-dinner bell.

His health, it seemed, was vigorous.

In the autumn he was riding with George Washington Parke Custis. They dismounted. Remounting, the General's horse threw him. He seemed not to regret the hurt, which was not serious, but merely the fact of falling. As soon as he got up he began to explain why he fell.

"I am not hurt," said he. "I have had a very complete tumble, owing to a cause no horseman could well avoid. I was poised in the stirrup and had not gained the saddle when the scary animal sprang from under me."

He had no fancy to play King Lear, testing his judgment of false and true. Lawrence and Nelly wished to build a house of their own. They made inquiries concerning lands. Washington

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had provided in his will to leave them an adjoining farm, and for their convenience told them of it, offering to rent them the farm to build on.

"You may conceive," he said in a letter to Lawrence, "that building before you have an absolute title to the land is hazardous. To obviate this, I shall only remark that it is not likely any occurrence will happen or any change take place that would alter my present intention (if the conduct of yourself and wife is such as to merit a continuance of it); but be this as it may, that you may proceed on sure ground with respect to the buildings, I will agree, and this letter shall be an evidence of it, that if hereafter I should find cause to make any other disposition of the property here mentioned, I will pay the actual cost of said buildings to you or yours.

"Although I have not the most distant idea that any event will happen that could affect a change in my determination, nor any suspicion that you or Nelly could conduct yourselves in such a manner as to incur my serious displeasure, yet, at the same time that I am inclined to do justice to others, it behooves me to take care of myself, by keeping the staff in my own hands."

In December a cold brought on a throat trouble, easily remedied now by tracheotomy. The doctors' method of hastening death in that day was to let blood. They bled him. He was soon past hope.

As he lay dying he felt his pulse, his mind still at work when his body was nearly conquered.

While the ghastly death-shadows deepened in his face, Mrs. Washington, at his bedside, silently prayed, the Bible on her knee. She went by a mental path of agony far into the Dark Valley with him that had been the house-band indeed.



"THE MOST CHEERLESS ROOM WAS THE ONLY ONE FROM WHICH SHE COULD SEE HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE."

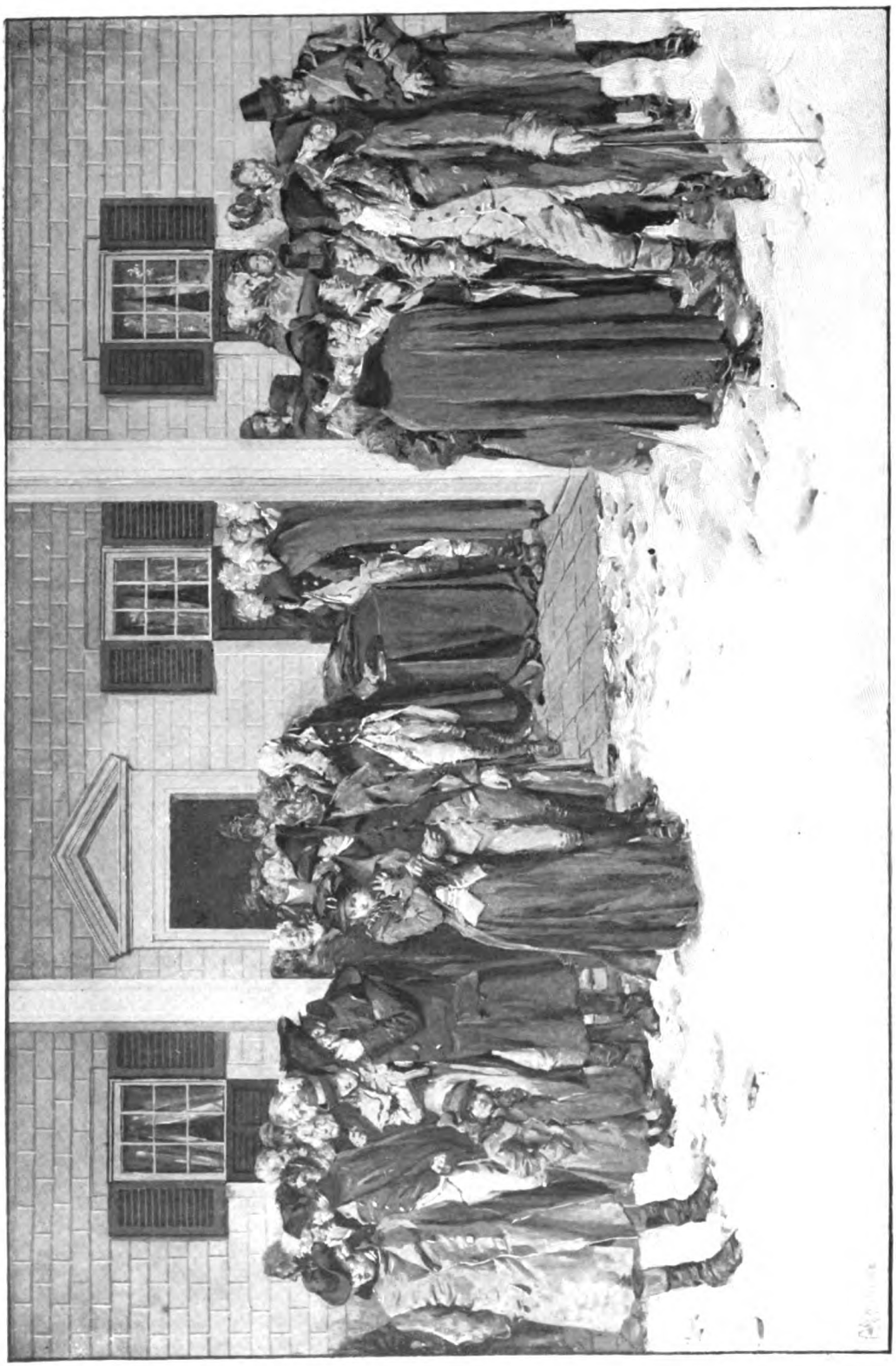
Her grief was quiet. When his great frame, only two days before in perfect health, lay stretched in repose from which it would never rise, she said:

"It is well I have no more troubles to go through. I shall soon follow him."

It was on Saturday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, the 14th of December, 1799.

The coffin—the grewsome thing that collects to the mind all the horrors of

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WASHINGTON'S LAST FAREWELL.

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death — was brought the next morning from Alexandria. It was of mahogany, lined with lead.

His body lay unburied till Wednesday between three and four in the afternoon. He had requested not to be laid in the vault within less than three days after death.

It was in another respect as he had wished. None were present but lovers, friends, and neighbors. But of these there were so many that his body was removed from the banquet-hall to the river piazza, that they might better see in farewell his noble face.

The stately pillars were so tall that the loving sky looked once more upon him.

The mourning procession wound about the grounds of Mount Vernon to lay him to rest in the old tomb on the hill-side. Cyrus and Wilson, two black grooms in blacker weeds, led his riderless horse. Before them the troops of Alexandria, horse and foot, moved in funeral step, while music breathed solemn hope through the leafless trees. Four clergymen in white followed. Next the unridden horse eight sorrowing men, officers and masons, bore with heart-felt reverence the lifeless rider prone at a tall man's length. The household, friends, a body of masons, and servants followed in silence, broken by sounds of weeping. Minute-guns were fired from a vessel in the river.

None of Washington's relatives were present—his death was so unexpected, the means of communication so slow. Mrs. Washington did not see his body laid in the grave: she remained in the house. George Washington Parke Custis was absent. Nelly Custis Lewis lay ill in an upper chamber.

Washington's will is a remarkable paper, circumstantially clear and legal, written without legal assistance, his name signed at the bottom of each page. Its minuteness made peace after death. There was small chance of dispute over the distribution of his large property, though divided among a great number of persons and two institutions.

Under his management, his hands almost constantly full of affairs of state, the Mount Vernon property from 2500 acres had increased to 9000, on which in one year he had grown 7000 bushels of wheat and 10,000 of Indian corn, besides a large quantity of other produce. In the summer of 1799 he had there 36 horses, 57 mules, 15 asses, 329 horned cattle, and an unnumbered stock of hogs—live-stock in value to the amount of $35,000. In addition to the Mount Vernon estate he held at his death titles to more than forty-four tracts of land, variously situated in Virginia, Ohio, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Northwest Territory, Kentucky, the District of Columbia, and the Dismal Swamp. He was one of the greatest landholders on the North American Continent. He has been called land poor. At times he was straitened for ready money.

In reading his will one thinks no expectant relative, relative-in-law, friend, or servant could have been disappointed, though that is, after all, scarcely probable.

To my dearly beloved wife, Martha Washington, I give and bequeath the use, profit and benefit of my whole Estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specially disposed of hereafter.

Of those specially disposed of, Nelly and Lawrence received the estate conditionally promised: they had behaved themselves. To George Washington Parke Custis was bequeathed a lot in the city of Washington, also the superb Arlington property, overlooking the Potomac, where later lived the devisee's daughter, married to Robert E. Lee, and where, later still, were buried 16,000 bodies of Americans slain in a brothers' quarrel.

The General left endowment for the Washington and Lee University, and for a national university to be founded in the city of Washington, an institution that he believed would be of great political advantage to the nation. The latter bequest he prefaced so:

It has always been a source of serious regret with me to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, often before their minds were formed or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own, contracting too frequently not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to Republican Government and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome. For these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising Empire, thereby to do away local attachments and State prejudices as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought to admit, from our

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national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplisment of so desirable an object as this is, (in my estimation) my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure than the establishment of a University in a central part of the United States to which the youth of fortune and talents from all parts thereof might be sent for the completion of their education in all the branches of polite literature in arts and sciences—in acquiring knowledge in the principles of Politics and good goverment and (as a matter of infinite importance in my judgment) by associating with each other and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned and which when carried to excess are never failing sources of disquietude to the Public mind and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country.

With protective provision for the old and infirm, Washington bequeathed the slaves he held in his own right, 124 in number, their freedom at the death of Mrs. Washington—not liberating them at once because of their intermarriage with hers. He probably knew of her intention to free her slaves by will, but he left her to do as she would with her own. None of the property mentioned in his will came to him by marriage.

Now for Billy.

And to my mulatto man William (calling himself William Lee) I give immediate freedom or if he should prefer it (on account of the accidents which have befallen him and which have rendered him in-capable of walking or any active employment) to remain in the situation he now is, it shall be optional in him to do so.

In either case an annuity of thirty dollars was given him.

Sarah, dead Bishop's daughter, received a hundred dollars.

Mrs. Washington never again slept in the chamber in which the General died. She staid instead in a little attic room, uncomfortable and stuffy, whose low sloping ceiling seemed offering to fall on one's head. It had but a single dormer-window to let in a bit of light, and a faint breath to cool the heated roof air in summer. It was cold in winter; had neither stove nor fireplace. The tiny window looked out upon the General's grave. It was the custom in Virginia, by way of respect, to close for two years the room in which a member of the family had recently died. It has been lately said that it was for this reason Mrs. Washington selected the attic room. A *non sequitur*. There were ten other bedrooms to which she might have gone; this, the most cheerless, was the only one from which she could see her husband's grave. The morbid choice was actuated by heart-sickness that religion could not control.

Mount Vernon is unhealthy. Chilling mists creep up from the river in the late evening, laden with sufficient miasma to explain the constant store of quinine the General kept on hand for slaves and family. Mrs. Washington died of a bilious fever in the little attic room in May, 1802, two and a half years after the General's death. She was laid beside him.

Unfortunately, both the General's and Mrs. Washington's wills provided for the sale at her death of all properties "not specially disposed of." The mansion at Mount Vernon was almost bared of furniture. With the immediate farm, outbuildings, and tomb, the house went to the General's nephew Bushrod Washington, a United States Supreme Court judge.

Billy remained. I am sorry to say he took to drink. He had a fit of delirium tremens. West Ford, a mulatto philosopher, ministered to him. When Billy was quiet, West Ford opened a vein to bleed him. The blood would not flow. Billy was dead. In the little matter of dying, Billy was active. He was each one of five that died in various parts of the United States, the last one of him in 1867, when he was more than a hundred and thirty years old.

Judge Washington died in 1829. Mount Vernon became the property of Colonel John Augustine Washington, his nephew.

A grave-robber broke into General Washington's tomb to steal his body. He made off with a ghastly head. It was recovered. The thief had mistaken the coffin; the head was not that of the General, but of another of the family, a number of whom were buried in the vault. The General's coffin was opened to make sure: his body lay in repose undisturbed.

At the late date of 1837, a wish expressed by the General in his will was obeyed. He had called attention to his selection of a spot for a new tomb for himself and family, and those of the family already buried in the old vault. The old tomb was disadvantageously situated on the side of a hill which was sub-

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ject to landslides. For the new vault he specified not only the spot, but also dimensions and materials. According to these, his own plans, a tomb was built, and his and Mrs. Washington's bodies were transferred to it, along with the remains in the old vault of other members of the family. The latter were buried together within the vault, out of sight, while the bodies of General and Mrs. Washington are in stone coffins above-ground, within plain view between the slender bars of a grated iron door.

It is for this reason that the most illustrious of our dead has so simple a mausoleum—obedience to his wish. The vault is squarish, of red brick, topped with a bit of marble. It would be unsightly but that in summer vines clamber about it and whispering trees shelter it. Before snows whiten the roof, leaves flutter to the ground and bare a wonderful network of dark branches that lock and contrast with the sky in a frame for his resting-place. At all times a stretch of river and of woodland dimpled with hollows beautifies it triumphantly.

From behind the tomb on a night of last April the moon shone round, and on the chill earth dropped a soft cover of light and shade. A few blanched clouds flecked the sky, giving a wide wake to the awing night queen in her robe of silver yellow. Within the vault, faintly, solemnly, the sarcophagi of General and Lady Washington showed gloom-white. A whippoorwill near by, changing his tree but seldom, from a full throat sang his three clear soprano notes more than two hundred times without stopping to take breath; the tree-frog added his cool, thoughtful voice; and crickets and katydids punctuated a high-keyed victory-chorus to Infinitude. There are three hundred and sixty-five nights in a year —a new scene at the tomb every night. Think of it when the lightning flashes and the trees beat about in a storm! Nature was partial to Washington, and she shifts the elements in earth and heaven and honors him still. But she loves and is kind to wooing. There are more pleasing garlands about the General's tomb because white-haired Edmund Parker, a quondam slave, guarding it, tends the vine faithfully. Edmund, one of Colonel John Augustine Washington's negroes, is "a member of the family." Love lightens his labor.

We anticipate. It was more than twenty years after the erection of the new tomb and the removal of the bodies to it when the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union came into possession, and placed on guard at Mount Vernon Edmund and his fellow-laborers to make to Nature their effective prayer of work.

Virginia farms, it is said, average a bankruptcy to every third generation. Dismal days came to the Washingtons' home.

It is a greedy and luxurious family of houses, the big house and the little ones. In the General's time they ate up proceeds of surrounding farms to keep themselves going; afterwards many of those farms served other mansions. A sorry sight the place became. The roofs leaked; some of them fell in. More than one of the out-houses gave up altogether and fell down. The arcades that led in pretty curves from each side of the mansion to the "every-day" and "banquet" kitchens held straight as long as they could, but worms, rot, and neglect had assailed, and they leaned and sank. The tall pillars on the river piazza woke melancholy echoes with their fall; the few ragged columns left were not disdainful; uncouth poles straggled into service between them and helped prop up the weakened eaves. The tomb was dilapidated.

Southern women are full of sentiment. In 1855, Miss Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, saw the place in this condition. She resolved that the home of the great American should be restored and honored by Americans; that she herself would cause it to be done if nobody else would. Appealed to by individual members — Miss Cunningham's friends—to buy the property, to be cared for by the nation, the Legislature of Virginia and the national Congress had not time, had not the money; many no doubt thought it might not take in Buncombe. Miss Cunningham's enthusiasm founded an association of ladies from all parts of the Union. The association raised money to buy the place, has since restored it to what it was in the General's time (counting the plan now on foot exactly to restore the entrance-hall to its original white with old-fashioned paper), and keeps it in order for the people of the United States to visit and love. To the dismantled house much of the furniture

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has come back that had made wide journeys; some of it, since the public sale at Mrs. Washington's death. Much is not returned, but with study of the inventories made at the deaths of the General and Lady Washington, the quaint rooms are all furnished as nearly as possible in the style of a hundred years ago. A gentleman of unusual executive ability is resident superintendent.

If there is no sentiment in business, there is business in sentiment.

The commonwealth of Virginia would not alienate the property. Suggestions to remove Washington's remains to New York or elsewhere cannot materialize. The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union, a corporate body, organized for a national purpose, gained legal right to buy the home and tomb from Colonel Washington by charter of the Legislature of Virginia. A part of Article III. of the charter granted, amended March 19, 1858, reads:

> The said vault, the remains in and around it, and the inclosure shall never be removed or disturbed.

Judge Bushrod Washington and Colonel John Augustine Washington lie buried in front of the tomb, a white shaft marking the grave of each. The latter became a Confederate officer and was killed in the civil war. He sleeps beside the Union's father—the last of the Washingtons that will be buried at Mount Vernon.

"Genius is the infinite capacity to take pains."

Washington was many-sided; he neglected no duty, public, domestic, or recreative. At Mount Vernon, looking minutely into private concerns, he wrote minutely on public matters, and hunted and danced and entertained. As President, foreseeing that his acts would be precedents, he rejected all offers of patronage, and allowed no condescension on the part of foreign representatives, insisted on Executive prerogatives, and refused to encroach on the domain of Congress, managed internal insurrection and war with Indians, swept clear of alliance with France, sustained Hamilton in finance, builded reverence for the Constitution, gave dinner parties, went to the play and balls and assemblies, remembered the laws of health to obey them, and managed with exactness his personal fortune.

His style of living, had it been wasteful, would have bankrupted him, so generous was it. It was executive ability, which is but masterful attention to details, that made him victor in domestic problems as in public. Generous Robert Morris, our noble Washington of finance, his wealth gone, an unthanking country allowed us to see lying neglected in a debtor's prison. But for his executive genius, exacting honesty in far detail, justifying generosity, the debtor's law might have had its terrors for Washington.

He did not cheapen honesty with thriftlessness, nor good-nature with gullibility. When his property, parts of it in sections as large as his original estate had been, went into other hands, it was quickly shown what had been the source of his financial prosperity and thrift. To accuse him of smallness because of exactness, as, to the surprise of many, a few have done, is like reproaching the canary that he loses not a note in his scale.

In the paintings of Turner, in the plays of Shakspere, it is not the one thing only that is beautiful, but the all. When the "Fighting Téméraire" looms to her last berth, the sky is by to illumine the picture, radiantly to touch the sensible. Washington, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the Great Artist, as general and as statesman, stands forth, beside him, around him, the glow of his private life, the unfettered happiness of his household held to rectitude and order.

The sky is mathematical, one color having its proportion to another, that the whole may be beauty.

Lafayette said that Nature did honor to herself in creating Washington, "and to show the perfection of her work, she placed him in such a position that each quality must have failed had it not been sustained by all the others."

Two writers of history go on the assumption that the Washington of history did not exist, because it could not be.

Vegetable nature is beautiful and human nature never?

George Washington is not an ideal—he is a fact.

No man's ideals approach the beauty of reality.

In his painting "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," what is Turner's glorious, glowing, threatening sunset at sea to the

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actual splendor of a sunset in Alabama? No painter, even when most idealizing, has rendered Washington an Apollo; yet no Apollo is so handsome as Stuart's Washington; and no bust made of Washington is so magnificent as the exact reproduction of his face in a plaster cast. Nature casts her noblemen into forms of beauty never dreamed of by art. Washington's large, somewhat hooked, nose, firm-set mouth, and double chin are Washington's self, no man's ideal; so are his caution, his daring, his modesty, and his sublime—to the indolent, half-ludicrous—exactness.

Watching him in his home life, we see from his actions and words that he believes in an overruling Providence, and the righteousness and efficacy of the Christian religion; that he upholds the dignity of personal labor, the necessity for thrift, the value of dress, the needfulness in manner of the little niceties that help to round out the universe—with thankfulness we perceive that in all things our first President was a gentleman.

The man that neglects appropriate dress, a part of thought given to others, cannot see in their value the rounding characteristics of Washington.

He was the first American gentleman whose gentility was not European, did not end in futility, in keeping the hands clear of work, in seeing never-passable gulfs between themselves and "the ladies of Bloxham who wear such wonderful hats." The American gentleman knows that they can come up every day from Bloxham and revolutionize their headgear and their manners. He knows that there are heights still for every honest man to climb. He is willing to share his gentleness. He is aware that, as in government we have found it better to be led by the great descendants of ignorant men than by imbecile descendants of the great—we want no George III. to lose us our best jewel—so we still get seed for gentlemen from pure, obscure American life.

There are many of us who have prouder English blood than flowed in the veins of Washington's ancestors, though they were of a good valorous old family of England; but we know, have seen, and do not theorize, that in fair condition, descendants of the Earls of Pembroke are content to make nails--which is well, provided they are good nails—while a Jewish peddler's daughter can gracefully entertain the Countess. Circumstance is the king which all Europeans worship, thinking to revere inherent qualities of ancestry.

We have among us, and had in George Washington, all the graces of European nobility, springing from the most inexhaustible soil, striking roots in the ground of the eternal truth that the Caucasian is dominant among races; that his is a seed containing within itself in right environment the probability of rich growth in lordly ability, with no greater chance of failure in individuals than in separate seeds of wheat.

There are few things lovelier than a European lady; the American lady is one of them. We are willing to leave in Europe the exquisite patrician, scornful of all but his class. Like the beautiful Egyptian pyramids, built of the cruel toil of many, he is a monument to tyranny that no sane nation to-day should think of reproducing. We go on to better things.

Washington distinctly wished the gentlemen of the nation to take part in politics. "Unless the virtuous and independent men of the country will come forward," writes he, "it is not difficult to predict the consequences."

In his farewell address, Washington besought Americans to make Americanism lovable. His ways followed two injunctions of St. Paul—"Let no man despise thee," and, "Put them in mind....to obey magistrates."

The law is the conscience of our nation.

It may be news to many stay-at-home Americans that there is no nation of such power whose flag is less respected in Europe than that of America. With wondering surprise, one observes this needless fact from Italy to Russia and back again through England.

With the exception of very few powers—and those for the most part small ones—all Europe is looking on, wishing us evil. Our prosperity is a continued assertion that her cherished beliefs have not the support of reason.

Washington was a loyal, law-abiding royalist, brought face to face with the fatal defects of monarchy in its least objectionable form, the English. A few years later, rid of the English yoke, he writes, referring to some of the many

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Americans discontented under the first imperfect union:

> I am told that even respectable characters speak of a monarchical government without horror.

Where the idea of monarchy has lost the horror that belongs to it, vigorous, generating liberty is dead.

It is the institution that is wise or unwise. Kings are not necessarily tyrants or incapables. Kingship does not of itself destroy the chance of greatness among all men, but no kingly heroism excuses the existence of a monarchy among any but a people that are children.

America is not a republic because it is easier to be than a monarchy. It is more difficult, for the only sure foundations upon which to build republics are education, patriotism, and courage. All this none knew better than George Washington.

Washington was full of the pride of Americanism. He wrote:

> The first duty of Americans is to be American. Do justice to all and never forget that we are Americans, the remembrance of which will convince us that we ought not to be French or English.

Americanism will nicely pick and choose the virtues of all other countries, and in its own eminent virtue overtop them all.

Oh, long life to the star-reaching pride of Americanism, courteous, generous, just!

George Washington in his will made his dying declaration against the education abroad of the men of America. Though the university for which he left endowment is not built, his words of warning have not been forgotten by his countrymen.

A new George Washington, viewing the woman problem, will beseech the men of America to keep their young women also at home; as they value the beauty of Americanism, not to send their daughters to the schools of France or England or Germany, whence they return utterly misunderstanding the religious and lofty pride of republicanism, despising the labor of their fathers while benefiting by it, and won over in the defencelessness of youth to a punier standard.

When old age shall come upon us as a nation, and it is already long since our youth looked on fresh ideals, it may be we shall drift, hoodwinking ourselves, into corrupt national policies, but long may it be ere the code of individual honor will not fit to that of the nation, and we come to hold that a man must be honest, but men need not! America has kept and must keep her conscience.

One that studies to portray the noble beginnings of our nation must be willing to present the whole truth, the noble as well as the unsightly, which latter seems to be supposed, by those diseased unfortunates peculiarly known as moderns, to be the only truth. History rings with the love and praise of Washington because history is required to be historical, and because, as Cabot Lodge says, though in other words, in his exquisite biography of Washington, it is only necessary for an untruth to get into print to meet its best chance for a fall.

To defamers of the great, a morsel of notoriety is ready. A glib pen that writes of the eminent easily catches the eye.

General Charles Lee, adventurer, proven traitor, is produced against Washington's probity by a recent writer who is anxious, he says, to make Washington beloved, and fearing that he stands forth too noble to suit the public, tries among other ways to make him an attractive picture by turning a magnifying glass on his hands and feet.

Three critics do not make a country. The love of George Washington is full and strong from one end of this favored land to the other.

It is surprising to see the reverence displayed toward him in contemporary accounts. Hostile criticism, not wanting, is small beside the volume of praise. Those that saw him daily knew his greatness. His critics were mostly those that but once beheld him or those who never met him. He had not the prophet's fate.

One of his contemporaries, Thomas Dawes, of Massachusetts, wrote in 1781:

> May the name of Washington continue steeled, as it ever has been, to the dark, slanderous arrow that flieth in secret; for none have offered to eclipse his glory but have afterwards sunk away diminished and shorn of their beams.

Washington did so much to take off the bad odor from goodness, it is a pity that any should have attempted to ex-

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tenuate his virtue. Many that loved him, in reporting rendered him somewhat in their own image, a tendency illustrated by the much-observed fact that the face of Christ is Italian, Spanish, or German according to the nationality of the painter. This is why Weems made Washington's greatness ridiculous with the cherry-tree story. Weems loved Washington devotedly, and was a ridiculous story-teller.

In the new National Library in Washington, looking up at the ceiling upon the names, encircled with laurel leaves, of Emerson, Browning, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Keats, I saw that these men had made their mere names as pretty as a flower.

Washington's name is other than a flower—a jewel not subject to envious dissolving elements nor to the sleeping seasons.

A WIDOW IN THE WILDERNESS

BY ANNIE HOWELLS FRÉCHETTE

TWO men were standing upon the shore of a far Western lake, which, stretching away for many a mile, is lost in the dimness of late afternoon. Its surface was unbroken by any sign of human life, save a tiny canoe which glided silently across the sinking sun.

One of the two men was the factor of the Hudson Bay post which was just at hand; the other had in charge the exploring party whose canoes were drawn up on the beach for the night. More than half of his life had been spent in the wilds of Canada, and his trained eye never missed an unusual sight or sound.

"Whose canoe is that?" he asked of the factor as he let fall the hand under which he had been focussing his gaze.

The factor watched the canoe till it slid past the sun's disc into the shadows. "It must belong to the widow of Pierre ——. You remember, don't you, the one-eyed Indian who worked for you last summer? He died last winter, and that must be his widow. They had their camp near the end of the lake, and she often fishes there. She'll have a hard time this winter—poor thing. As you go past her camp to-morrow you had better stop and see how she is off—and advise her to go nearer her people."

The next day the party broke camp and paddled across the lake. On the western shore lay an old bark canoe, scarcely holding together, yet evidently trusted as sea-worthy, as its damp sides showed that it had just been drawn from the water. On the brow of the low bluff overlooking the lake stood a tent, brown and weather-stained. Its ragged sides flapped in the breeze, which already had the chill of autumn in it as it came over the thousand miles of wilderness and rippled the lake in long lines upon the narrow beach.

In front of the tent sat an Indian woman holding a baby to her breast, and grouped around her stood four tiny dusky children watching the canoes as they rounded in to shore. The chief engineer went up the slope to the woman. She lifted her eyes when he stood beside her, and said "Goo'-day," copying, as she had caught it, the Englishman's usual salutation. Then she was silent. The nursing baby turned from the brown breast and looked up with listless eyes which seemed to fill the wan little face. Then it stretched out its thin clawlike hand and clutched his finger.

"Your baby is sick," he said, in the woman's own language.

"Yes; it has been sick all its life."

"It is not nourished," he went on, taking the starved child into his arms. Years before, he had been a physician, and the healing instinct had never left him. "You have no food for it."

"We have fish."

"Do you remember me?"

"Yes; you were here last year."

"And your husband is dead?"

"Yes; he died last winter."

"Were you alone with him?"

"Yes; I buried him."

She had not spoken to any one but her children for weeks; but now, when suddenly one stood before her who belonged to happier days, she showed neither surprise nor pleasure nor pain.

"And what are you going to do?"

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"I will stay. I fish."

"But you cannot live in that tent; your children will die this winter if you stay."

She turned and looked at the dingy mass of rags, but made no answer.

"Have you any food?"

"We have fish."

"But for the winter?"

"I will trap rabbits."

The nibbled bark and branches of the stunted trees of the surrounding country had shown the surveyors how the rabbits gathered their food, four or five feet from the ground, from the snow's surface.

"You must go to your own people or to one of the posts. What would become of your children if you were to die?"

Her sombre eyes wandered over her children.

"Yes," she answered, stolidly.

The sick baby had sunk to sleep, and was drawing the long, peaceful breaths of that perfect rest which a weak creature enjoys when held in strong arms. The good man looked at the shadowy face against his arm, and thought of his children at home.

"I will leave you food. We are starting back east, and I have more supplies than we need. I will bring some things to-morrow, enough for the present, but you must not stay here alone this winter."

He laid the baby in her arms and went back to his men. She watched the canoes as long as she could see them, then she and her children went into their tent.

The next morning the men began to pack their canoes in preparation for their homeward journey. Into one they put a strong new tent, a pair of warm blankets, bags of flour, sugar, tea, and coffee, sides of savory bacon, and numerous cans of food.

"She'll need clothes too," said their chief. "We'll throw in any coats and trousers we can spare. She'll need them this winter if she has to struggle through the snow to set her traps."

Each man contributed some unfeminine garment, and they started. As they neared the widow's camp they could see her fishing, with her gaunt children crouched about her in her old canoe. She received them with her stolid greeting of "goo'-day," and watched them as they set up her tent and stored her provisions. And when her good friend recalled his doctor's lore and left some simple remedies for the sick child, she promised to use them faithfully. But if she felt any gratitude, none showed itself through the taciturn training of her race; yet the hardy fellows worked with willing hands and aching hearts.

The short day was well advanced when they once more struck their paddles into the cold water of the lake and slipped away from the shore toward civilization. As they looked back they could see Pierre's widow with the sick baby in her arms, and the children squatting upon the edge of the cliff, with the pale yellow leaves drifting from the sparse wood about them.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

BY MADISON CAWEIN

A SUNBEAM and a drop of dew
Lay on a red rose in the South;
God took the three and made a mouth,
A sweet, red mouth,
And gave it you.
The burning baptism of His kiss
Still fills my heart with heavenly bliss.

A dream of truth and love come true
Slept on a star in daybreak skies;
God mingled these and made two eyes,
Two true, gray eyes,
And gave them you.
The high communion of His gaze
Still fills my soul with deep amaze.

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THE DRAWER

NATHAN, MAN ABOUT TOWN

STORY OF A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

I.

NATHAN was hardly in the humor for robbery this evening, and he was not at all prepared to do any burglarizing, but he was quite hungry, because he had eaten nothing for two days except cold peanuts and some beer-keg leavings that had frozen and thawed again.

So he arose from his favorite bench in City Hall Park, and wondered what to do about it. Another man about town took his seat before it got cold. Two other wandering dilettantes looked on enviously. Nathan had started up Broadway.

He had thought out the burglary and robbery question very carefully (though he did not apply those vulgar terms); the rest of the gang had left for Philadelphia—for reasons which do not concern you any more than why Nathan did not care to go to Philadelphia—and a fellow can do very little in the burglary line without pals. You know that. He considered pocket-picking, as you call it, rather beneath him. Besides, to tell the truth, he never was very good at ringing watches and pocket-books and all that small business, and if nabbed again, it would mean the Pen. this time, at hard labor—and Nathan did not like hard labor.

Nathan was very well dressed. He could go to a place he knew, well up on Park Row near Chatham Square, and leave his overcoat there, and carry away money enough to get a very good meal; but he was proud of his black overcoat—and of how he got it—and he did not mean to part with it. But he was very hungry.

He was crossing narrow Franklin Street now, and he looked fondly down at the Tombs prison. He thought of the good hot meal some dear friends of his were just now enjoying in there. Do you know what a good dinner they give you on Christmas in the Tombs? You have roast beef. It did not seem fair to Nathan that they who were in there for indiscretion should be enjoying the fat of the land, while he who was out because of his temporary virtue should walk along Broadway hungry.

You may think him a very fastidious chap. He could have smashed any of the plate-glass windows he was passing, and been arrested in about two minutes. But that would have made a mess and excitement, and the officers of the law would handle him roughly—and he was not in the humor for being handled roughly. As a matter of fact, he *was* a fastidious chap.

Besides, if he merely wanted to get arrested, the simplest and easiest way to accomplish that would be, of course, to strike the passers-by, or, as you would call it, beg for money to get bread for his sick wife and starving family, and then be arrested for vagrancy. He thought something of this plan, though it is hard for a self-respecting criminal to be arrested for vagrancy; but if he really intended to carry it out he should not go up town, for, as he well knew, the swell uptown-precinct policemen do not like to arrest vagrants. They are snobs.

Now there was, to be sure, a young policeman down by the Cortlandt Street ferry—a new addition to the force, just reported by the head of the gang, and Nathan knew he would be ambitious to make arrests. Doubtless he would gladly accommodate him. But, you see, Nathan was strongly opposed to being arrested at all this evening. On ordinary occasions that might do, but this was not an ordinary occasion. He had made up his mind to dine this evening. Friends, it was Christmas.

You see, he had considered this matter thoroughly. If arrested and taken to the Church Street station for the night, he would get no Christmas dinner there—nothing to eat at all, in fact, until the next day, after arraignment at the Centre Street magistrate's court, and commitment to the Tombs—or to the Island, rather, but of course you always go to the Tombs first until the wagon comes. And as this was a holiday, there would be so many "intox" cases for the magistrate to dispose of that it might be nearly noon before Nathan found his way across the Bridge of Sighs to the Tombs, and that was longer than Nathan cared to wait before dining, and it would be no Christmas dinner at that, and he was very hungry. You see, he had considered all these things more carefully than you might have.

So Nathan walked on up Broadway.

II.

He enjoyed walking. He was used to it. "Now in case I get a dinner," he told himself,

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"this will give me a good appetite. If I do not get the dinner, I am hungry anyway, you see."

All the way up to Union Square he struck only one person—a sweet, pink-faced old gentleman hurrying home to his Christmas dinner. Nathan had his own ideas on how this matter should be done, and he addressed the pink face in a hearty voice instead of a whine, and in a dignified manner instead of a deprecatory one.

"Sir," he said, "I want a drink, but have not the price of one. I think I shall have to trouble you for it."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "You know you would spend it for bread."

"Sir, I swear I'd get whiskey with it," Nathan replied. "I have not had a drink in two days."

"Bless my soul!" said the old gentleman, who only hurried on without taking his hands out of his overcoat pockets. "Bless my soul!" he muttered again.

"I don't blame you," Nathan called after him. "I wouldn't give a beggar a cent if I were you—especially such a well-dressed one," he added, and plunged his own hands deep into his own warm overcoat pockets.

Nathan was on upper Broadway now, getting hungrier and hungrier at every block. Many people were hurrying and scurrying along after their Christmas dinners. A trio of other jolly bachelors in a hansom passed close to Nathan, who smiled affably at them as one of the three reached out to knock the ashes off his cigar. Nathan passed windows and doors of restaurants, each of which had at least one smell that made him writhe internally. This would have made you bitter, perhaps, if you had eaten nothing in forty-eight hours but cold peanuts and thawed stale beer leavings. But Nathan was more of a philosopher than you. "I am getting up a splendid appetite," said Nathan.

A man with two women turned in at a restaurant on the corner of one of the thirtieth streets. It was a nice, bright, white, warm-looking place. It had a wonderful smell, which made a dash for Nathan's open nostrils.

"I think we'll drop in here for our Christmas dinner," said Nathan. "We like this place." Whether he intended to or not, his feet led him in through the door—or perhaps it was his nose. He had buttoned up his overcoat to hide the lack of a collar, and walked down to the end of the room—for Nathan liked corner tables best. He sat down and picked up the bill of fare.

Nathan read things that made his mouth pucker up, and then made him swallow four times in rapid succession.

III.

No one had noticed him, apparently, for no one had taken him by the collar. He had a notion to grab at the steak which the man at the next table was just cutting, and then make a dash for the door. He felt sure he could get it all down before being caught and arrested, and that would be a sort of Christmas dinner. Possibly he had some such notion when he came in.

"Have you given your order yet, sir?"

Nathan looked up. There was a polite waiter with an order blank and a pencil poised.

"No, I haven't given my order yet," said Nathan, "and I'm in a hurry. Bring me a porter-house steak with mushrooms and some potatoes — fried potatoes. Wait a minute; while that is cooking get me a Martini cocktail, very dry, with a dash of absinthe, and some tomato soup; you might get the soup"—Nathan stopped to swallow something—"right away. I find I'm very hungry."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, who hurried off to give the order, and in a minute came back and spread a clean cloth and filled Nathan's glass with water.

"That's enough water," said Nathan. "Now go get the other things."

Napkins! silver knives! silver forks! He hadn't seen such things (upon a table-cloth) since—but here came the cocktail. "A little too much absinthe," said Nathan, critically smacking his lips and shutting his eyes.

In a moment came the soup—rich, hot, red, tasty purée of tomatoes (none of your thin consommés for Nathan); and he tried to remember, but he could not help it—he finished it rather quickly. Looking up, he found the waiter gazing at him.

"I told you I was in a hurry," said Nathan, in a tone of conviction. "Have that steak thick and rare, and bring me a bottle of white-label Bass with it."

The waiter was gone a longer time now. Would the steak never come? Would it ever come? It was coming. It did come. Such a steak! Hot and russet and glistening outside, and red and luscious and hot inside. But the waiter was looking hard at Nathan's hands and at his tightly buttoned overcoat. "Have you the money to pay for this order?" he asked.

Nathan drew the knife gently through the width and thickness of the steak. "Have I the money?" he repeated, frowning. "Now that's what I call an insult. I'll have you discharged. Oh, it's my clothes you are looking at! Well, then, I must not blame you. But, my good man, you should know that clothes do not make the man. I haven't had time to dress for dinner this evening. An old-fashioned Christmas turkey next, with cranberry sauce and vegetables."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"It seems to me this is easy," said Nathan, inserting another slice of tender, red, fine-grained steak in his mouth, followed by a collection of smoking fried potatoes, which he

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cooled with a draught of frothy Bass. "Are we enjoying our Christmas dinner?" he said, crunching luxuriously. He raised his head to beam about the room.

By the time the waiter came back with the portion of turkey, there was only a clean reddish-white bone on the silver serving-dish. It had been a regulation thirteen-ounce porterhouse. Again the waiter looked inquiringly at Nathan.

And after the turkey, Nathan said: "That was really quite good. Now I think I'll have some of that roast pig—I am fond of roast pig; and bring me a cup of coffee with it—a large hot cup; none of your doll cups for me."

And at the end of the roast pig and apple sauce Nathan said, "Now get me—" And then stopped, for he found several other waiters beside his own gaping at him wonderingly and perhaps suspiciously. The head waiter was



BUT THE WAITER WAS LOOKING HARD AT NATHAN'S HANDS.

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there too, looking down critically at his shoes. Head waiters always look at shoes.

"Been playing golf," said Nathan. "A mince pie, George."

But the head waiter stepped over to Nathan, and said, in a low, serious tone, "How about paying for all this?"

"None of your insults," said Nathan. "Is it customary in this restaurant to pay before or after a gentleman finishes?"

"That's all right," said the head waiter, earnestly, "but we can't fill any more orders until we see the color of your money."

"Such impudence!" said Nathan. "Go bring your employer to me." Then turning to the young waiter that had served him, "Go get the cigars, George; never mind the pie; Manuel Garcias—two of them."

But the head waiter really did go for the proprietor, and together they came down the room toward Nathan, who was leaning comfortably back in his chair, watching their approach very much as if saying: "The fates cannot harm me. I have dined to-day."

"See here," exclaimed the proprietor, "you pay for what you have eaten, or I'll send for a policeman."

Nathan looked up lazily. "You'll find one just outside the door there. George, where are those cigars?"

"Do you mean to pay or not, you dead-beat?"

Nathan raised the ale to his lips, turned the glass up until perpendicular, and then set it down firmly on the table. "Dead-beat?" he repeated. "Well, I *won't* pay now. You may do your wor-r-st."

The proprietor said something to the head waiter, who slipped out of the side door, and found a big burly bluecoat there, just as Nathan said. They both hurried in together.

"There he is," exclaimed the proprietor, forgetting that he had intended to avoid a scene, which is bad for business. "Arrest him!"

Nathan folded his arms and said, "Sir, I care not." Then looking up at the policeman, he said, cheerfully, "Why, hello, McCormick!" They had not met in months.

"Come out of this," said the policeman.

"All right," said Nathan; "I have finished." He wiped his lips on the napkin and arose. "I am so glad it's you, Mac. I always like the beds at your station-house. I was so afraid I should have to sleep at one of the downtown stations. They are so draughty, you know."

"Will you come and make the complaint, sir?" said McCormick to the proprietor.

"Accept my thanks," said Nathan to the proprietor, "not only for your excellent dinner, but for calling in the officer. I intended to get arrested anyway, and you saved me much trouble. My only regret, Mac," said Nathan to the policeman, and oblivious of the gathering crowd, "is that they did not bring the cigars. I wanted you to smoke with me on the way to the station."

Then, as they reached the door, he turned toward the crowd, and said, from the fulness of his heart and stomach: "Good-night, and a happy New-Year to you all. I hope *you* have enjoyed your Christmas dinner as much as I have mine, but I doubt it." Then he was led away.

BALLADE.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

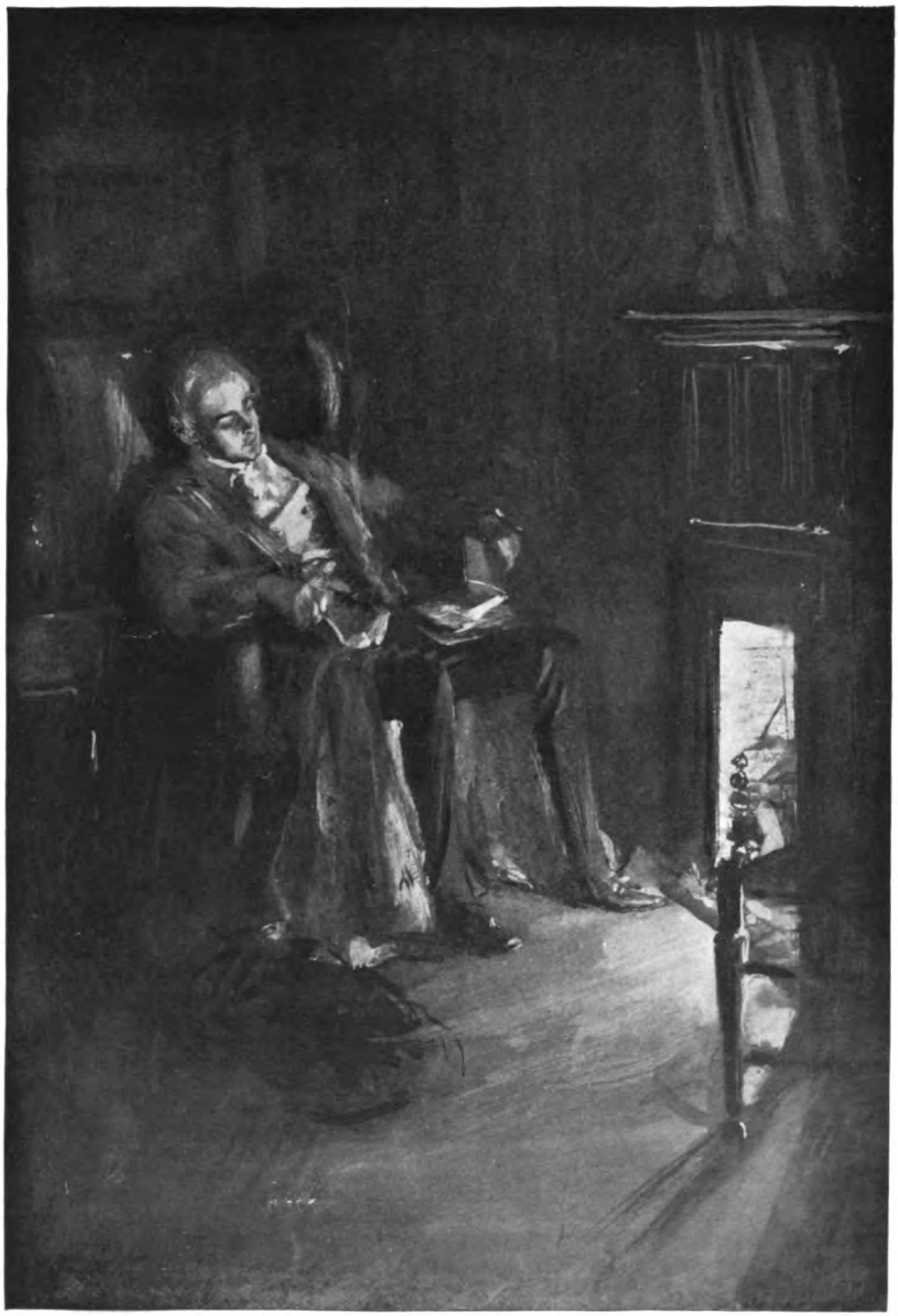
WHEN daylight goes and gray light falls,
  When shadows feel their way
With stealthy hands along the walls,
  Among the sparks at play
  And arabesques of smoke that sway
And fitful blaze that veers
  Arises, whence I cannot say,
My love of future years.

Now any man, of course, recalls
  In fanciful array
The sweet and half-forgotten thralls
  Of loves of yesterday;
  But all *my* dearest dreamings stray
Toward the time that nears,
  When I shall meet, as meet I may,
My love of future years.

The past, of poets lauded, galls
  My soul. When I survey
Its loves, I find the vision palls;
  This only can allay
  My restiveness:—at close of day
To watch till there appears
  Among the embers gold and gray
My love of future years.

Go to, old past! for stale are they,
  Your loves and hopes and fears;
I go to meet her, and obey
  My love of future years!

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"WHEN DAYLIGHT GOES AND GRAY LIGHT FALLS."

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'OPKINS'S PLUM PUDDING.

THE Christmas number of the paper was printed, and the forms washed and put back on the imposing-stone. The relaxation caused Mr. Mark Wallis to grow reminiscential in his usual frank and open manner.

"It was just about two years ago, up at Bow Leg," he began, "and I was working on the *Bow Leg Bender*, when a little Christmas incident took place which may interest you. There was an Englishman there named Hopkins—at least we surmised that it was Hopkins, though in his rendering of it there was never any hint of the first letter. He was a bachelor, rather past middle age, and a talkative, aggressive, disagreeable sort of a man. By trade he was a shoemaker, though most of his time was spent wandering about town criticising the customs and institutions of his adopted country. Talk about twisting the British lion's tail—the way that fellow pulled the feathers out of our American eagle's tail was a caution. At the end of a half-hour harangue, 'Opkins seldom left him any tail at all. That miserable Englishman kept the noble bird looking just about like a common barn-yard duck most of the time.

"The chief thing which 'Opkins complained of was the American cooking. Nothing was right about it. He was a short, burly, red-faced man, apparently with the constitution of a bull, but he all the time pretended that he was going into a decline on account of our food. 'Look at that,' he used to exclaim, slapping his sides and legs; 'nothing but skin and bones. Hi'll be in my blessed coffin if hi don't get back 'ome soon—that's where *hi'll* be!'

"A few weeks before Christmas he began to lament because he couldn't have any plum pudding at the approaching holiday. At last somebody asked him why he didn't send over and get a pudding for Christmas. This struck him favorably, and he set off for his shop to write the letter. An hour later he triumphantly informed us that he had carried out the plan, and that on Christmas day he should once more taste the genuine old English plum pudding. Then for a month he made himself disagreeable about the matter. He even offered to fight any man in town, ten dollars a side, on Christmas afternoon, if previously he ('Opkins) should have eaten six slices of the pudding.

"Well, one evening a couple of days before Christmas the pudding arrived at the express office, which was at the station. A dozen of us had previously talked the matter over, and had decided that the Britisher must be taken down a peg. The express agent sympathized with us. Somehow the station door happened to be unlocked that night. We abstracted the pudding and carried it over to the *Bender* office. There we took it out of its box and stood it in a dark corner. Then we got a kettle and proceeded to construct a pudding of our own which should closely resemble the other in appearance. Mainly our pudding was concocted of old printers' rollers. As you know, a printing-press roller is composed of glue and molasses, and is about the consistency of soft India rubber. We cut up several of these and put them in the kettle, and also tossed in a few bits of gum shoes, scraps of leather, pieces of felt hat, and so forth. We didn't want to overdo the idea, so we included a few currants and raisins, a pint of dried apples, a pound of brown sugar, a little flour, a handful of shoe-buttons, and such like; and then we boiled and stirred it conscientiously and cooled it in the snow, put it in the original box, and carried it over to the station. It was an all-night's job, but we were buoyed up by the consciousness of having done our duty by that Briton.

"Later that morning 'Opkins got his box at the express office and carried it proudly home. Then he spent the rest of the day swelling around town bragging about it. At last he was going to have something fit for a civilized man to eat. We said nothing, feeling that we could afford to let him swell.

"'Opkins had announced that he should sit down to his pudding promptly at noon. He lived back of his shop, and at that hour we earnest workers gathered in a shed at the rear, where we could peep through a window. I think, as we saw him take his seat at his lonely table, smiling and rubbing his hands with expectancy, that we all felt a little conscience-stricken. We consoled ourselves with the thought that he needed taking down, and that his coming disappointment would be only temporary, as we intended to give him the right pudding later on. But we never did," and Mr. Wallis sighed and paused, his face the picture of pensive candor.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Great gewhillikens! there was no need of it! That Englishman ate the pudding before him! Hesitated a little and took a drink of water on the second mouthful, then straightened up and began to put it away like a small boy eating strawberry short-cake. Took his six slices as he had promised. Smacked his lips and roared out a toast to 'er Majesty and 'ome. We sneaked away as he began on the sixth slice, and went around front. In a few minutes he came out, swelling and rampant. Said he felt twenty years younger, and walked up and down and asked if any of us wanted to go out and put up our bloomin' dukes for the purse. Offered to fight two of us in succession. Said the British lion was worth a whole flock of eagles. We just hung our heads and struck out for our homes. We knew when we had got enough."

"What did become of the original pudding, then?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Why, the boss melted it up and made new rollers of it. Good-night!"

HARRY V. MARR.

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A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

METHINKS if I were Santa Claus,
With all his wondrous wealth,
I'd go about in broad daylight,
And not at night by stealth;
Because there are so many folk
Who'd love to see my face,
I should not wish to lose the chance
To please the human race.

Methinks, likewise, if I were he
I'd give up sleigh and deer:
There are so many spots on earth
Where snow doth not appear.
I'd give up sled and reindeer too,
And go about the job
Of travelling round this great big world
Upon an auto-bob.

Again methinks if I were he
I'd bend my energies
To see that those who pine for them
Get more of Christmas trees;
And 'stead of visiting the homes
Where plenty dwells secure,
I'd take my richest gifts unto
The children of the poor!

Ah, dear old Saint, I'm full of love
For you, and truly pray
You'll never cease the generous work
That's yours upon this day!
But none the less if you could go
By daylight, and could see
The children of the street, I think
You'd do it differently.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

HIS PLAIN STATEMENT.

"YOU may argue about the manifest destiny of this country, and whither it is driftin', and all that, till you wear yourselves completely out, and totally deafen each other," said the Kohack philosopher, "but I tell you that that is is, and that that is not is not, and it will always be the same while the sun shines and the gover'ment endures. You can't alter it with arguments, any more than you can stop the onrushin' wheels of the Car of Juggynawt by blockin' 'em with soap-bubbles; and don't you forgit it!"

"I guess you are right, squire," said Hi Stackpole, in polite commiseration, after a pause, during which the philosopher's auditors glanced helplessly at each other. "But what was that you said about that that bein' the is is, and the is not bein' the is not? I don't 'pear to exactly grasp the—er—h'm—drift of your—ah—lucidity, as it were. I 'ain't got no manner of doubt but what you are perfectly right, and all that, but—er—er—if the is is not is, and the is is not is not, then what is it that is not is, and what is it that is is not is not is not? Of course we understand you, but you see, we—"

"Yuss!" snarled the veteran. "I sartinly see! I see that in order to git you fellers to understand a rational remark I must ram it into a shot-gun and shoot it into you! I make a plain statement to the effect that that that is, is, and that that is not, is not—meanin' that the conditions and things which now exist are here with us, and are all we have to do with in the immediate present, and them which do not exist simply have no existence, and don't in any way concern us; which is the same as sayin' that what is to be is to be, and what is not to be is not to be, and there is no occasion for our frothin' at the mouth over our inability to alter what is unalterable, or worry over the possibility that, after all, what is to be may not be, and what is not to be may be—and simply b'cuz I am unable to indicate, in a spoken sentence, the punctuation marks in their proper places, you utterly fail to comprehend what I am drivin' at. There's none so blind, says I, as them that won't see, and— Aw! I'm goin' home, and leave you fellers to your accustomed avocation of janglin' over somethin' you don't know anything about. G'day!"

And the sage picked up his hickory staff, which had fallen to the floor, and clumped angrily out.

TOM P. MORGAN.

GRASPING AN OPPORTUNITY.

IT was the last night of the Lathams' Christmas house party, to which, as we were all cousins (more or less), or friends from our cradles, it had not been necessary to invite Mrs. Grundy. I doubt if any girl could have had a better time than I. For three days we had "ramped and roared," like King Francis's lions, and this closing evening had been a fitting climax to our frolics. I was in exuberant spirits, and with good reason. My amber satin gown was, I well knew, a distinct cause for satisfaction. I had won, amid vociferous applause, a thirty-yard dash down the long hall; I had come in only second in an obstacle race around the drawing-room, besides gaining the terse commendation of our champion golfer for my masterly lofting of the ball into a silver bonbon-dish set as a hole in the middle of a Persian-rug green.



"HE HAD SKATED, WALKED, AND DRIVEN WITH ME."

But there was a stronger element that gave zest to life that night. Theophilus Maxwell, known among us as Tosh—the long, the lazy, the clever—had for some time been losing the nonchalant ease of the old friend that I had known in him for years. In the last few days this peculiar change had been growing so rapidly that I knew it must culminate in something soon. He had skated, walked, and driven with me, for the most part in a kind

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of surcharged silence. He had intrigued to take me in to dinner, and when he succeeded, had only the most inane remarks to contribute to the conversation. To-night his eyes had just the expression of an Irish setter's, and followed me about in the same canine fashion.

To say that I had failed to understand these little manifestations, or that I was at any time oblivious of those eyes, would be to discredit my feminine discernment. Indeed, it was my intense consciousness of the whole situation that throughout the evening had urged me on like a restless imp to an absolutely reckless audacity.

We were all standing at the foot of the stairs, loath to break up the party, yet mindful of the morrow's early trains and of a lurking desire for our well-earned beds. A warm discussion on physical strength was nearing an inconclusive close, and for the moment our hostess had the floor.

"And so," she wound up, convincingly, "it all goes to prove that men have degenerated fearfully. Yet only last week I was reading in a stupid novel of that same old scene where the fair maid faints or sprains her ankle (it's always one of the two), and the hero immediately picks her up like a caddie bag and carries her for miles—as if the weight of a full-grown healthy young woman was the merest trifle. Why, it's ridiculous!"



"I HAD WON."

"Even if he'd pulled stroke on the 'varsity crew?" meekly inquired a small and civil youth, gazing at the well-set-up shoulders of our host.

"Or played centre rush on a winning eleven?" ventured another, with a general grin at Tosh Maxwell's stalwart proportions.

"Even so," I struck in, loftily, in my best didactic style, "it is one thing to pull an oar when one is seated and has a leverage, and quite another to lift a heavy girl with nothing but one's arms. And as for football," I continued, with a withering glance, "the strength in a rush is only a spurt, anyhow, and then the next man takes it—nothing sustained. Mrs. Latham is perfectly right. Unless a man is a circus performer, it's an impossibility. It's one of those bygone fables like kissing under the mistletoe and such absurdities!"

I delivered this with what I considered telling effect, but as I looked complacently around upon my audience I became suddenly conscious of the most peculiar sensation. I felt



"MEN HAVE DEGENERATED FEARFULLY."

myself gently but very firmly seized and lifted, and I realized I was being carried up stairs in a man's arms. It was Tosh Maxwell, who evidently thought that there is a time to act rather than to speak, and that the retort muscular was the most convincing. Up we went, I with the most tumultuous feelings—not of fear, for I felt perfectly safe, but of utter astonishment and protest. In one stroke my argument had been crushed and my dignity demolished. And in spite of my anger I had to hold on a little—just to keep my balance. I could feel his heart beating too—from the exertion, of course.

The stairs turned on a broad landing, and continued at an angle that hid from sight the hilarious group below. The shouts of laughter and cries of "Good for Tosh!" "Go it, old man!" "That's practical logic!" struck less loudly on our ears. The upper hall was dimly lighted, but I could see that we were heading for the bay-window at the end, where, over a wide cushioned seat, hung a branch of that privilege-conferring Christmas plant that I had just derided. Alas for the fate of both my loud and arrogant statements in such quick succession!

I have told Tosh since that it was very poor taste of him, and rank coercion besides, to treat me so cavalierly—not that I really objected, of course, but because I thought a little scolding would do him no harm. But he says I am a barbarian at heart, and the only way was to capture me by force and bear me off in face of all the tribe. And from this point of view he may be right. There was really nothing else for me to do after such a scene. And he won't hear of our living in an apartment; he says he must have stairs.



"I WAS BEING CARRIED."

KATHARINE PERRY.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE recurrence of the Christmas holidays brings in its train the same attractive pictorial efflorescence that has always been characteristic of the season. Essentially a children's festival, it would seem as if the Christmas days created anew in the breast of man a longing for the things that pleased him in youth, and from the books which instruct his mind and broaden the horizon of his perceptions he turns to the more primary productions of the ever-busy presses, with the result that it is the picture-book that has its greatest vogue at this season of the year. There is no time in the life of any sane man who has aught of the wholesome spirit of boyishness left in him when picture-books do not appeal, for the love of pictures is even more elemental than the liking for stories that are told by word of mouth; but at Christmas, when we relax from care for the moment and give ourselves wholly up to the enjoyment of the hour, our taste for the simple things that tell their own story comes back to us with renewed force from the old times when we were boys—or possibly girls, some of us—even from the days of the nursery. It is a good sign when a man can still find delight in the pleasures of boyhood. It shows that he is not *blasé*, nor so satiated with the pleasures of later days that he has wholly forgotten the things that used to be; and for ourselves, when we observe the busy wayfarer of the Christmas holidays, bundle-laden, and cheeks aglow with the crisp air of December, rushing homeward, his pockets stuffed with the gorgeous-hued pages of the wonderful Christmas numbers that come to us in such profusion from both sides of the sea, we suspect that there is one who, for the time being anyhow, is going to be a boy again, and we feel like joining him in some particularly mischievous prank.

Picture-books, and the Christmas Season.

It is pleasing to note that the picture-makers in this last year of bookish activity have been by no means idle, and in the many various directions in which their genius has been able to exert itself we find them working most acceptably. In the realm of fancy—and we might add philosophy, for the artist is a philosopher as well as a humorist—we find Mr. Oliver Herford delighting us with his *Child's Primer of Natural History;* in the department of travel and description the genius of Mr. Gibson has found ample expression, with Egypt as his scene; and in the worlds of society and of sport—using the word society in its broader sense—Mr. W. T. Smedley and Mr. A. B. Frost have given us collections of their work which seem to us to have a real and permanent value.

The illustrative accomplishments of both Mr. Smedley and Mr. Frost are so well known to the readers of *Harper's Magazine* that it would seem superfluous to speak of them appreciatively here. Yet when one glances through Mr. Smedley's *Life and Character* and Mr. Frost's *Sports and Games in the Open*, one finds in the massing of their work so strong a confirmation of their genius that one may be permitted to mention it. The constant and conscientious solicitude of Mr. Smedley for accuracy of detail has indubitably impressed itself upon the minds of those who have watched his work as it has appeared from time to time in the magazines, but the diversity of the scenes, and therefore the extraordinary equipment required to reproduce them as Mr. Smedley has done them, is not quite emphasized until one finds the pictures gathered together in a single collection. If they proved nothing else, these sketches of "Life and Character" would demonstrate that Mr. Smedley's range is of unusual width, breadth, and depth; but they do prove something else, and that is that in the handling of the two uncompromising media of black and white Mr. Smedley is so deft that to us, if we have any imagination at all, the resulting pictures are filled with all the colors that Nature herself has chosen for them. His figures move and breathe, and when they breathe they breathe real air, that in some way Mr. Smedley manages to get into the pictures that he makes.

Nor is Mr. Frost any less deft in making his trees green, and his skies blue, and his heather purple, and his haze opalescent by his manipulation of black and white. And the amount of fresh air one takes into one's lungs through the eye when looking at some of Mr. Frost's hunting scenes gives to the act of looking, even in a stuffy, smoke-filled library, some of that exhilaration which comes from a day in the open. Mr. Frost is full of healthful bacilli. There is hardly a sporting-germ that has escaped his genial hospitality. He seems always, to the writer at least, to be suffering from an overwhelming attack of wholesomeness, and it shows out in every scratch of his pen, whether the burden of his theme be humor, pathos, action, or the passivity of nature. When he shows you a man with a gun, and a dog and a bird to be shot, you feel morally certain that it is the bird that will be hit, and not the dog; and when he gives up the chase for the moment and goes to the golf links, there to show you a man with a mashie in hand "Playing Thirteen," if there are ladies about you will shut to the cover of the book hastily, for as sure as death Mr. Frost's golfer is full of wicked words, that may break forth

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at any moment. That is the beauty of his work. It is all there, and all that is there is straight-out human nature.

Mr. Arthur Hoeber has written a sketch of Mr. Smedley, which appears as the judicious and appreciative preface to "Life and Character," and Mr. A.V. S. Anthony has supplied the text that accompanies the pictures in a wholly sympathetic fashion. Not the least charming feature of "Sports and Games in the Open" is an article on Mr. Frost and his work from the pen of Mr. Frank R. Stockton. Like everything else that Mr. Stockton writes, it is quaintly humorous, eminently just, and thoroughly appreciative.

EQUALLY individual in the character of his work is Mr. Peter Newell, who has just published a collection of his quaintly illustrated nonsense verses, under the title of *Peter Newell's Pictures and Rhymes.* The world has for a long time yearned for an acceptable successor to Edward Lear, whose "Book of Nonsense" has been for many years a household treasure, and Mr. Newell appears to be about the worthiest of all the candidates. There is a whimsical touch in all that he does, whether it be in picture or in text, that appeals to the soul of man, and it is his good fortune to be wholly original. There is never any mistaking Mr. Newell's work for that of any other picture-maker past or present, and in his rhyming he seems to have hit upon a form and a manner which are as distinctively his own as were the rhymes of Lear characteristic of the older man. Mr. Newell is fortunate in having a double gift. We know of no other illustrator who could enter so thoroughly into the spirit of his rhymes, and he is to be congratulated upon his complete accord with himself, which was never more conspicuously shown than in this volume.

"Peter Newell's Pictures and Rhymes."

IN *A Confident To-morrow* Mr. Brander Matthews not only provides his readers with a charming love-story, but incidentally gives them a series of vivid pictures of New York, and of life as it is lived in that busy, bustling city, which, if not highly exciting, are wonderfully true to nature. In dealing with certain phases of New York life Mr. Matthews writes with authority. There is probably none among our authors who is more thoroughly acquainted than he with the social and literary side of the metropolis, and his gift of expression has enabled him to portray this with such absolute fidelity to the reality that the reader who is at all familiar with the circle he reads about can almost identify some of the men Mr. Matthews has had in mind. Indeed, some of the characterization is so clean cut that one feels that Mr. Matthews has been unusually daring, but in the chief instance there is enough of the composite to relieve him of the charge of having told too much of any individual, or of having given the public too intimate a view of what goes on behind the literary scenes. As usual, Mr. Matthews avoids the spectacular. There is nothing melodramatic about his situations in "A Confident To-morrow." He sticks closely either to facts that are or to facts that might reasonably be, with the result that while the reader's attention is held firmly throughout, it is rather by the author's manner than by his matter. There is much good reading in the book, but nothing to set the nerves a-tingling or the heart to beating beyond the normal. The love-story is a pretty one, and the looker-on—for that is what the reader feels himself to be—might reasonably wish that Mr. Matthews had permitted him to become his hero, for the two young women who are manifestly designed at the outset to fall in love with the favored Sartain are both of them distinctly lovable. They are real women, and however elusive they may be in actual life, Mr. Matthews has managed to capture them for the purposes of his fiction so completely that there is nothing shadowy or vague in their characterization. Mr. Arthur Hoeber, in his appreciation of the pictorial work of Mr. Smedley, observes that Mr. Smedley seems to have concealed about him a mental camera with which to seize his types, and he adds that it is one thing to pose a model, yet quite another to catch the unconscious but characteristic movement that is lost on the instant. One is reminded of this by Mr. Matthews's performance, and just as Mr. Smedley possesses as an illustrator this "remarkable power of observation" and characterization, so does Mr. Matthews seem to possess it when he makes his word pictures of the people he tells about.

"A Confident To-morrow." By BRANDER MATTHEWS.

In the management of his contrasting characters Mr. Matthews is unwontedly skilful in his latest work. His "Madams" makes an excellent foil for Sartain, and Mr. Vivian's twins, of whom "Madams" announces that they "haven't got red hair for nothing," with their rather flippant views, are an adequate background for the more serious-minded women who are the heroines of this pleasing story.

In the estimation of the general reader not the least interesting feature of "A Confident To-morrow" will be the insight it gives him into that holy of holies the editor's sanctum. This is a place Mr. Matthews knows all about, and he paints it well. He knows the romance of it, as well as its horrific side, and he presents both judiciously, after the manner of one who realizes that it is neither so romantic nor so sordid as some would make it out, and it is all told with that epigrammatic smartness for which the author is noted. It is brisk and alive always, and to those who do not seek for the soul-stirring thing in fiction, but care more for life as we live it, "A Confident To-morrow" will be found to be wholly adequate and enjoyable.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"The Tragedy of Dreyfus." By G. W. Steevens.

When, some years ago, a small volume of observations upon the manners and customs of the American people appeared under the title of "The Land of the Dollar," whether we liked all that was said in the book or not we were forced to admit that a very keen observer, with a gift for telling the truth, pleasant or unpleasant, vividly and brilliantly, had been moving about among us. Another correspondent who was more than a mere reporter had manifested himself, and a new descriptive writer of great charm had been added to a not overwhelmingly long list. The name of this wide-awake person with a sharp and graceful pen was Mr. G. W. Steevens, and those to whose advantage it was to keep track of writers of real force made a note of it. The impression made by this first work was more than confirmed by the succeeding book by the same author, "With Kitchener to Khartum," a most graphic portrayal of the campaign which last year made the name of the Sirdar as much a word to conjure with among his own people as has been that of Admiral Dewey with us. The work of the correspondent was no less brilliant than its theme required, and from that moment the selection of Mr. Steevens for any work demanding the highest equipment in newspaper correspondence was its own justification. Hence it was that when the Dreyfus trial came upon the stage of life Mr. Steevens was among the first to be selected for the important task of telling the world of what was going on there. *The Tragedy of Dreyfus* is the result, and in the visualization of the last scene of that mediæval drama we know of nothing that surpasses or even equals it.

The volume opens with a rapid sketch of the incident, which Mr. Steevens calls "The Story of the Case." All that happened, from the first step to the last, is set forth clearly and comprehensively, and, on the whole, so authoritatively that the slight discrepancy between Mr. Steevens's statements and those of others in the matter of certain dates ceases to be of importance. The reader finds himself properly informed as to the complications of the case and how it came to be a case before he sets out to learn how the case was conducted to the end, and, as we took occasion to remark in our Notes of last month, no previous writer had quite succeeded in accomplishing this desired end to the satisfaction of those who wished an unbiassed setting forth of the Dreyfus case, with its singular and widely diverse ramifications.

Having stated the case, Mr. Steevens continues to describe the trial, and as incidents to the trial he gives us a periscopic view of Rennes, its people, its visitors, the manners and customs of those who live there and of those who are passing through, until one feels that this is not a book about the thing, but is the thing itself. Apart from his theme, Mr. Steevens's work would command interest from its author's manner. There is humor, philosophy, action, in it from first to last, even as there is in other works of letters that are known as "Tragedies." The humor is the humor that is inseparable from the goings on of man, whether he be at a funeral or at a fête; the philosophy is the philosophy of a strong man who has the Anglo-Saxon vices of sincerity of feeling and candor of expression; the action is the action of the facts themselves, with all their pathos and tragic significance.

While considering the subject of Dreyfus and the literature that his ordeal has inspired, it has appeared that our remarks concerning Mr. R. W. Hale's Monograph, in our Notes of last month, have done the author an injustice which we wish to rectify. Our allusions to Mr. Hale's observations on the bordereau were based upon an early edition of his work, which Mr. Hale has edited before publishing a second issue, remedying what seemed to us to be a defect. We have also the authority of Mr. Hale himself that he does not make the charge of deep and abandoned profligacy sufficient to be a motive for treason, so that in saying that Mr. Hale endorses or accepts that view we have done him an injustice which we regret. The impression made upon our mind by an interested reading of his book we stated, but in the face of the author's disclaimer we cannot do otherwise than withdraw the observations to which he objects.

"A Mountain Europa." By John Fox, Jr.

Mr. John Fox, Jr., is one of those fortunate individuals whose hold upon their readers is as firm as their mastery of their art. One knows almost to a certainty in taking up one of his books that the reading of it will be worth while, and particularly so if the story is about the strange mountain-folk of Mr. Fox's native State, whom he knows so well and whom he has so sympathetically presented in the past. With these people Mr. Fox has taken pains to make himself well acquainted, and it speaks well for them that, in a literary sense, he is thoroughly enamoured of them. He realizes, indeed states specifically, the historical importance of this rapidly disappearing remnant of pioneer life, and in presenting his vivid pictures of this especial phase of our national development he is always so manifestly sincere that one thinks of him rather as a delineator of historical scenes than as a mere writer of attractive fiction. It is not at all derogatory to Mr. Fox's work to say that it is the people of whom he writes, more than the story which he tells, that make his tales of the mountain life of Kentucky so absorbingly interesting. To say this is rather a tribute to the power of his pen, since it is to his vivid portrayal of their characteristics that we owe our knowledge of a kind of American who but for him and Miss Murfree would have passed away unheralded and unknown. In a sense it

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may be said that it is this thorough understanding of the phases of life of which he treats that has given Mr. Fox so early in his career an enviable position as a writer of fiction. It does not always happen that our novelists and short-story writers are convincingly authoritative. Some of them, indeed, even when most impressive in their periods, fail to convince, because they are manifestly only superficially acquainted with the conditions, social or otherwise, of which they essay to write. But in Mr. Fox's pictures of the rugged and isolated condition of the mountains we have not only the literary charm that goes with an easy, pleasing style, but an apprehension of the fact that the author is not only an author, but an authority.

In *A Mountain Europa*, which, though a book, is little more than a short story, Mr. Fox gives us a clear picture of the life in and about a Kentucky mining-camp, and for the sake of contrasts introduces a young man of an essentially modern and civilized type into an almost barbaric environment, where, with the best of intentions, he falls in love with a lovely bit of very raw material. About the romance of the young sprig of civilization and the wild rose of the mountains Mr. Fox delightfully weaves his pictures of the mountaineers' life and habits, depicting their rough finenesses and sturdy independence of conventions with a pen that is appreciative and kindly; and as for the romance itself, it is wholly what it should be, including the final catastrophe. Mr. Fox has not shirked his manifest duty in removing Easter Hicks from the scene of action. A less conscientious artist would have either killed his hero instead, or permitted him to live on, which would have amounted to death in a more awful form.

Mr. Fox is original and he is American. He has no models, at home or abroad, and while he has yet to accomplish anything which may properly be styled great, he may be regarded as a writer of much promise, of which "A Mountain Europa" is a present guarantee that is wholly satisfactory.

"Kit Kennedy." By S. R. Crockett.

Mr. S. R. Crockett is a writer whose equipment is such that he is able to adapt himself to almost any mood into which his readers may fall. We had occasion in our Notes some months ago to speak of Mr. Crockett's tale of adventure, "The Red Axe." That stirring story had about it all of the gory attributes that the title would imply, and of all the "Red" stories that we had perused, "The Red Axe" seemed to have the fullest justification for its title. But its author apparently realizes that while the modern reader has evinced a marked liking for the mediæval in his fiction, he does not care to have it to the exclusion of everything else, any more than he wishes his books to contain only the commonplace details of every-day life. In reading, as in life itself, variety is a quality that is to be sought after; and while a certain taste may for the moment seem to predominate, he is a foolish author who places all his literary eggs into one basket. In "The Stickit Minister" and "The Raiders" Mr. Crockett gave evidence of the diversity of his gifts as a story-teller, and in following upon "The Red Axe" with his story of Scottish life in modern times, *Kit Kennedy*, his versatility is emphasized.

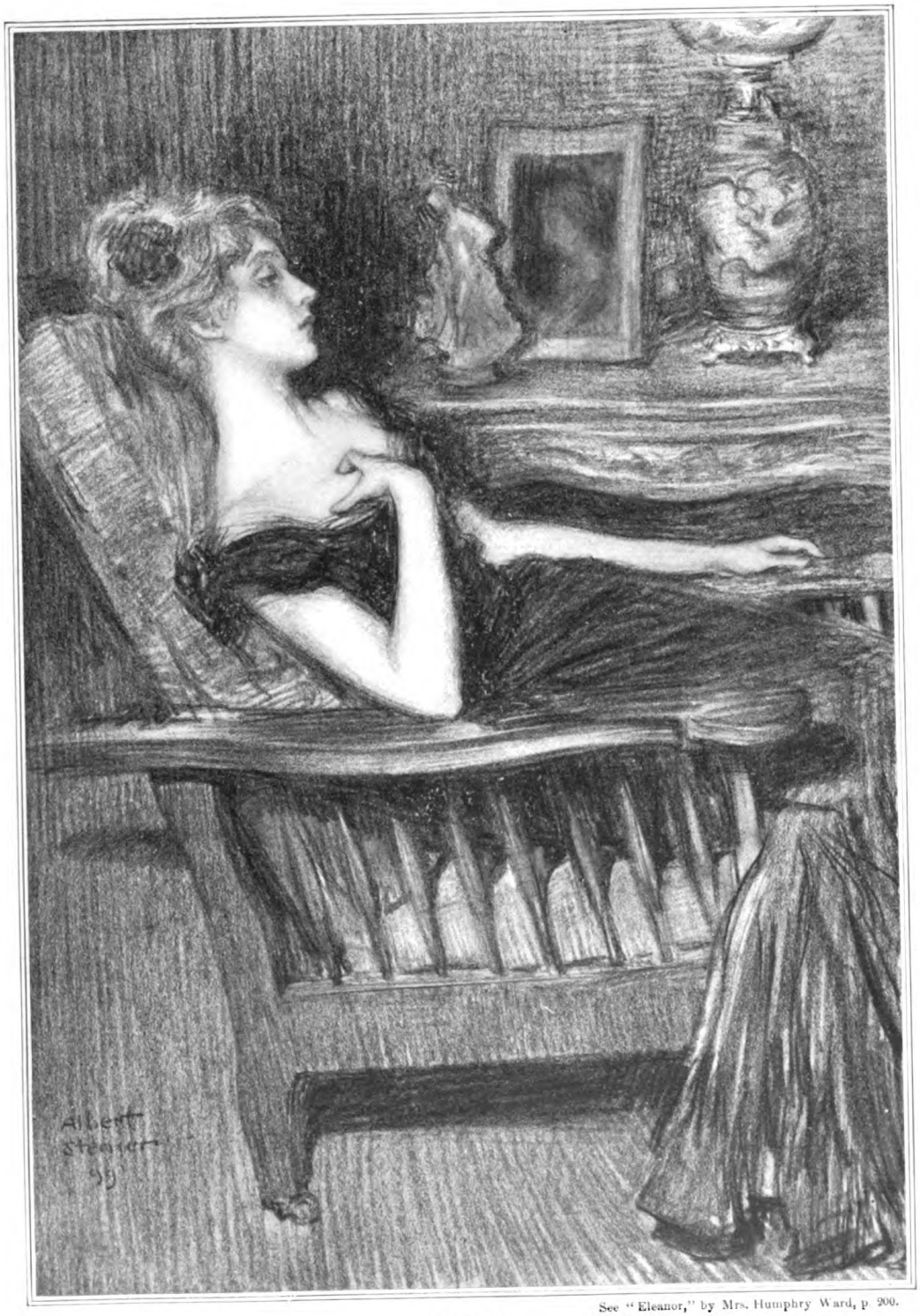
As might naturally be expected, the author is rather more at home in his pictures of modern life than in his romances of other days. There is a greater sense of reality in "Kit Kennedy" than is to be found in "The Red Axe," and particularly in the episodical chapters of the story. Upon a very decided thread of interest Mr. Crockett has strung a number of character sketches that give to us that same intimate view of the Scottish people, of whom he writes, that we have found in Mr. Barrie's charming stories of Thrums. There is the strong portrayal of the stern and seemingly inflexible elder, whose uncompromising devotion to what he considers to be the right makes him seem all too harsh at the outset, but the softer side of whose nature is developed as the story progresses; the unconscious humor of numerous subordinate but essentially live characters is well depicted; and the rigors of existence that grow naturally out of the social conditions which prevail among these people are vividly presented. There is much that is tender and sweet and wholesome in "Kit Kennedy," and if we say that the small hero himself is to us the most appealing figure of Mr. Crockett's story, it is because the author has drawn him with such affectionate sympathy that it could not be otherwise, granted the author's mastery of his art. The little scene in which the small Kit insists upon the auctioning off of his marbles, his wooden horse with three legs, and the various other treasures of his boy life is a little gem of tender humor that leaves the emotional reader hesitating between a tear and a smile. Similarly one finds the pictures of Kit's school life amusingly convincing, and if one has ever known a real live boy, how his innate sense of the mere joy of living enables him to treat with philosophic indifference the troubles that come upon him is wholly comprehensible. These touches do much to offset certain unrealities which are to be found in this story, as in almost all others. Kit's father, in his weaknesses, seems real enough; but there are times when his virtues tax the reader's credulity. Yet none may say that Christopher Kennedy, B.A., is impossible because he at times appears improbable, and it would be captious to insist upon the shortcomings of the delineation of the father when, in the picturing of the boy and his environment, Mr. Crockett has given us so much else that is fine and wholesome and true.

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See "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, p. 900.

ELEANOR.

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THE RIGHT HAND OF THE CONTINENT

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

AS has been said before, on no better authority,* any one who will look a map of America in the face may perceive that California is the right hand of the continent. If this shall seem, to such as see only the map, a mere poetic figure or accident of a peninsula, it is to be proved that this anatomy is no metaphor, no freak, no inconsequent brachial process on the opposite side of the body from the heart. In sober fact, it is the right hand, with all the name implies; and with triceps, biceps, forearm, wrist, fist, and fingers full sinewed for its office. The passing prophecy, five years ago, that in time this member must come to be realized of the rest—"tho' to this day the self-sufficient left hand outscriptures scripture, and as little cares as it little knows what the right hand doeth"—has had fulfilment sooner than should have been expected. We have decided (officially, at least) to be a "world-power." Whether we conclude that the Influence which in one century has modified every other civilized government on earth, and been direct model for every constitution in the New World, is world-power, or that there can be no strength without a club and some alien head to prove it upon — in either alternative the right hand has come suddenly to the threshold of his own, and quite regardless of what we may be ripe to admit. The law of gravitation does not pass around an asylum of the blind, and Destiny halts as little for the wilful deaf as for them who listen so hard for her that they hear many things she never said. All the blindfold habit, all the local investments or local pride of seventy-four million people, cannot lastingly outweigh a handful, and — the "shortest line." To paraphrase (not ignobly, I hope) Garrison's magnificent word, it is a case where one man and the geography are a majority.

From California we have reached out to pocket the Hawaiian orphans and the Philippine rebels (begging the dictionary's pardon); from California we shall continue to administer them, at their proper cost, in so far as we shall carry out the contract. Even should a certain rather American reaction from emotion to figures, and from the voice of the siren to the voice of the Fathers, serve to put a hitch in our gallop, we can never again forget (though it may take us some time fully to remember) our actual national anatomy. Nothing can put us back so left-handed as we were in 1897.

There are many people still smitten with surprise that harbors generally happen near cities—the bigger the city, the better the harbor. By a like providential coincidence, the easiest grades pursue railroads; and where the ships are gathered together a short curve of the earth tags obedient in their wake. Perhaps we are too used to plane geography, whereupon the rest of the world is mere unimproved paper, and only the United States glows with lithographic life. This is not always conducive to roundness of ideas. Certainly he is no typical American who can

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beset a globe awhile and not begin to get a glimmering of what the Pacific means besides wastefulness of papier-maché. So many and so greatly larger prophets have foretold it the coming chief theatre of the world's activities that only sheer impudence could here insist upon it with the detail of an inventor. At present I desire to suggest this ocean merely as a facility for getting somewhere — almost anywhere, in fact, since it is a spacious way. And the relation of the Pacific Ocean to the world's imminent commerce once grasped, it is not far to begin to discern the relation of our Pacific coast to the Pacific Ocean. Yonder is the stage upon which the world's chief drama is to be played. Here, so far as the leading lady (we trust) is concerned, is the stage entrance. Here is our door to India, China, Japan, Australia, the South Seas, the west coast of South and Central America and Mexico and Alaska—in fact, to the richest of the Old World and the New, with a tolerably overwhelming majority of the world's population and productivity, and a range in each to which human knowledge writes not one addendum. This in itself might suffice to justify some more sober consideration of our outlet.

Yet it would be, of course, a gross ignoring of history to think of this right hand as a mere organ wherewith to reach and grasp, or yet as a



A RELIEF MAP OF CALIFORNIA.

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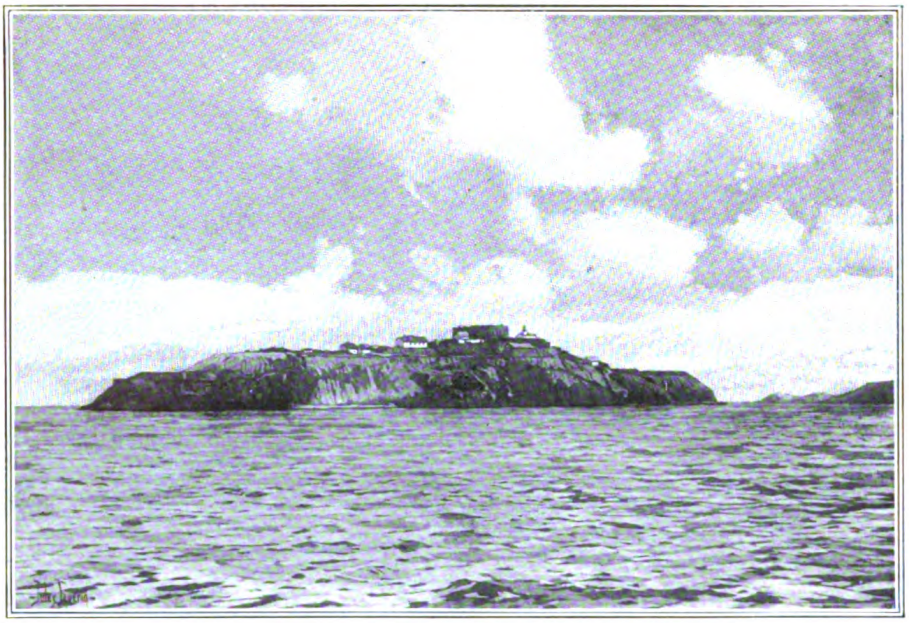
SAN FRANCISCO, FROM ALCATRAZ.

potentiality rather than a fact. If it be needed now (as it is) to get into others' pockets, it has already gone down into its own, and filled therefrom the complacent left. California has, indeed, already performed the dexter functions, and rather overwhelmingly. I seriously mean to demonstrate that no one State, no six States, no census division even, has so vitally meddled with the nation. If this be treason, we will proceed to make the most of it. First, by a glance along some major lines of history; later, by such significant detail as shall commend itself as most illuminative. There is nowhere else in history a chapter of the proportionate wagging of a nation by a frontier, though in history generally the tail has been dominant. Rome was not on the seven hills, and England is not the British Isles. Peru, the South-American California of three centuries earlier, did not a half so much subvert Spain; and Australia, with respect to England, barely suggested the parallel, whether we reckon commercially or sociologically.

We may gather from trustworthy sources, for instance, that "sound money" has now some importance in our national economies. Well, California put the United States on a gold basis, and has kept it there. And California only; though her legitimate children, whom we may count in the States and Territories born directly of California men and money, are nowadays sharing the burden, and for the moment carrying the butt end of it, as Colorado is just now producing more gold than her mother, but has not in total produced a tenth as much.

The proof is as simple and as sure as in anything else which depends on the comforting multiplication table. Up to the civil war, the whole United States in its whole history had produced less than twenty-five millions in gold and silver put together, outside of California — a figure eloquent enough when we remember our shinplasters and wild-cat banks. In five years from its discovery by us, California multiplied the hard money of the country by ten—and more. The whole stock of gold in the United States to-day—coin and bullion — is considerably less than California contributed in thirteen consecutive years. If by some adventitious luck we had had an equal gold stock before California, all the mines then in the country could hardly have made good the abrasion alone on such an amount. Of all the gold produced by the United States to

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ALCATRAZ ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

this very day, California has given more than one-half from her own pockets. Of the remaining fraction she is demonstrably responsible for at least seven-tenths. Possibly there is some significance in the fact that the United States now produces more gold per year, by 70 per cent., than the whole world produced before California; and that California itself, even at its lowest ebb, turns in annually two-fifths as much of the reliable metal as the whole round of earth dug before the California awakening.

Thirteen hundred millions in gold from one State has been in itself of some import to the finances of a nation which even now transacts its business with half that sum. But it is only a beginning in the commercial consequence of the State. California not only invented the gold-fever, but made it contagious. She precipitated Australia, the only continent which ever rivalled our own State as a gold-producer. It is of course notorious that Australia had been "discovered" and suppressed until men from California and with the California itch made suppression impossible—for Hargreaves went to school to us. So in five years a yellow fleck picked up from a California tail-race had revolutionized the money-markets of the world, at once and forever.

It is stress that brings about great things. Solomon was already a gold-bug: and the priest of far-shooting Apollo came with a ransom, not of greenbacks, nor yet of silver. But since before Ophir the world had been content to gopher for its little gold. For much gold (after an apprenticeship of human stupidity) California made mining for the first time a business, and has taught the world. From a faro game unprecedented in history, nor yet paralleled, she reduced it to science; from brute, though gigantic, retail to dexterous wholesale; from shopkeeping to commerce. As she became less pick-upable with loose nuggets, and bent her back to serious quartz veins, her vagabond graduates turned back a thousand miles on their own tracks and developed the lesser but adequate bonanzas of Colorado and its peers. Her scholars are to-day the first men wherever there is gold—in the Black Hills or the Rand. The vast majority of Western Argonauts would never have been in the West at all, nor at all gold-seeking, but for California. Shaft-mining nor low-grade ore ever yet made a stampede. People do not buy lottery tickets for the dollar prizes, nor yet for a chance to make a livelihood by hard work. The one sanity of the mining craze is that the capital prize attracts people, and finally diverts them to sober work on enlarged lines. It seems

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to be a generic wisdom of Nature to gain her ends by dazzling the vision. She adorns sex that posterity shall not fail. She would rather trust the peahen's eyes than its forethought—or a man's. She peoples the wilderness by showing us not a moral obligation nor a civic advantage, but a glitter. Yet she has a sane antidote. It is the history of all these madnesses that they promote sanity. The beauty of women increases crime, no doubt, but it also perpetuates humanity. Somewhat so, the wild lusts of a gold-rush vastly accelerate and vastly broaden sober progress.

Our real West dates from California. It is not enough to remember that Minnesota, Oregon, Kansas, Nevada, Nebraska, Colorado, the two Dakotas, Montana, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, have been admitted as States, and New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Alaska organized as Territories, since California came into the Union. The pertinent question is, how many of them we should have if there had been no California. If only a Pathfinder and a few score trappers had seen the intervening waste between Independence and the coast; if nothing seismic enough had befallen to fetch into California more people in a tide than there were in all the country between California and the older States as late as 1860 (for we must remember that when the war broke out California was the only State west of the Missouri, except a part of Texas); if the ready money of the country had not been doubled several times, and the spirit of adventure increased by a still larger multiplicand—who will pretend that by now we should have a full-growing West, already big enough to feed the old folks? No one, certainly, who knows East and West; nor even any one for whom the census has not been in vain.

Particularly since time was an element of the contract. The Pacific Slope did not need to go begging. There were other hands reached out for it—above all, it was leaning to other hands. It was more by good fortune than by general wit that our fist closed upon it first. We had not many Jeffersons and Bentons. The United States was mostly content to remain a narrow huddle of provinces when California, suddenly and almost empirically, unrolled our trivial half-way map to another ocean and gave us a national span, and pulled along population enough to vindicate the map. To this day there are many excellent people who never reflect what Uncle Sam's stature would have been if he had slept on with Canada at his head, Mexico for a foot-board, and his back against a British wall somewhere about the Platte.

I fear no smiles from any whose smile is seriously discouraging when I venture



40 FEET UP A REDWOOD-TREE, MILL VALLEY.

the suggestion that, if there had been no California in 1848, there could have been no civil war in 1861; nor for at least a decade—and probably a generation—later. In grammar-school, war can be defined with a word; later we find it complicated. Conscience may be concerned in it; but it involves also politics, money, and the fighting temper. It is hardly necessary to remark that, without a California, the United States could not have been by '61 in any financial position to afford the luxury of its convictions. As to the last straw which breaks a patient man to impatience, California had certainly contributed more than its share. Men who have fought Indians and claim-jumpers are on the average more ripe to fight strangers than

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WHITE OAK.

confirmed farmers are; and as their touchiness spreads even to the farmers of their acquaintance, a nation with this leaven comes to blows sooner than a nation without it. As to politics (which are most of any war), California made the States (*in posse*) which largely made the issue. It was no more a question of slavery than of the extension of slavery that brought the rupture.

Yet that great cleavage along the line of human rights had to come some time. We of this generation, at least, are entitled to thank California that it came so soon. Without the new problems, the new money, and the new pugnacity bred of '49, that deadliest struggle in history would only by now be ending or by now begun. As it is, tall trees are risen upon its graves, its widows are past the heart-break of youth, and North and South are grown one. Not by any means *because* of a new war, but by the slow "intention" of time and the blood; merely evidenced when a crisis pulls on the old wound and finds hardly a scar left.

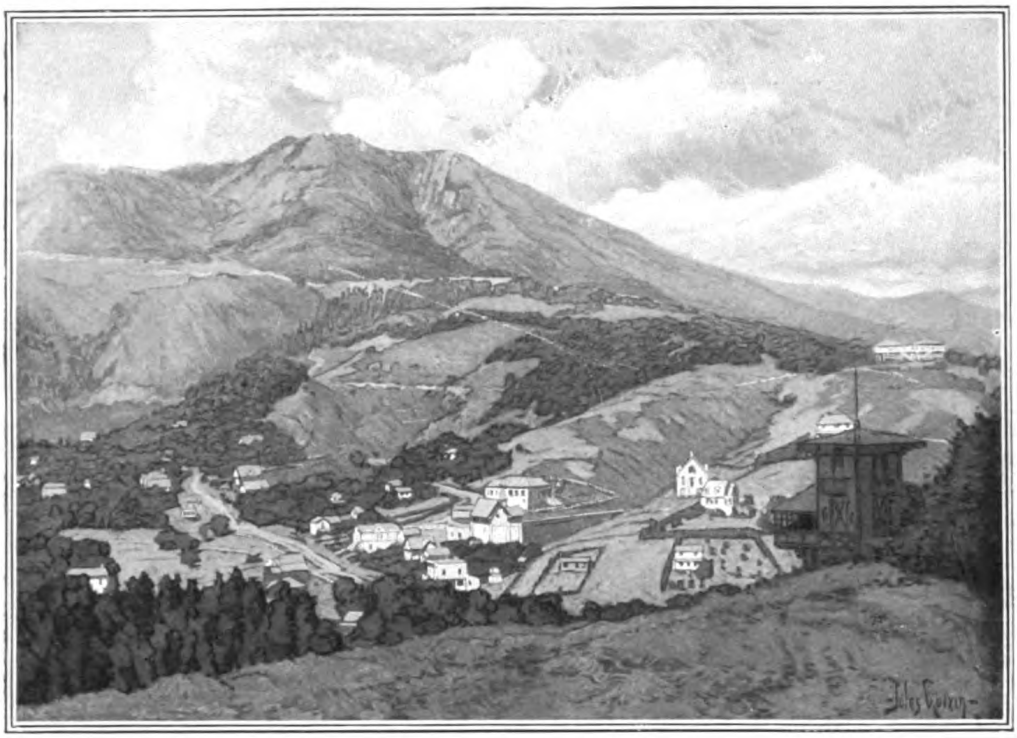
It would be rather long than difficult to trace, along many other largest lines of the material development of the nation, the like influence of California, and to clinch wholesale assertion by retail and statistical proof (as I purpose to prove all large premises herein). Without being at the outset too tedious to those who forget that even American progress has to have reasons, and that even American character is woven of more threads than the one stout one of birth, it may still be well to recall a few other typical and generic truths in the material category.

California first invented a serious need of steamboats in the United States, and for a generation practically monopolized them. By a poetic injustice, she has to this day very nearly the worst steamboats. She invented long-distance railroading — indeed, one may probably say the American railroad system. There was not, nor has been, any other reason for mileages over three thousand. California called for a railroad three times as long as the world had ever seen; and getting it, gave back the sinews to vein the East with railroads—the sinews and the impetus. It is hardly necessary to remark that transcontinental railroading is a technic by itself; and that precisely as American methods actually direct Continental ones, so the long, lean, single-track, sand-ballasted railroads across our continent are still tutors to the short, fat, perfected road-beds of the narrow States.



CALIFORNIA SYCAMORE.

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MOUNT TAMALPAIS, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.

At the head of any profession stands the man who has to solve the most problems, not the man who inherited the largest practice. Incidentally, too—not of vainglory, but as a matter of history not without use in the final analysis—it is to be noted that even in the year of grace 1900 California, with one exception, is the only country any one ever cared to build three thousand miles of rail to get to, and it is the only land a hundred thousand men ever walked two thousand miles sooner than stay away from.

There must be some, also, who remember American machine-shops in the forties. There were American mechanics. The grasshopper engines they builded were *good* grasshoppers of their time, else these men could never have jumped to building leviathans. For it was almost between two days that the demand came for such engines as even Yankee mechanics had not seen in their nightmares. In this large activity, as in many others, California was the first commanding voice. And perhaps as striking a hint as any of what she had done for the United States in this line is the fact that at ten years old she was already competent to build her own unprecedented Comstock in the same shop that now turns out the *Oregon* engines; and that to-day she can and does build bigger and better machineries than any portion of the Union built twenty years ago. I am quite prepared to learn that it was "an age of progress." True. But what made it so? Did new wealth have anything to do with new desires? Were new desires provocative of new invention?

But the engines were for bigger mechanisms than themselves. California took scientific mining unborn and made a man of it. No mining so big nor so corrupting has ever since been seen—though we have striven vigorously after both goals. As if gold were not enough, the Argonauts invented silver—as a factor big enough to be an unrest. Only a certain unacquaintance can compare Cerro de Pasco or Potosi or Guanajuato with Virginia City. They are not comparable in our idiom. The Peruvian, Bolivian, and Mexican bonanzas have outranked ours in dollars; but they count by half-centuries where we count decades, by labor whose wage would not have bought the Comstock miner his

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LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

cigar, by the very absence of what we call "business method." Knowing both well, I have no lingering doubt that the Potosino or Pasqueño "got more out of it," and gave more; lived, on the average, more happily and more beloved. But we wiser people do not mine precisely to live; we are rather more in the way of living that we may mine. The benighted Don never knew what a mining-stock was. He was content with silver. Whereas we have made our shadow bigger than his substance. Stock-gambling was a California invention; for before that even our progressive blood had not risen to the fine game of throat-cutting by ticker. There could be no sharper proof of racial superiority. Our rude prototype made a fair fling so long as he had bullion to pave the street —as he literally did, *pro tem.*, in cases of exhilaration—but had to stop when his last coin rang on the counter. A smarter generation learned to take that coin and weigh it against a quire of paper, put on four bits' worth of printer's ink, cut the pile into ten thousand pieces, and sell each piece for the value of the original coin. Nor was it all the "epoch of progress," for it has not yet been "gone better." Our best efforts are rather crude now beside the stiff game of the frontier inventor—when stocks on the San Francisco board rose in value a million dollars a day for months, and the sales in one year in one small city were 120 millions; when a certain stock went from nothing to $1570 a share, and back to $33, all within eight months; when two silver-mines produced 105 millions in five years, and the valuation of one lode was nearly 400 millions; when 250 millions were spent in "developing" one little huddle of hills, and, though thousands got rich by what "stuck to their fingers," there were bigger dividends than all the mills or all the railroads in the United States ever paid. By some illogic of the map, the Comstock is in Nevada; but it must always be borne in mind that the Comstock was as distinctively a California affair as Bunker Hill belongs to Massachusetts. California money, California brawn, California brains, California madness, made it—and to later boot gave us Leadville, Tombstone, and all the other giants. Rich as the nation is, if only the original money from between the boundaries of California were bewitched out of our pockets and our enterprises, we should go hopelessly bankrupt—without insisting at

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all upon California's equity in the investments built upon that money, nor upon a royalty in the mineral output of other States that can be proved definitively to be a specific consequence of California, nor yet counting at all the many other industries whereby the State of Bewilderment has enriched the Union and herself in the half-century.

Nor is it by any suggestion a mere case of "*has* done." California sowed her wild oats royally, and taught her timidest sister to tipple. No State was ever before so drunken — nor so contagious in her cups — and none is to-day more sober. I knew once every county in New England by sight, but if there is any New England town of about 8000 which beats a peace record of one arrest per month, it has grown up since I came away. And in all seriousness that is typical. There is no State comparable in population and wealth freer to-day from the gambling spirit than this ex-gambler to whose once vast game even Chicago city must stand in the relation of neophyte. Of this phase there is much to be said later. At present we must "cut" only the "main trail." Here is a modern State of good American manners and morals; with more than one-twenty-second of the area of the United States (Alaska inclusive), and one-sixtieth of the population; with a quarter as many people as New England, and two and a half times as many acres. It raised in 1897 two hundred and ninety-three times as much wheat as New England, eighteen times as much barley, half as much corn. It has two million acres more forest than New England — forests not only incomparably nobler but incomparably more valuable. It has, indeed, one-twenty-fourth of all the forests in the United States; and the densest forests (in "merchantable lumber") in the world. It has more horses, more milch-cows and oxen, more swine, than all New England, and over four times as many sheep. It has more acres in grapes than New England has in corn, and produces more wine than all the rest of the Union put together. It is the only raisin-maker, and turns out thirty-nine thousand tons of raisins a year. With less than a fifth of the total coast-line of the United States, it has (by value) one-fourteenth of the fisheries. It raises many times as much fruit as New England, of many times the variety, and of at least double the market rating. With a third of Ohio's population (and no President-making nor natural gas), it manufactures as much as Ohio in value. It has more money in savings-banks per depositor than any other State in the Union — double the New England average, more than seven times the average of Great Britain. And it is not the lucky few. Its savings-bank deposits mean not only $110 or so for every man, woman, and child in the State, Chinese and Indians included, but that one in



PORT HARFORD.

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EL RANCHO DEL POZO DE VERONA.
Mrs. Phoebe A Hearst's country house, Pleasanton.

every seven of this entire population is a depositor. Its State indebtedness per capita is a quarter that of Massachusetts; not far above a third that of New York—and it has got quite as much for its money. Its assessed valuation per capita is 30 per cent. above that of New York, more than four times larger than that of Illinois, and in the whole Union is equalled only by Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Possibly from the material stand-point this suffices for the present to indicate that one may be less frivolous than one looks in speaking of California as the right hand, and that the heretic suggestion may be worth following up. This is but a beginning of the fact, and if these truths seem seditious, the wrath be not upon my head, but upon that of the Census Bureau and its fellow-conspirators.

The most vital influence in shaping American character (for we will drop the pocket awhile) radiated first and longest from the stingy littoral of our hostile ocean. The Puritan conscience is dominant to-day in California as it is in New England and many States between. On neither verge is it nowadays in majority of numbers; on both it is the backbone minority that stiffens—and in the long run controls—every democracy. In both (if unequally) its surface asperities have been rubbed and weathered, to their possible betterment; but the oaken core perdures, unspoiled in fibre by the "finish."

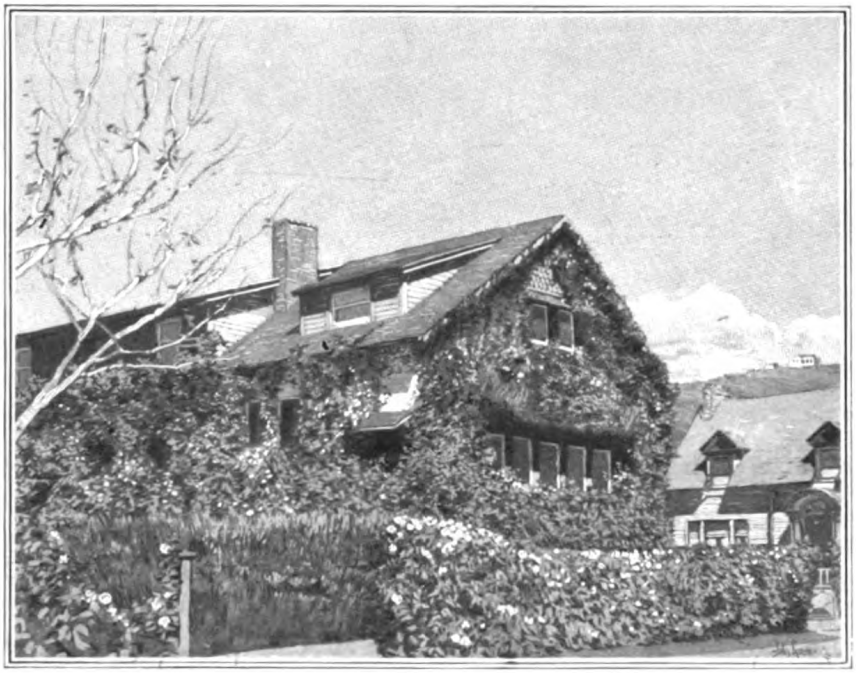
Now back to the peevish ocean from the serene one, from the generous to the "close" fields, there is (and growing daily more momentous) a sociologic reaction as little to be disregarded in any sober analysis of national character. The frontiersman has counted as many per cent. in evolving the present American culture type as the Puritan himself. We are great not alone because of our keen sense of the immorality of other people. The compelling a continental wilderness would have given us moral muscle if we had started without any to speak of, and has very visibly enlarged and given new suppleness to the generous stock of our heredity. The Puritans themselves would have presently become "impossible" if they had landed in the Garden of Eden, and we can never be too thankful that California was beyond them. They were near enough to impossible as it stood, but the wilderness is a wonderfully sane

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thing. Only death matches it as a corrective. New England was counter-irritant enough even for its pioneers. California, by a curious partnership of circumstances, intrinsic and extrinsic, was frontier plus a still more inevitable influence. I believe it as possible to prove, and as conclusively, that California made over the American mind as that it made over American finances, and am now headed thitherward, after a merely introductory fashion.

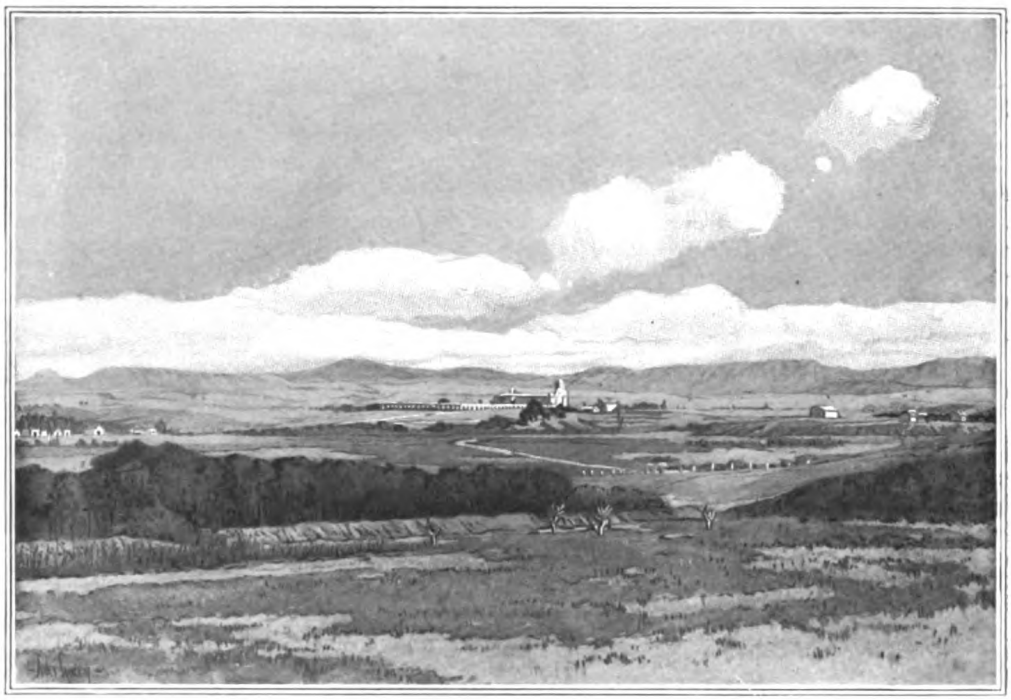
Here was our first (and still largest) national romance, the first wild flower of mystery, the first fierce passion of an uncommonly hard-fisted youth. To this day it persists the only glamour between the covers of our geography. For more than fifty years its very name has been a witchcraft, and its spell is stronger now than ever, as shall be coolly demonstrated. This has meant something in the psychology of so unfanciful a nation. The flowering of imagination is no trivial incident, whether in a farm-boy's life or in a nation's. It may be outgrown, and even forgotten, but it shall never again be as if it had never been. Without just that flower we should not have just this fruit.

California was also the nation's first taste of "big money"—alias, the unearned increment. Far be it from me to pretend that this was an unmixed blessing. Very likely it was not a blessing whatever. But I speak to a common standard, and the challenged party has the choice of weapons. Forty-eight was, to a sturdy, sober land, the first giant unrest, the first epidemic temptation. We had never before dreamed of being—well, as we are. It changed the temper of the American mind forever—though by no means every American mind at once. It taught a generation aiming point-blank at slow competency to raise the sights for riches on the wing, and we have forgotten how to shoot low. It bred more discontent and more widely shifted the social viewpoint than any other event or condition in our history before or since, slavery and steam not excluded—for steam we tie, and we have untied slavery; but no nation ever yet rebottled the afrit of its own imagination and desire. I know, indeed, in all history, no comparable transubstantiation of mind in a people; for of course the easy parallel is not yet by a long way history.



A BERKELEY HOME IN WINTER.

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VALLEY OF SAN LUIS REY.
Mission of San Luis Rey de Francia in the distance.

Very possibly the patient student nowadays realizes, more broadly than any Argonaut even, how swift, how unforeseen, how irreluctably, that galvanic pulse ran through the narrow nation, and how fiercely possessed its very capillaries. Slavery itself was never so stirring a question in so many hearts—for when the men of 200,000 homes were facing danger our concern was for something more complicated than the abstract question, just as the California fever took on new complications when it involved the absence of so many scores of thousands of loved ones. I make the comparison between the two agitations by their intrinsic depth, so far as such simplification is possible. The files of the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other newspapers, of every periodical, little and big, warming (from a conservatism whereof no large residue is anywhere left us) to the first colossal sensation in American journalism; the popular songs (and only a collector dreams how as the sands of the sea for multitude were the "California songsters" which flooded the country—of the span of a dime novel, but rainbow-covered with the saddening lithographies of the day)—these are straws of how the wind blew. To say nothing of the passenger-lists. The United States has over four times the population it had in '48, but it has never since duplicated that shifting of population.

And the books! Without final data at hand, I incline to believe that by the time the war came along to give us a new text, California had already, in a dozen years, doubled the volume of American literature. In the same way, of course, that it was then doubled again—for our war-literature was not mostly written upon the battle-field. In half a century this current has not ceased. It is a lean month even now which does not see somewhere some sort of a book about California. It is certain that as much literature (using the word as it is used) has been written of California as of all the other States together. This means, of course, only matter in which the State is an essential, not an incident. It is surprising, too, what a proportion of the best of this literature of California was published by one publishing-house; and there is to me a certain special pleasure that these latter words come to light under the same old imprint.

It was given to the Argonauts of '49 to

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weigh more per capita, and for a longer term, than any other class of citizens. Whether they staid at the rainbow's end or reverted at last to the old home, whether they "made their pile" or "went broke," they had a disproportionate influence upon whatsoever society they touched—even by their rare letters. It is perfectly true that California has not even yet given birth to one man of the largest national stature, nor even returned an adopted son so tall as the very giants of the States that mothered her. That is not unexpected in history. Homer could hardly have come the day after Cadmus. It does not in the least diminish our patriotic head that the Gladstones and Tennysons and Bismarcks refrain at home from the better side of the world, nor that our actual immigrants are not largely Websters by the time they are ready for naturalization papers. What we do expect is that, given the like blood and a fair start, we can trust time to work out for us better average results than tired monarchies may look for. That is the United States against the field. The initiate Californian has precisely the same conviction as against the rest of the world, the Eastern States inclusive. If with as definable and as defensible logic, may be decided later.

These over-average men who made, and were made by, California—and they were visibly above average who braved the



AN OLD SPANISH CALIFORNIA VERANDA.



A MADROÑO-TREE IN BLOOM.

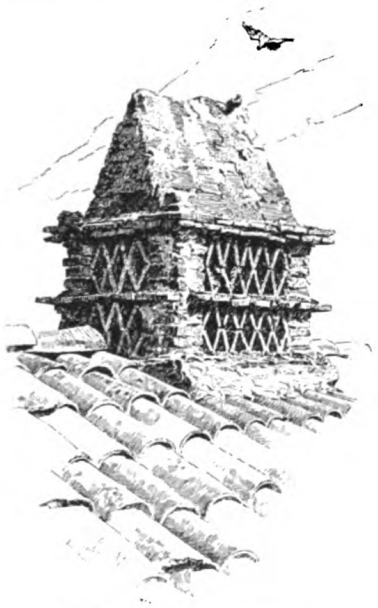
2000-mile tramp, or six months' voyage, and the hardships and dangers of wayside and goal—were all stamped forever with a new seal. Such a school never graduates even its dunces unchanged. Every man of that unprecedented migration lost something in California, and found something; things worse lost, and better; things it was well to find, and things that were a pity. Some that had been strong so long as environment crutched them, turned weak when they tried to stand alone; and some, weakling by disuse, turned giants under exercise. Some "good men" became bad, and some "bad men" became good. It was the Circe that bewitched a man to his true inner shape—of fox or wolf or hog or man. And so is the frontier always. Cold storage is not righteousness, nor a plaster jacket character.

But every man jack of those men was changed—grown along his line of least resistance. Somehow, too, he was larger, in one dimension if not in all. He had learned vastly in self-reliance, self-control, observation, independence, beyond the man that had never overstepped the native township. He might be no better man; he was certainly different. He had swapped horizons, and for the bigger. Travel (and not by Pullman), contact

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with Nature—in larger, fiercer, yet nobler maturity than her corseted under-study knows who lags in gardens—the attrition of men, no longer circumscribed but as broken loose to individuality as himself—these had opened him.

Above all, the having had to shoulder for himself the burden of human responsibility, which the social machine had mostly borne for him before; the having to begin back toward the beginning, with no better tools than his shrewdness and his vague concept of history, to build new in the wilderness that strange compromise of do and do not which we agree to call civilization. That experience made him not a man alone, but a figure. He was impossible to be dodged, and no one cared to dodge such an excitement. His face, his attitude, his step, his money (if he brought any), so "easy" earned, so royal spent—a farm's crop in a panful of gravel—even his frontier made vices, were interesting. They were all big, and even in this sore world nothing has yet got so little as to be proof against bigness. He infected not only potential imitators in roving, but as truly (and perhaps more deeply) those who never had a serious peril of leaving their saner shoe-shops or stone pastures—and that those *are* saner than the first pathologies of a gold-fever only those may deny who do not much care what they say. No Easterner ever looked at the world through unchanged glasses after contact with a Californian Argonaut, and doubtless no Easterner endowed with the organs of listening ever escaped that confident voice altogether.



THE KITCHEN CHIMNEY.
Mission San Juan Capitano.

One should always have learned something from each of one's schoolmasters, even the rudest, and it is an axiom of a now bygone school to which I shall never be so ungrateful as to deny my debt, never to empty your six-shooter, and never to fire in the air. This is nothing more than a beginning even of the generic truth about a topic which seems to me one of the largest and most interesting that it has ever been given to Americans to see upon their own blackboard. Nor do I plan to exhaust the subject.

As also has been said before, and sometimes on still worse authority, California is above all others the land of contrasts. It is true; but truth is a club too heavy to be used unmercifully. We need not conjure up contradictions for smartness' sake, since nothing is really cheaper. There is no virtue in "boom" superlatives. There is no ambition in me to insist on 300-pound squashes, and on 150-pound watermelons, and beets a farmer cannot hump into his cart unaided, and occasional thousand-dollar-an-acre crops. These things be, and a thousand circus side-shows like them. But if the Easterner is not tired of hearing of them, some of us are. I would rather deal with California as a figure in the market than in the museum, to see if it really means something—big, perhaps, but sane—in its own and the nation's development, and if so, why; to analyze—with what skill I can find, but, at any rate, with accuracy, which I never need lose—how it comes to be evolving (as it unquestionably is) a civilization unique in the United States, and what this new sociologic trend may mean and is likely to mean for California and for the rest of the federal family. In fine, to discuss it as a factor, not as a freak.

Freak, indeed, it may superficially seem to our average experience. Yet I would rather think of it as Nature's true normal, and of the peevish climate temper of my native coast as it were her neuralgia. For it is not good to think ill of our descent. If Mother Nature is indeed as we see her here, broad-browed and broad-bosomed, strong and calm—calm because strong—swaying her vain brats by unruffled love, not by fear; by wise giving, not by privation; by caresses

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and gentle precepts, not by cuffs and scoldings and hysterics — why, then she shall better justify our memories and the name we have given her. It is well that our New England mothers had a different climate in their hearts from that which beat at their windows. I know one Yankee boy who never could quite understand that his mother had gone *home* till he came to know the skies of California.

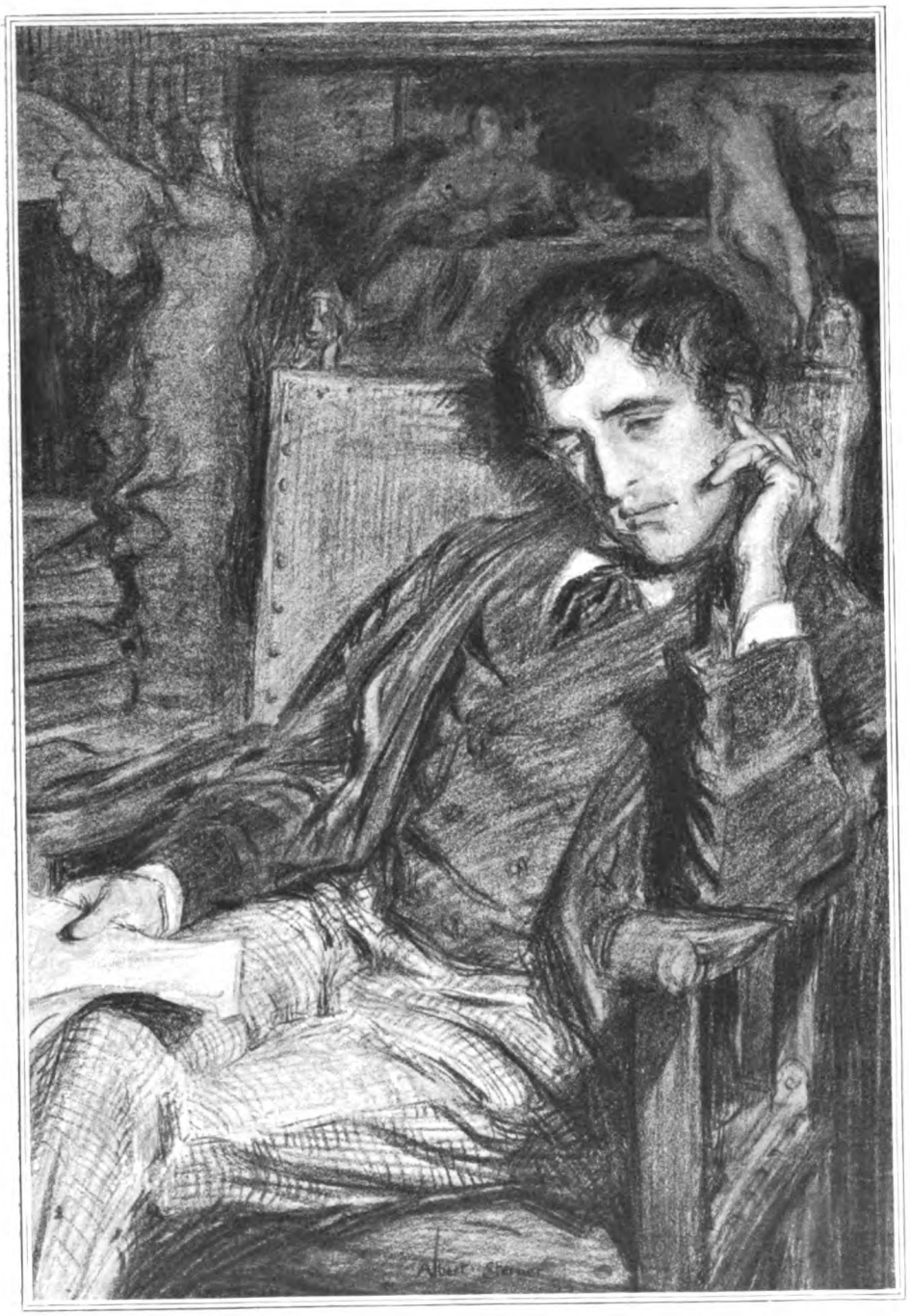
As a sane and actual, though exceptional, State of the Union, then, let us reckon with California. Even so we must depart from many conventions, and face many paradoxes without undue timidity. The superlative is a degree no ticklish person (whether in conscience or in vanity) can afford to take in vain, though one may prefer the things that merit superlatives. Nor yet is it a thing to skulk from. A scientific maximum is as true as a scientific minimum. The only rule is never to use the degree wantonly, nor of guess-work, nor of emotion.



MODERN DWELLINGS IN SANTA BARBARA.
After the Spanish.

Any study of California at this date must be, to be justified, a little broader, a little deeper, a little more intimate, a little more comparative. My one apology for daring to try the unequal task must be that no one does the thing which seems to need doing. In place of the genius such a theme should engage, I can hope only to give larger patience and more drudgery; for brilliant intuition, an acquaintance of fifteen years; for a few books to lean on, every book, I believe, in Spanish, English, or French, from the beginning; for the railroad travel and a couple of cities, residence, study, and wide pursuit; and all re-enforced by more than two hard years of special review and many thousand miles of inland travel for the one object. No one who knows California well enough to write about her can pretend indifference; and here is an unabashed lover. But not because she is the first and only fair one. I shall compare her face and figure, her temper, mind, manners, and the color of her eyes, knowing all her Union sisters and nearly all her New World cousins; hoping also that no one better knows her infirmities. What is hereinafter to be said of her will not be Western braggadocio, for the witness is but an Easterner emancipated; nor merely because it is true (since truth is often impudent); nor at all because the truth is good to California, which needs no help of me; but solely because it seems to me a theme interesting to any real mind whatever, and of literal concern to the whole nation that California is proud to be some part of. Unless the basic idea is an egregious blunder, there will be some sober worth as well as some interest in this series of studies of the real California—what it is, why it is so, and what it all means to American business, American thought, American character. And it is not to be reckoned folly to count as of some big import in all these lines a State which has twice been populated faster than any other on the continent, with classes respectively as unlike as buccaneers from professors; which was the most Western, and is now the most Eastern, State in the Union; the most foolish once, and now, I believe, the wisest—in every event, the most potent. Nor can there fail to be, aside from economics, a certain human interest in the State which was our only transient hotel, and is now the most ineradicable home; the only State so many Americans ever sought in fever, and so few ever leave in any temperature.

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MANISTY.

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ELEANOR

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER I.

"LET us be quite clear, Aunt Pattie—when does this young woman arrive?"

"In about half an hour. But really, Edward, you need take no trouble! She is coming to visit me, and I will see that she doesn't get in your way. Neither you nor Eleanor need trouble your heads about her."

Miss Manisty, a small elderly lady in a cap, looked at her nephew with a mild and deprecating air. The slight tremor of the hands, which were crossed over the knitting on her lap, betrayed a certain nervousness; but for all that she had the air of managing a familiar difficulty in familiar ways.

The gentleman addressed shook his head impatiently.

"One never prepares for these catastrophes till they are actually upon one," he muttered, taking up a magazine that lay on the table near him, and restlessly playing with the leaves.

"I warned you yesterday."

"And I forgot—and was happy. Eleanor, what are we going to do with Miss Foster?"

A lady, who had been sitting at some little distance, rose and came forward.

"Well, I should have thought the answer was simple. Here we are fifteen miles from Rome. The trains might be better—still there are trains. Miss Foster has never been to Europe before. Either Aunt Pattie's maid or mine can take her to all the proper things, or there are plenty of people in Rome—the Westertons—the Borrows?—who at a word from Aunt Pattie would fly to look after her and take her about. I really don't see that you need be so miserable!"

Mrs. Burgoyne stood looking down in some amusement at the aunt and nephew. Edward Manisty, however, was not apparently consoled by her remarks. He began to pace up and down the salon in a disturbance out of all proportion to its cause. And as he walked he threw out phrases of ill-humor, so that at last Miss Manisty, driven to defend herself, put the irresistible question:

"Then why—why, my dear Edward, did you make me invite her? For it was really his doing—wasn't it, Eleanor?"

"Yes; I am witness!"

"One of those abominable flashes of conscience that have so much to answer for!" said Manisty, throwing up his hand in annoyance. "If she had come to us in Rome, one could have provided for her. But here in this solitude—just at the most critical moment of one's work! And it's all very well—but one can't treat a young lady, when she is actually in one's house, as if she were the tongs!"

He stood beside the window, with his hands on his sides, moodily looking out. Thus strongly defined against the sunset light, he would have impressed himself on a stranger as a man no longer in his first youth, extraordinarily handsome so far as the head was concerned, but of a somewhat shambling and stunted figure. The head, face, and shoulders were all large and powerful; the coloring—curly black hair, gray eyes, dark complexion—singularly vivid; and the lines of the brow, the long nose, the energetic mouth, in their mingled force and perfection, had made the pleasure of many an artist before now. For Edward Manisty was one of those men of note whose portraits the world likes to paint; and this "Olympian head" of his was well known in many a French and English studio, through a fine drawing of it made by Legros when Manisty was still a youth at Oxford. The body and legs, unfortunately, were by no means worthy of this magnificent upper man. The head was all harmony and the ideal; the rest was character, perhaps—it was certainly ugliness and irregularity. "Begun by David—and finished by Rembrandt," so a young French artist had once described Edward Manisty.

The final effect of this discord, however, was an effect of power, of personality, of something that claimed and held attention. So at least it was described by Manisty's friends. Manisty's enemies

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of whom the world contained no small number, had other words for it. But women in general took the more complimentary view.

The two women now in his company were clearly much affected by the force, wilfulness, extravagance—for one might call it by any of these names — that breathed from the man before them. Miss Manisty, his aunt, followed his movements with her small blinking eyes, timidly uneasy, but yet visibly conscious all the time that she had done nothing that any reasonable man could rationally complain of; while in the manner towards him of his widowed cousin, Mrs. Burgoyne, in the few words of banter or remonstrance that she threw him on the subject of his aunt's expected visitor, there was an indulgence, a deference even, that his irritation scarcely deserved.

"At least, give me some account of this girl," he said, breaking in upon his aunt's explanations. "I have really not given her a thought, and—good heavens!—she will be here, you say, in half an hour. Is she young—stupid—pretty? Has she any experience, any conversation?"

"I read you Adèle's letter on Monday," said Miss Manisty, in a tone of patience, "and I told you then all I knew—but I noticed you didn't listen. I only saw her myself for a few hours at Boston. I remember she was rather good-looking, but very shy, and not a bit like all the other girls one was seeing. Her clothes were odd, and dowdy, and too old for her altogether, which struck me as curious, for the American girls, even the country ones, have such a natural turn for dressing themselves. Her Boston cousins didn't like it, and they tried to buy her things; but she was difficult to manage, and they had to give it up. Still, they were very fond of her, I remember. Only she didn't let them show it much. Her manners were much stiffer than theirs. They said she was very countrified and simple—that she had been brought up quite alone by their old uncle, in a little country town, and hardly ever went away from home."

"And Edward never saw her?" inquired Mrs. Burgoyne, with a motion of the head towards Manisty.

"No. He was at Chicago just those days. But you never saw anything like the kindness of the cousins! Luncheons and dinners!" Miss Manisty raised her little gouty hands. "My dear, when we left Boston I never wanted to eat again. It would be simply indecent if we did nothing for this girl. English people are so ungrateful this side of the water. It makes me hot when I think of all they do for us."

The small lady's blanched and wrinkled face reddened a little with a color which became her. Manisty, lost in irritable reflection, apparently took no notice.

"But why did they send her out all alone?" said Mrs. Burgoyne. "Couldn't they have found some family for her to travel with?"

"Well, it was a series of accidents. She did come over with some Boston people—the Porters—we knew very well. And they hadn't been three days in London before one of the daughters developed meningitis and was at the point of death. And of course they could go nowhere and see nothing—and poor Lucy Foster felt herself in the way. Then she was to have joined some other people in Italy, and *they* changed their plans. And at last I got a letter from Mrs. Porter, in despair, asking me if I knew of any one in Rome who would take her in and chaperon her. And then—well, then you know the rest."

And the speaker nodded again, still more significantly, towards her nephew.

"No, not all," said Mrs. Burgoyne, laughing. "I remember he telegraphed."

"Yes. He wouldn't even wait for me to write. No—'Of course we must have the girl!' he said. 'She can join us at the villa. And they'll want to know, so I'll wire.' And out he went. And then that evening I had to write and ask her to stay as long as she wished, and —well, there it is!"

"And hence these tears," said Mrs. Burgoyne. "What possessed him?"

"Well, I think it was conscience," said the little spinster, plucking up spirit. "I know it was with me. There had been some Americans calling on us that day, you remember—those charming Harvard people? And somehow it recalled to us both what a fuss they had made with us, and how kind everybody was. At least I suppose that was how Edward felt. I know I did."

Manisty paused in his walk. For the first time his dark, whimsical face was crossed by an unwilling smile — slight but agreeable.

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"It is the old story," he said. "Life would be tolerable but for one's virtues. All this time, I beg to point out, Aunt Pattie, that you have still told us nothing about the young lady—except something about her clothes — which doesn't matter."

Mrs. Burgoyne's amused gesture showed the woman's view of this remark. Miss Manisty looked puzzled.

"Well—I don't know. Yes—I have told you a great deal. The Lewinsons apparently thought her rather strange. Adèle said she couldn't tell what to be at with her—you never knew what she would like or dislike. Tom Lewinson seems to have liked her better than Adèle did. He said 'there was no nonsense about her, and she never kept a fellow waiting.' Adèle says she is the oddest mixture of knowledge and ignorance. She would ask the most absurd elementary questions — and then one morning Tom found out that she was quite a Latin scholar, and had read Horace and Virgil, and all the rest."

"Good God!" said Manisty under his breath, resuming his walk.

"And when they asked her to play, she played—quite respectably."

"Of course—two hours' practising in the morning—I foresaw it," said Manisty, stopping short. "Eleanor, we have been like children sporting over the abyss!"

Mrs. Burgoyne rose with a laugh—a very soft and charming laugh — by no means the least among the various gifts with which nature had endowed her.

"Oh, civilization has resources," she said. "Aunt Pattie and I will take care of you. Now we have got a quarter of an hour to dress in. Only first one must really pay one's respects to this sunset."

And she stepped out through an open door upon a balcony beyond. Then turning, with a face of delight, she beckoned to Manisty, who followed.

"Every night more marvellous than the last!" she said, hanging over the balustrade, "and one seems to be here in the high box of a theatre, with the sun playing pageants for our particular benefit."

Before them—beneath them, indeed—stretched a scene majestic, incomparable. The old villa in which they stood was built high on the ridge of the Alban Hills. Below it olive-grounds and vineyards, plough-lands and pine-plantations, sank, slope after slope, fold after fold, to the Campagna. And beyond the Campagna, along the whole shining line of the west, the sea met the sunset; while to the north, a dim and scattered whiteness rising from the plain was—Rome.

The sunset was rushing to its height through every possible phase of violence and splendor. From the Mediterranean storm-clouds were rising fast to the assault and conquest of the upper sky, which still above the hills shone blue and tranquil. But the northwest wind and the sea were leagued against it. They sent out perpetually threatening fingers and long spinning veils of cloud across it — skirmishers that foretold the black and serried lines, the torn and monstrous masses behind. Below these wild tempest shapes, again, in long spaces resting on the sea, the heaven was at peace, shining in delicate greens and yellows, infinitely translucent and serene, above the dazzling lines of water. Over Rome itself there was a strange massing and curving of the clouds. Between their blackness and the deep purple of the Campagna rose the city—pale phantom,—upholding one great dome, and one only, to the view of night and the world. Round and above and behind her, beneath the long flat arch of the storm, glowed a furnace of scarlet light. The buildings were pale specks against its fierce intensity, dimly visible through a sea of fire. St. Peter's alone, without visible foundation or support, had consistence, form, identity. And between the city and the hills waves of blue and purple shade, forerunners of the night, stole over the Campagna towards the hills. But the hills themselves were still shining, still clad in rose and amethyst, caught in gentler repetition from the wildness of the west. Pale rose even the olive-gardens, rose the rich brown fallows, the emerging farms; while drawn across the Campagna from north to south, as though some mighty brush had just laid it there for sheer lust of color, sheer joy in the mating it with the rose, one long strip of sharpest, purest green.

Mrs. Burgoyne turned at last from the great spectacle to her companion.

"One has really no adjectives left," she said. "But I had used mine up within a week."

"It still gives you so much pleasure?" he said, looking at her a little askance.

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Her face changed at once. "And you? —you are beginning to be tired of it?"

"One gets a sort of indigestion. Oh, I shall be all right to-morrow."

Both were silent for a moment. Then he resumed:

"I met General Fenton in the Borgia rooms yesterday. I hadn't seen him since the old Egyptian days. 'God bless my soul! my dear fellow, what have you been up to?' he said. 'Wasn't it good enough for you? Why, you had the ball at your feet!' 'Yes,' I said, 'and I kicked it—in my own way.' That made him furious, and he blustered on for ten minutes. He knew my father, and me as a boy. I suppose he thought he could say what he liked. 'So you consider that I acted like a vain ass?' I asked him at last. 'I think you've made a shocking mess,' he said. 'So does everybody. And what in the name of fortune are you doing now?' So I explained that I had something I wanted to say—told him about the book—and so on. 'And you have left politics to write a *book*?'—he shouted it out; I thought the *custode* would have been down on us—'you who might have been Prime Minister?' And the silly old fellow stuck to me for twenty minutes, arguing and scoffing and swearing. It is only one more instance, of course, of the way in which that kind of man—but, after all, it is the kind of man that counts in England—regards all my proceedings."

"Well, does it matter?" said Mrs. Burgoyne, quietly.

He hesitated, then laughed.

"Not a rap, so long as there are no doubts inside to open the gates to the General Fentons outside."

"The doubts are traitors," she said, smiling. "Send them to execution."

"Dear lady, suppose they are in the right of it?"

She shrank visibly, then braced herself.

"What can a man like General Fenton know about it? You are not writing for him—nor did you act for him."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"No. But this is one of the days on which I ask myself—for whom? Some Frenchman once said of his own career, 'I have gone from shipwreck to shipwreck.' What if I am merely bound on the same charming voyage?"

He turned upon her a face half smiling, half bitter.

"But of course there will be such days," she said, impatiently. "You should lay your account for them. A man does not give up a great position, does not throw himself into a book which is to be not merely a book but an event, does not wrench his life as you have done, without suffering for it. If you had betrayed a cause—'just for a riband to stick in your coat'—I would give you leave to despair. But when you have *made* one—when you are more of a leader now than you ever were—why—"

Her hand's half-disdainful gesture completed the sentence.

As she stood beside him in the rosy light, so proudly confident, Eleanor Burgoyne was very delightful to see and hear. Manisty, one of the subtlest and most fastidious of observers, was abundantly conscious of it. Yet she was not beautiful, except in the judgment of a few exceptional people, to whom a certain kind of grace—very rare, and very complex in origin—is of more importance than other things. The eyes were indeed beautiful; so was the forehead, and the hair of a soft ashy brown folded and piled round it in a most skilful simplicity. But the marked pallor of the face, the singularly dark circles round the eyes, the great thinness of the temples and cheeks, together with the emaciation of the whole delicate frame, made a rather painful impression on a stranger. It was a face of experience, a face of grief; timid, yet with many strange capacities and suggestions both of vehemence and pride. It could still tremble into youth and delight. But in general it held the world aloof. Mrs. Burgoyne was not very far from thirty, and either physical weakness or the presence of some enemy within more destructive still had emphasized the loss of youth. At the same time she had a voice, a hand, a carriage, that lovelier women had often envied, noticing the peculiar power and spell they seemed to give her in the world.

And this spell she brought to bear tonight on Manisty, divining that it was a moment in which to use what she possessed. She lingered beside him, plying him with a hundred charming flatteries, which succeeded as they had succeeded many times before. She knew all his vanities, and how to feed them; and she used her knowledge. He, on his side,

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THE VILLA.

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was more than half conscious that she befooled him; but he swallowed what she offered him, nevertheless.

"Don't praise yourself any more," he said to her at last, "for it is your book—and your doing."

She stopped short at once—flushing from brow to chin.

"Let us go and dress—and not talk nonsense," she said, raising herself from the balustrade. "Just look at the time—and Miss Foster!—heavens!"

Manisty struck his hand against the railing.

"How is one to be civil about this visit? Nothing could be more unfortunate. These last critical weeks—and each of us so dependent on the other. Really it is the most monstrous folly on all our parts that we should have brought this girl upon us."

"Poor Miss Foster!" said Mrs. Burgoyne, raising her eyebrows. "But of course you won't be civil! Aunt Pattie and I know that. When I think of what I went through that first fortnight—"

"Eleanor!"

"You are the only man I ever knew that could sit silent through a whole meal. By to-morrow Miss Foster will have added that experience to her collection. Well, I shall be prepared with my consolations. There's the carriage—and the bell!"

They fled in-doors, escaping through the side entrances of the salon, before the visitor could be shown in.

"Must I change my dress?"

The voice that asked that question trembled with agitation and fatigue. But the girl who owned the voice stood up stiffly, looking at Miss Manisty with a frowning, almost a threatening shyness.

"Well, my dear," said Miss Manisty, hesitating, "are you not rather dusty? We can easily keep dinner a quarter of an hour."

She looked at the gray alpaca dress before her, in some perplexity.

"Oh, very well," said the girl, hurriedly. "Of course I'll change. Only," and the voice fluttered again, evidently against her will, "I'm afraid I haven't anything very nice. I must get something in Rome. Mrs. Lewinson advised me. This is my afternoon dress; I've been wearing it in Florence. But of course—I'll put on my other. Oh, please don't send for a maid! I'd rather unpack for myself—so much rather!"

The speaker flushed crimson as she saw Miss Manisty's maid enter the room in answer to her mistress's ring. She stood up, indeed, with her hand grasping her trunk, as though defending it from an assailant.

The maid looked at her mistress. "Miss Foster will ring, Benson, if she wants you," said Miss Manisty; and the black-robed elderly maid, breathing decorous fashion and the ways of "the best people," turned, gave a swift look at Miss Foster, and left the room.

"Are you sure, my dear? You know she would make you tidy in no time. She arranges hair beautifully."

"Oh, quite—quite sure! thank you," said the girl, with the same eagerness. "I will be ready—right away."

Then, left to herself, Miss Foster hastily opened her box and took out some of its contents. She unfolded one dress after another, and looked at them unhappily.

"Perhaps I ought to have let Cousin Izza give me those things in Boston," she thought. "Perhaps I was too proud. And that money of Uncle Ben's— It might have been kinder— After all, he wanted me to look nice."

She sat ruefully on the ground beside her trunk, turning the things over, in a misery of annoyance and mortification—half inclined to laugh too as she remembered the seamstress in the small New England country town, who had helped her own hands to manufacture them. "Well, Miss Lucy, your uncle's done real handsome by you. I guess he's set you up, and no mistake. There's no meanness about him!"

And she saw the dress on the stand, the little blond withered head of the dressmaker, the spectacled eyes dwelling proudly on the masterpiece before them.

Alack! There rose up the memory of little Mrs. Lewinson at Florence—of her gently pursed lips—of the looks that were meant to be kind, and were in reality so critical.

No matter. The choice had to be made; and she chose at last a blue and white check that seemed to have borne its travels better than the rest. It had looked so fresh and striking in the window of the shop where she had bought it. "And you know, Miss Lucy, you're so tall you can stand them chancy things," her little friend had said to her when *she* had won-

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dered whether the check might not be too large.

And yet only with a passing wonder. She could not honestly say that her dress had cost her much thought then or at any other time. She had been content to be very simple, to admire other girls' cleverness. There had been influences upon her own childhood, moreover, that had somehow separated her from the girls around her, had made it difficult for her to think and plan as they did.

She rose with the dress in her hands, and as she did so she caught the glory of the sunset through the open window.

She ran to look, all her senses flooded with the sudden beauty, when she heard a man's voice as it seemed close beside her. Looking to the left, she distinguished a balcony, and a dark figure that had just emerged upon it.

Mr. Manisty, no doubt! She closed her window hurriedly, and began her dressing, trying at the same time to collect her thoughts on the subject of these people whom she had come to visit.

Yet neither the talk of her Boston cousins nor the gossip of the Lewinsons at Florence had left any very clear impression. She remembered well her first and only sight of Miss Manisty at Boston. The little spinster, so much a lady, so kind, cheerful, and agreeable, had left a very favorable impression in America. Mr. Manisty had left an impression too; that was certain, for people talked of him perpetually. Not many persons, however, had liked him, it seemed. She could remember, as it were, a whole track of resentments, hostilities, left behind. "He cares nothing about us," an irate Boston lady had said in her hearing; "but he will exploit us! He despises us, but he'll make plenty of speeches and articles out of us—you'll see!"

As for Major Lewinson, the husband of Mr. Manisty's first cousin, she had been conscious all the time of only half believing what he said, of holding out against it. He must be so different from Mr. Manisty—the little smart, quick-tempered soldier—with his contempt for the undisciplined civilian way of doing things. She did not mean to remember his remarks. For all that, she had her own ideas of what Mr. Manisty would be like. She had secretly formed her own opinion. He had been a man of letters and a traveller before he entered politics. She remembered—nay, she would never forget—a volume of *Letters from Palestine*, written by him, which had reached her through the free library of the little town near her home. She who read slowly, but, when she admired, with a silent and worshipping ardor, had read this book, had hidden it under her pillow, had been haunted for days by its pliant sonorous sentences—by the color, the perfume, the melancholy of pages that seemed to her dreaming youth marvellous, inimitable. There was a description of a dawn at Bethlehem, a night wandering at Jerusalem, a reverie by the Sea of Galilee, the very thought of which made her shiver a little, so deeply had they touched her young and pure imagination.

And then people talked so angrily of his quarrel with the government and his resigning. They said he had been foolish, arrogant, unwise. Perhaps. But after all it had been to his own hurt; it must have been for principle. So far the girl's secret instinct was all on his side.

Meanwhile, as she dressed, there floated through her mind fragments of what she had been told as to his strange personal beauty; but these she only entertained shyly and in passing. She had been brought up to think little of such matters, or rather to avoid thinking of them.

She went through her toilet as neatly and rapidly as she could, her mind all the time so full of speculation and a deep restrained excitement that she ceased to trouble herself in the least about her gown.

As for her hair, she arranged it almost mechanically, caring only that its black masses should be smooth and in order. She fastened at her throat a small turquoise brooch that had been her mother's; she clasped the two little chain bracelets that were the only ornaments of the kind she possessed; and then, without a single backward look towards the reflection in the glass, she left her room, her heart beating fast with timidity and expectation.

"Oh, poor child! poor child!—what a frock!"

Such was the inward ejaculation of Mrs. Burgoyne as the door of the salon was thrown open by the Italian butler, and a very tall girl came abruptly through, edging to one side as though she were trying to escape the servant, and looking anxiously round the vast room.

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Manisty also turned as the door opened. Miss Manisty caught his momentary expression of wonder as she herself hurried forward to meet the new-comer.

"You have been very quick, my dear, and I am sure you must be hungry. This is an old friend of ours, Mrs. Burgoyne; my nephew, Edward Manisty. He knows all your Boston cousins, if not you. Edward, will you take Miss Foster? She's the stranger."

Mrs. Burgoyne pressed the girl's hand with a friendly effusion. Beyond her was a dark-haired man, who bowed in silence. Lucy Foster took his arm, and he led her through a large intervening room, in which were many tables and many books, to the dining-room.

On the way he muttered a few embarrassed words as to the weather and the lateness of dinner, walking meanwhile so fast that she had to hurry after him. "Good heavens! Why, she is a perfect chess-board!" he thought to himself, looking askance at her dress, in a sudden and passionate dislike. "One could play draughts upon her! What has my aunt been about?"

The girl looked round her in bewilderment as they sat down. What a strange place! The salon, in her momentary glance round it, had seemed to her all splendor. She had been dimly aware of pictures, fine hangings, luxurious carpets. Here, on the other hand, all was rude and bare. The stained walls were covered with a series of tattered daubs, that seemed to be meant for family portraits—of the Malastrini family, perhaps, to whom the villa belonged? And between the portraits there were rough modern doors everywhere of the commonest wood and manufacture, which let in all the draughts, and made the room not a room, but a passage. The uneven brick floor was covered in the centre with some thin and torn matting; many of the chairs ranged against the wall were broken; and the old lamp that swung above the table gave hardly any light.

Miss Manisty watched her guest's face with a look of amusement.

"Well, what do you think of our dining-room, my dear? I wanted to clean it and put it in order. But my nephew there wouldn't have a thing touched."

She looked at Manisty, with a movement of the lips and head that seemed to implore him to make some efforts.

Manisty frowned a little, lifted his great brow, and looked, not at Miss Foster, but at Mrs. Burgoyne. "The room gives me more pleasure than any other in the villa."

Mrs. Burgoyne laughed. "Because it is hideous?"

"If you like. I should only call it the natural, untouched thing."

Then, while his aunt and Mrs. Burgoyne made mock of him, he fell silent again, nervously crumbling his bread with a large, wasteful hand. Lucy Foster stole a look at him, at the strong curls of black hair piled above the brow, the moody embarrassment of the eyes, the energy of the lips and chin.

Then she turned to her companions. Suddenly the girl's clear brown skin flushed rosily, and she abruptly took her eyes from Mrs. Burgoyne.

Miss Manisty, however, in despair of her nephew, was bent upon doing her own duty. She asked all the proper questions about the girl's journey, about the cousins at Florence, about her last letters from home. Miss Foster answered quickly, a little breathlessly, as though each question were an ordeal that had to be got through. And once or twice in the course of the conversation she looked again at Mrs. Burgoyne, more lingeringly each time. That lady wore a thin dress gleaming with jet. The long white arms showed under the transparent stuff. The slender neck and delicate bosom were bare — too bare, surely — that was the trouble. To look at her filled the girl's shrinking Puritan sense with discomfort. But what small and graceful hands, and how she used them! How she turned her neck! How delicious her voice was! It made the new-comer think of some sweet plashing stream in her own Vermont valleys. And then, every now and again, how subtle and startling was the change of look—the gayety passing in a moment, with the drooping of eye and mouth, into something sad and harsh, like a cloud dropping round a goddess. In her elegance and self-possession, indeed, she seemed to the girl a kind of goddess—heathenishly divine because of that mixture of unseemliness, but still divine.

Several times Mrs. Burgoyne addressed her, with a gentle courtesy, and Miss Foster answered. She was shy, but not at all awkward or conscious. Her manner had the essential self-possession which

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is the birthright of the American woman. But it suggested reserve, and a curious absence of any young desire to make an effect.

As for Mrs. Burgoyne, long before dinner was over she had divined a great many things about the new-comer, and amongst them the girl's disapproval of herself. "After all," she thought, "if she only knew it, she is a beauty. What a trouble it must have been first to find, and then to make, that dress! Ill luck! And her hair! Who on earth taught her to drag it back like that? If one could only loosen it, how beautiful it would be! What is it? Is it Puritanism? Has she been brought up to go to meetings and sit under a minister? Were her forebears married in drawing-rooms and under trees? The Fates were certainly frolicking when they brought her here! How am I to keep Edward in order?"

And suddenly, with a little signalling of eye and brow, she too conveyed to Manisty, who was looking listlessly towards her, that he was behaving as badly as even she could have expected. He made a little face that only she saw, but he turned to Miss Foster and began to talk, all the time adding to the mountain of crumbs beside him, and scarcely waiting to listen to the girl's answers.

"You came by Pisa?"

"Yes. Mrs. Lewinson found me an escort—"

"It was a mistake," he said, hurrying his words like a schoolboy. "You should have come by Perugia and Spoleto. Do you know Spello?"

Miss Foster stared.

"Edward!" said Miss Manisty, "how could she have heard of Spello? It is the first time she has ever been in Italy."

"No matter!" he said, and in a moment his moroseness was lit up, chased away by the little pleasure of his own whim. "Some day Miss Foster must hear of Spello. May I not be the first person to tell her that she should see Spello?"

"Really, Edward!" cried Miss Manisty, looking at him in a mild exasperation.

"But there was so much to see at Florence!" said Lucy Foster, wondering.

"No—pardon me!—there is nothing to be seen at Florence—or nothing that one ought to wish to see—till the destroyers of the town have been hung in their own new Piazza!"

"Oh yes! that is a real disfigurement!" said the girl, eagerly. "And yet—can't one understand?—they must use their towns for themselves. They can't always be thinking of them as museums—as we do."

"The argument would be good if the towns were theirs," he said, flashing round upon her. "One can stand a great deal from lawful owners."

Miss Foster looked in bewilderment at Mrs. Burgoyne. That lady laughed and bent across the table.

"Let me warn you, Miss Foster, this gentleman here must be taken with a grain of salt when he talks about poor Italy and the Italians."

"But I thought—" said Lucy Foster, staring at her host.

"You thought he was writing a book on Italy? That doesn't matter. It's the new Italy, of course, that he hates—the poor King and Queen, the government, and the officials."

"He wants the old times back," said Miss Foster, wondering, "when the priests tyrannized over everybody—when the Italians had no country, and no unity?"

She spoke slowly, at last looking her host in the face. Her frown of nervousness had disappeared. Manisty laughed.

"Pio Nono pulled down nothing—not a brick, or scarcely. And it is a most excellent thing, Miss Foster, to be tyrannized over by priests."

His great eyes shone—one might even say glared—upon her. His manner was not agreeable, and Miss Foster colored.

"I don't think so," she said, and then was too shy to say any more.

"Oh, but you will think so!" he said, obstinately—"only you must stay long enough in the country. What people are pleased to call papal tyranny puts a few people in prison, and tells them what books to read. Well, what matter? Who knows what books they ought to read?"

"But all their long struggle! and their heroes! They had to make themselves a nation—"

The words stumbled on the girl's tongue, but her effort, the hot feeling in her young face, became her. Miss Manisty thought to herself: "Oh, we shall dress and improve her! We shall see!"

"One has first to settle whether it was worth while. What does a new nation matter? Theirs, anyway, was made too quick," said Manisty, rising in answer to his aunt's signal.

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"But liberty matters!" said the girl. She stood an instant with her hand on the back of her chair, unconsciously defiant.

"Ah! liberty!" said Manisty—"liberty!" He lifted his shoulders contemptuously.

Then, backing to the wall, he made room for her to pass. The girl felt almost as though she had been struck. She moved hurriedly, appealingly towards Miss Manisty, who took her arm kindly as they left the room.

"Don't let my nephew frighten you, my dear," she said. "He never thinks like anybody else."

"I read so much at Florence, and on the journey," said Lucy, while her hand trembled in Miss Manisty's—"Mrs. Browning, Mazzini—many things. It made one think about Italy—and—and the people who suffered for her." Then her natural reticence interfered, and she held her tongue.

CHAPTER II.

On the way back to the salon the ladies passed once more through the large book-room, or library, which lay between it and the dining-room. Lucy Foster looked round it, a little piteously, as though she were seeking for something to undo the impression—the disappointment—she had just received.

"Oh, my dear, you never saw such a place as it was when we arrived in March!" said Miss Manisty. "It was the billiard-room—a ridiculous table, and ridiculous balls, and a tiled floor without a scrap of carpet—and the *cold!* In the whole apartment there were just two bed-rooms with fireplaces. Eleanor went to bed in one, I went to bed in the other. No carpets, no stoves, no proper beds even. Edward of course said it was all charming, and the climate balmy. Ah, well! now we are really quite comfortable, except in that odious dining-room, which Edward will have left in its sins."

Miss Manisty surveyed her work with a mild satisfaction. The table, indeed, had been carried away. The floor was covered with soft carpets. The rough, uneven walls, painted everywhere with the interlaced M's of the Malastrini, were almost hidden by well-filled bookcases; and, in addition, a profusion of new books, mostly French and Italian, was heaped on all the tables. On the mantel-piece a large recent photograph stood propped against a marble head. It represented a soldier in a striking dress, and Lucy stopped to look at it.

"One of the Swiss Guards at the Vatican," said Mrs. Burgoyne, kindly. "You know the famous uniform—it was designed by Michael Angelo."

"No, I didn't know," said the girl, flushing again. "And this head?"

"Ah, that is a treasure! Mr. Manisty bought it a few months ago from a Roman noble who has come to grief. He sold this and a few bits of furniture first of all. Then he tried to sell his pictures. But the government came down upon him. You know your pictures are not your own in Italy. So the poor man must keep his pictures and go bankrupt. But isn't she beautiful? She is far finer than most of the things in the Vatican—real primitive Greek, not a copy. Do you know"—Mrs. Burgoyne stepped back, looked first at the bust, then at Miss Foster—"do you know, you are really very like her—curiously like her!"

"Oh!" cried Miss Foster, in confusion; "I wish—"

"But it is quite true. Except for the hair. And that's only arrangement. Do you think— Would you let me? Would you forgive me? It's just this band of hair here. Yours waves precisely in the same way. Would you really allow me? I won't make you untidy."

And before Miss Foster could resist, Mrs. Burgoyne had put up her deft hands, and in a moment, with a pull here and the alteration of a hair-pin there, she had loosened the girl's black and silky hair, till it showed the beautiful waves above the ear, in which it did indeed resemble the marble head with a curious closeness.

"I can put it back in a moment. But, oh, that is so charming! Aunt Pattie!"

Miss Manisty looked up from a newspaper which had just arrived.

"My dear! that was bold of you! But indeed it *is* charming! I think I would forgive you if I were Miss Foster."

The girl felt herself gently turned towards the mirror that rose behind the Greek head. With pink cheeks she too looked at herself for a moment. Then in a shyness beyond speech she lifted her hands.

"Must you?" said Mrs. Burgoyne, appealingly. "I know one doesn't like to

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be untidy. But it isn't really the least untidy. It is only delightful—perfectly delightful!"

Her voice, her manner, charmed the girl's annoyance.

"If you like it," she said, hesitating. "But it will come down!"

"I like it terribly—and it will not think of coming down! Let me show you Mr. Manisty's latest purchase."

And slipping her arm inside Miss Foster's, Mrs. Burgoyne dexterously turned her away from the glass and brought her to the large central table, where a vivid charcoal sketch, supported on a small easel, rose among the litter of books.

It represented an old, old man carried in a chair on the shoulders of a crowd of attendants and guards. Soldiers in curved helmets, courtiers in short velvet cloaks and ruffs, priests in floating vestments pressed about him; a dim vast multitude stretched into the distance. The old man wore a high cap with three lines about it; his thin and shrunken form was enveloped in a gorgeous robe. The face, infinitely old, was concentrated in the sharply smiling eyes, the long, straight, secret mouth. His arm, supporting with difficulty the weight of the robe, was raised—the hand blessed. On either side of him rose great fans of white ostrich feathers, and the old man among them was whiter than they, spectrally white from head to foot, save for the triple cap and the devices on his robe. But into his emaciation, his weakness, the artist had thrown a triumph, a force that thrilled the spectator. The small figure, hovering above the crowd, seemed in truth to have nothing to do with it, to be alone with the huge spaces, arch on arch, dome on dome, of the vast church through which it was being borne.

"Do you know who it is?" asked Mrs. Burgoyne, smiling.

"The—the Pope?" said Miss Foster, wondering.

"Isn't it clever? It is by one of your compatriots, an American artist in Rome. Isn't it wonderful, too, the way in which it shows you, not the Pope, but the Papacy—not the man, but the Church?"

Miss Foster said nothing. Her puzzled eyes travelled from the drawing to Mrs. Burgoyne's face. Then she caught sight of another photograph on the table.

"And that also?" she said. For again it was the face of Leo XIII.—feminine, priestly, indomitable — that looked out upon her from among the books.

"Oh, my dear, come away!" said Miss Manisty, impatiently. "In my days the Scarlet Lady *was* the Scarlet Lady, and we didn't flirt with her as all the world does now. Shrewd old gentleman! I should have thought one picture of him was enough."

As they entered the old painted salon, Mrs. Burgoyne went to one of the tall windows opening to the floor and set it wide. Instantly the Campagna was in the room—the great moonlit plain, a thousand feet below, with the sea at its farther edge, and the boundless sweep of starry sky above it. From the little balcony one might, it seemed, have walked straight into Orion. The note of a nightingale bubbled up from the olives, and the scent of a bean-field in flower flooded the salon.

Miss Foster sprang to her feet and followed Mrs. Burgoyne. She hung over the balcony while her companion pointed here and there—to the line of the Appian Way, to those faint streaks in the darkness that marked the distant city, to the dim blue of the Etrurian mountains.

Presently, however, she drew herself erect, and Mrs. Burgoyne fancied that she shivered.

"Ah, this is a hill air," she said, and she took from her arm a light evening cloak and threw it around Miss Foster.

"Oh, I am not cold. It wasn't that!"

"What was it?" said Mrs. Burgoyne, pleasantly. "That you feel Italy too much for you? Ah, you must get used to that."

Lucy Foster drew a long breath—a breath of emotion. She was grateful for being understood. But she could not express herself.

Mrs. Burgoyne looked at her curiously.

"Did you read a good deal about it before you came?"

"Well, I read some—we have a town library—and Uncle Ben gave me two or three books; but of course it wasn't like Boston. Ours is a little place."

"And you were pleased to come?"

The girl hesitated.

"Yes," she said, simply. "I wanted to come. But I didn't want to leave my uncle. He is getting quite an old man."

"And you have lived with him a long time?"

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"Since I was a little thing. Mother and I came to live with him after father died. Then mother died, five years ago."

"And you have been alone together, and very good friends?"

Mrs. Burgoyne smiled kindly. She had a manner of questioning that seemed to Miss Foster the height of courtesy. But the girl did not find it easy to answer.

"I have no one else--" she said at last, and then stopped abruptly.

"She is homesick," said Mrs. Burgoyne, inwardly. "I wonder whether the Lewinsons treated her nicely at Florence?"

Indeed, as Lucy Foster leant over the balcony, the olive-gardens and vineyards faded before her. She saw in their stead the snow-covered farms and fields of a New England valley, the elms in a long village street, bare and wintry, a rambling wooden house, a glowing fire in a simple parlor, an old man sitting beside it.

"It *is* chilly," said Mrs. Burgoyne. "Let us go in. But we will keep the window open. Don't take that off."

She laid a restraining hand on the girl's arm. Miss Foster sat down absently not far from the window. The mingled lights of lamp and moon fell upon her, upon the noble rounding of the face, which was grave, a little austere even, but still sensitive and delicate. Her black hair, thanks to Mrs. Burgoyne's devices, rippled against the brow and cheek, almost hiding the small ear. The graceful cloak, with its touches of sable on a main fabric of soft white, hid the ugly dress; its ample folds heightened the natural dignity of the young form and long limbs, lent them a stately and Muse-like charm. Mrs. Burgoyne and Miss Manisty looked at each other, then at Miss Foster. Both of them had the same curious feeling, as though a veil were being drawn away from something they were just beginning to see.

"You must be very tired, my dear," said Miss Manisty at last, when she and Mrs. Burgoyne had chatted a good deal, and the new-comer still sat silent. "I wonder what you are thinking about so intently?"

Miss Foster woke up at once.

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired—not a bit! I was thinking—I was thinking of that photograph in the next room—and a line of poetry."

She spoke with the *naïveté* of one who had not known how to avoid the confession.

"What line?" said Mrs. Burgoyne.

"It's Milton. I learnt it at school. You will know it, of course," she said, timidly. "It's the line about 'the triple tyrant' and 'the Babylonian woe.'"

Mrs. Burgoyne laughed.

"Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant—

Was that what you were thinking of?"

Miss Foster had colored deeply.

"It was the cap—the tiara, isn't it?—that reminded me," she said, faintly; and then she looked away, as though not wishing to continue the subject.

"She wonders whether I am a Catholic," thought Mrs. Burgoyne, amused, "and whether she has hurt my feelings." Aloud she said: "Are you very, very Puritan still in your part of America? Excuse me, but I am dreadfully ignorant about America."

"We are Methodists in our little town mostly," said Miss Foster. "There is a Presbyterian church, and the best families go there. But my father's people were always Methodists. My mother was a Universalist."

Mrs. Burgoyne frowned with perplexity. "I'm afraid I don't know what that is," she said.

"They think everybody will be saved," said Miss Foster, in her shy deep voice. "They don't despair of anybody."

And suddenly Mrs. Burgoyne saw a very soft and tender expression pass across the girl's grave features, like the rising of an inward light.

"A mystic, and a beauty, both?" she thought to herself, a little scornfully this time. In all her politeness to the new-comer so far she had been like a person stealthily searching for something foreseen and desired. If she had found it, it would have been quite easy to go on being kind to Miss Foster. But she had not found it.

At that moment the door between the library and the salon was thrown open, and Manisty appeared, cigarette in hand.

"Aunt Pattie—Eleanor—how many tickets do you want for this function at St. Peter's?"

"Four tribune tickets—we three"—Miss Manisty pointed to the other two

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ladies—"and yourself. If we can't get so many, leave me at home."

"Of course we shall have tribune tickets, as many as we want," said Manisty, a little impatiently. "Have you explained to Miss Foster?"

"No, but I will. Miss Foster, on Sunday fortnight the Pope celebrates his 'Capella Papale'—the eighteenth anniversary of his coronation—in St. Peter's. Rome is very full, and there will be a great demonstration—fifty thousand people or more. Would you like to come?"

Miss Foster looked up, hesitating. Manisty, who had turned to go back to his room, paused, struck by the momentary silence. He listened with curiosity for the girl's reply.

"One just goes to see it like a spectacle?" she said at last, slowly. "One needn't do anything one's self?"

Miss Manisty stared, and then laughed. "Nobody will see what you do in such a crowd, I should think," she said. "But you know one can't be rude to an old, old man. If others kneel, I suppose we must kneel. Does it do any one harm to be blessed by an old man?"

"Oh no!—no!" cried Miss Foster, flushing deeply. Then, after a moment, she added, decidedly, "Please, I should like to go very much."

Manisty grinned unseen, and closed the door behind him.

Then Miss Foster, after an instant's restlessness, moved nearer to her hostess.

"I am afraid—you thought I was rude just now. It's so lovely of you to plan things for me. But—I can't ever be sure whether it's right to go into other people's churches and look at their services—like a show. I should just hate it myself—and I felt it once or twice at Florence. And so—you understand—don't you?" she said, imploringly.

Miss Manisty's small eyes examined her with anxiety. "What an extraordinary girl!" she thought. "Is she going to be a great bore?"

At the same time the girl's look, so open, sweet, and modest, disarmed and attracted her. She shrugged her shoulders with a smile.

"Well, my dear, I don't know. All I can say is, the Catholics don't mind! They walk in and out of their own churches all the time mass is going on—the children run about—the sacristans take you round. You certainly needn't feel it on their account."

"But then, too, if I am not a Catholic, how far ought one to be taking part in—in what—"

"In what one disapproves?" said Mrs. Burgoyne, smiling. "You would make the world a little difficult, wouldn't you, if you were to arrange it on that principle?"

She spoke in a dry, rather sharp voice, unlike that in which she had hitherto addressed the new-comer. Lucy Foster looked at her with a shrinking perplexity.

"It's best if we're all straightforward, isn't it?" she said in a low voice, and then drawing towards her an illustrated magazine that lay on the table near her, she hurriedly buried herself in its pages.

Silence had fallen on the three ladies. Eleanor Burgoyne sat lost in reverie, her fair head thrown back against her low chair.

She was thinking of her conversation with Edward Manisty on the balcony, and of his book. That book, indeed, had for her a deep personal significance. To think of it at all was to be carried to the past, to feel for the hundredth time the thrill of change and new birth.

When she joined them in Rome, in midwinter, she had found Manisty struggling with the first drafts of it—full of yeasty ideas, full also of doubts, confusions, and discouragements. He had not been at all glad to see his half-forgotten cousin—quite the contrary. As she had reminded him, she had suffered much the same things at his hands that Miss Foster was likely to suffer now. It made her laugh to think of his languid reception of her—the moods, the silences, the weeks of just civil acquaintanceship; and then, gradually, the snatches of talk, and those great black brows of his lifted in a surprise which a tardy politeness would try to mask; and at last the good, long, brain-filling, heart-filling talks, the break-down of reserves—the man's whole mind, its remorses, ambitions, misgivings, poured at her feet—ending in the growth of that sweet daily habit of common work—side by side, head close to head, hand close to hand.

Eleanor Burgoyne lay still and motionless in the soft dusk of the old room, her white lids shut. Lucy Foster thought her asleep.

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He had said to her once, quoting some Frenchman, that she was "good to consult about ideas." Ah well! at a great price had she won that praise. And with an unconscious stiffening of the frail hands lying on the arms of the chair, she thought of those bygone hours in which she had asked herself, "What remains?" Religious faith? No! life was too horrible! Could such things have happened to her in a world ruled by a God?—that was her question, day and night, for years. But books, facts, ideas—all the riddle of this various nature—*that* one might still amuse one's self with a little, till one's own light went out in the same darkness that had already engulfed mother, husband, child.

So that "cleverness," of which father and husband had taken so little account, which had been of so little profit to her so far in her course through circumstance, had come to her aid. The names and lists of the books that had passed through her hands during those silent years of her widowhood, passed beside her stern old father, would astonish even Manisty, were she to try and give some account of them. And first she had read merely to fill the hours, to dull memory. But gradually there had sprung up in her that inner sweetness, that gentle restoring flame that comes from the life of ideas, the life of knowledge, even as a poor untrained woman may approach it. She had shared it with no one, revealed it to no one. Her nature dreaded rebuffs, and her father had no words sharp enough for any feminine ambition beyond the household and the nursery.

So she had kept it all to herself, till Miss Manisty, shocked, as many other people had begun to be, by her fragile looks, had bearded the General, and carried her off to Rome for the winter. And there she had been forced, as it were, into this daily contact with Edward Manisty, at what might well turn out to be the most critical moment of his life; when he was divided between fierce regrets for the immediate past, and fierce resolves to recover and assert himself in other ways; when he was taking up again his earlier function of man of letters in order to vindicate himself as a politician and a man of action. Strange and challenging personality! Did she yet know it fully?

Ah! that winter—what a healing in it all! What a great human experience! Never had she used any other words to herself about it. But what she did say to herself often was that she had found a new reason for living—that she meant to live—whereas last year she had wished to die; and all the world—dear kind Aunt Pattie first and foremost—had thought her on the road for death.

But the book? She bent her brows over it, wrestling with various doubts and difficulties. Though it was supposed to represent the thoughts and fancies of an Englishman wandering through modern Italy, it was really Manisty's Apologia—Manisty's defence of certain acts which had made him for a time the scandal and offence of the English political party to which ancestrally he belonged, in whose interests he had entered Parliament and taken office. He had broken with his party on the ground that it had become a party of revolution, especially in matters connected with religion and the Church; and having come abroad to escape for a time from the personal frictions and agitations which his conduct had brought upon him, he had thrown himself into a passionate and most hostile study of Italy—Italy, the new country, made by revolution, fashioned, so far as laws and government can do it, by the lay modern spirit—as an object-lesson to England and the world. The book was in reality a party pamphlet, written by a man whose history and antecedents, independently of his literary ability, made his work certain of readers and of vogue.

That, however, was not what Mrs. Burgoyne was thinking of. She was anxiously debating with herself certain points of detail, points of form.

These fragments of poetical prose which Manisty had interspersed amid a serious political argument—were they really an adornment of the book, or a blur upon it? He had a natural tendency towards color and exuberance in writing; there was something old-fashioned and confiding in his style and taste. His sentences no doubt were short, like all the world's; but his manner was leisurely. He liked to wander through his subject, dreaming, poetizing, discussing at his will. It was like a return to *vetturino* after the summary haste of the railway. And so far the public had welcomed this manner of his. His earlier book (the *Letters from Palestine*), with its warm, overladen pages, had found many readers and much fame.

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But here, in a strenuous political study, furnished with all the facts and figures that the student and the debater require, representing, too, another side of the man, just as vigorous and as real, were these intrusions of poetry wise or desirable?

In the opening philosophical sketch, for instance, of the Italy of antiquity—the passage from Rome to Christendom—there were two or three of these "pieces," Christian and classical. Privately and personally she thought them adorable. They were so like him—so characteristic of the restless poetic nature that produced them.

But in her capacity of critic on the hearth—there she demurred. Were they in place? Was the note of them quite right? Was it not a little turbid, uncertain?

That little prose poem of "The Priest of Nemi," for example?

Ah, Nemi! The mere thought of it sent a thrill of pleasure through her. That blue lake in its green cup on the edge of the Campagna, with its ruins and its legends, what golden hours had she and Manisty spent there! It had caught their fancy from the beginning—the site of the great temple, the wild-strawberry fields, the great cliffs of Nemi and Genzano, the bright-faced, dark-eyed peasants with their classical names—Aristodemo, Oreste, Evandro.

And that strange legend of the murdered priest—

> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain—

what modern could not find something in that, some stimulus to fancy, some hint for dreaming?

Yes, it had been very natural, very tempting. But!—

. . . So she pondered, a number of acute critical instincts coming into play. And presently her thoughts spread and became a vague reverie, covering a multitude of ideas and images that she and Manisty now had in common. How strange that she and he should be engaged in this work together!—this impassioned defence of tradition, of Catholicism and the Papacy, as the imperishable, indestructible things—"chastened and not killed; dying, and behold they live," let the puny sons of modern Italy rage and struggle as they may. He, one of the most thorough sceptics of his day, as she had good reason to know; she, a woman who had at one time ceased to believe, because of an intolerable anguish, and was now only creeping slowly back to faith, to hope, because—because—

Ah! with a little shiver, she recalled her thought, as a falconer might his bird, before it struck. Oh, this old, old Europe, with its complexities, its manifold currents and impulses, every human being an embodied contradiction; no simplicity, no wholeness anywhere — none possible!

She opened her eyes languidly, and they rested on Lucy Foster's head and profile bent over her book. Mrs. Burgoyne's mind filled with a sudden amused pity for the girl's rawness and ignorance. She seemed the fitting type of a young crude race with all its lessons to learn, that saw nothing absurd in its Methodists and Universalists and the rest, confident, as a child is, in its cries and whims and prejudices. The American girl, fresh from her wilds, and doubtful whether she would go to see the Pope in St. Peter's lest she should have to bow the knee to Antichrist—the image delighted the mind of the elder woman. She played with it, finding fresh mock at every turn.

"Eleanor!—now I have rewritten it. Tell me how it runs."

Lucy Foster looked up. She saw that Mr. Manisty, carrying a sheaf of papers in his hand, had thrown himself into a chair behind Mrs. Burgoyne. His look was strenuous and absorbed, his tumbling black hair had fallen forward as though in a stress of composition; he spoke in a low, imperative voice, like one accustomed to command the time and the attention of those about him.

"Read!" said Mrs. Burgoyne, turning her slender neck that she might look at him and hear. He began to read at once, in a deep, tremulous voice, and as though he were quite unconscious of any other presence in the room than hers. Miss Foster, who was sitting at a little distance, supposed she ought not to listen. She was about to close her book and rise, when Miss Manisty touched her on the arm.

"It disturbs him if we move about!" said the little spinster in a smiling whisper, her finger on her lip.

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And suddenly the girl was conscious of a lightning flash from lifted eyes—a look threatening and peremptory. She settled herself into her chair again as quietly as possible, and sat with head bent, a smile she could not repress playing round her lips. It was all she could do, indeed, not to laugh, so startling and passionate had been the monition conveyed in Mr. Manisty's signal. That the great man should take little notice of his aunt's guest was natural enough. But to be frowned upon the first evening, as though she were a troublesome child! She did not resent it at all, but it tickled her sense of humor. She thought happily of her next letter to Uncle Ben—how she would describe these rather strange people.

And at first she hardly listened to what was being read. The voice displeased her. It was too emphatic; she disliked its tremolo, its deep bass vibrations. Surely, one should read more simply!

Then the first impression passed away altogether. She looked up, her eyes fastened themselves on the reader, her lips parted, the smile changed.

What the full, over-rich voice was calling up before her was a little morning scene, as Virgil might have described it, passing in the hut of a Latian peasant farmer, under Tiberius.

It opened with the waking at dawn of the herdsman Caeculus and his little son, in their round thatched cottage on the ridge of Aricia, beneath the Alban Mount. It showed the countryman stepping out of his bed into the darkness, groping for the embers on the hearth, relighting his lamp, and calling first to his boy, asleep on his bed of leaves, then to their African servant, the negro slave-girl with her wide mouth, her tight woolly hair. One by one the rustic facts emerged, so old, so ever new—Caeculus grinding his corn and singing at his work; the baking of the flat wheaten cakes on the hot embers; the gathering of herbs from the garden; the kneading them with a little cheese and oil to make a relish for the day; the harnessing of the white steers under the thonged yoke; the man going forth to his ploughing under the mounting dawn, clad in his goat-skin tunic and his leathern hat; the boy loosening the goats from their pen beside the hut, and sleepily driving them past the furrows where his father was at work, to the misty woods beyond.

With every touch the earlier world revived, grew plainer in the sun, till the listener found herself walking with Manisty through paths that cut the Alban Hills in the days of Rome's first imperial glory, listening to his tale of the little goatherd, and of Nemi.

"So the boy—Menalcas—left the ploughed lands, and climbed a hill above the sleeping town. And when he reached the summit he paused, and turned him to the west.

"The Latian plain spreads beneath him in the climbing sun; at its edge is the sea in a light of pearl; the white fishing-boats sparkle along the shore. Close at his feet runs a straight road high up on the hill. He can see the country folk on their laden mules and donkeys journeying along it, journeying northward to the city in the plain that the spurs of the mountain hide from him. His fancy goes with them along the Appian Way, trotting with the mules. When will his father take him again to Rome to see the shops, and the Forum, and the new white temples, and Cæsar's great palace on the hill?

"Then carelessly his eyes pass southward, and there beneath him in its hollow is the lake—the round blue lake that Diana loves, where are her temple and her shadowy grove. The morning mists lie wreathed above it; the just leafing trees stand close in the great cup; only a few patches of roof and column reveal the shrine.

"On he moves. His wheaten cake is done. He takes his pipe from his girdle, touches it, and sings.

"His bare feet as he moves tread down the wet flowers. Round him throng the goats. Suddenly he throws down his pipe; he runs to a goat heavy with milk; he presses the teats with his quick hands; the milk flows foaming into the wooden cup he has placed below; he drinks, his brown curls sweeping the cup; then he picks up his pipe and walks on proudly before his goats, his lithe body swaying from side to side as he moves, dancing to the music that he makes. The notes float up into the morning air; the echo of them runs round the shadowy hollow of the lake.

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"Down trips the boy, parting the dewy branches with his brown shoulders. Around him the mountain-side is golden with the broom; at his feet the white cistus covers the rock. The shrubs of the scattered wood send out their scents, and the goats browse upon their shoots.

"But the path sinks gently downward, winding along the basin of the lake. And now the boy emerges from the wood; he stands upon a knoll to rest.

"Ah, sudden and fierce comes the sun! and there below him in the rich hollow it strikes the temple—Diana's temple, and her grove. Out flame the white columns, the bronze roof, the white enclosing walls. Piercingly white the holy and famous place shines among the olives and the fallows; the sun burns upon the marble; Phœbus salutes his great sister. And in the waters of the lake reappear the white columns; the blue waves dance around the shimmering lines; the mists part above them; they rise from the lake, lingering awhile upon the woods.

"The boy lays his hands to his eyes and looks eagerly towards the temple. Nothing. No living creature stirs.

"Often has he been warned by his father not to venture alone within the grove of the goddess. Twice, indeed, on the great June festivals, has he witnessed the solemn sacrifices and the crowds of worshippers and the torches mirrored in the lake. But without his father, fear has hitherto stayed his steps far from the temple.

"To-day, however, as the sun mounts and the fresh breeze breaks from the sea, his youth and the wildness of it dance within his blood. He and his goats pass into an olive-garden. The red-brown earth has been freshly turned amid the twisted trunks; the goats scatter, searching for the patches of daisied grass still left by the plough. Guiltily the boy looks round him; peers through the olives and their silvery foam of leaves as they fall past him down the steep. Then, like one of his own kids, he lowers his head and runs; he leaves his flock under the olives; he slips into a dense ilex wood, still chill with the morning; he presses towards its edge; panting, he climbs a huge and ancient tree that flings its boughs forward above the temple wall; he creeps along a branch among the thick small leaves; he lifts his head.

"The temple is before him, and the sacred grove. He sees the great terrace, stretching to the lake; he hears the little waves plashing on its buttressed wall.

"Close beneath him, towards the rising and the mid-day sun, there stretches a great niched wall girdling the temple on two sides, each niche a shrine, and in each shrine a cold white form that waits the sun—Apollo the Far-Darter, and the spear-bearing Pallas, and among them that golden Cæsar of whom the country talks, who has given great gifts to the temple—he and his grandson, the young Gaius.

"The boy strains his eye to see, and as the light strikes into the niche, flames on the gleaming breastplate and the uplifted hand, he trembles on his branch for fear. Hurriedly he turns his look on the dwellings of the priestesses, where all still sleeps; on the rows of shining pillars that stand round about the temple; on the close-set trees of the grove that stands between it and the lake.

"Hark!—a clanging of metal, of great doors upon their hinges. From the inner temple, from the shrine of the goddess, there comes a man. His head is bound with the priest's fillet; sharply the sun touches his white pointed cap; in his hand he carries a sword.

"Between the temple and the grove there is a space of dazzling light. The man passes into it, turns himself to the east, and raises his hand to his mouth; drawing his robe over his head, he sinks upon the ground, and prostrate there, adores the coming god.

"His prayer lasts but an instant. Rising in haste, he stands looking around him, his sword gathered in his hand. He is a man still young; his stature is more than the ordinary height of men; his limbs are strong and supple. His rich dress, moreover, shows him to be both priest and king. But again the boy among his leaves draws his trembling body close, hiding like a lizard when some passing step has startled it from the sun. For on this haggard face the gods have written strange and terrible things; the priest's eyes, deep sunk under his shaggy hair, dart from side to side in a horrible unrest; he seems a creature separate from his kind, possessed of evil, dedicate to fear.

"In the midst of the temple grove stands one vast ilex—the tree of trees—

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sacred to Trivia. There is a clear space about it; and round it paces the priest, alone in the morning light.

"But his is no holy meditation. His head is thrown back; his ear listens for every sound; the bared sword glitters as he moves. . . .

"There is a rustle among the farther trees. Quickly the boy stretches his brown neck; for at the sound the priest crouches on himself; he throws the robe from his right arm; and so waits, ready to strike. The light falls on his pale features, the torment of his brow, the anguish of his drawn lips. Beside the lapping lake, and under the golden morning, he stands as Terror in the midst of Peace.

"Silence again — only the questing birds call from the olive woods. Panting, the priest moves onward, racked with sick tremors, prescient of doom.

"But hark! a cry!—and yet another answering — a dark form bursting from the grove—a fierce locked struggle under the sacred tree. The boy crawls to the farthest end of the branch, his eyes starting from his head.

"From the temple enclosure, from the farther trees, from the hill around, a crowd comes running—men and white-robed priestesses, women, children even —gathering in haste. But they pause afar off. Not a living soul approaches the place of combat, not a hand gives aid. The boy can see the faces of the virgins who serve the temple. They are pale, but very still. Not a sound of pity escapes their white lips; their ambiguous eyes watch calmly for the issue of the strife.

"And on the farther side, at the edge of the grove, stand country folk, men in goat-skin tunics and leathern hats like the boy's father. And the little goatherd, not knowing what he does, calls to them for help in his shrill voice. But no one heeds; and the priest himself calls no one, entreats no one.

"Ah! The priest wavers—he falls—his white robes are in the dust. The bright steel rises — descends :—the last groan speeds to heaven.

"The victor raised himself from the dead, all stained with the blood and soil of the battle. Menalcas gazed upon him astonished. For here was no rude soldier, nor swollen boxer, but a youth merely—a youth slender and beautiful, fair-haired, and of a fair complexion. His loins were girt with a slave's tunic. Pallid were his young features; his limbs wasted with hunger and toil; his eyes blood-streaked as those of the deer when the dogs close upon its tender life.

"And looking down upon the huddled priest, fallen in his blood upon the dust, he peered long into the dead face, as though he beheld it for the first time. Shudders ran through him ; Menalcas listened to hear him weep or moan. But at the last he lifted his head, fiercely straightening his limbs like one who reminds himself of black fate, and things not to be undone. And turning to the multitude, he made a sign. With shouting and wild cries they came upon him; they snatched the purple-striped robe from the murdered priest, and with it they clothed his murderer. They put on him the priest's fillet and the priest's cap; they hung garlands upon his neck; and with rejoicing and obeisance they led him to the sacred temple. . . .

"And for many hours more the boy remained hidden in the tree, held there by the spell of his terror. He saw the temple ministers take up the body of the dead and carelessly drag it from the grove. All day long was there crowd and festival within the sacred precinct. But when the shadows began to fall from the ridge of Aricia across the lake; when the new-made priest had offered on Trivia's altar a white steer, nourished on the Alban grass; when he had fed the fire of Vesta, and poured offerings to Virbius the immortal, whom in ancient days great Diana had snatched from the gods' wrath, and hidden here, safe within the Arician wood—when these were done the crowd departed, and the Grove King came forth alone from the temple.

"The boy watched what he would do. In his hand he carried the sword which at the sunrise he had taken from the dead. And he came to the sacred tree that was in the middle of the grove, and he too began to pace about it, glancing from side to side, as that other had done before him. And once when he was near the place where the caked blood still lay upon the ground the sword fell clashing from his hand, and he flung his two arms to heaven with a hoarse and piercing cry —the cry of him who accuses and arraigns the gods.

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"And the boy, shivering, slipped from the tree, with that cry in his ear, and hastily sought for his goats. And when he had found them he drove them home, not staying even to quench his thirst from their swollen udders. And in the shepherd's hut he found his father Caeculus; and sinking down beside him, with tears and sobs he told his tale.

"And Caeculus pondered long. And without chiding, he laid his hand upon the boy's head and bade him be comforted. 'For,' said he, as though he spake with himself, 'such is the will of the goddess. And from the farthest times it has happened thus, before the Roman fathers journeyed from the Alban Mount and made them dwellings on the seven hills, before Romulus gave laws, or any white-robed priest had climbed the Capitol. From blood springs up the sacred office; and to blood it goes! No natural death must waste the priest of Trivia's tree. The earth is hungry for the blood in its strength—nor shall it be withheld! Thus only do the trees bear, and the fields bring forth.'

"Astonished, the boy looked at his father, and saw upon his face, as he turned it upon the ploughed lands and the vineyards, a secret and a savage joy. And the little goatherd's mind was filled with terror—nor would his father tell him further what the mystery meant. But when he went to his bed of dried leaves at night, and the moon rose upon the lake, and the great woods murmured in the hollow far beneath him, he tossed restlessly from side to side, thinking of the new priest who kept watch there, of his young limbs and miserable eyes, of that voice which he had flung to heaven. And the child tried to believe that he might yet escape.—But already in his dreams he saw the grove part once more and the slayer leap forth. He saw the watching crowd, and their fierce, steady eyes, waiting thirstily for the spilt blood. And it was as though a mighty hand crushed the boy's heart, and for the first time he shrank from the gods, and from his father, so that the joy of his youth was darkened within him."

As he read the last word, Manisty flung the sheets down upon the table beside him, and rising, he began to pace the room with his hands upon his sides, frowning and downcast. When he came to Mrs. Burgoyne's chair he paused beside her.

"I don't see what it has to do with the book. It is time lost," he said to her abruptly, almost angrily.

"I think not," she said, smiling at him. But her tone wavered a little, and his look grew still more irritable.

"I shall destroy it!" he said, with energy. "Nothing more intolerable than ornament out of place!"

"Oh, don't—don't alter it at all!" said a quick, imploring voice.

Manisty turned in astonishment.

Lucy Foster was looking at him steadily. A glow of pleasure was on her cheek, her beautiful eyes were warm and eager. Manisty for the first time observed her, took note also of the loosened hair and Eleanor's cloak.

"You liked it?" he said, with some embarrassment. He had entirely forgotten that she was in the room.

She drew a long breath. "Yes," she said, softly, looking down.

He thought that she was too shy to express herself. In reality her feeling was divided between her old enthusiasm and her new disillusion. She would have liked to tell him that his reading had reminded her of the book she loved. But the man, standing beside her, chilled her. She wished she had not spoken. It began to seem to her a piece of forwardness.

"Well, you're very kind," he said, rather formally. "But I'm afraid it won't do. That lady there won't pass it."

"What have I said?" cried Mrs. Burgoyne, protesting.

Manisty laughed. "Nothing. But you'll agree with me." Then he gathered up his papers under his arm in a ruthless confusion, and walked away into his study, leaving discomfort behind him.

Mrs. Burgoyne sat silent, a little tired and pale. She too would have liked to praise and to give pleasure. It was not wonderful, indeed, that the child's fancy had been touched. That thrilling, passionate voice—her own difficulty always was to resist it, to try and see straight in spite of it.

Later that evening, when Miss Foster had withdrawn, Manisty and Mrs. Burgoyne were lingering and talking on a stone balcony that ran along the eastern

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front of the villa. The Campagna and the sea were behind them. Here, beyond a stretch of formal garden, rose a curved front of wall, with statues and plashing water showing dimly in the moonlight; and beyond the wall there was a space of blue and silver lake; and girdling the lake the forest-covered Monte Cavo rose, towering into the moonlit sky, just showing on its topmost peak that white speck which once was the temple of the Latian Jupiter, and is now, alas! only the monument of an Englishman's crime against history, art, and Rome. The air was soft, and perfumed with scent from the roses in the side alleys below. A monotonous bird-note came from the ilex darkness, like the note of a thin passing-bell. It was the cry of a small owl, which, in its plaintiveness and changelessness, had often seemed to Manisty and Eleanor the very voice of the Roman night.

Suddenly Mrs. Burgoyne said: "I have a different version of your Nemi story running in my head—more tragic than yours. My priest is no murderer. He found his predecessor dead under the tree, and took his place. He won't escape his own doom, of course, but he has not deserved it. There is no blood on his hand; his heart is pure. There! I imagine it so!"

There was a curious tremor in her voice, which Manisty, lost in his own thoughts, did not detect. He smiled.

"Well! You'll compete with Renan. He made a satire out of it. His priest is a moral gentleman who won't kill anybody. But the populace soon settle that. They knock him on the head as a disturber of religion."

"I had forgotten," said Mrs. Burgoyne, absently.

"But you didn't like it, Eleanor—my little piece!" said Manisty, after a pause. "So don't pretend!"

She roused herself at once, and began to talk with her usual eagerness and sympathy. It was a repetition of the scene before dinner. Only this time her effect was not so great. Manisty's depression did not yield.

Presently, however, he looked down upon her. In the kind concealing moonlight she was all grace and charm. The man's easy tenderness awoke.

"Eleanor, this air is too keen for that thin dress. Take care, please, of my Muse!"

And stooping over her, he took her cloak from her arm and wrapped it about her.

"You lent it to Miss Foster," he said, surveying her. "It became her, but it knows its mistress."

The color mounted an instant in her cheek. Then she moved farther away from him. "Have you discovered yet," she said, "that that girl is extraordinarily handsome?"

"Oh yes," he said, carelessly, "with a handsomeness that doesn't matter."

She laughed. "Wait till Aunt Pattie and I have dressed her and put her to rights."

"Well, you can do most things, no doubt, both with bad books and raw girls," he said, with a shrug and a sigh.

They bade each other good-night, and Mrs. Burgoyne disappeared through the glass door behind them.

The moon was sailing gloriously above the stone-pines of the garden. Mrs. Burgoyne, half undressed, sat dreaming in a corner room, with a high painted ceiling, and both its windows open to the night.

She had entered her room in a glow of something which had been half torment, half happiness. Now, after an hour's dreaming, with a curious suddenness she began to sob, and leaning her head upon her hand, she cried softly, restraining herself that Miss Manisty in the neighboring room might not hear.

"No, I hurt no one!—the place was empty. When the end comes, I'll go to meet it; there shall be no surprise. And no fighting! What is there to fight with?"

She sat up, and parting the cloud of fair hair that fell about her, she looked at the worn, delicate face haloed within it, thinking all the time with a vague misery of Lucy Foster's untouched bloom.

Then her eyes fell upon two photographs that stood upon her table—one representing a man in yeomanry uniform, the other a tottering child of two.

She caught up the child's picture, and bowing her head upon it in a stifled agony, she kissed and kissed it. The touch of it calmed her. But she could not part from it. She put it in her breast, and when she slept, it was still there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TWO POEMS

BY EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT

Author of "David Harum." *

I.—SONNET

"SHALT stand henceforward in my shadow:" *Thou!*
Take back the thought! Though thou withheld'st thy hand,
No thought or act of mine, for aye, or now,
Shall rob thee of one ray. I would not stand
In Heaven's own sunshine so it warmed *thee* not.
The fair page of thy life shall take no blot,
Nor soil, nor wrinkle from me. I am bann'd,
(As one who kneeling, worships and makes vow
With bowèd head, downcast before a shrine),
'Gainst any doubting or presumptuous thought
Rebellious to the perfect right divine
To give, withhold, to smile or frown, do aught:
Who rightly worships may not e'en repine
On any fate, though he were left with naught.

II.—CHACUN À SON BON GOÛT

A PRETTY girl dressed all in white,
Is nature's finest achievement, quite;
But the same may also be truthfully said
Of a pretty girl in a dress of red.

You may search the length of a year and a day
For a prettier thing than a dress of gray
Of any conceivable shade, provided
It have a beautiful girl inside it.

But then again it is certainly true
That a pretty girl in a dress of blue
Is simply surpassing; still, one must add
That nothing can equal a girl in plaid.

But, of all charmers that ever have been
The very most tempting one dressed in green;
And it may be conjectured in this connection
She picked out her fig leaves to suit her complexion.

Though more than all others I do protest
I love the girl in yellow the best;
Yet, oh, where is the hand and the pen, and the ink
To describe her, transcendent! the girl in pink?

Still nothing can rival in country or town
A pretty girl in a dress of brown;
Yet, most enticing, with nothing to lack
Is a charming girl in a dress of black.

IN FACT:

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,
A pretty girl—however you dress her—
Is the prettiest thing that ever was made,
And the last one is always the prettiest, bless her!

* After Mr. Westcott's death these poems were found by his literary executrix.

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FATHER DAN made the announcement after he had concluded reading early mass.

"On Thursday," said Father Dan, "with God's help we finish the Easther Stations. There'll be two Stations on that day—one in Phaudrig Mor Mughan's, of the Hillhead, for Dhrimard, Dhrimbarron, and the lower end of Dhrimbigh. Father John, he'll sit there. The other Station in Mrs. Nancy Maguire's, of Ballybrillaghan, for Ballybrillaghan, Coolum, Dhrimadiara, and the upper end of Dhrimbigh. Meself and Father Cormac 'ill sit in Mrs. Maguire's.

"This is the last of the Easther Stations, as I said, and I want to see every one from the neighboring town lands that didn't attend their own Station. I want to see them coming and making their duty there. There's half a dozen gentlemen that I have in my mind who neither made their duty or paid their dues at their own Station. I'll be having my eye out to see—and Father John the same—to see that these lads do both on Thursday next.

"I can see just two of them in the chapel the day—the same boys 'ill never wear out many brogues in the service of God, anyhow. If I don't see every man Jack of them at the Station on Thursday, I'll take an early opportunity to chat with them off the althar here, and see do they know some of the commandments of the Church:

"'Sixth—Confess your sins at least once every year.'

"'Seventh—Receive your God about great Easther day.'

"'Eighth' (*And though it's put last in the Catechism, don't delude yourselves that it's the least important*)—'And to His Church neglect not dues to pay.'

"Now there's a nest about Dhrimbigh, too, and they have a habit every year of conthrivin' to miss their Station on one excuse or another, and then at the eleventh hour they'll come down here to the chapel to make their duty—when they can't put it off any longer—an' they'll come down and they'll crush and they'll crowd—themselves and a dhrove of old women—crush and crowd meself and the other priests here, getting on to midnight of a Sathurday night, or maybe before mass of a Sunday morning, clamoring to get forrid,* when the poor priest has, maybe, too much else to do; and besides, there is the very old men and old women that 'll not, when they go on their knees to you, tell their sins like another; but they'll commence first and then they'll tell you:

"'Och! yer reverence, I'm doin' no good from a simmendable pain in the small i' me back!' an', 'Och! yer reverence, I'm

* To get forward—*i. e.*, to confession.

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speechless this month back from the want i' the breath!' an', 'Och, yer reverence, I'm kilt entirely with somethin' or other; I don' know what it is.' Or if they're not lucky enough to have a bad complaint to fetch under your nose, they'll maybe begin to tell you their throubles, or tell you every other body's sins but their own. 'Ah! yer reverence, I have big throubles, God sees, an' they're gatherin' in a hard lump about me heart, an' I'm afeerd they'll be the daith i' me. Billy dhrinks, an' Pat curses, an' Conal he's goin' to marry one of the Gillians.' That—when the poor priest is tired, an' worn, an' wearied, an' cold, an' (God forgive him!) maybe sometimes ill-tempered—that's the sort of balderdash these old cronies 'ill knell down at your knee and commence to reel off. An' Lord knows, good people, it isn't, afther all, such very great wondher if your priest, when he thinks of the night's work that's before him, and the day's work he's left behind him, an' hears one of these old blatherskites, instead of tellin' their sins to God, begin to spin yarns to the priest—it's small wondher, I say, if your priest's temper is sometimes broken.

"But never mind! I'm going to put a stop to this way of getting on, soon an' sudden. The old woman or the old man that comes to me to confession, from this day forward, and commence to tell me their toothaches and headaches of both themselves and their cattle, an' begins to tell me their neighbors' sins and the sins of their family, I'll give them a penance that 'ill put out of their heads the other wee throubles of the worl', and I'll send them to Lough Dearg barefooted, to make the Station there for their neighbors' sins —and see if something like that doesn't cure them."

"Father Cormac 'ill sit in the new room, Mrs. Maguire, as it's the warmest, and he has a load of the cold on him since a wetting he got last Wednesday night week, going up to Cronasliabh to give the last rites to poor Allie Coyle (may God rest her!). You can have a good fire to his back. I'll sit in the upper room myself, and I'll read the mass there.

"You had better get old Micky the Scholar over from Meenahurriey to clerk for me. Then he can wait and breakfast with us."

From then till Wednesday night Mrs. Nancy Maguire's was a busy house, and Mrs. Nancy Maguire herself a busy woman.

For Mrs. Maguire, the very first thing on Monday morning, turned the house upside down and then inside out, and had it scrubbed and washed and whitewashed and overhauled from floor to rigging. She had Johnny Gallagher the carpenter a day and a half in it; and Con Gillespie the mason and his son a day in it; and she had half a dozen women, volunteers, every day in it, in addition to herself—and since Nancy in herself worked for six women, and scolded for twelve, it may be conjectured with what amazing rapidity the renovation and decoration and general transformation of her house went forward—until, late on Wednesday night, the work was so satisfactorily concluded that the *Bacach Fad*,* who had arrived to take up his quarters there for the night, pronounced his opinion that "the Queeng of England herself, an' the primest ladies iv her coort, could come in, an' sit down, an' take their tay off the kitchen floore." Such a favorable opinion, pronounced by so competent an authority, gave, of course, the utmost satisfaction and pleasure to all concerned.

So Nancy was a pardonably proud woman when, at eight o'clock on Thursday morning, she went out curtsying to the ground, and led in Father Dan and Father Cormac, showing each to a room that was at least snug, clean, and nice, if not altogether so elegant as to Nancy's partial eyes it looked.

Two very different classes of penitents they were that now besieged the doors of the two priests' rooms. Father Cormac was a silver-headed old curate, big, fat, florid, as mild and innocent as any child, and with a big heart which was filled to bursting with love of all Christians.

To Father Cormac, accordingly, fell the lion's share of confessional duty; for to him always flocked, in the first place, the *votins*;† in the next place, the "och-ochs," as Father Dan had caustically nicknamed the old women and old men who loved to sandwich their ailments with their sins; and in the third place, all others whose conscience was weighted with extraordinary crime—as, for instance, Jaimsie Martin, who had unwittingly gone to mass on Christmas morning with a deck

* Long Beggarman. † Devotees.

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of cards in his pocket, and the previous night's winnings; or Kitty Paddy Mháire, who had prayed "bad luck" upon the cow that eat her force-grass one morning —when which cow turned out to be the priest's horse, the enormity of her crime came home to her. All this collection of sinners and sinned against invariably thronged to Father Cormac, who lent a patient ear to the most tedious rambler that chose to inflict on him a monologue as long, as complicated, and as little to the purpose as a small history of Ireland —and invariably they left his knee happy and comforted.

Only the hardier lot of sinners tempted their fate at Father Dan's knee—rather, perhaps, the hardier and the hardened —both of which were principally the young. He had years ago frightened away the "och-ochs," who considered him a cruel man because he wouldn't let them run down the litany of their woes as an easy descent to the catalogue of their crimes. And though with exceptional criminals like Jaimsie Martin and Kitty Paddy Mháire he could be as gentle as a lamb, they somehow found greater relief for their surcharged breasts at the kindly knee of Father Cormac, and to Father Cormac accordingly they trooped.

As might be expected, they were the more unruly band who pushed for precedence at Father Dan's door. Nancy herself, as usual for the woman of the house, was the first penitent; and as she elbowed her way out again she had to lay about her unsparingly with her fists, for the young rascals who crowded at the door, while pretending great exertions to make room for the exit of her burly form, actually pressed closer and closer, wedging her more firmly in.

The occasion was too solemn and the priest too close to permit of Nancy's using her tongue upon them; so perforce she had to be content with a liberal use of the fist, which she wielded with that expertness which only comes of much practice. And each blow of her fist she accompanied by a venomous look and shake of the head that warned the victim she had more in store for him, but the state of grace in which she now was sternly prohibited her giving him there and then what she would wish to. If Big Pathrick Hilly, of Castlekenny, with well-affected unconsciousness, contrived to stick his elbow into Mrs. Maguire's ribs, eliciting from her such a blood-curdling groan as made every rascal present hide his face whilst convulsions of smothered laughter shook his frame, she quickly awakened Big Pathrick to complete consciousness of his awkward mistake by delivering him a sounding blow on the nose, which almost stunned poor Pathrick, and to those who were recovering from the convulsive fits gave a serious relapse.

There is no saying how long the distressed lady would have suffered forcible detention amid these knaves had not a gallant knight come to the rescue of Mrs. Maguire.

The lads were suddenly apprised of the knight's arrival by the shower of sharp and painful blows of a stick which now began to rain upon their bobbing heads; and screwing a fearful eye around, they perceived, to their utter consternation, that the *Bacach Fad*, having been shrived by Father Cormac, had come on the scene with his good oaken wattle. Quickly now he released Mrs. Maguire, comparatively little damaged, but left many a knave rubbing an aching head.

"Oh, ye barbarians!" the *Bacach Fad* in a stage-whisper addressed them, "ye onsarcumcised haythens! ye Goths and Philistines! have yez a sense i' where yez is goin'? or do yez think it's a wake or a circus yez is at? Oh, ye ondegenerated Red Indians that's walkin' in blind darkness! think i' what yez is about! Examine yer heavy-ladened consciences on the commandments iv God an' His Church, an' the Seven Deadlious Sins, an' find wherein an' how often yez have each an' all i' yez offended God be thought, word, deed, or commission. Do that! Do that!

"Micky Jimmy Haraghey, don't you forget nor neglect to lay at the priest's feet the grievious an' sublime sin ye wor guilty of the night ye laid the nettles on me shake-down,* an' that other night ye boiled the dhrownded kittlin' in me stir-about. An' you, Big Pathrick Hilly—I see you there. Och, it's small wondher ye'd sthrive to hide yer face an' bow yer head with the weight i' the shame! Don't —don't you forget to confess the day you stole my best checker waistcoat to sport

* A bed made of a bundle of straw shaken upon the floor.

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it in the Glenties harwust fair, an' left it back not worth thruppence a week afther, with such a flavor i' spiritious an' intoxicatin' liquors on it as didn't blow off it till the March win' come. Big Pathrick Hilly, I charge ye not to forget to unburthen yerself iv that against the poor, the homeless, an' the orphan. An' I thrust his reverence 'll give ye Lough Dearg for it, as an example to others."

Then the *Bacach Fad* went off relieved, drew a chair into what part of the floor he conceived would be most inconvenient for those going to and fro, and kneeling down there, drew forth his beads and began praying in a deafening whisper and at a fearful rate—praying for himself, a sinner; for the whole world; and for Big Pathrick Hilly, that he might not be permitted to make a bad confession.

When one of the women who rushed about, busily preparing breakfast, happened to knock against him (as they could not easily avoid doing), his prayer always grew faster and fiercer as he turned a wrathful eye upon them. Nelly Kelly, with astounding temerity, did venture a remonstrance—but she was exasperated, as she had just tripped over the Long Fellow's heels and narrowly escaped breaking her neck and half a dozen plates.

"Musha!" Nelly said, sharply, "I wish to goodness, Misther Haraghey"—the *Bacach Fad's* little-used name was Haraghey—"I wish to goodness, Misther Haraghey, ye would take yerself off, yerself an' yer long heels, an' yer baids, and yer chair, an' yer prayers—off to some corner or other out i' this, for the divil a hand's-turn we can do about the fire without runnin' the risk iv br'akin' our bones while ye're there."

This was very rash of Nelly Kelly, and indeed every one listening was dumfounded at her temerity in addressing the autocratic beggarman in such foolhardy fashion.

He followed her with his awful eye whilst he prayed five Our Fathers, five Hail Marys, and the Creed at her. Besides, the devil's name having unwittingly slipped off Nelly's tongue in her outburst, she had to go back to confession again—in her own mind wishing the *Bacach Fad* farther than she could, under the circumstances, risk saying.

Though most of those surrounding Father Dan's door crushed and pushed and squeezed in their endeavors to get hold of the door-knob, thereby securing the reversion of Father Dan's ear from the penitent who, then within the room, held it, yet there were not a few who, far from displaying any excitable eagerness, passively submitted to be shouldered and displaced and heaved backwards. And eventually, if these were watched pretty closely, it would be found that they did not get heard till the very last moment, when they went forward because they could not help it. These uneasy-conscienced fellows were the well-known inveterate card-players of the country, who had long since been ostracized by God-fearing people.

But since most of those who surged around Father Dan's door were not card-players, nor unduly addicted to any other grievous sin, their minds were, then, unweighted by immoderate apprehension, and so they strove with energy for precedence.

The crush momentarily increased, and in like proportion the noisy, angry whisperings—for by means of an insinuating knee and elbow, many there were not above taking unfair advantage of a neighbor, trying to oust him from his place.

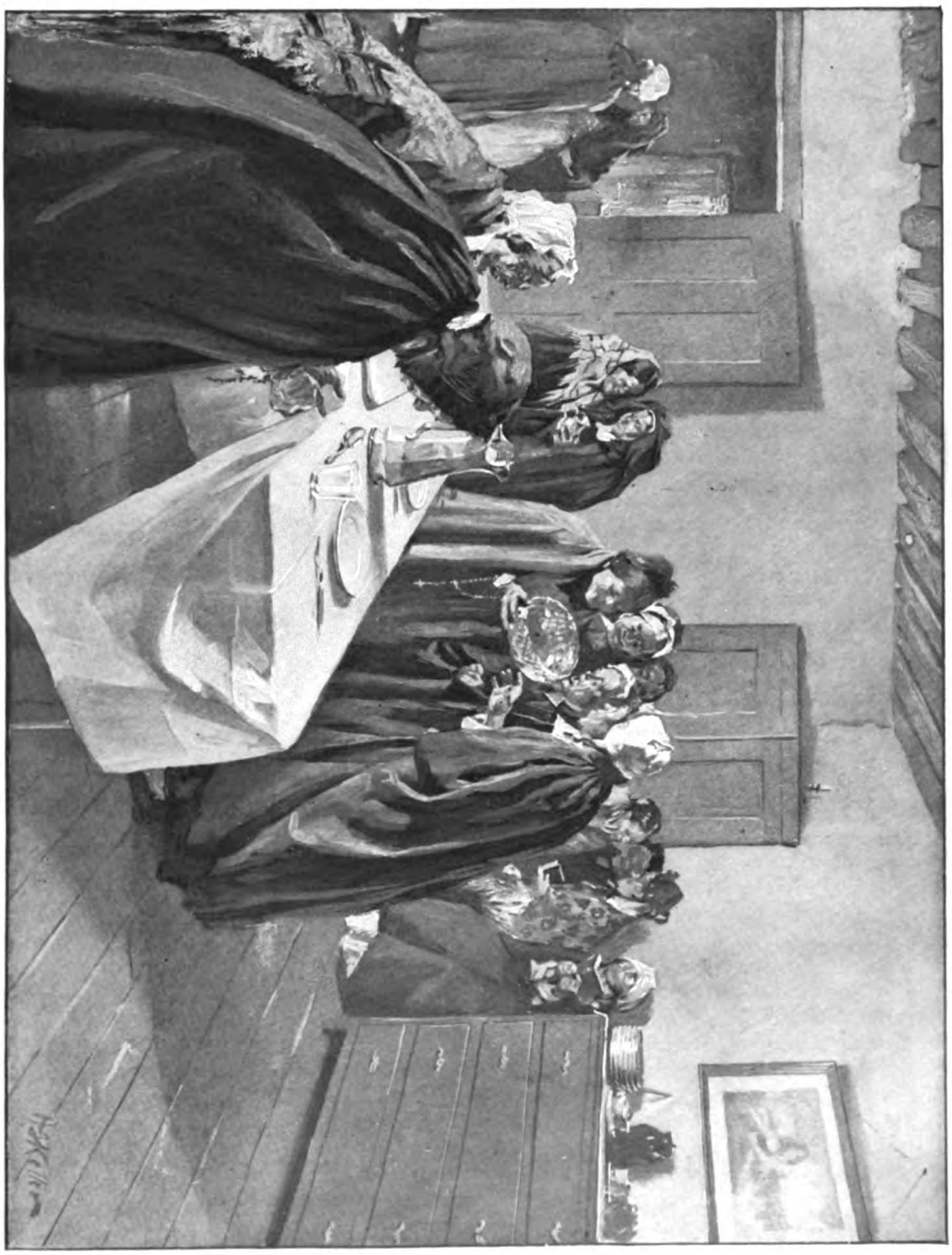
The hubbub at length drew Father Dan to the door. Instantly he appeared the crowd fell back, and every sound ceased.

Father Dan, for a few moments, regarded them in severe and contemptuous silence.

"What—what do ye mean?" he cried then. "Do ye think it's at a hiring-market ye are? Are ye thinking of your sins and your crimes? or *could* ye think of your sins an' you dhrivin' an' shovin' an' clatterin', like Bedlam let loose? There's more than one of ye coming in here, and ten to one if ye know rightly what you're about. Ten to one if some of ye could answer me a couple of the simplest questions in your Catechism. There's Big Pathrick Hilly, now, and he's been making, as usual, as much noise as would do ten men; and I'd just like to put him a simple question or two; an' if he cannot answer me, I'll give him leave to go throttin' till he has learnt his Catechism."

Big Pathrick was a raw, rough, big

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AT NANCY MAGUIRE'S.

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BEFORE THE CONFESSIONAL.

fellow, with a fund of horse-sense, and a deal of mischief of a cumbrous character about him. When Father Dan had appeared, Big Pathrick feared he had been caught in the act of reaching a rap on the bald pate to old Pether Melly, of Mullinahurreigh, who had got possession of the door-knob by pursuing various unfair and discreditable devices; that instant Big Pathrick had dropped his head, and by shutting his eyes tight thought—by a principle of reasoning analogous to that of the ostrich—that Father Dan would fail to see him. He was startled by Father Dan's last remark. He raised his head, shuffled his feet, and felt painfully confused.

"Pathrick Hilly," said Father Dan, sternly, "'Can priests forgive sins?'"*

* Father Dan was taking his question from O'Reilly's Catechism:

Q. Can priests forgive sins?

A. Yes, they can; for they have received that power from our Lord Jesus Christ.

Immediately the question was propounded, Pathrick's confusion fled him, and a look of serene happiness overspread his broad and tawny countenance. He looked Father Dan straight in the eye as he proudly answered,

"Yis, they can, father—at their dead aise."

Father Dan made a brave endeavor to maintain the severity of his look. But he was not able to do so. He dropped his gaze, the lines about his mouth trembled, and he retreated hastily, closing out the door.

It was now Big Pathrick's turn to gaze with severity on his tittering neighbors, and it puzzled him much to know what had taken place that so excited their subdued mirth.

As the penitents got shrived, and then came through the greater ordeal of extricating themselves from the tight-wedged, heaving, striving mass that pressed around the room door, they sought the corners of

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the kitchen, and knelt down in prayer, silent and fervent. When the men concluded their prayers they streamed out and sat on and lay about the sod fence in front of the door, talking of the markets, the crops, and the political outlook, during the interval before mass. The women seated themselves along the kitchen walls, and the youngsters crowded around the fire, to enjoy the sight and smell of the rarities that were in preparation for breakfast, and to be as much as possible in the way of the busy and short-tempered women who prepared them. The *Bacach Fad*, his long prayers finished, stalked about, staff in hand, with a supercilious air, looking out for a chance of reprimanding one, and lecturing another, and instructing a third. "Misthress Maguire, let me counsel ye to the remimbrance of Martha, who is alluded to in Holy Write; like you, she 'busied herself too much with the affairs i' the univarse,' so the Lord sayed. The Lord likewise sayed, in another part i' Holy Write, He sayed— Misthress Maguire, if ye'll be so good as to lay me wan o' the legs i' that chicken, with a piece i' the tendher breast flesh (for I've a delicate stomach), an' a piece i' the roast mait or two, an' a bowl i' broth, with some toast (butthered on both sides, if ye plaise), not forgettin' some speciments i' the sweet bread, an' a bowl i' dark tay, an' any other wee thrifles that come handy, I'll refresh the interior man by making a slight repast upon them afther mass"—for, sooner than allow himself to be forgotten, the *Bacach Fad* consented to forget what was said by Holy Write.



NELLY KELLY ABUSING THE BEGGARMAN.

"'Tis the delicate stomach, ma'am, an' not any carnal greed (as ye all know), that compels me to pick an' choose the few little thrifles I ate. But sure, I mayn't say I ate at all; I only pick, like a chicken—"

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("The Lord's lookin' to the sort of a chicken that must be," little Paudien McNeely, a bad boy, remarked, *sotto voce*. But the *Bacach Fad* pretended not to hear the remark, and Mistress Maguire scowled upon Paudien.)

"Like a chicken, I say," the Long Fellow repeated, as if challengingly. He paused then, but there was no comment dared. "Five years ago, ma'am, I lost me appetite—"

("An'," said the bad, bold Paudien, "is in the habit i' losin' it three times a day iver since—ye generally lose it afther each feed, in fact.")

This was *too* much. The *Bacach Fad*, had he been a saint, could not ignore that remark, and the uncontrollable outburst of laughter that it called forth from the fireside circle. He reached for Paudien McNeely with his staff. If Paudien's pate had got the crack intended for it, it stood good chance of being seriously damaged. But Paudien was a past master of dodge. He dodged, and the forceful stroke descended upon Rover, the dog, who uttered a fearful yell and sprang at the *Bacach Fad*, to wreak upon that individual now a grudge he long had borne him—for Rover always went snarling to a corner when the *Bacach Fad* appeared in the house. Rover sprang upon him, fixing his fangs in the trousers of the *Bacach Fad*. The *Bacach Fad* stepped hastily backwards, tripped on a stool, and was precipitated on the kneeling form of old Tammas McGruddy. And immediately old Tammas got himself extricated he belabored the much-abused *Bacach Fad* with the latter's own cudgel. Paudien McNeely thought it better to wander out of doors for fresh air and exercise till he heard Micky the Scholar ringing the hand-bell for the commencement of mass.

Because of their loss of temper, both Tammas and the Long Fellow scrupled, and felt compelled to visit Father Cormac again to confess their recent enormity. And thenceforward, till mass was over, Tammas had to restrain himself from looking in the direction of the Long Fellow, and the latter to close his eyes to the villain Paudien, lest the sore sight should cause them to sin in their hearts again.

Micky the Scholar, as well might be expected, acquitted himself of his duty in a style that reflected new credit upon him—Micky's manner of rattling off the Latin, and making the responses fly about him, seriously jeopardizing even Father Dan's superiority.

And when, mass being over, Micky strolled about, though not aggressively ostentatious in displaying it, he wore the air of a man who had richly earned the breakfast he awaited.

Immediately after mass almost all thronged home with strangely lightened consciences and good sharp appetites. A crowd of women, however, by special invitation of Nancy, waited to get a glimpse of the breakfast table, which was now quickly laid. Father Dan and Father Cormac, with Micky the Scholar between them, walked up and down the road meanwhile.

The women, so, went into the room, and fingered the beautiful white tablecloth (which Nancy had borrowed from Hannah Brislan, of Dhrimaluskey), and admired the spoons (from Mrs. McHugh's, in the lower end of the parish), and the knives and forks (half of them Nancy's own, the other half collected from all points of the compass), and the dishes (some Nancy's—most of them subscribed), and with words of ecstatic delight passed from hand to hand the cut-glass sugar-bowl, cream-ewer, and salt-cellar (brought from America the previous Christmas by young Peggy McGroarty, of Gargrim). Then they viewed and sniffed all the delightful things Nancy had provided to tickle their reverences' palates; and finally examined minutely and admiringly the wonderful improvements that Nancy had effected within the short time which she had at her command.

Father Dan and Father Cormac and Micky the Scholar, with the addition of another important guest, just arrived—to wit, the Masther—now came in, all with sharpened appetites, and with many a merry joke sat them down to table with Nancy.

As the women, highly pleased, took their departure, the *Bacach Fad* was seated at the kitchen table, almost hidden behind hills of eatables, into which he was dexterously and speedily tunnelling, giving earnest of being in a fair way to lose his appetite yet once again.

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ASMODEUS IN THE QUARTERS

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE



MAMMY did not tell this story very often; it was held in reserve as an especial reward. Whether it was of African origin, and by one of those strange coincidences bore a resemblance to the classic, or was a garbled negro version of it, is lost in conjecture; but certain it is that almost within ear-shot of a doting but unknowing mother, many a childish ambition has been fired "ter rise wid Satan."

And this is the way mammy told it to the little night-gowned cherubs whom she wanted to get to sleep:

"Shadrach were de very ol'es' nigger on de place; he 'lowed he were er hundud an' fifty, an' I reckon he were, 'case he back were doubled up twel he wa'n't no tallerer 'n Charlie dar; he face were es black an' es wrinkledy es er warnut, he hair were es white es cotton, an' de long white beard kim 'mos' ter he knees, dat tu'n in kinder bow-legged when he walk.

"He so ole he hain't fitten ter work none, but he hab er little couterin' roun' ter do ever' day, lack feedin' de tuckies, shuckin' corn, er makin' nets, er sumpen, 'case he 'Ole Miss' 'low dat Satan sho gwine fin' some debilment fur idle han's ter do, an' she plum right.

"Shadrach hab plenty er clo'es, plenty ter eat, plenty er 'baccy ter chaw an' ter smoke, an' er good warm cabin; but he ain' happy yit, 'case hit 'pear lack de debil gib us sumpen ter hone fur, no matter what we got. Shadrach des wanter know ever'thing dat happin; but he des es deef es er pos', an' dey hain't nobody wanter

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"HE HEAR ALL DE SECRETS ER DE CREEPIN' THINGS."

tell him no secrets, 'case ef you gotter holler hit all ober de place, hit no secret ertall; so he go erbout putty nigh all de time. I reckon hit were mighty painful ter 'im, but ever'body oughter min' dey own business, specuil ef dey cain't hear good.

"But hit go mighty hard wid Shadrach, 'case he git deefer an' deefer, an' cuissomer an' cuissomer; an' when he do hear 'em he git 'em so cross-eyed 'mos' all de time, 'case he hear so bad, dat he git inter er heap er trouble, fur dey 'low dat Shadrach were er power ter talk.

"Hit er mighty bad thing fur ter git inter de fix dat Shadrach done in, 'case hit lack gittin' bofe foots inter tar—while you's er-pullin' one foot out, de odder gwine sho sink furder in; dey hain't nuffin but er good strong pull on de outside dat gwine git you shet uv it.

"Now you knows, honey, dat dar's some times er de year dat de debil plum loose—done free ter go anywhar er ter do anything, an' he all de time er-layin' fur des sech er sof', mizerbul creetur es Shadrach were.

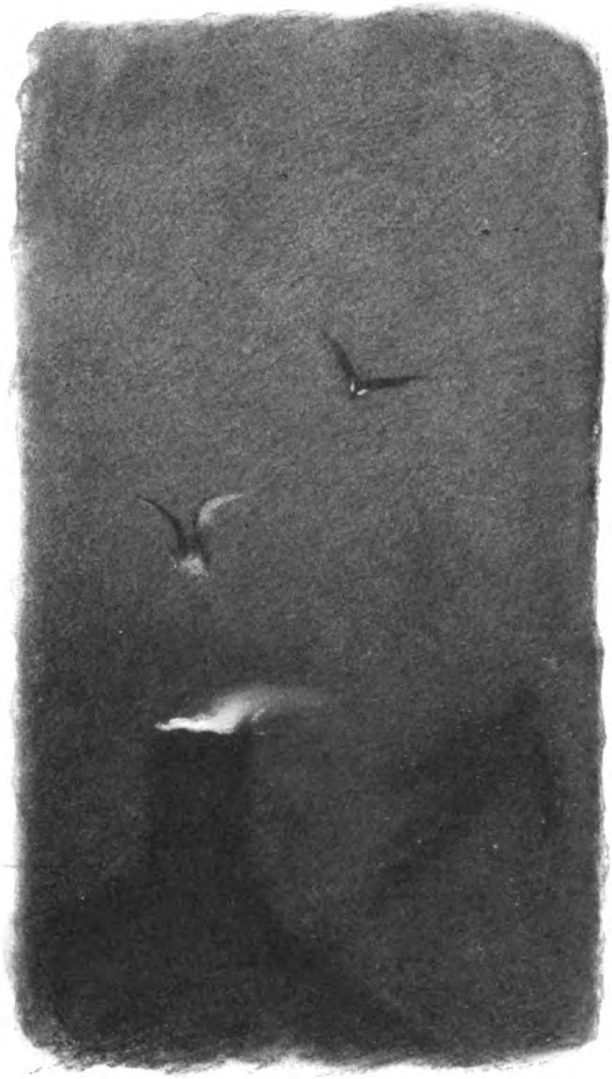
"Shadrach meet him 'way off unner de trees in de woods-lot, an' were powerful glad ter see him when he kim; an' he git outen he skin, an' len' he body ter de debil ter go erbout in, two er free times, 'case er lot er de niggers seed Shadrach in some mighty quare places fur er Christiun an' er shouter. But dat wa'n't pleasurin' Shadrach 'bout hearin' things, fur de debil cain't gib er man er pa'r er new years, an' he cain't eben hope him, lessen he gib up he soul. Hit pester Shadrach mightily, 'case he know he cain't sarve two marsters, an' he mighty feared er de fire down dar; but bimeby, 'fore de debil go back, he git so cuis 'bout hearin' an' knowin' things dat he done furgit all he larnin' an' he 'ligion, an' he bargains wid de debil fur he soul. Better folks an' whiter folks 'n Shadrach done gone an' done hit, an' er-doin' uv hit yit, 'case de debil he kim ter folks in de ways dey wants him in dey min's, but hit hain't gwine ter pay in de long-run; hit gwine ter peter out mighty painful.

"Well, ole Shadrach he done sell he soul ter de debil fur good, an' he mighty lively an' peart erbout hit, an' dance

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all unbeknownst — ole mizerbul Shadrach dance, an' he er-lookin' lack he do!—but hit de debil's dance, an' dar hain't nobody know nuffin 'bout hit but er hoodoo. Er good hoodoo all de time on de lookout fur de debil, an' hit 'pear lack de hoodoo hear de debil gib he promus ter Shadrach, ef he sell him he soul, dat he take him wid him ever' night, when he fly ober de roofs an' look down de chimblies, an' he gwine see ever'thing an' hear ever'thing—an' ole Shadrach des couldn' keep still fur de joy er thinkin' 'bout hit.

"Sho 'nough, de debil were es good es he word, an' de hoodoo fin' de body er Shadrach in he bed, layin' lack he sleepin'; but he were des es cole es def, fur dar wa'n't no bref in de body, 'case de debil done taken de sperit out, an' de hoodoo, while he lookin', hear two screech-owls holler an' laugh, den 'flop an' fly erway. Dey taken de owls' skins, 'case owls got de bigges' eyes an' de bigges' years er anything dat b'long ter de debil, an' kin see in de dark. De jackass got de longes' years uv all uv 'em, but de debil hain't got no holt on him sence de Lord let him talk ter de man dat try ter make him tromp on er angil, an' I reckon dat why de Lord rid on one uv 'em inter de New Jerusalem.



"HE DES FOLLER UV 'EM EVER' NIGHT."

"Well, de hoodoo he see how things were er-gwine when he hear dem owls, an' he hain't got no call but ter foller uv 'em, 'case ef he let de debil go one single blessed time, he lose dat much uv he power fur good, so he riz an' foller.

"At fust, de debil des take Shadrach ober niggerdom in de quarters, an' oh! how dat littles' squinchup owl holler an' laugh when he hear Pomp an' Dinah des er-quoilin' an' er-quoilin' in de cabin, an' dey bofe so mighty sanctified an' shout so loud on er Sunday; an' when he see Lush—dat he 'Ole Marse' trus' lack he white—des er-stealin' sugar fum de pantry, an' ole Cindy, ernudder sanctified sister, kerhootin' roun' in de smoke-house widout er light, er-huntin' fur er ham, he laugh so loud dat de odder owl hatter shake 'im.

"Hit were er lot er fun ter ole Shadrach, an' he git so full er dem things dat he 'mos' fittin ter bus' wid hit, 'case he cain't tell nobody what he see an' hear, fur he feared er de debil. He hear all de secrets er de creepin' things, an' larn whar de snakes an' things hides in de daytime, an' es dey riz in de air, de secrets er de things dat flies in de dark.

"He seed folks er-dancin' an' er-mournin', er-laughin' an' er-cryin', er-cotin' an' er-gamblin', er-stealin' an' er-lyin', er-sleepin' de hones' sleep er de Christiun, an' er-groanin' on dey beds er suff'rin'—de people dat he see an' know

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"SHADRACH HE RIZ WID HE OWN COAT TAILS."

ever' day—lack dar wa'n't no tops ter de houses, ner walls ter 'em nuther. He hear de debil temp' de weak, an' dey fall, an' de strong, an' dey hain't gib in, an' de debil kim roun' ter 'em ergin de nex' night; an' all day long ole Shadrach des er-laughin' an' er-chucklin' an' er-waitin' fur night ter come.

"Hit go on dat way fur er long time, but de hoodoo don' say nuffin; he des foller uv 'em ever' night, an' he putty nigh plum wore out; but he know dat de debil hain't got much longer ter tarry, so he bide he time, fur he gwine fur ter try ter git back ole Shadrach's soul, 'case er burnin', wand'rin', los' soul is er mighty hard thing ter steddy on, an' de hoodoo were er 'zorter too.

"At de fust, Shadrach were mighty happy an' mighty 'umble ter de debil, 'case he hear more 'n anybody dat got two good years kin hear, an' see ten times es much. But arter while he git manish, an' sot in ter grumblin', an' talk back ter de debil some. He done tired er des seein' niggers; he wanter see what de white folks er-doin'.

"De debil he tell him he better take keer, dat hit hain't gwine ter be good fur hese'f fur him ter see an' hear dat, an' 'fuse ter rise dat high wid him; but Shadrach keep er-teasin' an' er-teasin', twel one dark night de debil he borry two pa'r er buzzards' wings so's ter fly high (dat all he kin git, 'case de eagle hain't gwine len' his'n), an' dey riz ober de top er de talles' house.

"Hain't no tellin' what Shadrach see dat night, an' arter dat dar wa'n't no doin' nuffin wid him—he des er-gallopin' ter 'struction es fas' es he kin trabble.

"Es ole es Shadrach were, an' es doubled up, de oberseer hatter lay de whup on him two er free times, an' hit make de 'Ole Marster' feel mighty bad; an' all de time de debil des er-aggin' uv hit on, an' er-showin' him down de white folks' chimblies ever' night, 'case Shadrach done git too uppish ter wanter know nuffin 'bout niggers.

"But bimeby he retch de eend uv he rope, an' he retch hit so powerful suddent dat hit putty nigh fling him outen he senses.

"He git manisher an' manisher wid de debil; he done furgit all erbout de bargain, an' who de debil were, an' 'low he hain't gotter borry no wings ner nuffin ter rise wid, ef de debil do. Dat he gwine rise wid he own coat tails—dat any hoodoo kin, an' he gwine do hit. Po' fool Shadrach!—he done furgit he hain't no

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hoodoo ner nuffin—nuffin but er po' ole sarvent er de debil, an' hit all fru he power!

"But de debil do he pleasurin' an' hain't say nuffin; so dat night when dey riz, de debil he borry de buzzard's wings ergin fur hese'f; but Shadrach he riz wid he own coat tails, an' de debil he do mighty 'umble, an' make lack Shadrach doin' all dis here by hese'f. De debil gwine let him git mixed an' tangled up lack er fly in er spider's web, an' Shadrach he sho boun' ter do hit; fur dat night he hear things dat sot him putty nigh plum crazy, 'case he done hear too much at las'; an' de nex' day de debil hatter leab de quarters an' go back inter de bad place. He taken Shadrach's soul wid him, an' sumpen else dat oughter b'long ter er good man, 'case Shadrach hain't eben passable no mo'.

"Arter de debil go 'way, Shadrach's years taken ter growin', an' dey grows long an' high an' thin, an' hit 'pear lack Shadrach hear ever'thing at oncet, lack er big roarin' er waters, so's he cain't make out nuffin.

"He cry out, when nobody ain' hearin' nuffin, dat he hear Cindy 'way down in de cotton-fiel' er-talkin' ter herself, an' he cain't make out what she say. Den he hear Misser Jones's Sambo, five mile erway, er yellin' out sumpen, but he cain't make hit out; an' he sot in ter cryin' an' er-moanin' wid de pain an' de noises dat 'mos' bustin' he head opin.

"He Ole Marse say he plum crazy, 'case he so mighty ole; but he Ole Miss 'low he need quinine; an' dat quinine des de stuff dat de debil want him ter hab, 'case hit kin work mo' 'fusion in one hour 'n de debil kin in er whole day, an' hit hope de debil mightily, es he couldn' be on de groun' fur ter make Shadrach mo' painful hese'f.

"An' Shadrach git ter be so painful wid de hearin' uv ever'thing plum mixed up dat he taken ter w'arin' big wads er cotton in he years fur ter shet hit out er de years, dat keeps er-growin' longer an' longer, narrerer an' narrerer; but de cotton cain't shet hit out, 'case half uv hit kim fum de inside, an' was de wakin' up uv all dat de debil lef' Shadrach dat b'long ter er good man.

"De hoodoo he see what were er-ailin' Shadrach, an' he mighty sorry fur him; but he cain't go ter Shadrach; Shadrach gotter kim ter him ter git he soul back, an' hit hatter be er mighty good hoodoo ter do hit den, so de hoodoo he sot an' wait.

"Bimeby Shadrach des couldn' stan' hit no longer, an' he des kim er-rinnin'



"HE HEAR MISSER JONES'S SAMBO FIVE MILE ERWAY."

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ter de hoodoo, all doubled up, wid de long white beard des er-draggin' on de groun', an' he fingers in he years—dem big years dat des er-settin' up on bofe sides he head.



"IN DE SHAPE UV ER BIG JACK-RABBIT."

"'Pear lack Shadrach sho gwine plum crazy 'twixt de mizry an' de noises, an' de hoodoo git ter work quick, fur ter pull de debil outen Shadrach, so's Shadrach mought git he soul back.

"Shadrach lay on de flo' er de cabin, des er-rollin' an' er-groanin'. Dey done pour hot lard an' er whole bottle er laud'num in he years widout doin' any good, an' de hoodoo try ter fling de debil out in de name er de jackass, de el'phunt, de owl—ever'thing dat he kin think uv dat got big years; but de debil hain't come outen him yit.

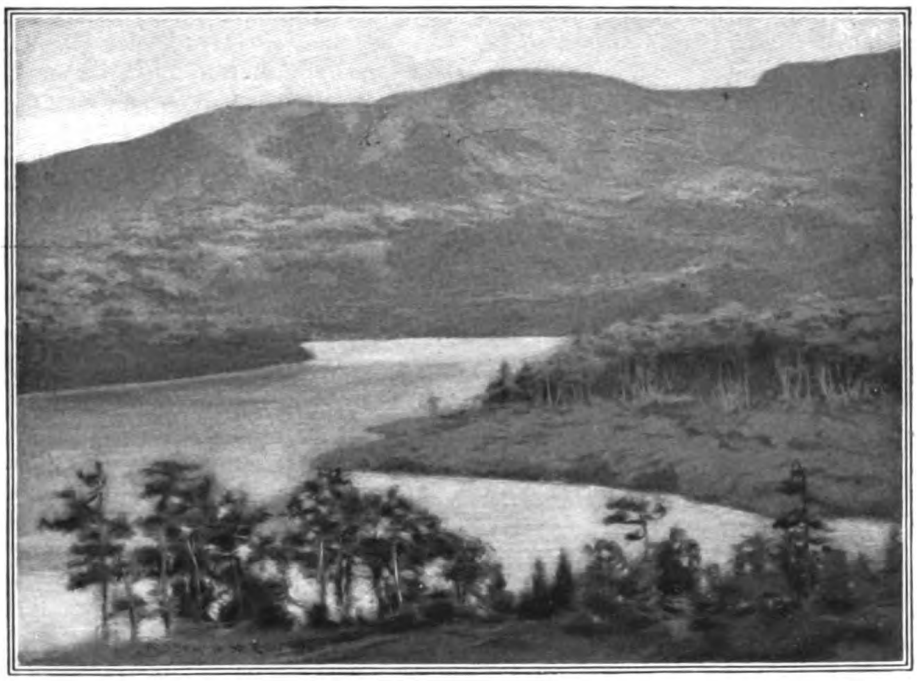
"Den de hoodoo taken him inter de woods an' call de name uv er long-yeared houn' dat passin' by, but hit hain't dat.

"De hoodoo workin' mighty hard, an' he stop an' steddy erwhile, an' den he lead Shadrach, wid de thorns des er-t'arin' uv he beard an' he knees an' he han's, ober inter er thicket er blackberry-bushes, ter gib de debil er good chance ter kim out, 'case he sho arter him.

"He make de passes wid he han's, an' say de charm, an' wait erwhile. De debil he see he chances done plum gone, an' he hatter gib up de soul, 'case de hoodoo got him in er corner, an' when he see dat, he des kim er-lopin' outen Shadrach inter de blackberry-bushes, in de shape uv er big jack-rabbit wid great long years.

"Dey say dat ole Shadrach lib ter be er hundud an' fifty year ol'er 'n he were, stone-blin' an' 'mos' stone-deef; but he go 'bout powerful happy twel he die, an' hain't nebber git cuissome 'bout hearin' things no mo', 'case he done heared ernough ter las' him."

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Puerto Bueno.

MOUNT SARMIENTO

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY

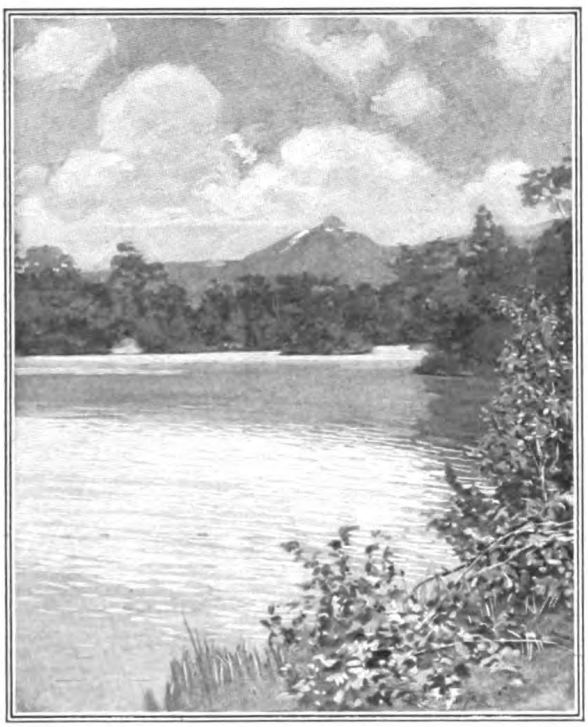
THE Cordillera of the Andes dividing Chile from Argentina culminates in the Aconcagua group. South of that comes the volcanic Maipo, which Dr. Güssfeldt climbed in 1882. Farther south the range sinks in height, and by entering another climatic region undergoes a change in the character of its surface. Near Aconcagua the mountains, though not absolutely portions of crumpled desert as in Bolivia, are very barren. But south of Maipo one finds the range more and more richly covered with vegetation. This is due to the heavy, and in places almost continual, rainfall that soaks them. Rank and tangled forests fill the valleys and so encumber the slopes that it is frequently only possible to advance by following up the course of a stream and actually marching in the water. It was near Valdivia that I first became acquainted with woods of this character, and discovered how slow and difficult must be the work of exploration in such a mountain region.

Whatever the future may have in store for this great hilly area, it is clear that at present only the edges and accessible parts of it can have any commercial value. It was naturally to be expected that so difficult and remote a mountain region would have to await its explorers for many years to come. But political accident has determined otherwise. The difference about their boundary, between Chile and the Argentine, could only be settled when the country through which the boundary must run was surveyed. Thus both countries sent well-equipped and numerous expeditions into the disputed region to explore and survey it, with the result that when their work is given to the world, the southern stretch of the Andes, right down to the Strait of Magellan, will be one of the best-mapped mountain regions in the world.

Whether the Andes, from Colombia to Patagonia, consist of a set of parallel ranges, each continuous throughout the whole length of the continent, or whether they should be regarded as shorter series ranged *par échelons*, overlapping one an-

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other, with their axes oblique to the general trend of the whole mountain mass, cannot yet be decided. A far more perfect survey of the Cordillera than any now existing is required to answer such questions. However that may be, the ridges of the southern end of the continent are, and apparently always have been, closely associated with one another, and have gone together through various stages of elevation from and depression into the ocean. The present is for all of them a time of depression. The outer ranges have sunk into the sea, whence they emerge as rows of mountainous islands fringing the coast. The valleys are become fiords, or long narrow sounds, and thus it is possible to voyage between the ranges and up the valleys.



PUERTO BUENO.

I was determined not to leave South America without making some slight acquaintance with submerged parts of the Cordillera. Fortune smiled upon the project with unusual beneficence. The great mail-steamers connecting Valparaiso with Europe keep in the open ocean till they make Cape Pillar, at the western entrance to the Strait of Magellan, but the prosperous and energetic "Kosmos" line of smaller German steamers turn in to the land at the Gulf of Peñas, and follow for three hundred miles the narrow and tortuous channel generally known as Smyth's Sound, though that name properly belongs only to the last reach of it, just before it enters Magellan's Strait. I was fortunate enough to find a Kosmos steamer about to proceed by this route, with some days to spare, which it was willing to spend at different points in Smyth's Sound. I was still more fortunate in falling upon a series of finer days than the officers of the steamer had ever experienced in that rainy region. The mountains were generally free of clouds, and the whole scenery was displayed with sumptuous and rare completeness. Entering the Gulf of Peñas, indeed, we were enveloped in a blinding storm; but once within the channel, it cleared off, and only met us again at the southern exit.

There are two other inland passages between a mainland and a continuous or almost continuous string of islands, which may challenge comparison with Smyth's Sound. These are the Alaskan and Norwegian inland steamboat routes. The former I have not seen, but the consensus of competent opinion declares that it is inferior in point of scenery to the Norwegian channel, which I have traversed four times between Bergen and the North Cape. I shall confine myself, therefore, to a comparison between the Norwegian channel and Smyth's Sound, and I have no hesitation in asserting that the Chilean waterway is, on the whole, less splendid than its Northern competitor. The points of similarity and of contrast between the two are worth noting. In both, the mountains that border the mainland and form the islands are of a similar character. They are very ancient ranges, formed of the hardest rocks—granites, gneisses, and so forth. They have been exposed through countless ages to the forces of denudation, carved into deep valleys by water action, then rounded and polished up to their very summits by a great ice

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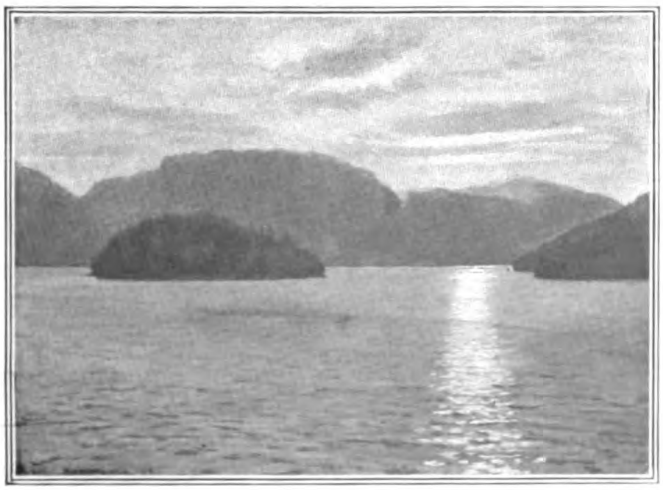
sheet, which has now withdrawn from all but the highest elevations. Finally they have both been depressed till the valleys and the bases of the hills are deeply submerged: now both are rising once again. Thus there is little or nothing to choose between the Norwegian and Chilean waterways, in the matter of mountain form, except near the Strait of Magellan, where some bold and splendid snowy peaks arise; but these belong rather to the Magellan district, which will be considered separately hereafter. If, however, they are to be reckoned as one of the scenic assets of Smyth's Sound, they may be set off against the Lofoten Islands, and to them they must yield the palm of beauty.



IN SMYTH'S SOUND, SOUTH OF PUERTO BUENO.

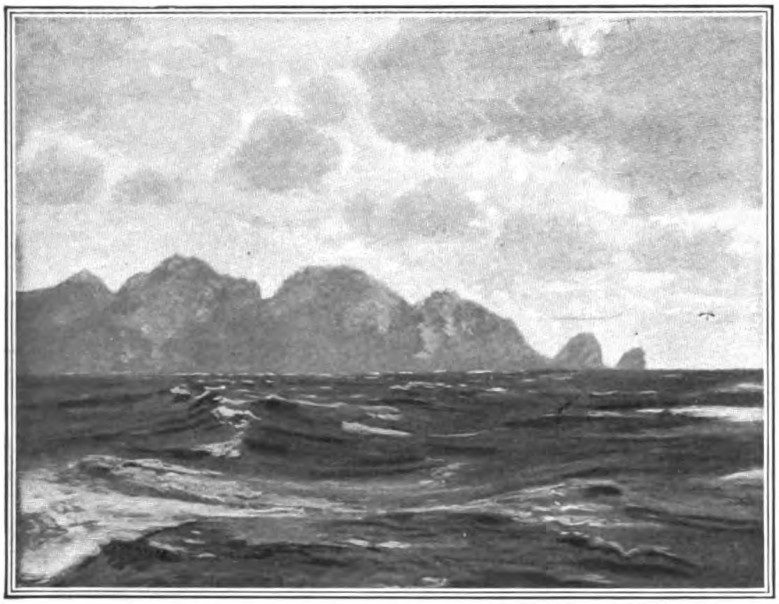
In respect of width—of apparent width as distinguished from navigable width—Smyth's Sound is astonishingly uniform. It resembles a wide river rather than a sound. There are a few broad reaches and two notable narrows, but there is none of that frequent change of breadth which gives such variety to the Norwegian passage, nor are there the same number of far-stretching vistas that excite the expectation or stimulate the memory of the North Cape passenger. To the credit of Smyth's Sound, on the other hand, must be reckoned the dense, velvet-textured forest mantle that drapes the shoulders and forms the skirts of its hills, coming down to the very margin of the channel and actually overhanging the water, where it is cut off in a sharp horizontal line at the high-water level, so that the branches just touch the surface at the flood, whilst at the ebb you can row a boat under matted arboreal roofs. The coasts of arctic Norway are bare indeed compared with the rankly overgrown margins of the Chilean inland seas.

It must be admitted that there is a great monotony in the scenery of Smyth's channel. It is always fine, no doubt; but it is always fine in the same way, and the views are composed of the same elements — the calm water highway, the wooded islands and shores, the waterfalls and cliffs above, and the large ice-rounded and bare summits reaching up under or into a roof of heavy cloud, the whole in a sombre and solemn gloom. It is impressive when you come freshly to it, but as the hours of each day draw slowly along it becomes a little wearisome, so that an effort has to be made to fix the attention and not lose the charm of change, because the changes that do take place are all within a narrow compass. Yet if a man could be snatched up from his city home and suddenly planted be-



GRAPPLER BAY.

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CAPE PILLAR, STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

I was fortunately enabled to land and spend half a day or more at several points on the shore of the sound, though, owing to the great depth of the channel, anchorages for a vessel of any size are relatively few and far between. The character of the scenery is known to readers of Darwin's classic volume, for here it is that he wandered, as a young man, with the idea of the Origin of Species growing in his mind. His name will ever be remembered in connection with the rain-beaten lands in which South America terminates. Others have endeavored a cheaper immortality by recording their visits on boards nailed to trees near the anchorages. The names are mostly those of ships, and are written in modestly small characters; but on one island, which none can avoid seeing as they pass, a huge board forces itself upon the attention with these words inscribed upon it in letters of heroic size:

COLONEL J. T. NORTH.

low Bold Head, as a landscape-painter might have the magic to plant him, he would doubtless be struck dumb with admiration and wonder. It was almost midsummer day (two days before Christmas), at the hour of dawn, that I was there. Heaven and earth were filled and enveloped in a solemn gray twilight, coming one knew not whence. The coloring was everywhere low in tone—sage-green hill-sides, water like dull lead or polished steel as the breeze touched or left it, cliffs brown and frowning, sky full of dark clouds whirled into wild shapes by the eddying winds. The great headland stood defiantly erect in the gloom. At a stone's-throw from its foot, I looked back along the silent water valley, stretching away to blanched snow hills and gloomy recesses, as it were a highway and particular reserve for ghosts and ghouls and all the uncanny tribes of fear.



FITZROY CHANNEL AND SKYRING WATER, SOUTH PATAGONIA.

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It is often by no means easy to land just where one desires. The tangled woods oppose a stout resistance to the invader. Sometimes, indeed, one may find the traces of a rarely used Indian path; sometimes one may follow the banks of a stream. More often the waterway itself is the only open line of advance. We saw no Indians at any time in or about Smyth's Sound, but that was not because there are none. They are a diminishing population, and no one will regret their extinction. Such as exist are popularly known as canoe Indians; their real name is Alaculof, if I am correctly informed. They live in families, a very few together, and they are always on the move. They say that if they stop in one place for more than a night or two, the devil will put his head out of the ground and bite them where they sit. The fact, of course, is that the constant search for food keeps them ever wandering. Their weapons are bows, and stone or glass pointed arrows, very skilfully fashioned. Shell-fish is their staple food. Their resting-places are marked by piles of shells. They also fish, and kill geese, otters, foxes, and whatever animals they come across. When they go ashore they pull up their canoes, build a tent with branches, and cover it with leaves and skins. We saw several skeletons of these huts by the margin of the waters. The position of their encampments is discoverable by the column of smoke arising from the damp wood of which they make their fires. It was from these fires that Tierra del Fuego was named by its discoverer, in days when the population was much more numerous than it is now. They are a treacherous folk, and will kill any white man they are able to overpower. An adventurous American voyager who, not long ago, passed through the Strait of Magellan alone in a little boat on his way round the world was attacked by a small fleet of canoes. Fortunately he was armed, and was thus able to drive his foes away, not, I believe, without some slaughter. Sometimes they come to the settlements to exchange otter-skins and their primitive manufactures of bows, arrows, model canoes, and the like, for tobacco or old clothes. They are said to be astute bargainers, and they are by no means devoid of intelligence; but all attempts to raise them in the scale of civilization have been failures. As they are unable to fit themselves into the fabric of the civilized world, they are, of course, a doomed race. Only anthropologists will regret them.



THE GLACIER AT THE NORTH FOOT OF MOUNT SARMIENTO.

It was at an abandoned Indian resting-place in a secluded bay that I first landed. The situation might have been chosen for its picturesqueness. A little brook, overarched by trees, fell babbling into the bay. The skeleton tent was likewise overshadowed, and there was a small, open, grassy place before it—a rare feature. Attempting to penetrate inland, we found plenty of impediments. The

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COCKBURN CHANNEL FROM THE SIDE OF MOUNT SARMIENTO.



FROM THE LOWER POINT OF MOUNT SARMIENTO.



MOUNT SARMIENTO, FROM COCKBURN CHANNEL.

game of spilikins, and all enveloped and tangled together with a mossy growth. The foot sank into the most solid-looking trunks, far gone in decay, and went through into deep holes beneath. To advance at all it was necessary to duck under or break away the interlaced

ground, when one trod down to it, was boggy. More often it was not accessible to the foot at all, for it is densely covered with fallen and rotting trees piled across one another at all angles, like a

branches of trees growing and of trees overthrown. Besides these vegetable impediments there were the natural inequalities of the ground, invisible until one came upon them: steep and slippery banks matted with moss, up which one tried to pull one's self by branches that

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broke off in the hand, and over a footing that gave way beneath the tread. Richly colored flowers at intervals enlivened the scene, whilst the bright wet foliage and soft moss were always beautiful to look at, however wearisome to traverse. Such was the normal margin of the land.

Occasionally where larger streams debouch at the heads of bays, depositing low flat deltas liable to be flooded, the conditions are unfavorable to the growth of trees, and a rank grass thrives. But here the ground is always soft like a sponge, so that, though views are opener and more varied, progress is scarcely easier. It is in such places that geese build their nests, and we saw many of them, but all very wild and unapproachable. To wander far alone in the forest region is not advisable, even though a man be armed, for the Indians are experts both in silently travelling through these woods and in hiding themselves. They lie in ambush close to the line of route which they foresee a sportsman will take, and they fire arrows into him from close quarters when he least suspects the proximity of a foe.

There is one charm about this country which I have omitted to mention, and that is the twittering and singing of the birds. From the nature of the place it is not easy to see them, but they are heard all about, and it is evident that there must be plenty of food for them; but they are almost all small dicky-birds. Though I have said there were many geese, I might as truly have described them as few in relation to the area, and apparently also to the amount of food provided for them by a bounteous nature. Any one who has seen an arctic breeding-place, and is familiar with the exuberant bird life of the North, will find Smyth's Sound and the Fuegian Archipelago extraordinarily poor in that respect. Foxes alone cannot be held responsible for this misfortune, as there are plenty of small rocks and islands inaccessible to the vulpine races, and well suited for nesting. The enemy was probably the canoe Indian, who, living here for countless generations, and hard pressed for food, has prevented birds from multiplying, just as the Norwegian walrus-hunter is now rapidly devastating the nesting-grounds of geese and eider-ducks along the west coast of Spitsbergen. In a century, that region, which fifty years ago literally swarmed with bird life, will be reduced to the condition of Fuegia, unless strong measures are taken to prevent it. It is not the down robbed from the nests, nor the fresh eggs taken for food, that do the damage, but it is the eggs taken on the off chance that they may be good, and then ruthlessly thrown away, that are depopulating one of the loveliest regions in the world. The relative poverty of Fuegia in gulls must, I imagine, be otherwise explained. In the Strait of Magellan there are a fair number, attracted, I suppose, by the continual procession of steamers. Specially charming, as in every place which they bless with the joy of their presence, are the fairylike terns. But I saw none of them in Smyth's Sound, which seemed only to be haunted by occasional albatrosses, whose noble sweep of wing it was a constant delight to watch. A young commercial person on board our steamer apparently thought otherwise, for he spent his time on the poop firing at them, and killed two, to no purpose, for we could not stop the ship to pick them up. The German captain, a true sportsman at heart, finally ordered him to stop, and frankly told him that what he was doing was not sport, but sheer *Dummheit*.

When the lowest belt of forest had been fought through, there came a somewhat more travelable region, where the woods were opener, when the ground chanced to be better drained, and where bare spaces of ice-rounded rock enabled one to stand out of the forest and gaze abroad. Sometimes there were also grassy and almost alpine areas, but these are, for the most part, at a considerable elevation above sea-level. To my thinking this is fortunate, for it is only when you look down on sheets or channels of water that the full charm of the contrast between the burnished brilliancy of their flat surface and the irregularity, elevation, varied form, and surface texture of the surrounding hills strikes and delights the eye. It is the views that I saw from comparatively elevated positions in the neighborhood of Smyth's Sound that abide in remembrance as memorable sights. Had I been able to climb to any of the more commanding eminences, and look abroad over the maze of channels, bays, islands, mountains, and away to the ocean, my opinion of the beauty of this region would probably be much higher than it is. In this respect, however, the Norwegian channel

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is in the same case. The view that I once enjoyed from the top of a relatively low mountain in the Lofotens far surpassed any view that can possibly be gained from the deck of a ship.

From various points in Smyth's Sound we had enticing glimpses up fiords leading inland and revealing great glaciers and high snow-fields and snowy peaks. Many of the larger glaciers descend almost to sea-level, and some actually end in the sea, where their snouts break off and float away as icebergs. The glaciers that so end are all in retired corners not easy of approach, and I did not actually see any of them; but at one point we encountered a quantity of floating masses of ice thus derived, and I was told that these were always met with in that neighborhood. The ship was stopped, that the sailors might lasso a large mass and drag it alongside, where great lumps were broken off and hauled aboard to replenish the ice-chamber.

After a few delightful days spent on and beside the waters of Smyth's Sound, we passed the fine white Cordillera of Sarmiento, and the noble mass of Mount Burney, and entered the last reach, which opens on the Strait of Magellan near its western extremity. As we approached the place of junction the rare spell of fine weather left us, or we ran outside its area. Clouds engulfed the hills; the skies dissolved in rain; the water heaved and broke; and soon the ship was rolling heavily in the long Pacific swell that swept in past Cape Pillar, which is one of the stormiest places in the world. Seldom does a voyager behold the west end of Magellan's Strait clear of clouds and fogs. There the wind blows unceasingly, driving before it the waters above and the waters beneath. The moment we turned eastward along the channel the rolling of the ship ceased; and an hour or two later the water was again smooth and the clouds lifted themselves once more from off the hills. Desolation Island was on our right hand, and the desolate mainland was on our left. The scenery was now, beyond all question, grander than anywhere in Smyth's Sound, though the latter, being visited by few voyagers, enjoys the greater prestige. I doubt whether any steamer route, unless it be the inland sea of Japan, commands grander views than the western arm of Magellan's Strait. This is partly due to its width, which, while narrow enough to bring the mountains close on either hand, is at the same time sufficiently broad to enable their summits to be well seen above their shoulders. Moreover, the mountains are themselves fine, and all their surroundings are in perfect keeping with their own utter desolation. A more wildly mournful prospect cannot be conceived. From time to time you can look far inland, up snowy valleys, to great snow-deserts ringed about by ice-mantled peaks. Channels, darkened by shadows and reflections to an almost utter blackness, stretch away on one side and the other to fastnesses unvisited save by the last wretched representatives of the doomed race. Here and there a mightier mountain dominates the rest, or a larger glacier tumbles its icy cataract down a steep valley, but the general character of the scenery remains the same, and so do the weeping skies and raging winds, till the southernmost point of the continent is passed at Cape Froward. Thence, on rare occasions, Mount Sarmiento can be seen to the southward at the elbow of the wide Cockburn Channel. It is the highest, and by far the grandest, peak in this part of the world. But it is generally hidden beneath cloud and storm.

From Cape Froward eastward the scenery grows tamer. The mountains lose in height and ruggedness. The snows are left behind, and the forests reach to the sky-line. Just as any one crossing the continent farther north, from west to east, descends from the Andes region through foot-hills to the flat pampas, so here a similar transition is seen from the waterway. Almost at the edge of the pampa stands the growing town and only port of these parts, named Sandy Point (Punta Arenas). It is a coaling station and the centre of the wool industry, besides being a free port. Every steamer that passes through the strait calls there, and there accordingly I landed for the purpose of visiting the mountains to the south and the plains and inland waters to the north. The day was wet and boisterous, as I too readily expected it to be. As a matter of fact, however bad may be the climate of Smyth's Sound and the neighboring hills and islands, the adjacent pampa region has a climate like that of the western highlands of Scotland, pleasant and healthy for active open-air life, though

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of course inclined to dampness and cold. The curtain of mist was raised next day, revealing the lowland of Tierra del Fuego across the strait, and a row of snowy peaks of fine form sixty miles away on the south horizon. Some of them were evidently very narrow ridges seen end on, and so resembling needle points. Of Mount Sarmiento the base alone was visible. An examination of it through a powerful telescope at once destroyed any illusion I might have entertained that the ascent would be easy. Cataracts of broken glacier were seen enveloping all its slopes.

This view of the Fuegian snowy range, rarely seen from Sandy Point, tantalized me. There stood the peaks, and here were we, ready to climb them, but sixty miles of water intervened. The Chilean government, indeed, had kindly promised to place at my disposal, for as long as I pleased, one of the three little steamers it keeps in the strait; but ill luck opposed. One of the steamers had gone up to Last Hope Inlet (how significant is the nomenclature of this region!) to carry the boundary commissioners. She had broken down on the way. The other two were sent after her—one to take her place, the other to tow her back. We arrived at this ill-timed moment. The time of delay was filled by nursing my second Alpine guide, Louis Pellissier, through a painful operation rendered necessary by his frightful frost-bites received on Aconcagua a month before. He of course could not hope to accompany me to the mountains; but when the *Yanez* came in and Maquignaz and I could start, we left Pellissier on the high-road to recovery. Now, of course, the fine spell of weather was gone. Such misfortunes fill for the time the whole horizon of a traveller's mind, but shrink wonderfully on paper and merely bore the reader; so let them pass. Ultimately we sailed southward by the way we had come as far as Cape Froward, then down the Cockburn Channel, the widest side branch of Magellan's Strait.

Mr. Jackson, chief engineer of the *Yanez*, a Scotsman, enlivened the voyage with many a tale about the wretched natives — horrible murders of defenceless whites, and retaliations more or less merciful. A group of these savages were brought to Sandy Point to be civilized. Clothes were given to them. Proud of such unwonted splendor of attire, they kept the garments on day and night, wet or dry. Members of a race singularly susceptible to pneumonia, most of them took it. In a few months only a remnant survived. We were visited in Cockburn Channel by a canoe containing an Indian and his two women. They were horrible to look at. Some birds and an otter's tail were the commodities they offered in exchange for tobacco. We passed many snow-clad peaks and glaciers, looked up many a lonesome bay, and beheld wooded islands, solitary or in groups. A hump-backed whale slept close alongside, and did not budge as we steamed by. Another whale, a mile off, leaped like a salmon from the calm water again and again. A school of porpoises raced beside us.

The upper part of Mount Sarmiento was in cloud when we approached its base. Two great glaciers sweep down its north and west faces and almost reach the sea, from which each is cut off by a belt of densely forest-clad moraine, the trees overhanging the beach. We steamed about off these glaciers for a few hours to watch for breaks in the clouds, if haply some promising upward route might be revealed. Soundings were made for an anchorage—a thing difficult to discover in these steep-shored and profound channels. At first we thought the west glacier would be the way, leading as it does to a fine snow arête that was evidently practicable up to the cloud-level. But when the clouds lifted a little they disclosed a row of precipitous crags above, all plastered over with incredible masses of icicles, such as I saw on Mount Hedgehog in Spitsbergen, but never anywhere else. It was therefore obvious that we must try the north glacier.

Mount Sarmiento is only 7200 feet high, but the difficulties it presents to a climber begin at sea-level. If all the easy part of the Alps, all the lower slopes that are traversed by mule-paths and can be ascended by mere walking, were sunk into the ocean, there is hardly a mountain in the range that would stand 5000 feet above water. Most of the high Alpine peaks present no more than 4000 feet of real climbing. From a climber's point of view, Mount Sarmiento is higher and larger than Mont Blanc. It is likewise much more difficult. The glaciers that cover it are cataracts of broken ice. Ava-

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lanches continually fall down its sides. The peak is seldom free from cloud, hardly ever free for more than a few hours together; generally it is in the heart of a raging storm, so that the snow upon its upper part is always new, and its rocks are always encrusted with icicles.

Toward sunset, as the mists seemed fading away, we rowed out again to watch the mountain, in hopes to see the summit. It was one of those slow midsummer sunsets of high latitudes, when the color comes slowly and lasts long. At first only the icy base of the mountain was visible in the gray shadow of clouds, with the dark forest ring around it and the calm black water below. Presently a soft pink light crept up the tumbled ruin of the glacier, higher and higher, as the mists dissolved and revealed steep ice walls, seamed by serrated ridges, and a great arête set with pinnacles of splintered rock. Some white points on the summit crest appeared, but a soft cloud floated just above them, enveloping the top. Suddenly, so suddenly that all who saw cried out, away above this cloud, surprisingly high, appeared a point of light, as it were a brightly glowing coal. The fiery glow crept down and down till we beheld the likeness of a great pillar of fire. It was a tower of ice-encrusted rock reflecting the bright after-glow of sunset. Regathered mists wrapped the glorious vision away even before it had begun to fade. We remained afloat in silence on the calm water. Not a breath stirred. No stone fell. No avalanche slipped. The babbling glacier torrent alone broke the stillness of the evening.

I now knew that we could climb to the foot of the culminating pillar; whether that could be ascended or not depended upon how the back of it was shaped. From this side it was inaccessible in its present condition. Next day we made a reconnoitring expedition to the north glacier. Difficulty was experienced in finding a way through the dense forest belt; for, besides the entanglement of the trees, there was the unevenness of the ground —a maze of pits and ridges encumbered with moss-grown, rotting trunks. An hour's work brought us through, but in a soaked condition. We afterwards found an easy way, where the bed of an old glacier torrent was bare of trees, so that the return through the forest belt only took five minutes, but this was on the descent of the peak. Beyond the forest was an open area from which the glacier had recently retreated. Its icy wall was on our left hand, broken into beautiful spires, in which the blue light glimmered. On our right was the hill-side. The intervening ground had been invaded since the glacier's retreat by mossy bogs, thickets of brushwood, and pools of water where wild-ducks were feeding, little disturbed by the prospect that we, the intruders, should soon be feeding upon them.

We advanced to the end of the rough ground, where hill and glacier meet, and that was the end of our excursion, for the upward way was plain to see. I spent the rest of the time on and about the glacier, which interested me exceedingly. Its névé was not visible, but all the lower part was before me. It was not like an Alpine glacier, but had the more viscous appearance which belongs to arctic ice-streams, spreading itself out widely and breaking up at the edges as the Spitsbergen glaciers do when they have room enough. Like them, too, it was singularly devoid of moraine, the ice being very clean and transparent. The proximity of woods to its side and end was an added charm, reminiscent of the fine New Zealand glaciers. There were plenty of birds among them, twitterers rather than songsters.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we finally started for the ascent. The best that could be said of the weather was that it was not threatening. Clouds, of course, there were in plenty, but they floated rather high and were not driven by a strong wind. We rowed quietly away from the steamer in the gloom of a faint midsummer twilight. An Indian canoe sneaked away in the shadow of the shore. The knowledge thus gained of the proximity of Indians made us careful in passing through the wood. My companions were the Alpine guide Maquignaz and a Chilean sailor, an excellent fellow and a good walker. He came as porter, and carried the bag. It was the first time he was ever on a mountain, but he afterwards declared it should not be the last. I am in hopes that this account of our experiences may lead some other climbing explorer to follow in our steps. He may be assured that all he will need with him is one experienced mountaineering companion; the remainder of his party can

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easily be enlisted at Sandy Point, though they will require rather high wages.

We retraced our steps to the point where glacier and hill-side meet. Turning up the latter, it was necessary to climb at once through another belt of forest, growing in the chinks and crannies of a wall of rocks polished by ice and precipitously steep. Though short, it was a heart-breaking scramble, for the rocks were so smooth that we had to climb, not them, but the trees. Their branches were more often rotten than sound. Several nasty tumbles resulted before the top was reached, where a sloping stretch of mossy bog awaited us. Floundering through this, we gained a comfortable grass slope, wide below, but narrowing above into the ridge that was to be our route. This ridge divided the main glacier on our left from a small and separate glacier filling a cirque on our right, and stretching up to a row of needle-pointed pinnacles of rock. The grass soon gave way to snow in fairly good condition, and the snow in its turn was crowned by a crest of rocks. Sometimes on snow beneath the rocks, and sometimes on the rock crest itself, we advanced, making good and steady progress, the views widening about us.

Cockburn Channel has the shape of a bent arm, and Mount Sarmiento stands at the elbow. Thus, as we rose, we commanded both branches of the sound. Between them is a tangled group of mountainous islands—Clarence Island and its dependents — dotted over with snowy peaks, and penetrated by narrow arms of the sea and deep bays. In that direction one looked through the thickness of the submerged Andes, and realized at a glance the intricacy and multiplicity of the connected ranges. The main western channel, stretching far off, ultimately bends round to the Pacific, but in bending hid the exit from our sight. All along its south side stands a row of snowy peaks, with a vast snow-field behind them. They are the lower continuation of the Darwin range, which culminates in Mount Sarmiento itself. Their dead whiteness projected against the dark sky was a singularly impressive element in the sombre panorama. Northward was the other branch of the channel, along which we had come. It led away to the Strait of Magellan, where its end was lost in gloom. To the right of that was Dawson Island, which we saw more completely from higher up. The contrast between the crumpled black or snow-clad earth and the steely brilliancy of the water was the characteristic note of the whole view. The bay where the *Yanez* lay at anchor was so near our feet that in looking down we looked into the water, and could see various submerged hill-tops, very dangerous to navigation, for of course they are not yet surveyed. One rock attracted particular attention, for we must have steamed close by it two or three times when searching for an anchorage. The water all around it appeared to be of great depth.

Higher and higher we climbed, till, at 5000 feet or thereabouts, our ridge joined another from the right, and a cliff fell at our feet to a pass a couple of hundred feet down, dividing us from the final mass of Mount Sarmiento. The great glacier was now fully displayed beneath us, and we halted to sketch its outline. In one respect it resembles no other glacier I can remember. The great northern slope of Sarmiento, up which our farther route lay, is the gathering-place of its snows. They pour down that face in a huge cataract of névé. Below, they empty into a snowy lake of large expanse and apparent flatness. At three points the rim of this lake is broken, and the ice escapes over them by three glacier tongues, the largest being the glacier flowing west, alongside which we had mounted. Of the other two, one goes nearly north, the other eastward. The latter drains into the narrow and very remarkable Cascade Reach, dividing Dawson Island from Tierra del Fuego, by which I had planned to steam away. The snow-field had a wide expanse, and led away to many fine crests of rock, whilst quite near at hand there were likewise rocky peaks of fine abruptness standing out of the ridge on which we stood. The nearer end of Dawson Island was occupied by a high snow-field, which poured its ice-cataracts down every gully towards Gabriel Channel and Cascade Reach. The northern part of the island is low, and relatively fertile. It is in the occupation of a Roman Catholic mission, which appears to produce some good, if temporary, effects upon the Indians who are sent to it for reformation.

I gazed upon this interesting and wide panorama with unusual intent-

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ness, for it was destined, as we all perceived, soon to be blotted out of sight by the storm-brought clouds that were sweeping down from the north. We had come too high on the subordinate ridge, and must needs descend a little way to gain the slope. Thence the way led up a great broken snow-field, where the séracs were large and the crevasses yawned in all directions. It was a really difficult glacier, gradually narrowing with the ascent as the two side ridges came together. The last slope was less broken, and at the very top of it were to come the rocks of the final pyramid. But we never touched them, never even saw them, for the storm battalions from the north swept down upon us with fury, swallowing up the view before ever it became a panorama, or our eyes could behold what I so longed to see, the great range stretching away behind Mount Sarmiento to Mount Darwin, which looks down upon the Beagle Channel. The darkness in the north before it descended upon us was truly appalling. As it advanced it seemed to devour the wintry world. The heavens seemed to be descending in solid masses, so thick were the skirts of snow and hail that the advancing cloud-phalanx trailed beneath it. The black islands, the leaden waters, the pallid snows, and the splintered peaks disappeared in the night of tempest, which enveloped us also almost before we had realized that it was at hand. A sudden wind shrieked and whirled round our heads, hail was flung into our faces, and all the elements began raging together. The ice-plastered rocks we had seen were now accounted for; we came to resemble them ourselves in a few moments. All landmarks vanished; the snow itself was no longer distinguishable from the snow-filled air. To advance was impossible; the one thing to be done, and done at once, was to secure our retreat. With what speed we hurried down may be imagined. Not till we gained the lower glacier did snow give place to rain, which soaked us to the skin and overflowed in a steady stream out of our boots. We floundered in swamps, tumbled through brushwood, and at last gained the shore, almost dead-beat with toil, yet delighting in what had been, after all, an exhilarating experience. A boat came off to fetch us, and we were soon on board the steamer.

The condition of the boiler involved an immediate return to Sandy Point, and before the *Yanez* was again ready for sea I had been compelled to return to Europe. The remainder of the time, which I spent in the neighborhood of Magellan's Strait, was devoted to land expeditions in Chilean Patagonia. I visited secluded inland reaches of the sea—Otway Water, Skyring Water, and others, which had long been names to me and nothing more. To look upon them was a joy which I cannot hope to share with the reader. I spent pleasant nights with hospitable sheep-farmers, mostly Scotsmen; I rode for days over wide pampas dotted with huge granite bowlders, dropped where they now lie by floating icebergs in ancient days, when the pampas were the bottom of a shallow sea. The hour for sailing homeward came all too soon, and those pleasant experiences are blended now with other cherished memories of travel.

DUSK AND DAWN

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON

FOR all eyes falls the dusk of silent Night,
But not alike in restful sleep they close.
When, in the long night, fades life's pallid light,
Shall they in death alike find sweet repose?

Alike for all eyes comes the dawn of Day,
But not the same that breaking light they see.
With like unlikeness shall they see the gray
But fadeless dawning of Eternity?

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TWENTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS

BY OWEN WISTER

UPON turning over again my diary of that excursion to the Pacific, I find that I set out from Atlantic waters on the 30th day of a backward and forlorn April, which had come and done nothing toward making its share of spring, but had gone, missing its chance, leaving the trees as bare as it had received them from the winds of March. It was not bleak weather alone, but care, that I sought to escape by a change of sky; and I hoped for some fellow-traveller who might begin to interest my thoughts at once. No such person met me in the several Pullmans I inhabited from that afternoon until the forenoon of the following Friday. Through that long distance, though I had slanted southwestward across a multitude of States and vegetations, and the Mississippi lay eleven hundred miles to my rear, the single event is my purchasing some cat's-eyes of the news-agent at Sierra Blanca. Save this, my diary contains only neat additions of daily expenses, and moral reflections of a delicate and restrained melancholy. They were Pecos cat's-eyes, he told me, obtained in the rocky cañons of that stream, and destined to be worth little until fashion turned from foreign jewels to become aware of these fine native stones. And I, glad to possess the jewels of my country, chose two bracelets and a necklace of them, paying but twenty dollars for fifteen or sixteen cat's-eyes, and resolved to give them a setting worthy of their beauty. The diary continues with moral reflections upon the servility of our taste before anything European, and the handwriting is most clear. It abruptly becomes hurried, and at length wellnigh illegible. It is best, I think, that you should have this portion as it comes, unpolished, unamended, unarranged—hot, so to speak, from my immediate pencil, instead of cold from my subsequent pen. I shall disguise certain names, but that is all.

Friday forenoon, May 5.—I don't have to gaze at my cat's-eyes to kill time any more. I'm not the only passenger any more. There's a lady. She got in at El Paso. She has taken the drawing-room, but sits outside reading newspaper cuttings and writing letters. She is sixty, I should say, and has a cap and one gray curl. This comes down over her left ear as far as a purple ribbon which suspends a medallion at her throat. She came in wearing a sage-green duster of pongee silk, pretty nice, only the buttons are as big as those largest mint drops. "You porter," she said, "brush this." He put down her many things and received it. Her dress was sage-green and pretty nice too. "You porter," said she, "open every window. Why, they are, I declare! What's the thermometer in this car?" "Ninety-five, ma'am. Folks mostly travelling—" "That will do, porter. Now you go make me a pitcher of lemonade right quick." She went into the state-room and shut the door. When she came out she was dressed in what appeared to be chintz bed-room curtains. They hang and flow loosely about her, and are covered with a pattern of pink peonies. She has slippers—Turkish—that stare up in the air, pretty handsome and comfortable. But I never before saw any one travel with fly-paper. It must be hard to pack. But it's quite an idea in this train. Fully a dozen flies have stuck to it already; and she reads her clippings, and writes away, and sips another glass of lemonade, all with the most extreme appearance of leisure, not to say sloth. I can't imagine how she manages to produce this atmosphere of indolence when in reality she is steadily occupied. Possibly the way she sits. But I think it's partly the bed-room curtains.

These notes were interrupted by the entrance of the new conductor. "If you folks have chartered a private car, just say so," he shouted instantly at the sight of us. He stood still at the extreme end and removed his hat, which was acknowledged by the lady. "Travel is surely very light, Gadsden," she assented, and went on with her writing. But he remained standing still, and shouting like an orator: "Sprinkle the floor of this car, Julius,

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and let the pore passengers get a breath of cool. My lands!" He fanned himself sweepingly with his hat. He seemed but little larger than a red squirrel, and precisely that color. Sorrel hair, sorrel eyebrows, sorrel freckles, light sorrel mustache, thin aggressive nose, receding chin, and black, attentive, prominent eyes. He approached, and I gave him my ticket, which is as long as a neck-tie. "Why, you ain't middle-aged!" he shouted, and a singular croak sounded behind me. But the lady was writing. "I have been growing younger since I left home," I replied. "That's it, that's it," he sang; "a man's always as old as he feels, and a woman—is ever young," he finished. "I see you are true to the old teachings and the old-time chivalry, Gadsden," said the lady, continuously busy. "Yes, ma'am. Jacob served seven years for Leah and seven more for Rachel." "Such men are raised to-day in every worthy Louisiana home, Gadsden, be it ever so humble." "Yes, ma'am. Give a fresh sprinkle to the floor, Julius, soon as it goes to get dry. Excuse me, but do you shave yourself, sir?" I told him that I did, but without excusing him. "You will see that I have a reason for asking," he consequently pursued, and took out of his coat tails a round tin box handsomely labelled "Nat. Fly Paper Co.," so that I supposed it was thus, of course, that the lady came by her fly-paper. But this was pure coincidence, and the conductor explained: "That company's me and a man at Shreveport, but he dissatisfies me right frequently. You know what heaven a good razor is for a man, and what you feel about a bad one. Vaseline and ground shells," he said, opening the box, "and I'm not saying anything except it will last your lifetime and never hardens. Rub the size of a pea on the fine side of your strop, spread it to an inch with your thumb. May I beg a favor on so short a meeting? Join me in the gentlemen's lavatory with your razor-strop in five minutes. I have to attend to a corpse in the baggage-car, and will return at once." "Anybody's corpse I know, Gadsden?" said the lady. "No, ma'am. Just a corpse."

When I joined him, for I was now willing to do anything, he was apologetic again. "'Tis a short acquaintance," he said, "but may I also beg your razor? Quick as I get out of the National Fly I am going to register my new label. First there will be Uncle Sam embracing the world, signifying this mixture is universal, then my name, then the word *Stropine*, which is a novelty and carries copyright, and I shall win comfort and doubtless luxury. The post barber at Fort Bayard took a dozen off me at sight to retail to the niggers of the Twenty-fourth, and as he did not happen to have the requisite cash on his person I charged him two roosters and fifty cents, and both of us done well. He's after more Stropine, and I got Pullman prices for my roosters, the buffet-car being out of chicken à la Marengo. There is your razor, sir, and I appreciate your courtesy." It was beautifully sharpened, and I bought a box of the Stropine and asked him who the lady was. "Mrs. Porcher Brewton!" he exclaimed. "Have you never met her socially? Why she—why she is the most intellectual lady in Bee Bayou." "Indeed!" I said. "Why she visits New Orleans, and Charleston, and all the principal centres of refinement, and is welcomed in Washington. She converses freely with our statesmen, and is considered a queen of learning. Why she writes po'try, sir, and is strong-minded. But a man wouldn't want to pick her up for a fool, all the samey." "I shouldn't; I don't," said I. "Don't you do it, sir. She's run her plantation all alone since the Colonel was killed in sixty-two. She taught me Sunday-school when I was a lad, and she used to catch me at her pecan-trees 'most every time in Bee Bayou."

He went forward, and I went back with the Stropine in my pocket. The lady was sipping the last of the lemonade and looking haughtily over the top of her glass into (I suppose) the world of her thoughts. Her eyes met mine, however. "Has Gadsden — yes, I perceive he has been telling about me," she said, in her languid, formidable voice. She set her glass down and reclined among the folds of the bed-room curtains, considering me. "Gadsden has always been lavish," she mused, caressingly. "He seems destined to succeed in life," I hazarded. "O — h n — o!" she sighed, with decision. "He will fail." As she said no more, and as I began to resent the manner in which she surveyed me, I remarked, "You seem rather sure of his failure." "I am old enough to

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be his mother, and yours," said Mrs. Porcher Brewton among her curtains. "He is a noble-hearted fellow, and would have been a high-souled Southern gentleman if born to that station. But what should a conductor earning $103 50 a month be dispersing his attention on silly patents for? Many's the time I've told him what I think; but Gadsden will always be flighty." No further observations occurring to me, I took up my necklace and bracelets from the seat and put them in my pocket. "Will you permit a meddlesome old woman to inquire what made you buy those cat's-eyes?" said Mrs. Brewton. "Why—" I dubiously began. "Never mind," she cried, archly. "If you were thinking of some one in your Northern home, they will be prized because the thought, at any rate, was beautiful and genuine. 'Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, my heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.' Now don't you be embarrassed by an old woman!" I desired to inform her that I disliked her, but one can never do those things; and, anxious to learn what was the matter with the cat's-eyes, I spoke amiably and politely to her. "Twenty dollars!" she murmured. "And he told you they came from the Pecos!" She gave that single melodious croak I had heard once before. Then she sat up with her back as straight as if she was twenty. "My dear young fellow, never do you buy trash in these trains. Here you are with your coat full of—what's Gadsden's absurd razor concoction?—strut—strup—bother! And Chinese paste buttons. Last summer, on the Northern Pacific, the man offered your cat's-eyes to me as native gems found exclusively in Dakota. But I just sat and mentioned to him that I was on my way home from a holiday in China, and he went right out of the car. The last day I was in Canton I bought a box of those cat's-eyes at eight cents a dozen." After this we spoke a little on other subjects, and now she's busy writing again. She's on business in California, but will read a paper at Los Angeles at the annual meeting of the Golden Daughters of the West. The meal station is coming, but we have agreed to—

Later, Friday afternoon.—I have been interrupted again. Gadsden entered, removed his hat, and shouted: "Sharon. Twenty minutes for dinner." I was calling the porter to order a buffet lunch in the car, when there tramped in upon us three large men of such appearance that a flash of thankfulness went through me at having so little ready money and only a silver watch. Mrs. Brewton looked at them and said, "Well, gentlemen?" and they took off their embroidered Mexican hats. "We've got a baby show here," said one of them, slowly, looking at me, "and we'd be kind of obliged if you'd hold the box." "There's lunch put up in a basket for you to take along," said the next, "and a bottle of wine—champagne. So losing your dinner won't lose you nothing." "We're looking for somebody raised East and without local prejudice," said the third. "So we come to the Pullman." I now saw that so far from purposing to rob us they were in a great and honest distress of mind. "But I am no judge of a baby," said I; "not being mar—" "You don't have to be," broke in the first, more slowly and earnestly. "It's a fair and secret ballot we're striving for. The votes is wrote out and ready, and all we're shy of is a stranger without family ties or business interests to hold the box and do the counting." His deep tones ceased, and he wiped heavy drops from his forehead with his shirt sleeve. "We'd be kind of awful obliged to you," he urged. "The town would be liable to make it two bottles," said the second. The third brought his fist down on the back of a seat and said, "I'll make it that now." "But, gentlemen," said I, "five, six, and seven years ago I was not a stranger in Sharon. If my friend Dean Drake was still here—" "But he ain't. Now you might as well help folks, and eat later. This town will trust you. And if you quit us—" Once more he wiped the heavy drops away, while in a voice full of appeal his friend finished his thought: "If we lose you, we'll likely have to wait till this train comes in tomorrow for a man satisfactory to this town. And the show is costing us a heap." A light hand tapped my arm, and here was Mrs. Brewton saying: "For shame! Show your enterprise." "I'll hold this yere train," shouted Gadsden, "if necessary." Mrs. Brewton rose alertly, and they all hurried me out. "My slippers will stay right on when I'm down the steps," said Mrs. Brewton, and Gadsden helped her descend into the blazing dust and sun of Sharon. "Gracious!"

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said she, "what a place! But I make it a point to see everything as I go." Nothing had changed. There, as of old, lay the flat litter of the town—sheds, stores, and dwellings, a shapeless congregation in the desert, gaping wide everywhere to the glassy, quivering immensity; and there, above the roofs, turned the slatted wind-wheels. But close to the tracks, opposite the hotel, was an edifice, a sort of tent of bunting, from which brass music issued, while about a hundred pink and blue sun-bonnets moved and mixed near the entrance. Little black Mexicans, like charred toys, lounged and lay staring among the ungraded dunes of sand. "Gracious!" said Mrs. Brewton again. Her eye lost nothing; and as she made for the tent the chintz peonies flowed around her, and her step was surprisingly light. We passed through the sun-bonnets and entered where the music played. "The precious blessed darlings!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "This will do for the Golden Daughters," she rapidly added, "yes, this will distinctly do." And she hastened away from me into the throng.

I had no time to look at much this first general minute. I could see there were booths, each containing a separate baby. I passed a whole section of naked babies, and one baby farther along had on golden wings and a crown, and was bawling frightfully. Their names were over the booths, and I noticed Lucille, Erskine Wales, Banquo Lick Nolin, Cuba, Manilla, Ellabelle, Bosco Grady, James J. Corbett Nash, and Aqua Marine. There was a great sign at the end, painted "Mrs. Eden's Manna in the Wilderness," and another sign, labelled "Shot-gun Smith's twins." In the midst of these first few impressions I found myself seated behind a bare table raised three feet or so, with two boxes on it, and a quantity of blank paper and pencils, while one of the men was explaining me the rules and facts. I can't remember them all now, because I couldn't understand them all then, and Mrs. Brewton was distant among the sun-bonnets, talking to a gathering crowd and feeling in the mouths of babies that were being snatched out of the booths and brought to her. The man was instructing me steadily all the while, and it occurred to me to nod silently and coldly now and then, as if I was doing this sort of thing every day. But I insisted that some one should help me count, and they gave me Gadsden.

Now these facts I do remember very clearly, and shall never forget them. The babies came from two towns—Sharon, and Rincon its neighbor. Alone, neither had enough for a good show, though in both it was every family's pride to have a baby every year. The babies were in three classes: Six months and under, one prize offered; eighteen months, two prizes; three years, two prizes. A three-fourths vote of all cast was necessary to a choice. No one entitled to vote unless of immediate family of a competing baby. No one entitled to cast more than one vote. There were rules of entry and fees, but I forget them, except that no one could have two exhibits in the same class. When I read this I asked, how about twins? "Well, we didn't kind of foresee that," muttered my instructor, painfully. "What would be your idea?" "Look here, you sir," interposed Mrs. Brewton, "he came in to count votes." I was very glad to have her back. "That's right, ma'am," admitted the man; "he needn't to say a thing. We've only got one twins entered," he pursued, "which we're glad of. Shot-gun—" "Where is this Mr. Smith?" interrupted Mrs. Brewton. "Uptown drinking, ma'am." "And who may Mr. Smith be?" "Most popular citizen of Rincon, ma'am. We had to accept his twins because—well, he come down here himself, and most of Rincon come with him, and as we aimed to have everything pass off pleasant-like—" "I quite comprehend," said Mrs. Brewton. "And I should consider twins within the rule; or any number born at one time. But little Aqua Marine is the finest single child in that six months class. I told her mother she ought to take that splurgy ring off the poor little thing's thumb. It's most unsafe. But I should vote for that child myself." "Thank you for your valuable endorsement," said a spruce, slim young man. "But the public is not allowed to vote here," he added. He was standing on the floor and resting his elbows on the table. Mrs. Brewton stared down at him. "Are you the father of the child?" she inquired. "Oh no! I am the agent. I—" "Aqua Marine's agent?" said Mrs. Brewton, sharply. "Ha, ha!" went the young man. "Ha, ha! Well, that's good too. She's part of our exhibit. I'm in

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charge of the manna-feds, don't you know?" "I don't know," said Mrs. Brewton. "Why, Mrs. Eden's Manna in the Wilderness! Nourishes, strengthens, and makes no unhealthy fat. Take a circular, and welcome. I'm travelling for the manna. I organized this show. I've conducted twenty-eight similar shows in two years. We hold them in every State and Territory. Second of last March I gave Denver—you heard of it, probably?" "I did not," said Mrs. Brewton. "Well! Ha, ha! I thought every person up to date had heard of Denver's Olympic Offspring Olio." "Is it up to date to loll your elbows on the table when you're speaking to a lady?" inquired Mrs. Brewton. He jumped, and then grew scarlet with rage. "I didn't expect to learn manners in New Mexico," said he. "I doubt if you will," said Mrs. Brewton, and turned her back on him. He was white now; but better instincts, or else business, prevailed in his injured bosom. "Well," said he, "I had no bad intentions. I was going to say you'd have seen ten thousand people and five hundred babies at Denver. And our manna-feds won out to beat the band. Three first medals, and all exclusively manna-fed. We took the costume prize also. Of course here in Sharon I've simplified. No special medal for weight, beauty, costume, or decorated perambulator. Well, I must go back to our exhibit. Glad to have you give us a call up there and see the medals we're offering, and our fifteen manna-feds, and take a package away with you." He was gone.

The voters had been now voting in my two boxes for some time, and I found myself hoping the manna would not win, whoever did; but it seemed this agent was a very capable person. To begin with, every family entering a baby drew a package of the manna free, and one package contained a diamond ring. Then, he had managed to have the finest babies of all classes in his own exhibit. This was incontestable, Mrs. Brewton admitted after returning from a general inspection; and it seemed to us extraordinary. "That's easy, ma'am," said Gadsden; "he came around here a month ago. Don't you see?" I did not see, but Mrs. Brewton saw at once. He had made a quiet selection of babies beforehand, and then introduced the manna into those homes. And everybody in the room was remarking that his show was very superior, taken as a whole—they all added, "taken as a whole"; I heard them as they came up to vote for the 3-year and the 18-month classes. The 6-month was to wait till last, because the third box had been accidentally smashed by Mr. Smith. Gadsden caught several trying to vote twice. "No, you don't!" he would shout. "I know faces. I'm not a conductor for nothing." And the victim would fall back amid jeers from the sun-bonnets. Once the passengers sent over to know when the train was going. "Tell them to step over here and they'll not feel so lonesome!" shouted Gadsden; and I think a good many came. The band was playing "White Wings," with quite a number singing it, when Gadsden noticed the voting had ceased, and announced this ballot closed. The music paused for him, and we could suddenly hear how many babies were in distress; but for a moment only; as we began our counting, "White Wings" resumed, and the sun-bonnets outsang their progeny. There was something quite singular in the way they had voted. Here are some of the 3-year-old tickets: "First choice, Ulysses Grant Blum; 2d choice, Lewis Hendricks." "First choice, James Redfield; 2d, Lewis Hendricks." "First, Elk Chester; 2d, Lewis Hendricks." "Can it be?" said the excited Gadsden. "Finish these quick. I'll open the 18-monthers." But he swung round to me at once. "See there!" he cried. "Read that! and that!" He plunged among more, and I read: "First choice, Lawrence Nepton Ford, Jr.; 2d, Iona Judd." "First choice, Mary Louise Kenton; 2d, Iona Judd." "Hurry up!" said Gadsden; "that's it!" And as we counted, Mrs. Brewton looked over my shoulder and uttered her melodious croak, for which I saw no reason. "That young whipper-snapper will go far," she observed; nor did I understand this. But when they stopped the band for me to announce the returns, one fact did dawn on me even while I was reading: "Three-year-olds: Whole number of votes cast, 300; necessary to a choice, 225. Second prize, Lewis Hendricks, receiving 300. First prize, largest number of votes cast, 11, for Salvisa van Meter. No award. Eighteen-month class: Whole number of votes cast, 300; necessary to a choice, 225. Second prize, Iona Judd, receiving 300. Lillian Brown gets 15 for 1st prize.

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None awarded." There was a very feeble applause, and then silence for a second, and then the sun-bonnets rushed together, rushed away to others, rushed back; and talk swept like hail through the place. Yes, that is what they had done. They had all voted for Lewis Hendricks and Iona Judd for second prize, and every family had voted the first prize to its own baby. The Browns and van Meters happened to be the largest families present. "He'll go far! he'll go far!" repeated Mrs. Brewton. Sport glittered in her eye. She gathered her curtains, and was among the sun-bonnets in a moment. Then it fully dawned on me. The agent for Mrs. Eden's Manna in the Wilderness was indeed a shrewd strategist, and knew his people to the roots of the grass. They had never seen a baby show. They were innocent. He came among them. He gave away packages of manna and a diamond ring. He offered the prizes. But he proposed to win some. Therefore he made that rule about only the immediate families voting. He foresaw what they would do; and now they had done it. Whatever happened, two prizes went to his manna-feds. "They don't see through it in the least, which is just as well," said Mrs. Brewton, returning. "And it's little matter that only second prizes go to the best babies. But what's to be done now?" I had no idea, but it was not necessary that I should.

"You folks of Rincon and Sharon," spoke a deep voice. It was the first man in the Pullman, and drops were rolling from his forehead, and his eyes were the eyes of a beleaguered ox. "You fathers and mothers," he said, and took another breath. They grew quiet. "I'm a father myself, as is well known." They applauded this. "Salvisa is mine, and she got my vote. The father that will not support his own child is not—does not—is worse than if they were orphans." He breathed again, while they loudly applauded. "But, folks, I've got to get home to Rincon. I've got to. And I'll give up Salvisa if I'm met fair." "Yes, yes, you'll be met," said voices of men. "Well, here's my proposition: Mrs. Eden's manna has took two, and I'm satisfied it should. We voted, and will stay voted." "Yes! yes!" "Well, now, here's Sharon and Rincon, two of the finest towns in this section, and I say Sharon and Rincon has equal rights to get something out of this, and drop private feelings, and everybody back their town. And I say let this lady and gentleman, who will act elegant and on the square, take a view and nominate the finest Rincon 3-year-old and the finest Sharon 18-month they can cut out of the herd. And I say let's vote unanimous on their pick, and let each town hold a first prize and go home in friendship, feeling it has been treated right."

Universal cheers endorsed him, and he got down panting. The band played "Union Forever," and I accompanied Mrs. Brewton to the booths. "You'll remember!" shouted the orator urgently after us; "one apiece." We nodded. "Don't get mixed," he appealingly insisted. We shook our heads, and out of the booths rushed two women, and simultaneously dashed their infants in our faces. "You'll never pass Cuba by!" entreated one. "This is Bosco Grady," said the other. Cuba wore an immense garment made of the American flag, but her mother whirled her out of it in a second. "See them dimples; see them knees!" she said. "See them feet! Only feel of her toes!" "Look at his arms!" screamed the mother of Bosco. "Doubled his weight in four months." "Did he indeed, ma'am?" said Cuba's mother; "well he hadn't much to double." "Didn't he, then? Didn't he indeed?" "No at you; he didn't indeed and indeed! I guess Cuba is known to Sharon. I guess Sharon 'll not let Cuba be slighted." "Well, and I guess Rincon 'll see that Bosco Grady gets his rights." "Ladies," said Mrs. Brewton, towering but poetical with her curl, "I am a mother myself, and raised five noble boys and two sweet peerless girls." This stopped them immediately; they stared at her and her chintz peonies as she put the curl gently away from her medallion and proceeded: "But never did I think of myself in those dark weary days of the long ago. I thought of my country and the Lost Cause." They stared at her, fascinated. "Yes, m'm," whispered they, quite humbly. "Now," said Mrs. Brewton, "what is more sacred than an American mother's love? Therefore let her not shame it with anger and strife. All little boys and girls are precious gems to me and to you. What is a cold, lifeless medal compared to one of them? Though I would that all could get the prize! But they can't, you know." "No, m'm." Many mothers, with their children in

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their arms, were now dumbly watching Mrs. Brewton, who held them with a honeyed, convincing smile. "If I choose only one in this beautiful and encouraging harvest, it is because I have no other choice. Thank you so much for letting me see that little hero and that lovely angel," she added, with a yet sweeter glance to the mothers of Bosco and Cuba. And I wish them all luck when their turn comes. I've no say about the 6-month class, you know. And now a little room, please."

The mothers fell back. But my head swam slightly. The 6-month class, to be sure! The orator had forgotten all about it. In the general joy over his wise and fair proposition, nobody had thought of it. But they would pretty soon. Cuba and Bosco were likely to remind them. Then we should still be face to face with a state of things that— I cast a glance behind at those two mothers of Sharon and Rincon following us, and I asked Mrs. Brewton to look at them. "Don't think about it now," said she; "it will only mix you. I always like to take a thing when it comes, and not before." We now reached the 18-month class. They were the naked ones. The 6-month had staid nicely in people's arms; these were crawling hastily everywhere, like crabs upset in the market, and they screamed fiercely when taken upon the lap. The mother of Thomas Jefferson Brayin Lucas showed us a framed letter from the statesman for whom her child was called. The letter reeked with gratitude, and said that offspring was man's proudest privilege; that a souvenir sixteen-to-one spoon would have been cheerfully sent, but 428 babies had been named after Mr. Brayin since January. It congratulated the swelling army of the People's Cause. But there was nothing eminent about little Thomas except the letter; and we selected Reese Moran, a vigorous Sharon baby, who, when they attempted to set him down and pacify him, stiffened his legs, dashed his candy to the floor, and burst into lamentation. We were soon on our way to the 3-year class, for Mrs. Brewton was rapid and thorough. As we went by the Manna Exhibit, the agent among his packages and babies invited us in. He was loudly declaring that he would vote for Bosco if he could. But when he examined Cuba, he became sure that Denver had nothing finer than that. Mrs. Brewton took no notice of him, but bade me admire Aqua Marine as far surpassing any other 6-month child. I proclaimed her splendid (she was a wide-eyed, contented thing, with a head shaped like a croquet mallet), and the agent smiled modestly and told the mother that as for his babies two prizes was luck enough for them; they didn't want the earth. "If that thing happened to be brass," said Mrs. Brewton, bending over the ring that Aqua was still sucking; and again remonstrating with the mother for this imprudence, she passed on. The three-year-olds were, many of them, in costume, with extraordinary arrangements of hair; and here was the child with gold wings and a crown I had seen on arriving. Her name was Verbena M., and she personated Faith. She had colored slippers, and was drinking tea from her mother's cup. Another child, named Broderick McGowan, represented Columbus, and joyfully shouted "Ki-yi!" every half-minute. One child was attired as a prominent admiral; another as a prominent general; and one stood in a boat and was Washington. As Mrs. Brewton examined them and dealt with the mothers, the names struck me afresh—not so much the boys; Ulysses Grant and James J. Corbett explained themselves; but I read the names of five adjacent girls — Lula, Ocilla, Nila, Cusseta, and Maylene. And I asked Mrs. Brewton how they got them. "From romances," she told me, "in papers that we of the upper classes never see." In choosing for his hair, his full set of front teeth well cared for, and his general beauty, Horace Boyd, of Rincon, I think both of us were also influenced by his good sensible name, and his good clean sensible clothes. With both our selections, once they were settled, were Sharon and Rincon satisfied. We were turning back to the table to announce our choice when a sudden clamor arose behind us, and we saw confusion in the manna department. Women were running and shrieking, and I hastened after Mrs. Brewton to see what was the matter. Aqua Marine had swallowed the ring on her thumb. "It was gold! it was pure gold!" wailed the mother, clutching Mrs. Brewton. "It cost a whole dollar in El Paso." "She must have white of egg instantly," said Mrs. Brewton, handing me her purse.

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"Run to the hotel—" "Save your money," said the agent, springing forward with some eggs in a bowl. "Lord! you don't catch us without all the appliances handy. We'd run behind the trade in no time. There, now, there," he added comfortingly to the mother. "Will you make her swallow it? Better let me—better let me. And here's the emetic. Lord! why, we had three swallowed rings at the Denver Olio, and I got 'em all safe back within ten minutes after time of swallowing." "You go away," said Mrs. Brewton to me, "and tell them our nominations." The mothers sympathetically surrounded poor little Aqua, saying to each other: "She's a beautiful child!" "Sure indeed she is!" "But the manna-feds has had their turn." "Sure indeed they've been recognized," and so forth, while I was glad to retire to the voting table. The music paused for me, and as the crowd cheered my small speech, some one said, "And now what are you going to do about me?" It was Bosco Grady back again, and close behind him Cuba. They had escaped from Mrs. Brewton's eye and had got me alone. But I pretended in the noise and cheering not to see these mothers. I noticed a woman hurrying out of the tent, and hoped Aqua was not in further trouble—she was still surrounded, I could see. Then the orator made some silence, thanked us in the names of Sharon and Rincon, and proposed our candidates be voted on by acclamation. This was done. Rincon voted for Sharon and Reese Moran in a solid roar, and Sharon voted for Rincon and Horace Boyd in a roar equally solid. So now each had a prize, and the whole place was applauding happily, and the band was beginning again, when the mothers with Cuba and Bosco jumped up beside me on the platform, and the sight of them produced immediate silence.

"There's a good many here has a right to feel satisfied," said Mrs. Grady, looking about, "and they're welcome to their feelings. But if this meeting thinks it is through with its business, I can tell it that it ain't—not if it acts honorable, it ain't. Does those that have had their chance and those that can take home their prizes expect us 6-month mothers come here for nothing? Do they expect I brought my Bosco from Rincon to be insulted, and him the pride of the town?" "Cuba is known to Sharon," spoke the other lady. "I'll say no more." "Jumping Jeans!" murmured the orator to himself. "I can't hold this train much longer," said Gadsden. "She's due at Lordsburg now." "You'll have made it up by Tucson, Gadsden," spoke Mrs. Brewton, quietly, across the whole assembly from the manna department. "As for towns," continued Mrs. Grady, "that think anything of a baby that's only got three teeth—" "Ha! ha!" laughed Cuba's mother, shrilly. "Teeth! Well, we're not proud of bald babies in Sharon." Bosco was certainly bald. All the men were looking wretched, and all the women were growing more and more like eagles. Moreover, they were separating into two bands and taking their husbands with them—Sharon and Rincon drawing to opposite parts of the tent—and what was coming I cannot say; for we all had to think of something else. A third woman bringing a man mounted the platform. It was she I had seen hurry out. "My name's Shot-gun Smith," said the man, very carefully, "and I'm told you've reached my case." He was extremely good-looking, with a blue eye and a blond mustache, not above thirty, and was trying hard to be sober, holding himself with dignity. "Are you the judge?" said he to me. "Well—" I began. "N-not guilty, your honor," said he. At this his wife looked anxious. "S-self-defence," he slowly continued; "told you once already." "Why, Rolfe!" exclaimed his wife, touching his elbow. "Don't you cry, little woman," said he. "This 'll come out all right. Where 're the witnesses?" "Why, Rolfe! *Rolfe!*" She shook him as you shake a sleepy child. "Now see here," said he, and wagged a finger at her affectionately, "you promised me you'd not cry if I let you come." "Rolfe dear, it's not that to-day; it's the twins." "It's your twins, Shot-gun, this time," said many men's voices. "We acquitted you all right last month." "Justifiable homicide," said Gadsden. "Don't you remember?" "Twins?" said Shot-gun, drowsily. "Oh, yes, mine. Why—" He opened on us his blue eyes that looked about as innocent as Aqua Marine's, and he grew more awake. Then he blushed deeply, face and forehead. "I was not coming to this kind of thing," he explained. "But she wanted the twins to get something." He put his hand on her shoulder and straightened himself. "I done a

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heap of prospecting before I struck this claim," said he, patting her shoulder. "We got married last March a year. It's our first—first—first"— he turned to me with a confiding smile—"it's our first dividend, judge." "Rolfe! I never! You come right down." "And now let's go get a prize," he declared, with his confiding pleasantness. "I remember now! I remember! They claimed twins was barred. And I kicked down the bars. Take me to those twins. They're not named yet, judge. After they get the prize we'll name them fine names, as good as any they got anywhere—Europe, Asia, Africa—anywhere. My gracious! I wish they was boys. Come on, judge! You and me 'll go give 'em a prize, and then we'll drink to 'em." He lugged me suddenly and affectionately, and we half fell down the steps. But Gadsden as suddenly caught him and righted him, and we proceeded to the twins. Mrs. Smith looked at me helplessly, saying: "I'm that sorry, sir! I had no idea he was going to be that gamesome." "Not at all," I said; "not at all!" Under many circumstances I should have delighted in Shot-gun's society. He seemed so utterly sure that, now he had explained himself, everybody would rejoice to give the remaining medal to his little girls! But Bosco and Cuba had not been idle. Shot-gun did not notice the spread of whispers, nor feel the divided and jealous currents in the air as he sat and, in expanding good-will, talked himself almost sober. To entice him out there was no way. Several of his friends had tried it. But beneath his innocence there seemed to lurk something wary, and I grew apprehensive about holding the box this last time. But Gadsden relieved me as our count began. "Shot-gun is a splendid man," said he, "and he has trailed more train-robbers than any deputy in New Mexico. But he has seen too many friends to-day, and is not quite himself. So when he fell down that time I just took this off him." He opened the drawer, and there lay a six-shooter. "It was touch and go," said Gadsden; "but he's thinking that hard about his twins he's not missed it yet. 'Twould have been the act of an enemy to leave that on him to-day.—Well, d'you say!" he broke off. "Well, well, well!" It was the tickets we took out of the box that set him exclaiming. I began to read them, and saw that the agent was no mere politician, but a statesman. His Aqua Marine had a solid vote. I remembered his extreme praise of both Bosco and Cuba. This had set Rincon and Sharon bitterly against each other. I remembered his modesty about Aqua Marine. Of course. Each town, unable to bear the idea of the other's beating it, had voted for the manna-fed, who had 299 votes. Shot-gun and his wife had voted for their twins. I looked towards the manna department, and could see that Aqua Marine was placid once more, and Mrs. Brewton was dancing the ring before her eyes. I hope I announced the returns in a firm voice. "What!" said Shot-gun Smith; and at that sound Mrs. Brewton stopped dancing the ring. He strode to our table. "There's the winner," said Gadsden, quickly pointing to the Manna Exhibit. "What!" shouted Smith again; "and they quit me for that hammer-headed son-of-a-gun?" He whirled around. The men stood ready, and the women fled shrieking and cowering to their infants in the booths. "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" cried Gadsden, "don't hurt him! Look here!" And from the drawer he displayed Shot-gun's weapon. They understood in a second, and calmly watched the enraged and disappointed Shot-gun. But he was a man. He saw how he had frightened the women, and he stood in the middle of the floor with eyes that did not at all resemble Aqua Marine's at present. "I'm all right now, boys," he said. "I hope I've harmed no one. Ladies, will you try and forget about me making such a break? It got ahead of me, I guess; for I had promised the little woman—" He stopped himself; and then his eye fell upon the manna department. "I guess I don't like one thing much now. I'm not after prizes. I'd not accept one from a gold-bug-combine-trust that comes sneaking around stuffing wholesale concoctions into our children's systems. My twins are not manna-fed. My twins are raised as nature intended. Perhaps if they were swelled out with trash that acts like baking-powder, they would have a medal too—for I notice he has made you vote his way pretty often this afternoon." I saw the agent at the end of the room look very queer. "That's so!" said several. "I think I'll clear out his boxes," said Shot-gun, with rising joy. "I feel like I've got to do something before I go

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home. Come on, judge!" He swooped towards the manna with a yell, and the men swooped with him, and Gadsden and I were swooped with them. Again the women shrieked. But Mrs. Brewton stood out before the boxes with her curl and her chintz.

"Mr. Smith," said she, "you are not going to do anything like that. You are going to behave yourself like the gentleman you are, and not like the wild beast that's inside you." Never in his life before, probably, had Shot-gun been addressed in such a manner, and he too became hypnotized, fixing his blue eyes upon the strange lady. "I do not believe in patent foods for children," said Mrs. Brewton. "We agree on that, Mr. Smith, and I am a grandmother, and I attend to what my grandchildren eat. But this highly adroit young man has done you no harm. If he has the prizes, whose doing is that, please? And who paid for them? Will you tell me, please? Ah, you are all silent!" And she croaked melodiously. "Now let him and his manna go along. But I have enjoyed meeting you all, and I shall not forget you soon. And, Mr. Smith, I want you to remember me. Will you, please?" She walked to Mrs. Smith and the twins, and Shot-gun followed her, entirely hypnotized. She beckoned to me. "Your judge and I," she said, "consider not only your beautiful twins worthy of a prize, but also the mother and father who can so proudly claim them." She put her hand in my pocket. "These cat's-eyes," she said, "you will wear, and think of me and the judge who presents them." She placed a bracelet on each twin, and the necklace upon Mrs. Smith's neck. "Give him Gadsden's stuff," she whispered to me. "Do you shave yourself, sir?" said I, taking out the Stropine. "Vaseline and ground shells, and will last your life. Rub the size of a pea on your strop and spread it to an inch." I placed the box in Shot-gun's motionless hand. "And now, Gadsden, we'll take the train," said Mrs. Brewton. "Here's your lunch! Here's your wine!" said the orator, forcing a basket upon me. "I don't know what we'd have done without you and your mother." A flash of indignation crossed Mrs. Brewton's face, but changed to a smile. "You've forgot to name my girls!" exclaimed Shot-gun, suddenly finding his voice. "Suppose you try that," said Mrs. Brewton to me, a trifle viciously. "Thank you," I said to Smith. "Thank you. I—" "Something handsome," he urged. "How would Cynthia do for one?" I suggested. "Shucks, no! I've known two Cynthias. You don't want that?" he asked Mrs. Smith; and she did not at all. "Something extra, something fine, something not stale," said he. I looked about the room. There was no time for thought, but my eye fell once more upon Cuba. This reminded me of Spain, and the Spanish; and my brain leaped. "I have them!" I cried. "'Armada' and 'Loyola.'" "That's what they're named!" said Shot-gun, "write it for us." And I did. Once more the band played, and we left them, all calling, "Good-by, ma'am. Good-by, judge," happy as possible. The train was soon going sixty miles an hour through the desert. We had passed Lordsburg, San Simon, and were nearly at Benson before Mrs. Brewton and Gadsden (whom she made sit down with us) and I finished the lunch and champagne. "I wonder how long he'll remember me?" mused Mrs. Brewton at Tucson, where we were on time. "That woman is not worth one of his boots."

Saturday afternoon, May 6. — Near Los Angeles. I have been writing all day, to be sure and get everything in, and now Sharon is twenty-four hours ago, and here there are roses, gardens, and many nice houses at the way-stations. Oh, George Washington, father of your country what a brindled litter have you sired!

But here the moral reflections begin again, and I copy no more diary. Mrs. Brewton liked my names for the twins. "They'll pronounce it Loyóla," she said, "and that sounds right lovely." Later she sent me her paper for the Golden Daughters. It is full of poetry and sentiment and all the things I have missed. She wrote that if she had been sure the agent had helped Aqua Marine to swallow the ring, she would have let them smash his boxes. And I think she was a little in love with Shot-gun Smith. But what a pity we shall soon have no more Mrs. Brewtons! The causes that produced her — slavery, isolation, literary tendencies, adversity, game blood—that combination is broken forever. I shall speak to Mr. Howells about her. She ought to be recorded.

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WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET

BY CHALMERS ROBERTS

THE Mediterranean Orient has never been without its prophets. Not only did the earliest of religious seers and psalmists make it famous, but tourists and historians have given it their best consideration since men began to travel and to write. No portion of this small corner of the earth has managed to centre upon itself so much attention as Egypt. The praises of the old, old land of the Pharaohs have been sung and its wonders marvelled at by lettered men from Herodotus to Mark Twain. Both of these gentlemen told stories amusing if not strictly true, and the latter has left an impress upon the minds of the people, donkey-boys in particular, with which no writer, ancient or modern, can hope to compete. But without exception these have all written of historic Egypt and its modern appurtenances. By appurtenances I mean the fellah-boys who push and pull you up the pyramids, or the jolting little donkeys which become for your needs religious pilgrims to old mosque doors, or form a desert caravan to tombs of prehistoric kings. They have written mainly of Cairo, of its bazars and beggars and yashmàk beauties, of its minarets and muezzins, of its crooked streets and still more crooked salesmen—in short, of the tinselled, jingling life so full of color and so attractive to Occidental eyes. But all of that is the Cairo of yesterday.

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There is a Cairo of to-day which is fast pushing the old aside, if not completely overwhelming it. And this has little to do with tombs or pyramids; neither does it concern itself with bazars or mosques. It desires and demands only the most modern factors and foibles of civilization. Right into the heart of the Egypt of the Pharaoh and the Caliph it is pushing all that the West calls its triumphs of modern living. This Cairo began under Ismail Pasha, but only during the last eighteen years, since the British occupation, has its strength become so noticeable or its permanence been assured. It has built a new and constantly growing city along the banks of the Nile, as different from the old portion of the town as if separated by thousands of leagues. In fact, to know these two cities side by side is to know the meeting-place of the present and the past, for, like the people who live in them, they are the products of the latest and the earliest times.

The inhabitants of the new city, including the visitors concerned in its affairs, make far fewer visits in a year to the ancient monuments at their doors than do the hurried tourists of the passing multitude. What remains of the older Cairo is fast becoming a deception and a mockery. The pitiful struggle to convince the puggarahed * tourist on Shepheard's veranda that he has found the heart of the East deceives no one who knows his Orient well. The bespangled fakirs who disport themselves in front of and in the neighborhood of this great tourist resort look about as much like the real thing as the fortune-telling gypsies at a charity fair resemble the true waifs of Romany in their rags and rambling vans. If you are going to Cairo for the first time and for a short while, by all means go to Shepheard's or the New Continental; for even if it does not deceive, the passing show will interest and amuse you. But if you are to stay for some time, and expect to mingle with the wonderful *grand monde* which now claims winter Cairo for its own, go then to the Savoy, or the Angleterre, or the Ghezireh, and you will scarcely know that Cook's tourists or German-American steamship excursions exist. Life in this new Cairo has almost wholly escaped the chronicler. Whatever has been written about modern Egypt for the most part concerns the political paradox unfolded there. But the new growth has been as interesting socially as politically. Only extended notice could do justice to its many lights and shadows. At least briefly some may be brought to view, showing the queer marriage which results when East and West meet. For in spite of its outward transformation, the Egypt of to-day still in many ways answers to the description of the father of history. Herodotus said it was pre-eminently the land of paradox and mystery, the land where all rules worked backwards.

Cairo is for many reasons the most convenient meeting-place for people from the four corners of the globe. It is still within the domain of the Grand Turk. And that domain, if it has lost its old-time terror, still retains all the interest which surrounded it when Vienna trembled or Lady Mary Montagu wrote. Without the difficulty of obtaining permission to leave home, bold young subjects of the Sultan may and do come to Cairo frequently. Further than this, the daughters of the Prophet, strictly forbidden to leave the confines of the empire, may also cross the sea and view the wonders of the West to be seen at the capital of the Padishah's chief dependency. Then in these days the city is almost on the line of travel to and from the Far East. Few of those who journey leisurely fail to break the long voyage to India by a rest under the shadow of the pyramids. This Indian contingent is made more prominent by the fact that England has drawn from that great civil service school many of the men who have made modern Egypt. They and their associations bring to Cairo a constant touch of Indian color. Never a season passes but that some two or three Oriental magnates, with all their gorgeous suites, are not lionized and feasted while going or returning from visits of homage to their Great White Empress in the West.

The wealth of old Egypt, as well as much of its culture, has always been in the hands of resident Greeks and Syrians. "To be as rich as a Greek" is a proverb, and from what one knows of their life in Cairo they might as justly be taken as an example of good living. When the French under Napoleon won the Battle of the Pyramids, they won more than the temporary rewards of the victory. From

* The puggarah is the flowing white hat-scarf with which all raw tourists bedeck themselves.

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that day until the downfall of Ismail Pasha, French influence was predominant. Even since the English came this influence is still very noticeable. The Cairene world is Parisian rather than Belgravian. French is the language of the government as well as of society. It is amusing to hear everywhere at tea and at dinner the Anglican atrocity which passes for the Gallic tongue, and it is much more so to see the British members of the Egyptian government write all official communications to one another in the French of Eton and of Oxford.

For many years this mixture of Orient and Occident has proved most attractive to travellers. And in proportion as Americans came to be the greatest travellers in the world, their winter colony on the banks of the Nile increased. As far back as 1876 this was sufficiently strong to compel the government at Washington to join in the establishment of the mixed tribunals—courts for the protection of the rights of foreigners under the Turkish capitulations. Since



ON THE TERRACE AT SHEPHEARD'S.

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British occupation it has continued to grow both as to permanent and transient members. To Americans seeking a winter abroad, the amusement world in Cairo is much more attractive, as well as much less exclusive, than that of the Riviera, or even that of Rome. There is, in fact, a great hotel colony in Cairo, very much like those only to be found at American resorts. Aside from its historic and Oriental associations—and these enter little into the life of the resident visitor—an American there might imagine himself in St. Augustine. Each great hotel gives a weekly dance, to which guests from all the others come; and even those who have permanent residences in the city give dinners in the hotels. One is continually surprised at the number of visitors one sees from the farther West, and the important part they play in the Egyptian winter world.

But for the last fifteen years a steadily increasing stream of British influence has poured into and over all this strange commingling of peoples. The political participation of England in Egyptian affairs has not only made the English contingent dominant, but the army of occupation, for the most part quartered in Cairo, makes it often call to mind an English garrison town. This military aspect is made more noticeable by an order that no soldier shall be seen abroad after nightfall except in uniform. The order was intended to secure the good behavior of privates on leave. But its effect reaches as well the higher ranks of life, and fills every hotel and evening party with the brilliant glitter of the good Queen's red and blue and gold. It is this British colony which has given foundation, shape, and discrimination to the world of fashion. Before it there was only a reckless commingling of the scattered elements. Now there are rank and order and even fixed barriers, to overcome which a certain amount of fitness and social standing is required.

Cairo used to be called the heaven of exiles. It is less and less so every year. Each season brings visitors of more importance, and with them comes each year what may be called a more rarefied social atmosphere. But there still remains much of the old spirit. And many old-time favorites still hold high position, although stories are told about them which seem necessarily romances, even where one is expecting to meet Haroun-al-Rashid himself. There is quite a world of people with pasts. And, what is more to the point, also many people with presents. With the commingling of many nationalities there will naturally be many and various codes of conduct. Rules one is used to see rigidly enforced must find some relaxation here. The result is unique and very amusing. The like of it is not to be seen elsewhere on earth.

Save for its religion, the court of the Khedive might profit by all of this surrounding activity and become one of the gayest of social rallying points. As it is, it has but a minor position in the Cairo great world. The real court has been rather at the British agency, where, up to the time of her regretted death, Lady Cromer was a kind but firm arbiter of social destinies. It was not a question of whom the Khedive or the princely harem received. "Was she or was she not on Lady Cromer's visiting list?" And there are to-day attractive women in Cairo, wives of officials or of the *haute finance*, who find doors still closed in their faces, because Lady Cromer drew the line against them. Of course social acceptance or exclusion is always a thing of chance and mystery, and one invariably has opportunity to wonder why this one is received and that one repulsed. But it is a well-known fact that men, even if they are princes, cannot give full social standing to aspirants. And in Egypt there are no princesses visible. The debonair brother and the cousins of the Khedive are very popular, and occupy a proper place in society; but their favor cannot open for many of their friends the closed doors of social citadels.

The Khedive is perhaps partially the cause of the unimportant part which the court plays socially. He does not impress one as a man of good-humor, or one who enjoys amusements of any kind. He is more given to pondering over his political wrongs, and to grieving over what he considers the injured prestige of his position. If he really cared, in spite of a womanless court he could make Abdeen Palace the centre of a much more generous hospitality. The Western world has heard much of the Khedive's balls; but they are of rare occurrence, and the general conception of them very erroneous. The error is perhaps due to a painting very popular some years ago, so popular as to pass

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AT THE KHEDIVE'S BALL.

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PRINCE MEHEMED ALI.

through many stages of copying, engraving, and lithographing, in which beturbaned and white-bearded sheiks of the desert were seen in a ball-room in a company of all manner of ravishing Western beauties. The contrast was more picturesque than truthful. The fact is that few sheiks come to the balls, that fewer still of these could converse with the Christian beauties if they so desired, and that most of those present go home very early, leaving the ball to resemble a similar function in any European capital. The tarboosh, or red fez, on the men's heads is about all that remains indicative of the place and the princely host. The harem is there, it is true, but is only vaguely seen. The music balcony is supported by a line of pillars across an end of the ball-room. Between these, screens of white lace curtains are hung, and behind them, in the dark, sits the harem. Only the glitter of eyes and of jewels can be seen in the darkness, or the low titter of voices heard as you pass by. For no man would be so impolite as to stop in front of the screens, and if he did, he would be motioned on by the sentinel eunuchs patrolling there. These balls are very well done and amusing—but exactly as such balls would be wherever the predominating number of men are in uniform. The Khedive receives the guests, and takes out to a bountiful supper the doyène of the diplomatic corps—if he likes her. Sometimes he has been so ungallant as to prefer younger and more beautiful ladies, and the poor doyène has had to content herself with a lesser member of the reigning house. Invitation is restricted to those who have been presented at court, and presentation to those who are eligible for a similar distinction at home.

In the case of Americans, discrimination, if there is any, rests mainly with the consul-general, who has to exercise much ingenuity in satisfying all of the demands for presentation. With men the ceremony is but an informal visit to the Khedive at Abdeen Palace, introductions being made by the diplomat. Similarly ladies are taken by the wife of their consul-general to the residential palace

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of Koubbeh, where they are received by the Khediviah and the Khediviah *mère*. This reception is a little more in state. I remember an account given some years ago by a lady who had been presented, together with several of her countrywomen, by the wife of a former American consul-general. The two Egyptian ladies were seated on a dais. Both wore elaborate evening costumes, although it was early afternoon. The Dowager was said to be still a very handsome woman, well fitted to grace any court, and very fluent in polite French conversation. The younger lady was very much after the Eastern ideal of fleshy dark beauty, and unable to speak a foreign tongue with any facility. My informant had only joined the party of her countrywomen *en route*, and had not, it seems, enjoyed the instructions given by the then independent and unconventional head of the American agency. She had been presented at other courts, so when her name was announced to the various seated princesses, she curtsied low and returned as best she could the easy felicitations of the elder. She noticed with some surprise that none of her companions made any manner of bow whatever to Egyptian royalty. Upon inquiry she discovered that the instructions given to the candidates at the consulate-general strongly advised against any "hinging of the knee," whereby American sovereignty would seem subordinated to Egyptian princeliness. It always seemed to me as if the consul-general had turned the royal harem into a kind of peep-show, for if one did not acknowledge its rank, what excuse was there for the visit?

The Egyptian harem is, of course, far more free than its Turkish counterpart. The mere suggestion that their wives and daughters attend a great public ball, even as spectators, would move true "old Turks" to the greatest indignation. In Cairo the harem also attends the Khedivial opera-house, again in darkened boxes behind lace curtains. But both at the opera and the ball ladies who are on terms of any intimacy with the princely household are received behind the curtains, and exchange the gossip of the hour, in which, it is said, the harems are surprisingly well informed. During the season the



TOMMY ATKINS TAKES AN AIRING

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A VISIT TO THE HAREM.

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royal ladies have regular days at home, when they receive their friends, both native and foreign. On such a day one sees many handsome veiled beauties going and coming in broughams, of which the blinds are by no means as closely drawn as they are in Constantinople.

The Khedive's brother, Prince Mehemed Ali, is the social light of the reigning house. He has a separate establishment in a fashionable quarter of the town, where he entertains modestly but very pleasantly. He is quite handsome and very unassuming. Most at home with his horses, he often drives a handsome coach filled with friends, and is an expert in the management of the double reins. At other times he goes about in what has come to be the typical Cairene conveyance—a dog-cart, with only one gentleman in attendance and a groom in quiet livery. Vrai garçon de Paris, he is said to be happiest when in the spring he can escape even the slight restraint which his position at home imposes, and, leaving behind alike his royalty and his tarboosh, enjoy himself thoroughly on the boulevards or in the Champs Élysées. He is quite the hero of all young girls who stay for any time in Cairo, and none of them ever seem to find him disappointing. To be invited to one of his parties is not only quite an honor, but is sure to be productive of entertainment. There may be a vaudeville after dinner, or, as once during the past season, you will be told to come in street clothes, and will be taken afterwards for donkey-rides through Cairo by lamp-light. Until a son was born to his brother last winter he was heir to the throne, a position from which he was doubtless very glad to escape. He is wise enough to see that the little power which remains to the office does not outweigh its responsibilities, and makes ordinary pleasuring very difficult. He would soon have been compelled to marry, a step in itself always distasteful to popular princelings. In character he seems the very opposite of his brother. For instance, all good Mussulmans wear large tarbooshes, fitting well down over the head. It seems to be considered a sign of conservatism. The Khedive's is so full that it reaches almost to his ears. Mehemed Ali's is at least two sizes too small, and is always perched on one side of his head. It gives him the appearance of some sprightly dark cockatoo with a red tuft or comb.

The uncles and cousins of the Khedive are also to be met with everywhere in society, the Prince Hussein and Izzet Bey most frequently. These are very dignified representatives of Egyptian royalty. The latter particularly has the reputation of being a true type of the Old World beau, with an eye for beauty and a taste for good cooking only to be perfected by long years of practice. One finds in these Egyptian princes true men of the world, in many ways sympathetic and congenial.

That other and more potential court at Cairo — the British agency — is still in mourning for her who was so long its head. If the record which Lord Cromer has made in Egypt is unique and almost more remarkable than that made by any other man in the world's eye in the same period, his wife left behind her, in her own sphere, a name and an influence equally rare and equally desirable. The long list of her good works has moved all of Egypt to support a scheme for the erection of a fitting and useful monument to her memory. To fill a trying social position as well as she did would be difficult for any successor. It is well perhaps that, for some years at least, Lord Cromer remains in charge, with his young daughter to assist him, so that no comparisons will be necessary. The agency was the scene of constant hospitality during Lady Cromer's life, and to be invited to its annual ball was much more a mark of social acceptance than to attend the official function at Abdeen Palace.

Next in social station to the agency comes the home of the general commanding the army of occupation. Here there is also frequent entertainment and an annual ball, given usually in one of the public halls because of lack of room in the official residence. This latter, now far down in the business portion of the town, is soon to be moved into newer, more commodious quarters.

The diplomatic corps is even more prominent here socially than in other capitals. For elsewhere there is a resident society, which serves as a foundation upon which diplomacy displays its exclusive social pretensions. In Cairo the corps is practically the foundation itself, and is able to announce its decisions and dispense its favors with more than

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ordinary prestige. All aspirants for notice must first receive the approval of their own diplomatic representatives. In this way the corps receives a homage which must satisfy its long-acquired vanity, and which gives to its younger members the time of their whole careers. Because of the peculiar political situation of Egypt, most of the representatives of the powers are, in addition to their titles as consuls-general, called diplomatic agents. And this tinge of distinction is insisted upon in an inverse ratio with the importance of the official. Lady Cromer used, in speaking of her husband, always to call him the consul-general. But woe unto you if, in referring to some of Lord Cromer's lesser colleagues, you should use that title instead of the more pretentious one of diplomatic agent! Most of the diplomatic representatives are well installed and very hospitable, even in face of the unusual demand made upon them. The American agency under President McKinley's first representative, Mr. Harrison, was one of the most popular in town, both with its own country people and the foreigners who came within its gates. It is the head of one of the most attractive colonies in Cairo. There are several members of the courts of the mixed tribunals who are much liked in society. Other American homes are founded upon the demands of health or business, and some of them are perhaps more sought out than any other unofficial residences.

After diplomacy, the officers of the army and officials of the government form a prominent part of the many-colored world—the one in brilliant uniforms, and the other, on state occasions, in the stambouline and the tarboosh. The former is a queer single-breasted frock-coat, designed for all state occasions and worn throughout the Ottoman Empire. The tarboosh is likewise required, and nothing is more amusing than to see the discomfort and constraint with which the English officials in the Egyptian government wear these outlandish clothes.

The high-born sons, and even the daughters, of Stamboul who visit Cairo each winter are generally to be seen about, the ladies, of course, within the limits of the harem. The Sultan's high commissioner, Ghazi Mouchtar Pasha, is the very pleasant head for this Turkish contingent. He is a brave and honest old gentleman, is very fond of society, and goes about indefatigably.

Here you have the basis upon which the great world rests. Now pour over this during the winter season a larger number of visitors than go to any other single place of winter residence, and you have the queer jumble known as Cairo society. In point of numbers the English are first—that is, speaking of people with whom the residents have to do, not the hordes of tourists who swarm through, with no other acquaintances than their paid guides. Next would come Germans, French, and Americans, in about equal numbers. These fill the great residential hotels from December until April. Through their diplomats they are introduced to the world at large, and are soon in the whirl. Shopping or a little quiet sight-seeing in the morning; luncheon parties, tennis, polo, golf, or the races in the early afternoon; tea-time visits and dinner parties, with opera, musicales, or dances to end the day.

Churches are not too numerous in this worldly town, where the mosque minarets so plentifully point to heaven. There are two English churches. In the one which is attended by the members of the American agency a unique joint prayer is offered for the Queen and the President, which brings the Anglo-American alliance involuntarily to your mind. The German Lutherans and Scotch Presbyterians occupy together a chapel in the German consulate gardens. There is a large chapel in the American Bible House used for all manner of evangelical services. And of course there are more Roman, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic churches, for among the Christian population these sects easily are the stronger. English orthodoxy and church-going set a good example to all the world, and Sunday morning sees a general outpouring of worshippers, even if the rest of the day resembles a Continental rather than an English Sabbath. In the afternoon there is usually a drive, with tea at the Ghezireh or the Zoo Gardens, and later some fashionable entertainment.

Englishmen in town frequent the Turf Club, a prosperous organization in an unpretentious but comfortable home. Egyptians and foreigners who do not affiliate with the English belong to the Khedivial Club, which is much more handsomely installed. All are united in the Khe-

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divial Sporting Club at Ghezireh, whither all the world goes after luncheon to play golf, polo, or tennis, or else to attend the race meetings held under the auspices of the club several times during the winter. Around this club centres the sporting life sure to follow English predominance. From it go out the most fascinating desert hunting and shooting parties. And if some interesting visitor comes for the first time to Egypt, camel-rides to the tombs of the kings at Sakkara or dahabeeyah parties up the river are organized.

From this kaleidoscopic whirl come out many contrasts. The great pink-cheeked Englishmen, in all their physical perfection, are much in contrast to the puny little Egyptian effendis, who seek so studiously to copy their clothes and manners. One does not know yet just what are the benefits of education for the Egyptian. It seems very apt to make the son of a splendid patriarchal old sheik into a helpless little office-seeker at Cairo, not content any longer with the customs of his home, and unable to quite fulfil the requirements of the higher order of things to which he aspires. Still, he is often good-looking, and, if in the army, is quite a toast with many of the hotel belles. His cousin the Turk is a larger man, much better looking, and much more popular. With girls who are well advised there is some care in association with the Egyptians, or what is known as the "tarboosh crowd," and so they fall to the lot of the less well informed. There are always some pretty little girls from Leavenworth or Detroit to fill hotel gossips with horror, because they will go buggy-riding alone with Egyptian officers, and are likewise seen in the officers' boxes at the opera, conspicuous for beauty as well as for striking clothes. Any one who knows the circumstances can easily see that these little Daisy Millers mean no harm, that their buggy-rides in Cairo are but like those in Leavenworth or Detroit. But who could explain all this to Continental minds, or, in the face of such attractive beauty and sprightliness, could tie up Continental tongues?

One result of such an association was the marriage of a pretty little American with an Egyptian officer of good family. Even though they are said to be quite happy, the marriage seems a sad mistake. His world does not recognize her because she does not enter a harem, and hers considers her only one of the four wives which he is permitted by his Church to take. Her position is so anomalous and sad that it will require all possible devotion and kindness on his part to keep her contented.

In addition to the terrible mélange of nationalities which one sees, there is even a more confusing state of affairs to be found in the assumed citizenship of many of the people who pass. You will be surprised to hear that this man, evidently Armenian, is an Austrian, or that one, so distinctly Syrian, is French. It was long a custom in the East for native Christians and Jews to put themselves under the protection of Western nations against their Mohammedan governors. Where possible they visited foreign countries and took out full papers of citizenship, but otherwise they formally placed themselves under the protection of a certain consul, and were called protected citizens. It used to be said in Cairo that this population kept its citizenship at the most popular and hospitable consulate, and unhesitatingly put it off and on in the pursuit of this choice of protectors. So that a man you met as a German one year would be an Austrian next if there had been a change in representatives. This habit has gone further, and there are men you meet in the great world who have been, at different times, the honorary consuls of two different small European states. There is also one great lady, received everywhere, who is said to have so desired to enter diplomacy that, being rich, she divorced herself from her husband and children and bought for a new husband the consulship of a small European country. When, through some blunder, he lost this place, she is said to have passed him on, and to have formed an alliance with the then consul-general of another government.

Such a society naturally abounds in curious and amusing titles. It is doubtful if the collection is to be equalled anywhere. Syrian and Greek princes are strange enough, even if they have some historic excuse. But when one sees good Americans masquerading under papal titles, and others with patents of nobility which come from even more doubtful dispensaries, one feels that surely the end has been reached. By far the most amusing of these dignitaries, and certainly the most decorative from a din-

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ner-table stand-point, are the Indian maharajahs in their gorgeous robes and jewels. To have such a one to dinner in a crowded hotel restaurant is to achieve a veritable evening's triumph.

A winter passed in this bright new city of a strange old land goes by with amazing rapidity. Nowhere is one busier with doing nothing. Every day is crowded with the labors of pleasuring, and those sated with the same tiresome business elsewhere surely find in Cairo new potions for forgetfulness. Many parties take on a pleasant tinge of local customs. There are Arab dinners, where one eats queer food with one's fingers. There are private vaudevilles with Eastern conjurers and dancers. And if the great world meets people there it would not care to know at home, so much the more amusing does it find them. They, poor things, will not learn until they come to Paris or to London or to New York that they were only accepted along with the local amusements of the place. But when the summer doors of their winter friends are closed in their faces they should not be surprised, for the world which amuses itself is a world which easily forgets. It holds, and from its stand-point with much wisdom, that to remember is usually to regret.

BROTHER TO SAINTS

A STORY FROM SAKHALIN

BY STEPHEN BONSAL

FOR long and weary hours I had stood upon the headland that jutted out far into the stormy seas. For hours, wet and chilled to the marrow by the cold spray that fell all about me, I strained my eyes to look through the banks of fog that rolled up on the coast. Suddenly there floated across the white wall of mist the shadow which a passing steamer cast. Above the roar of the waters I heard the shrill scream of a whistle: then the shadow faded gradually from view, and I knew that the steamer had passed on, not daring in such weather to enter the tortuous inlet. My Christmas dream was over, and I was called upon to face the stern reality of another month of waiting in snow-bound Sakhalin.

To some it will seem a small matter, when you have to spend your Christmas on the Siberian coast, enveloped in the fogs of the northern Pacific, whether the feast be spent in Vladivostok, the world city that is to be, but which still lacks inhabitants, or in the convict settlement on Sakhalin, where I now stood. The dream of Christmas which I had until now thought to realize came to me one evening as I sat behind the stockade. I had just heard that the wires across Asia, after many mishaps and many delays, had been opened from the Ural passes to the Pacific, from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg, and my dream had been to send her a word of greeting that would travel, by the power of the electric spark, twelve thousand miles in a few hours, across the yellow wastes and the dark tundras of Siberia, over crowded Europe, where many voices are heard, and under the Atlantic to her home—to our home, from which I had wandered.

I knew that such a message as I could send under these circumstances would have to be very conventional and commonplace indeed to survive the many processes of transmission by overland wire and submarine cable that it would have to undergo. I knew it needs must be spelled out and puzzled over by many a Turcoman and beetle-browed Kalmuck before, on Christmas morning, some little blue-coated Mercury would carry it up the steps of her home, before it could reach my lady's boudoir, and compel, if only by the strategy of surprise, her eyes, and perhaps her thoughts, to rest for a fleeting moment upon the name of her servant in far-away Siberia.

But the dark shadow in the offing now faded out of sight altogether, and the whistle tooted ironically, "Why did you not think to write when first the leaves began to fall and the days grew short?" "Ah, then I did not think; I did not know. But now—" And the breakers

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dashing up against the rock-bound coast seemed to say, "But now too late."

I was growing maudlin and not a little ashamed, which completely spoiled my delight in this unusual sensation of unreserved sentimentality, when suddenly I felt the heavy arm of my friend the police inspector upon my shoulder, and heard his gruff friendly voice: "Cheer up! Come and drive with me to the convict depot, and there perhaps you will realize that there are worse fates in store for men than to spend an unwilling month upon desolate Sakhalin."

In a few minutes—for the inspector had brought fast horses with him from a grass country on the mainland—we reached the depot, and soon, surrounded by a host of obsequious turnkeys, we were pacing down the corridors upon which the cells opened. The iron gratings of the doors were filled with curious faces as we passed. They presented the most varied assortment of the races and types of the human family that I have ever seen. Among them the Muscovites of the muzhik class were in an infinitely small minority. Every race of the conglomerate empire was, however, in evidence—Germans from the Baltic and yellow-haired Finns from the archduchy; there were Chinamen and Tartars, and Mohammedans too, represented by as widely different types as are the Albanians and the Persians. There were Turcomans and Ruthenians, Jews of many tribes, Poles, and Russians Great and Little. As we passed along the gallery the convicts would stand back from the grating, and drawing themselves up, say, or rather shout, in chorus, "We wish your lordships a good-evening," so we passed on until at the end of the corridor we came to the liberty-room, a larger and more comfortable galley, whose occupants were less strictly confined because they were time-expired men, or those who had been pardoned out, and were only awaiting the starting of the next convoy to go to their homes.

"There is a man here among these liberty-men from whom you and I might take a lesson in patience," said the inspector. "I confess that I, the chief ruler of the convicts, am not worthy to touch the latchet of his shoe. He came here thirty years ago, sentenced by mistake, and his life has gone in the time it has taken to correct this judicial error, and now he will have to wait here for his freedom until the spring, as the convict convoys no longer travel in winter. Watch the man closely while I speak with him; it will do you good to have known him, as it has done me. The convicts call him the Brother to Saints, because for thirty years he has endured the stigma and borne up under the suffering which his unjust sentence entailed, and no man has heard pass his lips a word of anger against those who have robbed him of his liberty and of the best years of his life, nor yet one word of repining or of doubt but that in the end right would prevail, and God's justice be done on earth as it is in heaven."

I followed the inspector's eyes, and saw standing somewhat behind the other time-expired men a little man with a worn, weather-beaten face, a long white beard, and meek and inoffensive eyes that fell submissively to the floor when they met or crossed the gaze of another.

"Dimitri Ivanovitch," said the kindly police inspector, as we walked on past the liberty-room, "we shall expect you downstairs in the warden's house to take a cup of tea with your friends."

The time-expired man's face flushed as he answered: "You are too kind. I would be out of place there, little father. Your nobility, I shall stay here with the little brothers. We in the liberty-room are very grateful to you all for your kindness."

But a few minutes later he appeared in the custody of one of the wardens, and as it had now grown dark he sat down with us under the lamp by the hissing samovar, which filled the room with its cheerful spluttering noise.

My sympathy for this victim of a judicial error, or rather of the carelessness with which in former days administrative orders to transport people to Siberia were permitted to every petty judge, quite overpowered me, and for a long time we sat there in perfect silence in the dull light of the lantern and in front of the samovar, the inspector puffing away at his big-bowled pipe, and the prisoner on the threshold of freedom twitching his fingers nervously, and looking down with a weak smile upon the well-scrubbed and shining floor.

The embarrassing silence was interrupted by a turnkey, who came to the door and said, in a warning voice, "Di-

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mitri Ivanovitch, the hour of liberty is past."

"Coming, coming, *sichass*, immediately. Your pardon," he added, turning to the inspector and to me.

"Sit still, Dimitri Ivanovitch. To-night you drink tea with me, and to-night you shall tell me the story of how you came to Sakhalin, and how you fared here before I came; for soon you will be leaving us for good and aye, Dimitri Ivanovitch."

"Willingly, little father," he began. "It was a sad story, but it ends so happily that all is well, and I should be ungrateful indeed did I not love to tell of the great kindness with which all men have treated me.

"I married young and without money, and soon found that, as we say in Russia, the days of the poor are long and full of toil, but their nights are short. However, I was young and enterprising, full of ambition and a desire for work, and I said I will go to the Eastern land, where money is cheap and labor prized and highly paid, and soon I will make a home in the new land and send for Paulovna; and she, good brave girl—she said she would wait.

"After some months' travelling I reached Irkutsk, and began to look for work. I found that I was not only handicapped by the fact that I knew no one (and in Irkutsk they have learned to be distant with strangers), but also from the unfortunate circumstance—and how unfortunate it was I really did not know until later—that in a fire which took place at an inn on the Great Moscow Road, from which I barely escaped with my life, I had lost all my papers of identification." For a moment he paused. His voice, which had been weak and quavering, now grew suddenly strong and full. I looked up with some surprise, and saw that his eyes were fixed in humble adoration upon the sacred ikon on the wall. "I confess most humbly," he said, "that there have been moments when I have despaired of His infinite goodness, when I have lost sight of the fact that His mercy endureth forever; but now the wrong has been righted, the great white Tsar has given me back my freedom. I am going home to Paulovna and to Holy Russia. My lack of faith has not been remembered against me, and God has shown His mercy and loving-kindness even unto me—a miserable sinner." His lips moved for some moments in silent prayer; then he resumed his story:

"One day, just as the outlook grew brighter and I was, as I thought, on the point of getting work, I was arrested on the street and clapped into prison. They charged me with being an escaped convict. There was little evidence against me, and that was based upon mistaken identity; but I had no papers, and this was held as proof conclusive that I was either a convict, as was charged, or that I had sold my papers—as was frequently done—and so assisted in the escape of some convict or vagabond travelling without a pass."

"Those were the days," interjected the inspector, "before the accompanying photograph had become a necessary part of the passport, and, as Dimitri Ivanovitch points out, there were many abuses in the sale of papers, and where any one was detected in this malpractice, the punishment meted out was swift, sweeping, and severe."

"After a few days of inquiry the judge charged with the examination of my case, upon what evidence I never knew, found me guilty of the charge, and sentenced me to exile in Sakhalin for life, and I was sent on with the next convoy of convicts that passed through Irkutsk. I pleaded for a delay, for a revision, for but a little time to write to secure evidence that would make my innocence clear; but the probabilities were against me, I confess—and so I was sent on to Sakhalin.

"Once here, the authorities treated me kindly and listened to what I had to say. They promised to write my story to Russia, and to ask that my case might be reopened for examination. They soon saw that I was harmless and inoffensive, and would work without the whip of the guard to goad me on; so in a few months I was paroled with a companion, and together we were sent up the coast to pick sea-weed and lichens on the rocks when the tide was out. Under a larch-tree behind a great headland we built our cabin, and so the years of waiting began to go round—slowly at first, and then more swiftly.

"My comrade was a sad and a hopeless man. He had been sentenced to exile for life, and from his sentence there was no appeal. We spent our evenings together after the day's work was

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done and the sacks of sea-weed gathered in, and though he but rarely opened his lips to say a word, there was comfort in his presence. Often at night, when the wind blew wildly against the headland and the larch-tree under which our cabin stood strained and tugged away at its roots, as a ship in the roadstead upon its anchor-chains, when the roar of the surf and the wild cries of the birds overhead filled me with terror, I would turn and listen to the regular breathing of my comrade, and then praise God that He had not quite deserted me, and so confidence in His infinite mercy never left me even in the darkest moments. I knew past all manner of doubting that in time my process would be revised and justice be done and my name cleared before all men.

"With every spring the hope of freedom that never forsook me grew strong, for it was in the spring that, according to our tickets of leave, we travelled down to Alexandrovsk to pass in review before the inspector of the convict colonies. How I trembled always when my turn came to pass before the inspector's eyes! Once, I remember, I thought to hear him say, while I was yet a great way off from where he stood, 'You are a free man, Dimitri Ivanovitch; your pardon has come.' I fell down on my knees. But my comrades raised me up, and then, as in a dream, I heard the inspector saying: 'As yet we have heard nothing, Dimitri Ivanovitch, in regard to the revision of your sentence. But I know the good people in St. Petersburg are examining into the matter. Only the ink-slingers—the tchinovnik—are slow. But we shall hear from them yet, and God's justice be done.' I had never given way to my feelings before, but this disappointment, this fall from the highest hopes to the deepest despair, was too much for me, so I stammered: 'Thank you, little father. I am sure that everything that can be done is being done to have my case reopened—only—it is hard!'

"'It is hard, little brother. But I believe you innocent, and that by the grace of the Blessed Trinity and the great white Tsar right in the end shall prevail!'

"That winter was the brightest I ever spent. The days were not dark, nor yet the nights cold. I was full of hope. Only the signs of spring were slow in coming, or so they seemed to me in my fever of impatience. When I reached Alexandrovsk and took my place in the long sad line I could hardly stand, I trembled so with excitement. Then, when the door opened, a strange face appeared. The inspector who had been so kind was dead, and the new one knew nothing about my case, but he said he would notify me should any order come from St. Petersburg concerning me.

"I went home to the rocky point jutting far out into the sea that stormed and never was at rest. My comrade was waiting for me. He knew what I had expected to hear this day, and seeing me coming so sad and cast down, he threw his arms about me and covered my cheeks with kisses. Then he led the way out along the shingle beach to a rocky cove in the lee of the promontory. The cove ended in a great cave, which at high tide was filled with water. The walls of the cave were dry now, but as we stood there I could see that the waters were rising rapidly. He led me over the slippery ledge and into the cave.

"It was perhaps because we came so suddenly from the twilight outside into the darkness of the cave, for when Yryko took me by the arm and shouted wildly, 'Look! Look!' I could see nothing, only later, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, I made out the dim outline of a rude raft built of logs and rough ship timbers.

"He passed his hands lovingly over the rough logs. In his eyes no fairer ship had ever been launched. 'You remember the day a month ago,' he began, 'when we sat upon the headland and watched the timbers as they were washed ashore from a wreck up the coast? As I listened to the grinding noise they made as they were tossed against the great rocks, I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Men have died that you might live, that you may escape from your living death. Shall these men have died—shall the sacrifice have been made in vain?" From that moment I planned my escape. I embraced the God-given opportunity. Since then, while you slept, I have passed every night upon the beach scouring the coast for the Heaven-sent timbers that were cast up—not idly—by the sea. Dimitri Ivanovitch, upon one of the timbers, a broken mast, I found lashed the body of a dead man. Had it not been for the coil of rope that was wound about

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his torn body I could never have finished my raft; I worked alone, saying nothing to you, for I knew that as long as you cherished hope of pardon you would not attempt to escape with me; but now come, Dimitri Ivanovitch. Now I ask you to go with me. Why wait longer for miracles to happen? Heaven is high above us, and the great white Tsar is far away from Sakhalin.' He lowered his voice, as though even here in this desolate spot he feared that the shadows might listen, and the great waves, calling out as they swept over the rocks past the point, repeat his words and send them echoing down the rock-bound coast. 'The tide is rising every minute,' he continued, with ever-growing excitement; 'within an hour the raft will float. I have biscuits and water and sea-weed that will keep us alive for two weeks; but long before then, with the currents that prevail, we shall have reached the shallow waters and the islands where the sealers go, and once there we are sure to be picked up by an American vessel; and then, Dimitri Ivanovitch—then—do you understand?—liberty is ours.'

"The man was mad, it seemed to me. He had been driven to madness by all the loneliness and solitude in which we lived. The sea that tumbled in mighty breakers upon the beach, and hammered away upon the granite ramparts of the coast with the roar of artillery, had no fears for him. Upon that crazy craft he was willing to embark, with only the hope of liberty and freedom to buoy him up and sustain him. He came and kissed me on both cheeks, as had grown to be our custom during the long years of exile that we had spent together.

"'Now that you must or should give up all hope of a reprieve—now, Dimitri Ivanovitch, my brother—now that we stand upon the same footing, I can and do ask you to attempt the escape with me. You, my little brother, will not let me go to freedom or to death alone. Come!'

"Seeing that I hesitated, he placed his arms about my neck and kissed me again upon each cheek.

"'Come, my little brother, the ear of the great white Tsar is turned far away from Sakhalin; the heavens are high, but our voices have reached there, and He has willed it that the souls which sailed upon that ship be lost that you and I might be saved. Come, we have been comrades, we have been brother and sister, we have been all in all to each other for five dark, gray years of exile, Dimitri Ivanovitch, and can you now—will you now let me go to liberty or to my death alone?'

"It was a terrible temptation, and it found me in a moment when I was weak, when from high hope I had fallen into the depths of despair. My voice failed me; my knees trembled. I realized what the loneliness of the rock-bound coast would be when he was gone, when the damp clammy mists of the evening rolled in from the sea and enveloped the larch-tree and our cabin on the point as with a pall. Then I turned and looked out upon the sea. There the waves were leaping high in the air like hungry wolves eager for their prey, and into this wild waste of waters I was to let Yryko go, and go alone!

"'I cannot, I will not go.' At last I found the voice to plead, to protest. 'My flight would be a confession of guilt; it would be the negation of all I have lived and prayed and worked for since my sentence was passed. I love you very dearly; I shall miss you every moment; I pray that St. Cyril may accompany you, that God may have you in His holy keeping; but go? I cannot go with you.'

"While we talked the rising tide came in ever stronger, and the muttering waters flowed into the cave more freely and covered the rocky ledge under our feet.

"'Then I will go alone, Dimitri Ivanovitch; and if I find death where I seek freedom, is not death liberty?'

"For all answer the warm tears coursed down my cheeks, which for long had never been wet with the gentle dews of sorrow.

"Together in silence we now awaited the things that were to come. At first the waters only beat in little wavelets against the heavy timbers of the raft, with no more power to move them than had the great waves which beat outside to stir the granite pillars of the promontory from their foundations. Quickly and ever quicker the tide rose, and suddenly the waves came rolling into the cave with a triumphant sweep. With the force of their onward rush they raised the ends of the great raft from the ground, and as they receded let them fall again with a great crash upon the rocky floor. As the

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"IT WAS A SAD STORY."

waves swept in, swifter and more full-bodied, the rise and the fall of the raft became less sharp, its subsidence less marked, and, as suddenly as it had begun, the smashing, grinding noise of the timbers upon the rocky ledge ceased, and the raft was afloat.

"Yryko's face was now all aglow with excitement. He sprang upon the timbers, which were adrift. He now paid less attention to me than he did to the sharp, jagged rocks which protruded over and above the rising waters, guarded the entrance to the cave, and were full of menace for his crazy raft. He grasped the planks he had fashioned into oars, and I could hear his heart beat with excitement as he gripped them and began to shove his raft out towards the open waters. It was past midnight, and the moon had waned and cast but a pallid light upon the dark seas. I helped him to avoid the jagged rocks, and put my shoulder to the timbers whenever they stranded upon the ledge, but he paid no more attention to me than if I had not been there. It seemed to me that the moment his raft had floated and escape became a possibility, I had passed out of his life and thought altogether.

"His eyes flashed, his face was flushed with the hope of freedom; and so it was, with his eyes straining to see through the darkness, that he passed out of the shoal water and into the deep and open sea beyond, and was lost to my sight forever.

"All through the night I sat under the larch-tree upon the promontory where we had so often sat and dreamed together. All through the darkness of that night I could follow the course of his raft—a little fleck of shining light which stood out against and shone in the darkness that overspread the sea. In a few hours the little speck was swallowed up in the brightness of the dawn, and I saw him and I heard of him no more. I never

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learned what fortune befell him upon his voyage, but long since I felt, I am sure, that in one way or another, in the way that was best, the shackles that bound him have been broken and cast off, and that he lives—and is free.

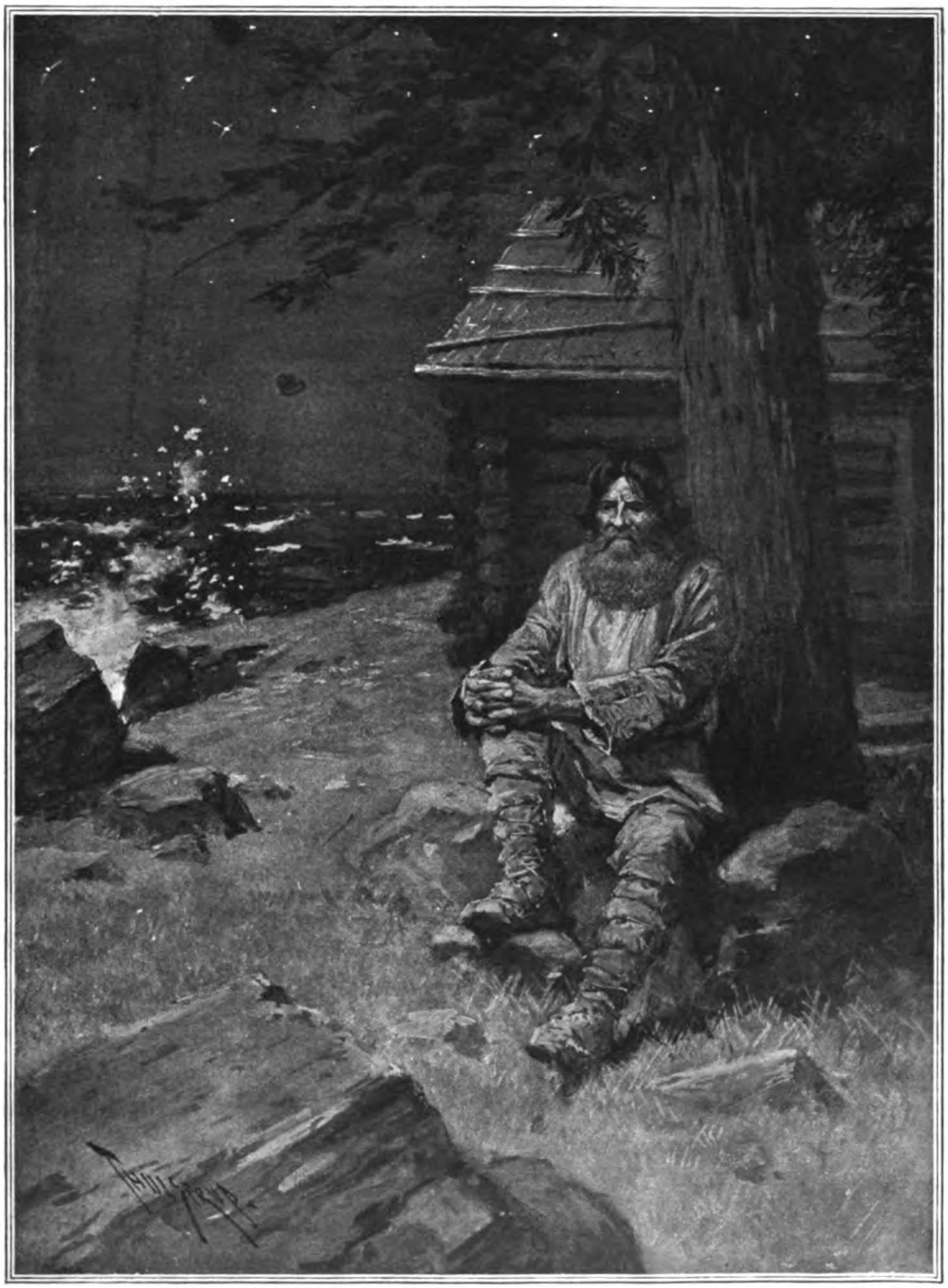
"For many nights I sat under the larch-tree and looked out anxiously across the sea, which was now blown up by a northern gale into great green billows. By day I did not work, and at night I feared to return to the lonely cabin. As I sat in the sand I would now and again fall asleep, only to be awakened by a cry that seemed to come to me on the wind from across the restless sea; but when I sprang to my feet and strained my eyes to look across the dancing waves, I could hear nothing, and the only answer that came to my cries for my comrade was the shrill, discordant voices of the sea-gulls as they sailed over the headland and dived deep down into the crests of the curling waves.

"The sea-weed was washed in at my feet, but I never stooped to pick it up. I had no thought for the morrow; I lived in the yesterday that I tried to recall. When the farmer of the coast convicts came by he would give me no food because I had been idle. I told him that my comrade had been drowned while swimming off the beach; that I had not had the heart to work; but he would leave me no food because I had been idle, and rode away muttering angrily that he would report me to the inspector, and have me sent back to Alexandrovsk to work under the eyes of the overseer. For the next month I worked without resting. I lived upon the sea-weed, which I boiled, and when the farmer came back he was well pleased, for I had twenty sacks of the sea-weed, which he sold at great profit to the Chinese, who season their rice with it. So now he gave me food again. I soon fell into my accustomed life, gathering the weed when the tide was low, and spreading it out to dry upon the rocks when the sun was hot. Little father, you can grow accustomed to anything in life; it is simply a question of patience and the passing of a little time. Soon even I could look out across the sea without straining my eyes to see the face, the familiar form, of the friend who had disappeared there in my very sight.

"In the years that followed I lived as best I might. By day I clambered over the slippery rocks and through the driving rains that beat upon our gray coast, in search of the weed cast up by the waters upon which I lived. At night I sat alone until sleep and weariness overcame me, and I no longer heard the deafening roar of the surf and the mocking cries of the gulls. Sometimes as I sat in my cabin I would take a chunk of coal and roughly draw upon the wall the face of some one I had known in the happier, the unrestrained days of my life, and I would talk to him until I fell asleep. But I was very lonely, and hungry for the sound of a human voice; still there came no news of the revision of my sentence, and I was indeed very glad when one day the inspector sent me a comrade. This man had committed a great crime; but yet it was done in the heat of anger, and the provocation was great. He was very lovable, and we lived in perfect harmony for many months. But with time Stash, my little brother, grew restless. How was I to be deceived? I knew so well the signs of that desire to get away from lonely Sakhalin. For the first few months he had been so overjoyed to escape from the picketed stockade, the crowds of convicts under guard with whom he had worked the first five years of his sentence, that to him the lonely strand upon which we lived had seemed a perfect paradise. Soon there came a change. With cold fear at my heart I watched him now as hour after hour he walked along the cliffs studying with rapt gaze the seas as they rose and fell, watching the dancing waves and the scurrying clouds, and following with steady, mournful eyes the flight of the wild-geese, as with hoarse cries they passed overhead, winging their way to the mainland.

"Still, of the subject which, as I feared, and with reason, was uppermost in his heart he said not a word, and when the winter came I breathed more freely. Now for six months at least, while the sea and the land were under the thrall of the arctic winter, he would, he could, make no attempt to escape. I still knew little of the strength of that craving for liberty, or what a man will not hazard for freedom when all hope of relief by other means and from other sources is at an end. And though I saw the working of this desire in men as different as were Yryko and Stash, I could not altogether understand the irresistible strength and

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"ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT I SAT UNDER THE LARCH-TREE AND LOOKED."

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power of it, because my position was altogether so different. I could not grasp such a grim resolution because, though my hoped-for freedom was often and ever deferred, yet with each spring, when the sun shone and the hills which had been so long white with snow grew suddenly green, and the boats came over from the mainland with the orders and the sentences, then, when the sap ran and the trees leaved, my faith was renewed, and a new strength sprang up in my bosom. With this new year, with this spring, my pardon will come, I thought, and even when time after time my hopes were dashed to the ground, with each succeeding spring they would grow strong again.

"It was a still, cold night. The wind blew strongly, not in the usual gusts, but steadily from the north. The night was clear and starlit, and when, before going to bed upon our Chinese stove, I opened the door of our cabin, the air was deadly cold, and so chilled my lungs that I could hardly breathe. When I wrapped the skins around me and lay down, I noticed that Stash lay with his eyes wide open, and seemed to be laboring under some strong excitement which he sought to suppress, or at all events to restrain, and so conceal from me. I awoke early, very early in the morning, and I surprised him still lying with his eyes propped wide open, as they had been when sleep came to me, only now they wore an expression of extreme weariness. For a moment, as though undecided what to do, he gazed wildly at me, then suddenly crossing himself, he sprang up and rushed to the door. He was greatly agitated, and a moment later, when a great shout of gladness came back to me, I thought for an instant that he had seen the courier from Alexandrovsk coming along the cliffs, and that he had fondly imagined him to be the bearer of good news—a pardon, perhaps, for him or for me, perhaps for both of us. Without waiting to get into my bear-skin I rushed to the door.

"'Hasten, Dimitri Ivanovitch! Hasten!' he cried as he saw me coming, and his voice sounded strangely unfamiliar. It was as though another man had spoken, a new voice had sounded through the stillness of the solitude in which we had lived so long together.

"Dazed and bewildered, I looked about me. I rubbed my eyes, yet I could see no one there—no one save Stash. He grasped me by the arm, and pointed toward the sea.

"'Look!' he shouted. 'We have a pardon signed by One who is greater than the great white Tsar! Even He who bade the waters be still, the waves and winds subside. Look, Dimitri Ivanovitch! the sea is bridged with ice from shore to shore!'

"For a moment I stood transfixed with astonishment at the sight which met my eyes. Great fields of ice had been swept down the coast by the north wind, and when, toward morning, the wind had died away, the ice lay there as a weight upon the waters, and soon became frozen to the shores. It was a beautiful sight. The waves, it seemed, had been frozen as they rolled. There were the ridges and the hollows; there were the white-caps where the crest of the waves had broken into spray; there were the dark shining spaces between the rush of the billows, clear as crystal, dark and cold as death. Here and there I still seemed to see the broad expanse of the sea; only it was strangely at rest; the ever rising and falling, the restless waves, were still. The sea was a captive which moaned and groaned, but yet could not break through the burden of ice that had been placed upon its throbbing bosom.

"Stash had grown to be a deeply religious man. He had been converted by the good Bishop of Blagovechensk, who, when he came upon his pastoral visit to Alexandrovsk, had slept and eaten with the convicts in the stockade. It was he who placed his arms about Stash and said, 'My brother in sin, my brother redeemed in Christ.' Before he had spoken to me, the moment I caught sight of his flaming eyes, I knew the wild purpose, the desperate hope of freedom, that quickened his whole being.

"'I have long prayed for this,' he said, 'and now He has listened to my prayers. Dimitri Ivanovitch, He has builded a bridge across the seas for us even as He did for the despoiled Egyptians. 'Tis but fifty miles across the floating fields of ice to the mainland, and once there, in the pine forests there live many renegades and *brobdyags*—those who have tasted the salt of prison bread and carried the weight of chains. They surely will not let us hunger or thirst; and, Dimitri,

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"AND SO HE STARTED OUT ACROSS THE FROZEN SEA."

from the Primorsk there lead many roads into the outer and the freer world; while from here, this island of the dead uncounted souls, there was not one until He in His infinite mercy was pleased to build a bridge for us to pass over.'

"'But, Stash, my brother, my *kohanek*, have you no fear? Have you not heard of the Gilyaks, the cruel 'long-hairs,' the heathen race who guard the coast, who in winter cut down the refugees and eat their flesh? Oh, think, my brother, before it is too late to turn back; the floating field of ice may at any moment be blown adrift, and then, Stash, my *kohanek*, my comrade, then, who then can save you?'

"Stash looked at me a moment with great sadness. 'You, Dimitri Ivanovitch, have no faith in the miracle which He has wrought before our very eyes, or trust in the covenant which He has made with us. May God have mercy on your soul, Dimitri Ivanovitch!'

"Then he rushed madly down the slope of the headland, and when he came to the shore, where the ice was being ground to powder against the rocky barriers of the coast, he gave a great spring, making the sign of the cross as he left the land, and so he started out across the frozen sea.

"I watched him for a long time—until he disappeared behind the veil of the snow that now began to fall softly. I watched him while hot tears ran down and froze upon my cheeks. Then I thought to hear his voice crying out to me for help, and I too raced down the headland and sprang out upon the ice, which now had begun again to throb and pulsate with the heartbeat of the sea. I found his trail, and followed it, but the snowflakes flew faster and faster, and soon his footprints were filled

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"SOON WE WERE SKIMMING OVER THE CRUST OF THE SNOW."

and vanished, and I could follow him no longer, and so I returned again to the lonely cabin under the larch-tree. Toward morning the wind sprang up again, and with a great booming sound the floating field of ice was blown from its moorings and swept before the gale toward the south. I never heard whether Stash reached the shore and escaped the 'long-hairs,' or whether he was swallowed up by the sea. Often in the evenings, when the wind is blowing a gale down the coast, I hear his voice, and I know that, whatever happened, whatever may have befallen him, now he is free.

"Since then, and for five long winters, I have lived alone with my thoughts, my memories, and my hopes. Every spring I travelled down the coast to Alexandrovsk, and every spring they told me: 'There is no news of your appeal, Dimitri Ivanovitch, but perhaps your pardon may come next year. Good people are interested in your case, are ever working in your favor, and the great white Tsar is merciful to his children.' This year my hopes were realized, as I knew and never doubted that they would be. And now the Tsar has given back to me all that was taken by a mistake—that it was human to make. He has given back to me liberty and my good name, and soon I shall be far away from Sakhalin, and with those I love in our holy Russia."

The kindly inspector put his hand on my shoulder; there were tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice as he whispered to me: "But even the great white Tsar cannot give him back the years of his life that are gone. May he never live to realize that they are gone past recall!"

Down the corridor we could hear the heavy tread of the turnkeys as, with clanking keys, they came, closing and double-locking the doors of the galleries for the night. With a sudden impulse, as the old man rose to return to his cell, the inspector threw his arms about him and kissed him upon either cheek. "You are a brother to the saints, Dimitri Ivanovitch. May your life be happy; may He in the end receive you into that goodly fellowship of those who, though sorely tried and long-suffering, never lost faith in His infinite goodness and mercy!"

As we wrapped our furs about us and started for the door, Dimitri Ivanovitch turned, and said to me: "It will be a cold drive to the settlement, little brother. Be careful of the cold air; put straw in your boots, and then you will never be frost-bitten."

The troïca was ready, and soon we were skimming over the crust of the snow, with the mad horses panting like engines, and with great streams of hot breath as of steam issuing from their nostrils.

"His life has been spent in correcting a mistake, and as yet he does not know that while he labored the prize for which he fought was melting and dwindling with the passing of each day. Was there ever such a tragedy? Not even the great white Tsar can turn back the hand of time and give to his serf one minute of one hour of yesterday."

"How could such a mistake that has cost him thirty years of his life have happened?"

"Well, you see, the difficulty was," began the inspector, whose professional, in distinction from his human, interest was aroused by my question, "for many years we could not find his wife. When Dimitri Ivanovitch was exiled to Sakhalin he was also deprived of his civil rights. Consequently, according to the

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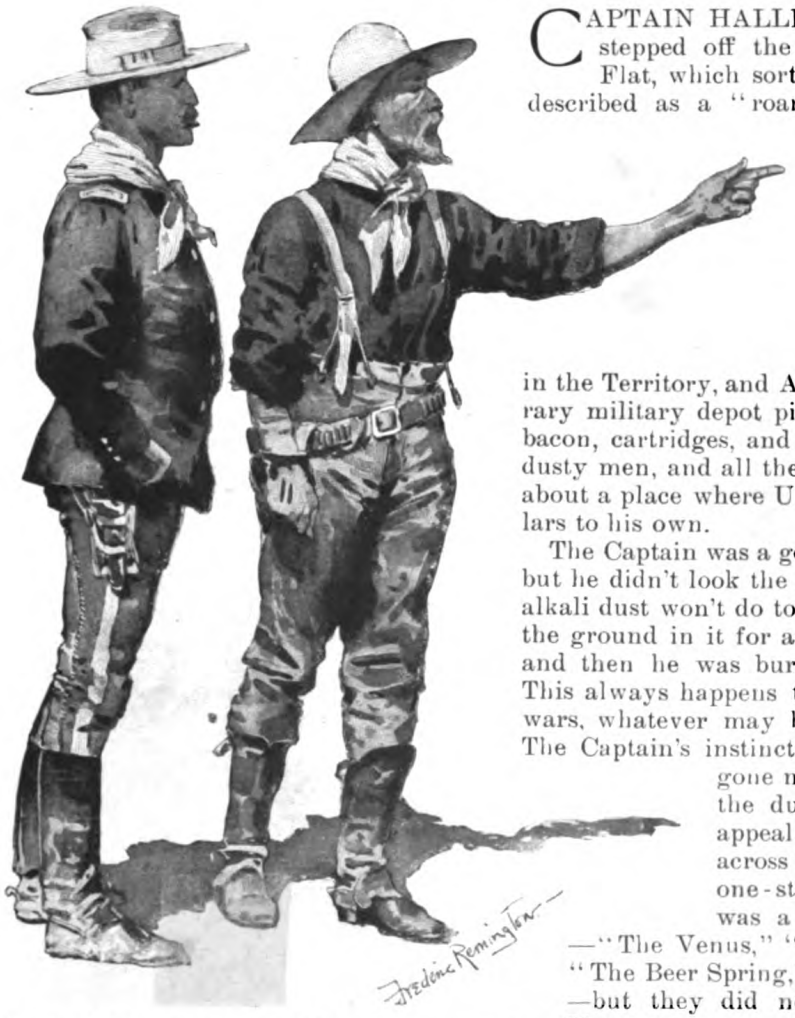
law, and without taking any further legal steps, his wife was divorced. She married again—in fact, several times, and rather informally. Her evidence was absolutely necessary to confirm Dimitri Ivanovitch's story, and only after many years we located her near Perm. She had just been expelled from the Mir or community in which she lived for constant drunkenness and vagrancy. The inspector who looked over her papers fortunately recognized her name as that of a woman who was wanted, and so the revision of sentence was secured. What a world it is! Dimitri Ivanovitch's pardon has come too late, or else it has come too soon! Perhaps, after all, he may die before, as a broken-down old man, he crosses the Urals, over which he first came in search of fortune in the springtime of his life."

Now the lights of the settlement flashed up with a blinding glare out of the darkness through which the shaggy horses rushed with headlong speed.

"By all the saints, it is cold! My wife is making a grog americain to-night in your honor. I hope there will be a lot of rum in that grog americain."

A FAILURE OF JUSTICE

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



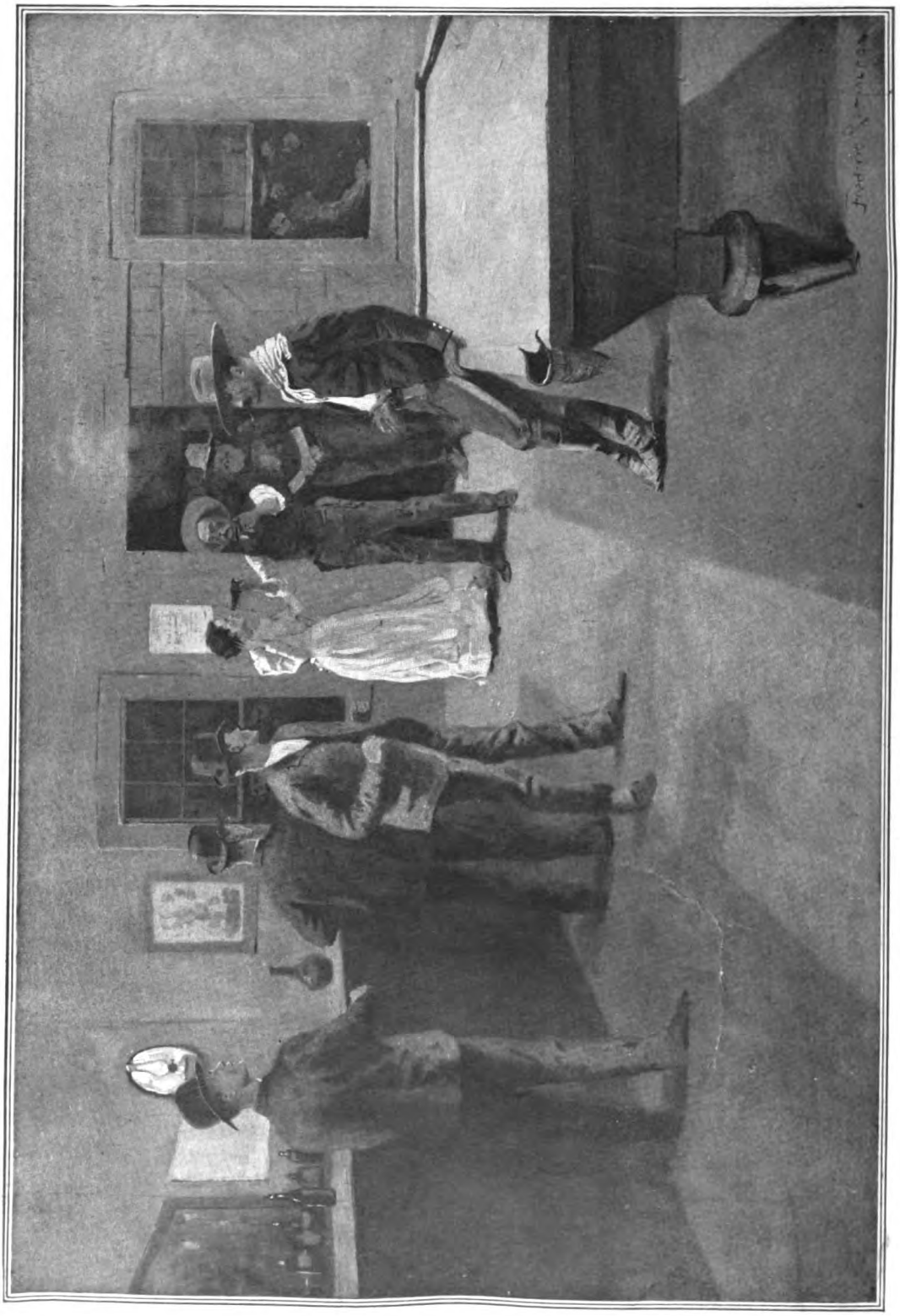
"THE CAPTAIN WAS A GENTLEMAN AND A SCHOLAR, BUT HE DIDN'T LOOK THE PART."

CAPTAIN HALLERAN of the dragoons stepped off the way freight at Alkali Flat, which sort of place has been well described as a "roaring board and canvas city"; only in justice to certain ancient adobe huts I should mention their presence.

He was on government business connected with the Indian war then raging in the Territory, and Alkali Flat was a temporary military depot piled high with crackers, bacon, cartridges, and swarming with mules, dusty men, and all the turmoil which gathers about a place where Uncle Sam dispenses dollars to his own.

The Captain was a gentleman and a scholar, but he didn't look the part. What sweat and alkali dust won't do to a uniform, sleeping on the ground in it for a month or two will do, and then he was burned like a ripe peach. This always happens to American soldiers in wars, whatever may be the case in Europe. The Captain's instincts, however, had undergone no change whatever, and the dust-blown plaza did not appeal to him as he sauntered across toward the long row of one-storied shanties. There was a dismal array of signs —"The Venus," "The Medicine Queen," "The Beer Spring," "The Free and Easy" —but they did not invite the Captain. There were two or three outfitting stores which relieved the business aspect, but the

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"STOP—STOP THAT, DAN!"

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simple bed and board which the Captain wanted was not there, unless with its tin-pan piano or gambling-chip accompaniment.

He met a man who had the local color, and asked if there was not in the town a hotel run somewhat more on the ancient lines.

"Sure there is, Cap, right over to the old woman's," said he, pointing. "They don't have no hell round the old woman's. That's barred in this plaza; and she can cook jes like mother. That's the old woman's over thar whar yu' see the flowers in front and the two green trees —jes nex' the Green Cloth Saloon."

The Captain entered the place, which was a small bar-room with a pool table in the centre, and back of this a dining-room. Behind the bar stood a wholesome-looking woman in a white calico dress, far enough this side of middle age to make "old woman" libellous as applied to her.

"Good-evening, madam," ventured the Captain, feeling that such a woman could not escape matrimony at the Flat.

"Good-evening, Captain. Want some supper?"

"Yes, indeed, and I guess I will take a drink—a cocktail, if you please," as he leaned on the bar.

"Captain, the boys say I am a pretty bad bartender. I'll jes give yu' the stuff, and you can fix it up to your taste. I don't drink this, and so I don't know what men like. It's grub and beds I furnish mostly, but you can't exactly run a hotel without a bar. My customers sort of come in here and tend bar for themselves. Have a lemon-peel, Captain?"

The Captain comprehended, mixed and drank his cocktail, and was ushered into the dining-room. It was half full of picturesque men in their shirt sleeves, or in canvas and dusty boots. They were mostly red-faced, bearded, and spiked with deadly weapons. They were quiet and courteous.

Over his bottle the American is garrulous, but he handles his food with silent earnestness.

Chinamen did the waiting, and there was no noise other than the clatter of weapons, for the three-tined fork must be regarded as such. The Captain fell to with the rest, and found the food an improvement on field rations. He presently asked a neighbor about the hostess—how she managed to compete with the more pretentious resorts. Was not the Flat a hard place for a woman to do business?

"Yes, pard, yu' might say it is rough on some of the ladies what's sportin' in this plaza, but the old woman never has no trouble." And his new acquaintance leaned over and whispered: "She's on the squar', pard; she's a plumb good woman, and this plaza sort of stands for her. She's as solid as a brick church here."

The Captain's friend and he, having wrestled their ration, adjourned to the sidewalk, and the friend continued: "She was wife to an old sergeant up at the post, and he went and died. The boys here wanted a eatin'-joint, bein' tired of the local hash, which I honest can tell yu' was most dam bad; so they gets her down here to ride herd on this bunch of Chinamen top-side. She does pretty well for herself, gives us good grub, and all that, but she gets sort of stampeded at times over the goin's on in this plaza, and the committee has to go out and hush 'em up. Course the boys gets tangled up with their irons, and then they are packed in here, and if the old woman can't nurse 'em back to life, they has to go. There is quite a little bunch of fellers here what she has set up with nights, and they got it put up that she is about the best dam woman on the earth. They sort of stand together when any alcoholic patient gets to yellin' round the old woman's, or some sportin' lady goes after the old woman's hair. About every loose feller round yer has asked the old woman to marry him, which is why she ain't popular with the ladies. She plays 'em all alike, and don't seem to marry much, and this town makes a business of seein' she always lands feet first, so when any one gets to botherin', the committee comes round and runs him off the range. It sure is unhealthy fer any feller to get loaded and go jumpin' sideways round this 'dobie. Sabe?"

The Captain did his military business at the quartermaster's, and then repaired to the old woman's bar-room to smoke and wait for the down freight. She was standing behind the bar, washing the glasses.

A customer came in, and she turned to him.

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"Brandy, did yu' say, John?"

"Yes, madam; that's mine."

"I don't know brandy from whiskey, John; you jes smell that bottle."

John put the bottle to his olfactories, and ejaculated, "Try again; that ain't brandy, fer sure."

Madam produced another bottle, which stood the test, and the man poured his portion and passed out.

Alkali Flat was full of soldiers, cowmen, prospectors, who had been chased out of the hills by the Apaches, government freighters who had come in for supplies, and the gamblers and whiskey-sellers who kindly helped them to sandwich a little hilarity into their business trips.

As the evening wore on the blood of Alkali Flat began to circulate. Next door to the old woman's the big saloons were in a riot. Glasses clinked, loud-lunged laughter and demoniac yells mixed with the strained piano, over which untrained fingers banged and pirouetted. Dancers bounded to the snapping fiddle tones of "Old Black Jack." The chips on the faro table clattered, the red-and-black man howled, while from the streets at times came drunken whoops, mingled with the haw-haws of mules over in the quartermaster's corral.

Madam looked toward the Captain, saying, "Did you ever hear so much noise in your life?"

"Not since Gettysburg," replied the addressed. "My tastes are quiet, but I should think Gettysburg the more enjoyable of the two. But I suppose these people really think this kind of thing is great fun."

"Yes; they live so quiet out in the hills that they like to get into this bedlam when they are in town. It sort of stirs them up," explained the hostess.

"Do they never trouble you, madam?"

"No—except for this noise. I have had bullets come in here, but they wasn't meant for me. They get drunk outside and shoot wild sometimes. I tell the boys plainly that I don't want none of them to come in here drunk, and I don't care to do any business after supper. They don't come around here after dark much. I couldn't stand it if they did. I would have to pull up."

A drunken man staggered to the door of the little hotel, saw the madam behind the bar, received one look of scorn, and backed out again with a muttered, "Scuse me, lady; no harm done."

Presently in rolled three young men, full of the confidence which far too much liquor will give to men. They ordered drinks at the bar roughly. Their Derby hats proclaimed them Easterners: railroad tramps or some such rubbish, thought the Captain. Their conversation had the glib vulgarity of the big cities, with many of their catch-phrases, and they proceeded to jolly the landlady in a most offensive way. She tried to brave it out, until one of them reached over the bar and chucked her under the chin. Then she lifted her apron to her face and began to cry.

The wise mind of the Captain knew that society at Alkali Flat worked like a naphtha-engine—by a series of explosions. And he saw a fearful future for the small bar-room.

Rising, he said, "Here, here, young men, you had better behave yourselves, or you will get killed."

Turning with a swagger, one of the hoboes said, "Ah! whose 'll kill us, youse —— ——?"

"No, he won't!" This was shouted in a resounding way into the little room, and all eyes turned to the spot from which the voice came. Against the black doorway stood Dan Dundas—the gambler who ran the faro lay-out next door, and in his hands were the Colts levelled at the toughs, while over them gleamed steadily two bright blue eyes like planetary stars against the gloom of his complexion. "No, he won't kill yu'; he don't have to kill yu'. I will do that."

With a hysterical scream the woman flew to her knight-errant. "Stop—stop that, Dan! Don't you shoot—don't you shoot, Dan! If you love me, Dan, don't, don't!"

With the quiet drawl of the Southwest the man in command of the situation replied: "Well, I reckon I'll sure have to, little woman. Please don't put your hand on my guns. Maybeso I won't shoot, but, Helen—but I ought to, all right. Hadn't I, Captain?"

Many heads lighted up the doorway back of the militant Dan, but the Captain blew a whiff of smoke toward the ceiling and said nothing.

The three young men were scared rigid.

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They held their extremities as the quick situation had found them. If they had not been scared, they would still have failed to understand the abruptness of things; but one of them found tongue to blurt:

"Don't shoot! We didn't do nothin', mister."

Another resounding roar came from Dan—"Shut up!" And the quiet was opaque.

"Yes," said the Captain, as he leaned on the billiard table, "you fellows have got through your talking. Any one can see that;" and he knocked the ash off his cigar.

"What did they do, Helen?" And Dan bent his eyes on the woman for the briefest of instants.

Up went the apron to her face, and through it she sobbed, "They chucked me under the chin, Dan, and—and one of them said I was a pretty girl—and—"

"Oh, well, I ain't sayin' he's a liar, but he 'ain't got no call fer to say it. I guess we had better get the committee and lariat 'em up to a telegraph pole—sort of put 'em on the Western Union line—or I'll shoot 'em. Whatever you says goes, Helen," pleaded justice amid its perplexities.

"No, no, Dan! Tell me you won't kill 'em. I won't like you any more if you do."

"Well, I sure ought to, Helen. I can't have these yer hoboes comin' round here insultin' of my girl. Now you allow that's so, don't yu'?"

"Well, don't kill 'em, Dan; but I'd like to tell 'em what I think of them, though."

"Turn her loose, Helen. If yu' feel like talkin', just you talk. You're a woman, and it does a woman a heap of good to talk; but if yu' don't want to talk, I'll turn these guns loose, or we'll call the committee without no further remarks—jes as yu' like, Helen. It's your play."

The Captain felt that the three hoboes were so taken up with Dan's guns that Helen's eloquence would lose its force on them. He also had a weak sympathy for them, knowing that they had simply applied the low street customs of an Eastern city in a place where customs were low enough, except in the treatment of decent women.

While Dan had command of the situation, Helen had command of Dan, and she began to talk. The Captain could not remember the remarks—they were long and passionate—but as she rambled along in her denunciation, the Captain, who had been laughing quietly, and quizzically admiring the scene, became suddenly aware that Dan was being more highly wrought upon than the hoboes.

He removed his cigar, and said, in a low voice, "Say, Dan, don't shoot; it won't pay."

"No?" asked Dan, turning his cold, wide-open blue eyes on the Captain.

"No; I wouldn't do it if I were you; you are mad, and I am not, and you had better use my judgment."

Dan looked at the hoboes, then at the woman, who had ceased talking, saying, "Will I shoot, Helen?"

"No, Dan," she said, simply.

"Well, then," he drawled, as he sheathed his weapons, "I ain't goin' to trifle round yer any more. Good-night, Helen," and he turned out into the darkness.

"Oh, Dan!" called the woman.

"What?"

"Promise me that no one kills these boys when they go out of my place; promise me, Dan, you will see to it that no one kills them. I don't want 'em killed. Promise me," she pleaded out of the door.

"I'll do it, Helen. I'll kill the first man what lays a hand on the doggoned skunks;" and a few seconds later the Captain heard Dan, out in the gloom, mutter, "Well, I'll be d——!"

A more subdued set of young gentlemen than followed Dan over to the railroad had never graced Alkali Flat.

Dan came back to his faro game, and sitting down, shuffled the pack and meditatively put it in the box, saying to the case-keeper, "When a squar' woman gets in a game, I don't advise any bets."

But Alkali Flat saw more in the episode than the mere miscarriage of justice: the excitement had uncovered the fact that Dan Dundas and Helen understood each other.

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AN INDIAN JEWEL

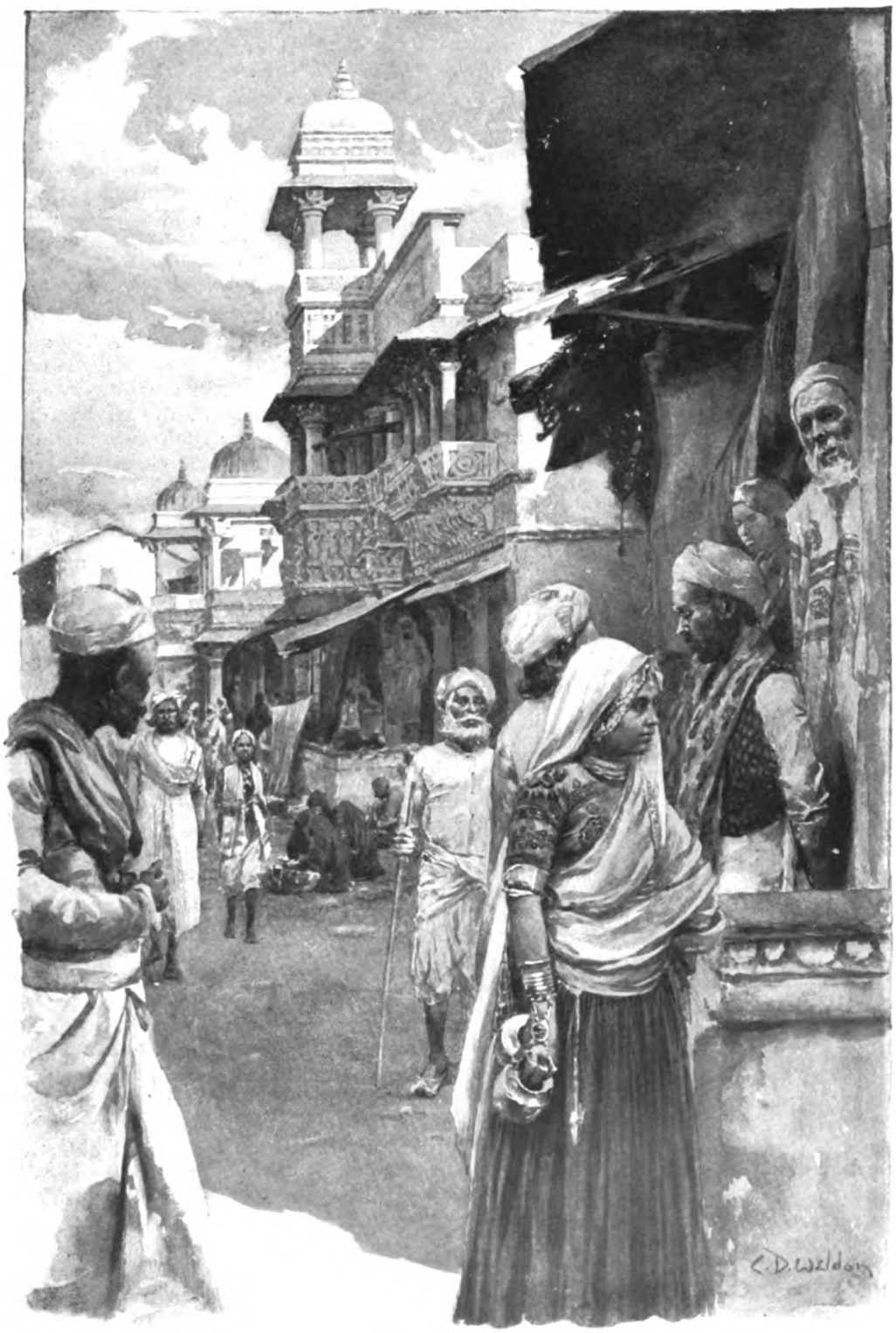
BY JULIAN RALPH

OUT of the myriad Indian cities I picked Oudeypore as the one most likely to yield the truest view of native life unaltered by time and English rule. Those who counselled me to do so argued that it was out of the tourist path, unconnected with other points by rail, and is the capital of the Rajput or native state of Mewar, whose ancestors alone successfully resisted conquest by the Mohammedans. When at last they acknowledged the suzerainty of the Great Mogul they, solely among all the native rulers, avoided intermarriage with the invaders, and therefore are called the only pure-blooded ones among the Indian princes — a boast which, to the Hindoo mind, is the proudest that man can make. Although Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks had visited Oudeypore five years ago in order to write one of his brilliant papers on India for *Harper's Magazine*, I still determined to go there, because his interest took a widely different turn from mine, and because where the whole world has roamed for centuries, I counted myself fortunate to find that the loveliest and richest point of all had been seen by but a few hundred strangers. Only thirty-six foreigners went there last year, but that was so many more than ever went there in any other season that the manager of the railway at Chittor, on the route, spoke of them as "coming with a rush."

When I saw the City of the Rising Sun I did not know that it epitomized all that we credit to India—all its glory of color, its wealth of ornate architecture, its pomp of the few and swarming of the many, its halt for rest at the flood of a former high tide of human progress. I found that out afterwards when I had gone over the beaten track of the sightseers and had everywhere found bits which suggested the thing that Oudeypore symbolizes, but nowhere else the full essence treasured in one receptacle—in one tiny vial cut out of a jewel, if I may say so — as at this shining white pearl among cities. The father of the present Maharana favored the construction of a railway to this capital. The present Prince falters between supporting and opposing the completion of the line, which already runs its trains to within five miles of his capital. He may not value my advice, and it may come too late, yet I make bold to say that as a soap bubble, which is the most beautiful object man is able to make, is shattered when it touches a foreign substance, so will his iridescent glory and the fragile casket which contains it lose their best charm when the cry of "All out for Oudeypore" sounds upon the scene. When the idle mob of souvenir-collectors, which now attacks even the Taj Mahal with hammers in its hands, roams through his fairy-land palaces, they will be as the hand of time, which no man can turn back. With them will come, swarming, the frivolous, irreverent, and godless, and what then will seem his all too petty state? His jewelled elephants, his princelings trapped in gem-littered silks, his rainbowlike pageants, his nobles and warriors with lustrous barbered beards and curving swords—all these, so wondrous to the few who see with understanding, will be mockingly compared with Barnum's Show in that near day. The glory of Mewar will shrink into a shell, and next that will disappear as if it were tossed into one of the beautiful lakes made by the Prince's great ancestor. Those of us who have seen this Oriental exquisite among cities will weep; the others must go to books and read of it.

At Debari Mr. Weldon and I found ourselves in a great concourse of people so strange that for the first time we thought ourselves alone in India. Our train had come and was about to depart again, packing into one hour the two great events of the day. The place had no house but the station. It was a characterless depression among bare brown hills. There, for the moment, the natives were crowding with their camels, their asses, their wagons, the splendor of their silks, the gayety of their

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A STREET IN OUDEYPORE.

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colored cotton cloths; with their swords, their swart beards, their piercing black eyes, their half-naked bodies, some with swelling bosoms in bright vests which fitted them like moulds. Yellow dust rose between the moving groups, and lurching camel-riders swayed above them. A noble's son, arrayed like the most splendid orchid, swept through the crowd with head thrown back, followed by his servant—a mere boy, yet with mastery in his clear cold eyes and pleasure and cruelty in the set of his thick curling lips. To us every object was strange. To every one else we were even more peculiar. There was a railing beside the station platform, and through this we passed, to find ourselves amid another crowd of Indians, as nearly unaffected by our civilization as any whom we were to see. On colored rugs spread



A STREET MUSICIAN.

out upon the ground many were squatting, while around them was a multitude of two-wheeled ox-carts covered with bent tops of straw, beneath which were seated women of a better than the commonest class, in gossamer silks whose hues rivalled those of garden flowers. These women looked at us whenever we were not looking at them, but so managed their veils that we could never catch other than fleeting glances at their faces. "It is generally an act of charity for them to hide their faces," the railway manager told us, but I am not sure that he was right.

For our first meal of the day, or "little breakfast," we were taken to a tent whose inner walls were stained yellow, and bordered at top and bottom with broad designs in stencilling, while the doors were hung with those blinds or mats of fine lattice upon which wet cloths are sometimes hung to cool the air which passes through them. Tea and delicious toasted wheaten cakes made our breakfast; and then, in a white-topped vehicle like a carryall, drawn by four horses, we started for Oudeypore upon a road which was as well constructed as any "pike" in New Jersey.

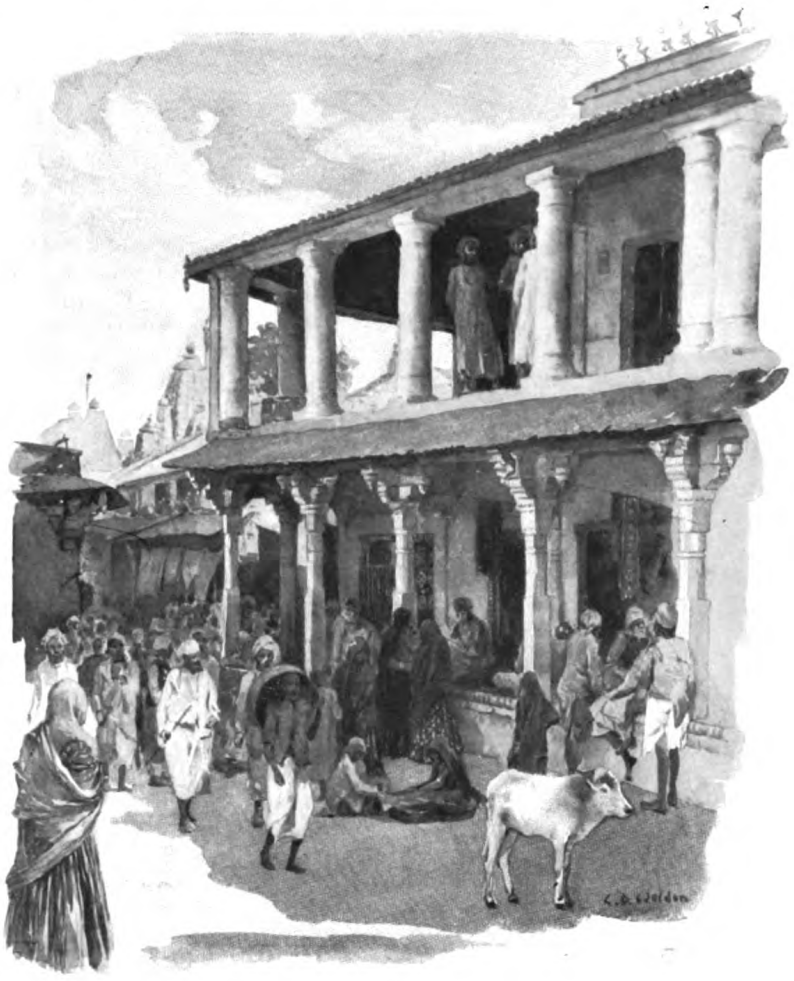
It was a staring gray course, bordered on both sides by tall and thickly massed cactus-plants, and cluttered with natives trudging softly and silently along. Camels which, like all their kind, looked as if their burdens chafed their souls rather than their backs strode past, bearing armed men, women, and babies, or bales of goods. On farther we came to an immense and ancient battlemented wall built down one slope and up the other at a point where the hills came close together. Its only opening, in the middle, was the door to Oudeypore. Beyond this we came upon a camp of work-folk, who were building the extension of the new railway, and saw with surprise that even at such heavy labor whole families are employed in the bread-winning. By means of large baskets the women and children were carrying away the earth from a great cutting. Tiny shops, which were mere holes framed around with mud, had been established there for the sale of rice and cakes fried in fat, and of clothes. The next landmark was one of those institutions which make the prettiest and most interesting breaks in the routine of travel in all old countries. It was a well—in this case a basin of massive white masonry raised above the road-side, and surmounted by a throng of men and women, often nude to their waists, drinking, washing, and filling pots of brass or jars of earthen-ware with the precious water.

"See the elephants!" Weldon cried, with the eagerness of one who had seen

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but few of these great beasts where many had been looked for.

Surely, advancing toward us were four of the mammoths, all of uncommon great size, and one of greater weight and height than the late lamented Jumbo. They swung along with wide, easy strides, each one a cloud of flesh as round and light to the view as a heap of feather beds. Their backs were covered with sacks, tied on as we fasten furniture to a cart. In addition to these heavy loads, which seemed as nothing to them, were bevies of passengers—six, eight, or ten on each beast's back. These elephants had no harness or trappings of any sort, nor any fixtures except their navigators, one of whom sat on each beast's neck like a doll, steering each bulging, rolling mass with a short harpoon. Their bodies swung to and fro like boats laboring in a sea. Now one breathed with the noise of the exhaust-pipe of a steam-boiler, and next another one pinched up a pint of dust and blew it between his legs. They were a few out of the Maharana's stable, being sent to the lakes to keep cool through the hot weather. "Get out of the way!" our driver shouted, as if they were no better than sheep to him, and they swung meekly aside and under the trees, tossing their trunks from side to side, and snorting with a sound which only bellows of the same size could produce. We bent far back and looked up to see the passengers on their backs, and when all had passed by and we stared after them, the last great beast blocked the view of the road.



SHOPS AND A POLICE STATION.

I have never seen and cannot imagine a city more beautifully situated than Oudeypore. It looks as if it were cut out of statue marble, and it lies beside a blue lake in a valley rimmed by purple hills. In the lake two palaces of marble, rising sheer from the water, suggest two white swans at rest. If Constantinople, which I have never seen, be not more beautiful as viewed from its water-side, then there is not in Europe or Asia any place to compare with Oudeypore. It is walled, and when you pass through one of its gates you step back a thousand years. Though its ruler acknowledges the overlordship of Britain's Queen, there are no English there except the Political Resident, and there is nothing foreign in use

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A MEWAR POLICEMAN.

or in the shops except a few cheap and nasty imitations of jewelry made for the coolies by the Germans, and a few colored cottons made in England. Just as there could be no place farther from Madison Square, so there could be no place more different.

You might imitate its effect upon the eye if you had sufficient chalk with which to build a replica, but you would be obliged to employ a thousand architects with original tastes, for no two houses in the city are alike. It seemed to me, as I rode through the city again and again, that no two buildings are of the same height or width or shape, much less are they of the same pattern. The streets are narrow and twisting, but are wider than one sees in the cities of China, Japan, and Turkey. There are no pavements. The ever-swarming populace fills the road, and the shops on either side are like doorless cupboards, for the walls have never been built in front of the first stories of the buildings. As is the rule in the Orient, one sees the artisans at work, making whatever they have to sell, the merchants and brokers lolling or sitting on rugs on the floors of their little cupboards, the naked children and industrious wives in the shop fronts, with one eye on the passer-by and the other on their work. The first glimpse we got as we entered the gate was of such a scene, where the shops were but a single story high, and the roofs served for men to loaf upon and look down on the multitude in the street. Farther along, a heifer was kept on a shop roof. Presently we saw that such low houses were rare, and that most of the buildings were two and three stories high, with upper balconies and bay-windows, made of panels of stone lattice so finely cut sometimes as to suggest lace-work. The buildings which rose straight up with flat fronts were never bare, but were decorated with pilasters, half-columns, carved panels, or other ornaments. Wherever there were shops, the stories above were generally supported upon strong columns with elaborate capitals, between which flat stones were projected out and down, at an angle of forty degrees, to shade the shops, as we use canvas awnings. Wherever there were old houses deserted and ready to tumble down, one saw relics of ornaments as rich as any of the newer ones boasted.

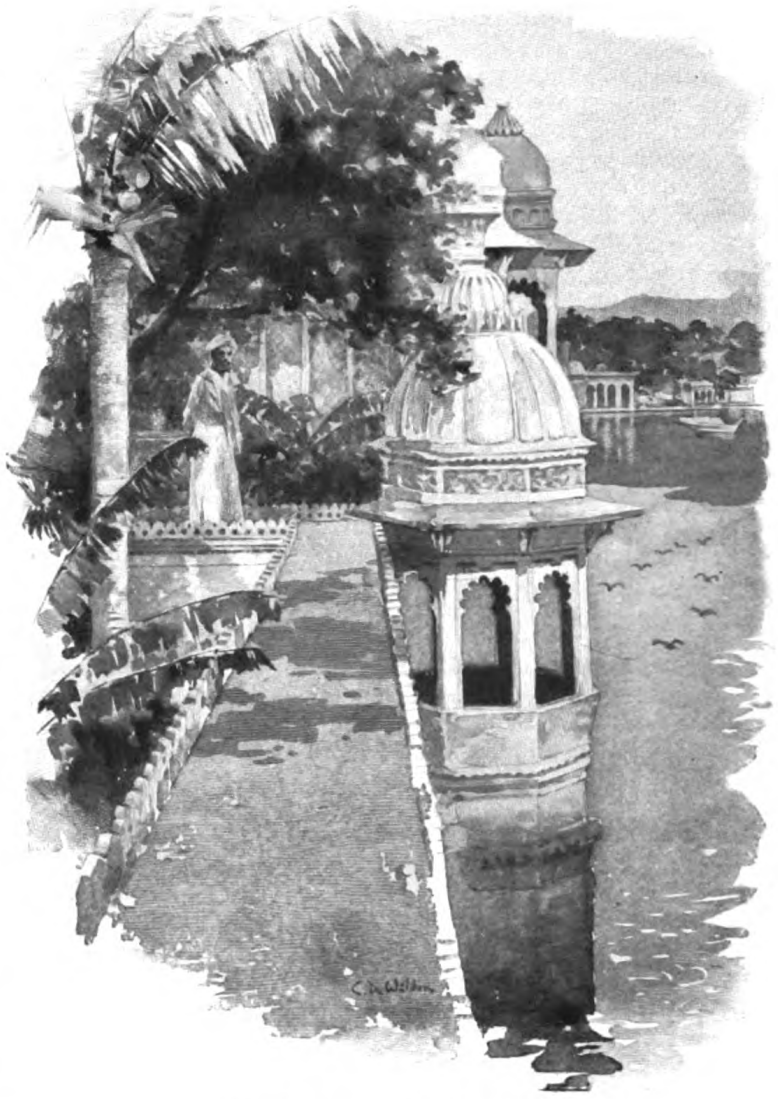


A WATER-CARRIER.

Now you can begin to imagine Oudeypore, all white, formed of such houses, with here and there a great temple made of masses of carved work, or ornament piled upon ornament. Imagine all this enclosed by a battlemented wall and moat on one side, by a lake

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resembling a sheet of turquoise on the other, and the whole dominated by a palace of enormous size and of immaculate whiteness. Imagine humanity so thick in the streets that one cannot figure how the people ever tuck themselves away in the houses. Among them fancy the beasts of burden threading their way along with much patience and by devious courses —asses so small that you could put an arm under one and carry it away, oxen no larger than some of our St. Bernard dogs, elephants like London omnibuses (at least they compare with the size of the houses beside them as 'buses do with London houses), and now and then a line of camels, each carrying as much hay as we would load on a farm-wagon, buried in their burdens, with only their feet showing underneath, or their steeplelike hind legs appearing, to suggest that in India the hayricks develop limbs and go to market and sell themselves.



A CORNER OF A WATER-PALACE.

I have omitted from the picture both the sky and the smells. The sky, then, is colorless but luminous, cloudless, blinding, as if it were made of flame turned into atmosphere. The odor of the city is that of the Caledonian Road in London, of Chinatown, San Francisco, of any place where human beings swarm and fry fish and other food in fat.

I missed the beautiful lanterns with which the Chinese profusely ornament all their shops and places of public resort, and when I had been longer in India I more and more realized that this was but one of a thousand signs of the desperate poverty of the Indian masses, who are the poorest people among whom I have ever travelled. They may like lanterns as much as other Orientals do, and perhaps they would enjoy tea-houses and theatres, ornamental pleasure-grounds, pictures on their walls, and pretty, or at least comfortable, furniture, but the mass has none of these dispensables in any city I visited. I could see few of the evidences of superstition which leads the Chinese to build toy forts of parapets and beer-bottles on their roofs, by which to terrify evil spirits, and *feng-shui* walls before their doors, so that the demons of the air, who cannot turn

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corners, may not get into their houses. It would be pitiful to think that worldly poverty had developed a spiritual niggardliness in these all too human tendencies, yet the only objects I saw which remotely suggested the Chinese habit were the brilliant paintings in crude colors and skeleton outline upon the walls between house windows and beside shop fronts. These always pictured elephants, horses, or tigers in full flight, usually with a man fleeing before the animal, and another man riding it if it was an elephant or horse. Whenever I asked about them I was told they were ornaments, except once, when a Hindoo said that a certain one of these pictures to which I pointed symbolized "power." How much more or what else they signified I do not yet know.

The men of Oudeypore were unlike any that I had seen in the country. The soldiers, the police, and the majority of the men in the streets were above the average stature, slender of build, and of proud bearing. Their features were sharper, finer, and more regular than those of the round-visaged and flat-nosed folk of Bombay. They had large staring eyes, sharp noses, and chins which lengthened and narrowed their faces. This was only noticeable in the women, lads, and youths, for the men hid their chins under beards that were all parted and combed out from the middle. I often saw them with both hands in these jet adornments, pulling each handful of hair away from their chins to make the two halves grow asunder and curl at the ends. The fierce Sikhs, who gave as much trouble to the English as these men of Mewar did to the Mussulmans in earlier days, also grow their beards in this same way, and brush and comb them until they shine. This also gives them more of the appearance of the hair of the head than any other beards I ever saw. They are handsome beards. There is a man in the body-guard of Lord Sandhurst, the Governor of Bombay, who has as much hair on his chin as an American football-player carries on his head, and it is so lustrous and well kept that it makes him appear the finest dandy in the city. In Oudeypore many of the men cultivate whiskers as well as beards, and when all this hair is pulled or combed straight out around the face, the effect is the same as in the pictures the Chinese make of their gods. I was told in China that there they used to wear beards and whiskers "the same as the gods" before the Tartar invasion. Now that I have seen hundreds in Oudeypore whose faces look like the hubs of so many wheels of hair, I can believe that the custom may have extended deeper into Asia.

The Oudeypore men wear very little jewelry. Occasionally one is seen with ear-rings, and more often with a finger-ring or two, but their rule appears to be to leave this relic of savagery to the boys and women. The older boys wear ear-rings, and lads of twelve or fourteen are often seen with necklaces, bracelets, and anklets. If all the silver that the women wear were to be melted and heaped in one place, it seemed to me that it would add another hill to their country. The poorest as well as the wealthiest load themselves with ornaments, and none appear to be so badly off but that they are able to sport at least a little silver in the form of jewelry. Their homes may be bare, their lot in life may be to work like the dogs in Holland, but silver they will have, as if it were the only way to mark their sex. They even wear toe-rings, and in such numbers that the four smaller toes of each foot are covered with them. These may be mere bands, or they may be balls of carved or moulded metal half an inch thick. Of finger, arm, and leg bracelets the coolies wear as many as they can get, which sometimes means as many as there is room for on their bodies. These bands frequently cover their entire forearms, and then begin above their elbows, and are massed together up to their biceps or farther. They wear anklets and leg-bracelets in equal profusion—one necessarily, forty if they can afford them.

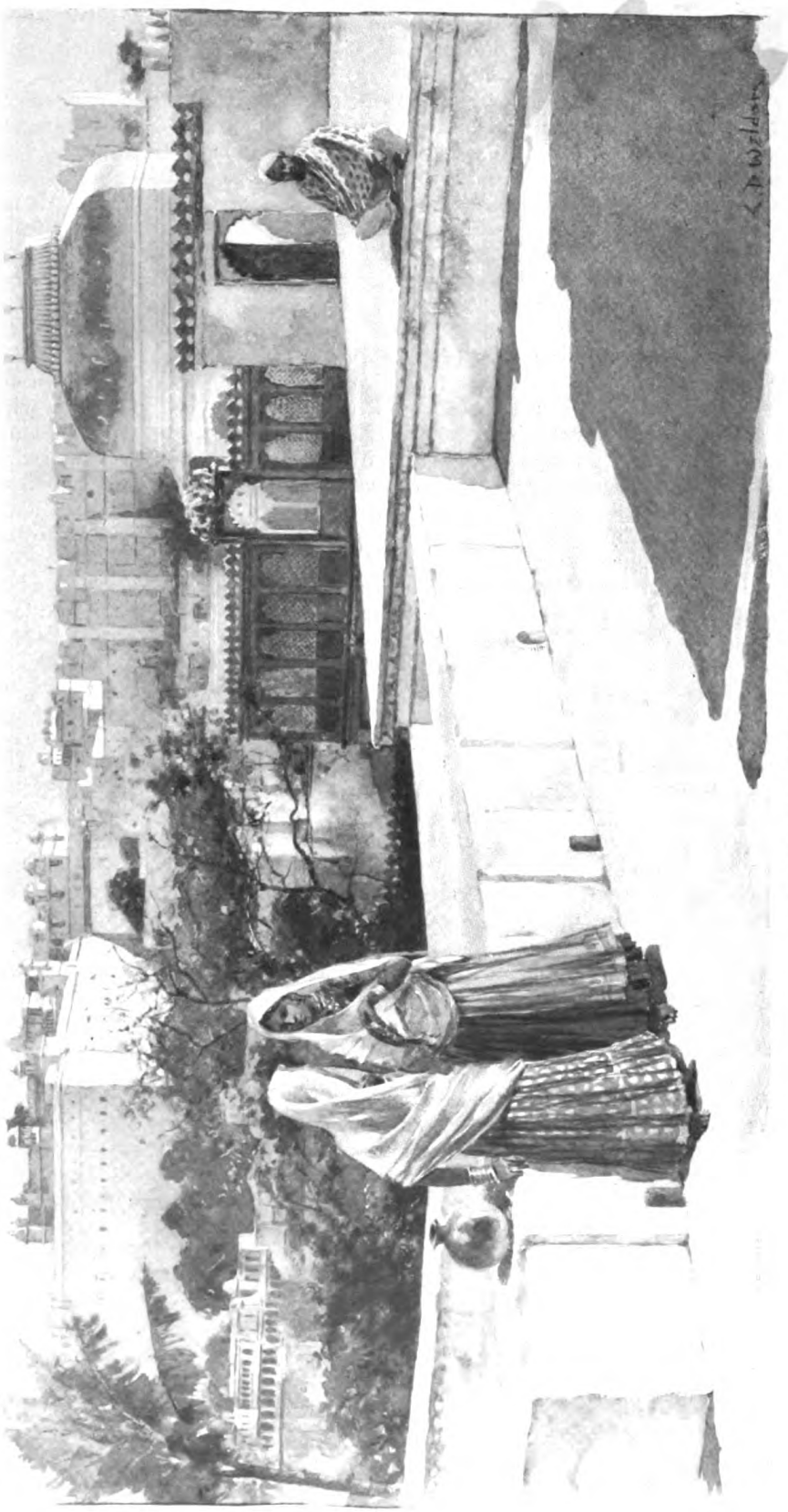
To be precise, and to illustrate what I say with a specific case noticed among the poorer women of Oudeypore, I will speak of a working-woman who lived in a cabin behind our dâk bungalow, and was evidently the wife of one of the bungalow attendants. It is always the wives, by-the-way, and not the maidens, who have such stores of jewelry. Her smaller toes were decked with rings of silver made by an ingenious arrangement of small movable knobs set close together. She wore a bracelet of the same design which was one of the most artistic and effective triumphs of the jewellers' art that I have ever seen. Upon her eight fingers she wore twenty-six rings. She

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carried on her left lower arm a row of many bracelets, mainly of silver, carved or plain, but with here and there a band of lacquer, either green or red or yellow. Upon her left upper arm she displayed a splendid circlet of links carved into the shape of muskmelons, each the size of a nutmeg. From this fell three chains, each five inches long, and terminated with a tassel of silver. This ornament was of the same weight as seven silver dollars. Upon her right arm she had fewer bracelets, yet enough for half a dozen women, in our way of thinking. Finally, upon her neck was a chain of silver of such length that, after it had been coiled several times around her throat, sufficient remained to fall in a double loop upon her bosom, where a heart-shaped silver charm of the size of a dollar or four-shilling piece finished both it and her scheme of display. Thousands of other women wore less than she; hundreds of poor women made greater displays. She had no nose ornaments, but these are common sights all over India. They are usually flowerets of silver for the poor, of gold for the rich. They are of about the size of the cuff-buttons our ladies use, and are not unlike them in design. They are not pushed through the skin of the nose, but are kept in place by pressing the side of the nostril between the ornament and its back, which is pushed a little way up the nostril or along the inside edge of it. Then, again, the woman whose ornaments I have described had on no ear-rings, whereas most women wear at least one on each side, and many like to exhibit three, one inserted above the other in the outer edge of each ear. Some of these ear ornaments are pendants such as our women used to wear, some are studs or buttons, and others are thin circles of precious metal. I have seen loops of this sort so large that they outlined the whole cheek against which they rested. Such very large ones are made of thin wire, as a rule, but are ornamented with pendants at the bottom.

It is necessary to remind the reader that here, as is the case over all India, the costumes are full of color, but it is in Oudeypore (and in Gwalior) that one sees the most striking and superabundant hues. The street scenes here are like looking into the eye-piece of a kaleidoscope. The complete costume of an Oudeypore woman begins with a little band or vest, which only covers the breasts and is intended to support their weight, as it does by means of its very short sleeves. It is fastened behind, and is never more than four inches broad in front, and two inches at the shoulders and across the back. It may be made of plain colored cotton, of gauze, or of the costliest gold brocade. Over this the very poor women wear nothing except a veil or shawl, and the bare space between the breast and the waistband of the skirt is quite freely exposed, as if it did not count. Those who can afford to dress properly wear a shirt which reaches to the waist, and over that a waistcoat like a man's. A skirt covers their lower limbs, and then a veil drapes the whole body and costume. All these garments may be of the daintiest silk, embroidered, bordered beautifully, or brocaded with silver or gold. Or they may be all of cotton, and purchasable for a song. Some of the skirts of the women are as simple as a plain petticoat at home; but others are works of art, and produce a bell-like effect—that of a bell of monstrous thickness. These stand well out from the hips, and, as they fall, curve outward until the thin ankles of their wearers appear no bigger, both combined, than the clapper of such a bell should be. These garments are so thick and heavy at the bottom that they beat cumbrously against the bare heels of the women. Fancy my surprise when, on examining those which Mr. Weldon purchased, I found that they were made of accordion pleating, and proved that this new fashion of a few years ago in Europe and America is almost as old as the history of woman's dress in the Orient. The simpler skirts were made of eight yards of material, but these pleated ones contained forty to fifty yards. They hang free of the legs and swing around when in use as if they were belted on a revolving hoop. What must be the pride of a belle who has twenty pounds weight in such a dress pressing upon her hips, and ten pounds of silver, brass, or glass on her legs and toes! Does any young woman at home smile at the idea? As I recall the young women I have seen in our cities, wearing bangles enough to rattle like a tin-peddler's wagon, I fancy that it may be possible that even they would like to wear just such a skirt and

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OUDEYPORE FROM A WATER-PALACE.

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mass of jewelry—for one night, I mean, at a fancy-dress ball; not oftener, of course.

The women are not such splendid specimens of humanity as the men. They have not the pleasing faces or the graceful shaping of the women in and near Bombay; but for modesty I rank them first among all the Indian women I have seen. Modesty is a comparative term, and has its differing conventions in different lands. In China the greatest difficulty was to see the women's hands; in Turkey they covered all of their faces except their eyes, and then flirted madly with those, or, as often happened when I looked at them, they covered their faces and then raised their skirts to their knees, as if their coquetry could best be manifested by their stockings. In India it is only their faces that they are forbidden to show, and one grows quite accustomed to seeing them go about with their stomachs uncovered—which, after all, is very little compared with what they sometimes do. But it was in Oudeypore that I found the most general and careful obedience to that Indian law of modesty which forbids them to allow a man to look upon their faces. Even the poor women at work followed the rule, often when it was difficult for them to do so. In the city we used to see long queues of women approaching and scanning us eagerly, but when they came up to us they were like nuns. Each had put up a hand to pull her veil across her face. When we came upon hundreds bathing, all but a few of the oldest widows turned their backs toward us. The better-dressed middle-class wives and maidens were met in lines, as our red Indians walk, each with a filmy veil of gauze—colored red or green or blue or pink—held before her face with her left hand, ready to be pulled back when she wished to look about, or closed when she was looked at. For a pleasing effect upon the stage, nothing could be prettier than this; indeed, if I wished to symbolize the perfection of grace and the quintessence of modesty, I would have it done by an imitation of the way an Indian woman uses her veil.

For fun, I tried on one occasion to see the face of a merry girl who was in charge of one of the Maharana's water-palaces in the lake at Oudeypore, and she gave me more of a task than I was able for. She carried several pounds of keys, which were mere slats of steel bent a little at right angles at the lower ends. She was all in red, like a flamingo—red shawl, red bosom-cloth, and cumbersome red skirt. She walked in leather which was also red, but it was that with which she was born, for she was barefooted. She led me along corridors, across courts, up staircases, and into balconies for at least an hour, and all the while that she guided me her hands were down, her shawl was blown about by the wind, and she was chatting and laughing with my servants, but whenever I came in front of her or beside her she was covered, or else she put her back to me. When I say that she was covered, I refer to her face. The foot of complexion between her little vest and the waist-band of her skirt did not matter, so she left it bare. Like all the women of Oudeypore, she stained both her upper and lower eyelids at the edges, so as to produce that effect which causes the uninitiated to say that they have the most beautiful eyes in the world. Even after one knows that the effect is artificially produced it loses little of its charm. It is a trick which does not become a white skin. The women who practise it in London always look the worse for it.

I do not suppose there is any real danger to a traveller in any crowd in India. It is only from thugs or fanatics, very infrequently met with in lonely places, that assault is to be feared. Yet one afternoon in Oudeypore there came one of those junctures to which the frequent traveller in strange lands must expect to grow accustomed, but which he need not be asked to enjoy. Mr. Weldon and I were in one of the Maharana's carriages, and were shopping in the main street of the city. Our bearer was at home, and our babu had left us to procure something of which we were in search. As we sat there the people came out of the shops to offer whatever they thought we were most likely to buy. New swords and daggers of ancient patterns, and shields shining with varnish, were the most plentiful among the goods they brought out, for Oudeypore appears to contain a mill for the reproduction of old-time weapons. When it was found that we would not buy these or the rudely made brass gods that were next produced, the street boys took to offering us tin toys made in England, bracelets of

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sealing-wax and of wood from Germany, and finally bits of steel and actual rubbish fetched out on purpose to insult us. The crowd laughed as we declined these offers, and we, having in mind how often good-nature had rescued us from ugly situations in China, made merry with them. Whether this plan will not serve in India I do not know, though I am certain the people there are not nearly as good-natured as the Chinese. At all events, it availed us little on this occasion. The hoodlums grew more and more insulting and boisterous, the crowd abetted them, and we were forced to drive on and keep our carriage moving, though we would give no one the satisfaction of seeing us leave either the neighborhood or the very block in which our tormentors had assembled.

On our second morning we drove to the gem of India, for, excepting the Taj Mahal at Agra, there is no such sight as Oudeypore's combination of city, palaces, and lake, which is best viewed from the water before the city. On the way we passed our first fakir, a black man wearing only a short cotton coat and a scrap of cotton on his head, and seated in the broiling sun by the road-side. These holy men and martyrs for religion or the adoration of the people are not at all uncommon. Travellers tell of wonderful ones among them. Some have held up their arms until they have shrunk and stiffened almost into bone, or have lain on beds of spikes for a quarter of a century. Some have held their hands clinched until their finger-nails have grown through their palms and out at the backs of their hands. Some have actually crossed India without standing up, by crawling like snakes, and plenty to-day are pretending to live without food or without money—which latter feat is not so difficult. We also met with a man whose forehead was whitened as if with chalk, but, learning that he was a leper, we did not detain him for even that polite trifle which the Irish call "the time of day." At Agra some very horrible lepers used to beg of us at the gate of our hotel grounds, and they were so shockingly repulsive that the first glance satisfied me they were not worthy of a second one. Again, we met in a crowded street a handsome young man of four or five and twenty years, who might, in another land, have been taken for an æsthete. His finely moulded face was covered with the same ashes or gray earth which the leper wore, but his long glossy hair fell loosely in waves behind him down to his waist. He was clad as Robin Hood or Rosalind might have been, in a well-fitting suit of butternut-brown. On his head was a conical cap to match his suit, and in his right hand he carried a rod or wand of polished steel. As he strode by, with the air of a noble or a soldier, I got a glimpse of rings on his fingers, and, I thought, of bracelets as well. "Is that a fakir?" I inquired. "No," was my babu's reply; "he is an ascetic."

Our four oarsmen bent to their blades, the patriarch, sent everywhere with us by our host the Prince, folded himself up like a jack-knife in the bow, and we sat on our cushions in the stern. A beautiful white bridge of five arches spanned the water before us — a graceful reach of masonry, which leaped from the splendid triple-arched water-gate of the city across to an immaculate temple on the other shore. When we passed under this bridge there burst upon my view the most spectacular, the most bewilderingly beautiful scene I have yet encountered in all my travels. It was such that I turned to my companion and exclaimed that I knew not how to do justice to it in words, and that if he staid and drew steadily for a year, he could but hint at its beauty in his pictures.

I was bewildered then; afterwards I was almost awed. That was when I had travelled past hundreds of yards of a palace far larger than the largest I had ever seen, after I had roamed through miles of elaborately ornamented courts, saloons, and passages in the Prince's water-palaces, and after I had seen how, in constructing these exquisite pleasure-houses, the costly handiwork of the masons and sculptors had hidden every vestige of nature beneath the terraces, pavilions, balconies, and ornaments of the fairylike structures. We speak of the riches and power of our millionaires, I thought, yet the wealth of the richest of them would be taxed heavily were it used like that which was poured out here to turn a desert valley into a lake, and then frame and even litter it with structures each room in which is a marvel of the genius of skilled men working in costly materials.

Beyond the bridge the lake expands to a width of half or three-quarters of

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a mile, and a length of a mile, if I may be allowed to measure by guess-work. Out of it rise two white palaces and a smaller building. The soft hills limit the distant view; the nearer sides bear the masses of white buildings of the city, and the mountainous palace of the Prince, rising in irregular white piles above its snowy terraces and water-side pavilions. As we entered the body of the lake we found the people bathing and washing their clothing on the great granite steps which form an imposing edge to one side of the waterscape. When the Hindoos bathe they embrace the opportunity to wash their clothing at the same time. It dries while they are bathing. Hundreds upon hundreds of men, women, girls, and lads were thus employed as we rowed past. We saw them washing the long cloths which they wind around their bodies, whipping the stone steps with them as we press ours in mangles, pounding them with clubs as women do throughout northern Europe, and finally spreading them out to make huge patches of red, green, blue, white, or yellow upon the granite steps above the bathers. Both the men and women kept themselves covered below their waists, the women using an under-skirt of cloth which reached to their feet. Only the children were naked. I remembered that once a Hindoo said to me: "We clothe ourselves from the waist down, which is proper and necessary. Above the waist, whether we are covered or not is a minor matter." The adults squatted on the submerged steps and drew the water up with their palms. For soap they used a peculiar earth which is found in many parts of India. They cleansed their teeth with something obtained from a species of trees, but I never had a chance to learn more definitely what it was. The women tied their hair up in a tight coil over their foreheads while washing. As I have said, they generally turned their backs as we approached.

Beyond the farther end of the line of bathers, cows and water-buffaloes were being led down the granite steps to drink and bury their hot bodies in the lake. At the other end of the line we observed that the noble stone terrace before the lofty and magnificent water-gate of the city was given up to women filling water-jars. Many of these jars were of a size to hold three or four gallons. They had some that were shaped like a conventional Greek jar, but were made of lustrous brass and copper. A very few were of earthenware, and strongly suggested the Aztec and later work of the peoples of Mexico and our Southwest. The women balanced two and even three of these pots on their heads.

On our return from a visit to the water-palaces we saw seven or eight girls in flowing terra-cotta-colored costumes, balancing brass jars, which flashed back the sun's glare. Their graceful figures and the red and yellow of their jars and dresses, as seen against the snowy water-gate, produced a memorable picture. For another very different background they had the tempest of voices of the bathers accentuating the more distant and softened babel of the town. In other parts of the Far East I have observed that the traveller can hear a city two miles away, smell it for three miles, and see it ten miles off. I will do India the justice to say that hers are the least odorous of Oriental cities. I believe this is because her people are more addicted to washing than most of their neighbors.

High above us in, rather than on, the walls of the city we saw a gallery or balcony in the garden of the court poet, a famous old minstrel whose home seems quite as good as his verses are said to be, but who has yielded to the truly Oriental inclination to deck his beautiful balcony with small sheets of looking-glass. The Maharana maintains a school for bards in the city, we were told, so that the laureate is certain to have a successor. We also found that the monarch employs a court painter, whose work we saw and whose portraits were uncommonly well painted. We were told that the painter receives the taxes of a village for his support. These amount to less than seventy pounds, or three hundred and fifty dollars, a year, but other villages support certain "priests to the throne," so that no accessory of royalty appears to have been overlooked.

The Maharana is a genuine monarch, properly hall-marked and decked with all that goes with kingship, regardless of expense. Since we were his guests we shared his pride in these adornments of his court and person. The more freely royalty entertains an American, the more he likes to feel that he is getting.

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BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

II.—THE OCCUPATION

WITH the conquest stage of Siberian history passed away the picturesque figure of the early pioneer. Rough but ready, and with a leaven of idealism to redeem much crude barbarity, the Cossack explorer had fulfilled his *raison d'être* once the limits of the new empire were set, and from thenceforth survived merely as an anachronism. As danger had been his element, so courage was his characteristic; enterprise and resolution had been developed in him by almost insurmountable difficulties; and it is but natural that these robust qualities should, in his successors, have disappeared with the necessity which called them forth. For the eager blood and hot imagination which nerve the adventurer to disdain hunger, thirst, and all hardship do not necessarily furnish the other kind of energy which is required for the humdrum toil of the potato-field. Another type—in many respects inferior—is required to carry on what the pioneer has begun.

Equally natural is it that the two types should not be mutually sympathetic, and it is therefore suggestive of the homogeneousness of the Slav people that the rough Cossack and his gentler successor, in spite of differences amounting almost to antagonism, should be possessed body and soul with the one ideal—Russia, Mistress of the World!

Representatives of the original Cossacks survive, however, to the present day at the outposts of the empire—wherever, in fact, colonization still goes armed—in stanitzas strewn along the successive high-water marks of Russian advance. The bitter dislike entertained for them by their non-military fellow-settlers is a natural result of the favoritism shown them as pioneers by the crown, especially in grants of choice land, and of the arrogance with which the Cossack asserts his privileged status. A much-quoted instance of the working of this feud is that of the Omsk railway station, placed at a considerable distance from the town. This public inconvenience is attributed to the greedy intrigues of Cossack proprietors of the intervening land, an indirect consequence of their manœuvres being that the baffled engineers—by way of revenge, it is said—have built the bridge over the neighboring river Irtysh for the exclusive passage by rail, leaving unfortunate foot-passengers to cross, as before, by a primeval ferry. The Siberian estimate of the Cossack much resembles Uitlander opinion of the Boer. His qualities as a pioneer are not disputed, but to the economic development of the country he is regarded as a mere hinderance—indolent, rapacious, and hating all forms of progress. Quaintly enough, this is much the opinion hitherto held by travellers of the Siberian himself!

The country inherited by the latter from his hardy forerunner covers an area twenty-five times greater than that of Germany. Of this huge dominion at least one-fourteenth is suitable for agriculture, lying in a belt traversing the country from west to east—a *ruban de terre*, as a French writer calls it—some 3500 miles long by 350 deep. It is through this fertile zone that the Great Siberian Railway will shortly run from ocean to ocean. Roughly speaking, Siberia may be said to contain five divisions, corresponding to the basins of its four gigantic rivers—the Obi, Yenissei, Lena, and Amour, each 3000 miles long—and of that of the Central-Asian Ili, which, though smaller, is even more important to the burnt-up region it waters.

Although of great potential wealth in minerals, the future of the country, so far as can be foreseen, is infinitely more dependent on agriculture and cattle-raising. Indeed, improved methods and communications are apparently alone required to place Siberia in the front rank of corn-growing countries; and, to look no farther, in the Celestial Empire she

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has a wealthy neighbor whose great deficiency in cattle it would take centuries to satisfy, once a demand had been created. The traveller to Siberia arriving from the west at once enters the very centre of agriculture in the old-settled governments of Tobolsk and Tomsk. The whole region—collectively termed "Western Siberia"—is one vast alluvial plain, only broken in its southeastern corner by the Altai Highlands—a rich mining region eight times the size of Switzerland, and the private property of the Tsar.

Far the greater part of this plain is covered by bog and forest, merging northward into eternally frozen, lichen-grown marsh-land. But an area remains—only four times that of the German Empire—which is suitable for agriculture. It is, indeed, almost a paradise for the peasant settler, escaped from the overtaxing, overcrowding, and over-surveillance of his Russian village. The climate, it is true, is slightly more rigorous than that he is accustomed to, but, in compensation, the rich black soil awaits him in virgin strength, and the lands adapted for agriculture are often alternated in ideal proportions with well-watered pasturage and forest. The "gifts of God," as he terms them, are supplied him without stint, and it is perhaps but human nature that he should use them without thought of the morrow.

The birch woods, so characteristic of the agricultural zone of Siberia, supply the primary requirements of the newly arrived immigrant. With the help of his axe—an essential item in the small outfit dragged or carried so many weary versts—he builds himself an *isba* of its rough-hewn logs, roofed with bark. Out of the birch he fashions his rudimentary implements—to last until he can purchase better from a *kustar*—a village of wood-workers; and on it he entirely depends for fuel. Once housed, he can safely await the harvesting of his own crops. The government grant he has received supplies him with a reserve of grain, and on this he can subsist, eked out perhaps by an occasional capercailzie potted in the cedar-trees, or a salmon netted through a hole cut in the ice of the neighboring stream. The skins of a few squirrels shot during the long winter suffice for the renewal of his travel-worn fur coat; or perhaps, if unusually energetic, he may join with a neighbor in trapping foxes, should they have been seen passing up the river on one of their strange periodical migrations.

At last the frost breaks up and the snows melt. For three weeks the much-dreaded *razputitza* renders all locomotion almost impossible for mud and slush. Then comes the spring—of those five months into which the settler must concentrate a year's labor. His simple implements are finished; the seed, on the preservation of which his very life depended, stands ready in undamaged sacks; and the black virgin soil, clear of snow and charged with fertile essences, awaits it. The true "gold of Siberia" lies at the peasant's own door. Plough-horses are the next essential, and the settler, for the equivalent of six dollars a head, obtains his pick from the nomad Kirghiz herds of the neighboring steppe. Half a dozen of these hardy little animals, a few milch-cows, and some sheep purchased at the same time make up a sufficient stock to start with.

Let us imagine that the season is a good one. The cattle thrive and fatten in the lush pasture, the crops of wheat and rye are heavy, and the settler sees himself, on the approach of winter, safe from immediate want. The gathered harvest more than suffices for his household needs, as well as for the following year's sowing. The ease with which fortune has come to him suggests no misgiving for the future, and, as the winter season allows of no field-work, the farmer is content to doze the long months through in his stifling *isba* over pipe and vodka-bottle, for all the world like a hibernating bear!

Next year luck is again with him, and without manuring or weeding, and with a minimum of labor, he again harvests heavy crops. His cattle and horses have multiplied, and he is now able to invest in some draught-horses from Tomsk, slower than those of Kirghiz strain, but of more power. His large surplus of grain he manages this year to convey in sledges to the nearest fair—to be thence distributed to Russia, to distant mining or non-agricultural districts, to the spirit-distillers, or for the supply of the Great Siberian Track, the highway to the East. In the course of a very few such prosperous years the settler becomes well-to-do. The virgin lands surrounding him will yield, with-

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out rest or manure, and perhaps with only a change, in course of time, from wheat to less exhausting barley, and from rye to oats, heavy crops for another twenty years. Indeed, there exist lands in the south of Tobolsk which have been tilled incessantly for a hundred years! The settler is able to pay off the government grant and to increase his land. His foals at foot, gambolling in the snow-fed pasture, promise good increase of draught-horses. The cows and goats give more milk than he can now consume, and after supplying his family, he is able to send his first lot of butter to market, with the proceeds of which he purchases from the Kirghiz a few of their special breed of *kurdiuk*, or fat-tailed sheep—an improvement on the light-fleeced Tobolsk breed, with which he has hitherto had to be content.

His flaxen-haired children playing round the farm, in orthodox red tunics, and each with a medallion of St. Vladimir or St. Paul round his neck, are one and all plump and rosy-cheeked. All points to a steadily rising tide in his affairs. No imaginative anxiety as to the future troubles his Siberian phlegm. The logs, it is true, have to be brought a longer distance now than when he first settled on the spot, but the woods behind still appear unlimited. His fields, no doubt, are gradually losing strength, but why labor to manure them when they can, at his pleasure, be abandoned for new? And as for the education of the children, the settler is himself too ignorant to even appreciate the advantage of it. In the country districts of Siberia, only one child in a hundred receives any schooling whatever.

Suddenly there "comes a frost"—a year positively fraught with disaster. As the cattle have hitherto managed to feed themselves throughout the winter by scratching away the snow from the herbage, the easy-going farmer has not troubled to make provision of hay. But the usual first snowfall of autumn is, this year, followed by rain, and that again by frost; and nearly the whole of his flocks, unable to pierce the hard-caked surface, starve before his eyes. The remnants suffer further loss in an unusually severe *buran*, or blizzard—swept over precipice and into snow-drift. To add to these misfortunes, when spring comes, the farmer, in his fear of autumn hoar-frosts blighting the almost ripened ear, is a day early in sowing, and the young shoots get nipped by a late spring frost. Or, when he has imagined his crop assured, the locust of the Kirghiz steppes, the dreaded *kobylka*, discovers and devours them. And finally, in the autumn, the *chuma* gives the *coup de grâce* to those of his draught-horses that have survived the other plagues. Under these repeated calamities his position changes rapidly indeed. There is no system of organized credit to help him, and although his whole district has suffered, no assistance is forth-coming from the immensely distant though neighboring government. Such is the want of means of transport that surplus in Tomsk cannot supply deficit in Tobolsk. Nor can the ruined farmer hope for any repayment in kind of the grain he has disposed of in prosperous years—except perhaps from the distilleries, in the form of vodka to drown his troubles.

With such risks to be taken into account, it is not surprising that, until recently, many a settler turned from agriculture to the more certain, if in some years less remunerative, livelihood to be earned on the Great Siberian Track. This was, until the coming of steamers and railway, the great artery of traffic between east and west. It employed tens of thousands of men and hundreds of thousands of horses. If the settler opened an inn, custom was assured to him from the continuous stream of travellers, prisoners, troops, and officials passing his door. Or he might earn a good and, what was scarcely less valued by him, a lazy living as a teamster. The chief imports from Russia, varying from millinery to machinery and from bonnets to bar-iron, passed that way, and he could return westward with a load of grain, hides, tallow, or skin-bound chests of China tea. The owner of a sledge and team of five good horses often earned, in the old days, as much as £25 for a two-thousand-mile trip from Tomsk to Irkutsk and back, occupying two months; and into the bargain was found in the keep of his horses. Having pocketed, and perhaps partially converted into vodka, the bargain-money for the trip, he could take his seat with a light heart on the forepart of the sledge, and, muffled in warm sheepskins, give himself up to vacuous enjoyment. But with steamer and rail-

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way competition sledge-freights have been cut down to nothing, and the population of the Siberian Track is gradually being converted to agriculture—against its will, however, and with many an anathema on the new railway.

The forms in which land is divided amongst the farmers are naturally very varied—in some districts there being more land than can be cultivated; in others, tillable land having to be created, by drainage or irrigation; in others, arable land preponderating over meadow, or forest over arable, and so on. All land, however, belongs to the crown, and is only held by the peasants in usufruct; though in certain parts of the country the areas are practically limitless, and the peasants claim rights "wherever hatchet, scythe, and plough may go." In others—*e. g.*, the villages of Tobolsk—a strict thirteen acres, and no more, is the allotment of each male. The average throughout Siberia is forty-eight acres per capita, male.

No uniform government survey exists. In some cases a general boundary has been fixed for whole *volosts* of 15,000 souls, leaving the peasants to use the land in common or divide it according to settlements. In other cases the government surveyors have marked out the lands of each settlement, or even of each group of villages.

In newly settled districts the *zaimka* is the form of division. Each farmer leaves the village at the commencement of spring for his own farmstead or *zaimka*. Here he lives throughout summer, only returning to the village for winter quarters. Around his *zaimka* he cultivates any land he chooses: the rich man, perhaps 2000 acres; the poor, 150. But there is no opening for envy, as rich and poor alike are free to seize any additional unoccupied land, and there is oceans of room for all.

Nevertheless, gradually all the good land gets taken up, more land is required by the increasing population, and the *zaimka* develops into the *volnaia* system. This is the communal system principally followed in Tomsk and Tobolsk. By it a man has right only to that land into which he puts his labor, and only for so long as he continues to cultivate it. Meadow-land grass, grown without labor, is free to the community; each peasant mows where he wills, but the hay belongs to him who cuts and makes it. Similarly, the forest is free, becoming private only when enclosed by a ditch, cleared of dead wood, or otherwise labored upon. Pasture is free, each member being allowed to graze his cattle on the ground set apart by the community for the purpose; but none may enclose a piece for his own sole use.

Such is the agricultural aspect of "Western Siberia," a country whose development has been much retarded by the fact that the Obi, its chief waterway—a noble river 3180 miles in length, and navigable throughout—flows north, at right angles to the trend of traffic, and, falling into the ice-bound Gulf of Obi, affords no practical communication with the markets of the world. But the Siberian Railway is now supplying the long-required stimulus.

Some slight hints have already been given as to the undeveloped moral state of the colonists. French travellers, in spite of the fond alliance, are particularly vivacious on the subject, and in view of the bias which their Russian sympathies may be supposed to lend, their estimate can be quoted without suspicion of unfairness. In general, the great Napoleon's famous dictum is confirmed: "*Grattez le Russe, et vous trouverez le Tartare.*" One modern Gallic traveller describes the Siberian race as indolent and apathetic beyond all imagination—even a French journalist's! Farther on he admits that Siberian sluggishness is exceeded by one thing—Siberian pig-headedness! But he adds that the spartan Siberian will forego every luxury rather than raise a finger to work for it, and concludes by declaring that Siberia is the only country in the world where the almighty dollar becomes impotent in face of the extraordinary *vis inertiæ* of the peasantry. All travellers—Latin and Teutonic alike—agree in further crediting the Siberian with having brought lying to the rank of a positive fine art.

It is perhaps M. Legras who most picturesquely voices the general opinion when, in the preface to his *En Sibérie*, he says:

> On ment avec délices, le plus souvent sans intérêt, par habitude, par désœuvrement, pour l'amour de l'art.

But this does not prevent the Siberian from being, like the Boer, extremely fond

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of quotations from Holy Writ when judiciously applied. As might, however, be expected, the texts hanging in pious profusion from his walls usually exhort to self-denial and abstention rather than to enterprise and effort. Accordingly, a favorite verse is, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven," or, as read by the disgusted traveller through the murky fumes and greasy darkness of a Siberian hostelry, "Happy are they who expect little, for verily they shall not be disappointed."

We have seen how the ignorant farmer beguiles the long winter hours. The pleasures of the rich mine-owner, though more expensive, are scarcely less boorish. The unique aspiration of the average magnate is the gross display of wealth, effected in true Oriental fashion. For—metaphorically as well as sartorially—the dress-coat he so much affects is no guarantee of irreproachable linen underneath; his mansion—which cost a fortune—is comfortless; his retinues of servants, dirty and inefficient; and of a stableful of horses, none is fit for his guest to ride. The generally accepted criteria of magnificence appear to be profuse libations of champagne. A cigarette-bowl, too, hollowed from a solid gold nugget, stamps the fortunate possessor a "Corinthian" of taste. Or the man of cultured aspirations may—and, if rumor does not lie, sometimes *does*—achieve refinement by having his sitting-room floor washed daily with French champagne. In fact, although the subject of it be 200 years old, Lord Macaulay's epigram is scarcely antiquated, and one can without much difficulty still imagine the Siberian grandee appearing at court "dropping pearls and vermin."

"Eastern Siberia," the second of the five great divisions, occupies, roughly speaking, the basin of the river Yenissei, and comprises an area equal to twice the combined extent of Germany, Austria, and France. In climate it is even less favored than Western Siberia, and one-twelfth only of its whole area is at all suitable for cultivation, the rest being forest, morass, and *tundra*. Agriculture has consequently, to a great extent, given way to cattle-breeding, and the proportion of domestic animals to man—a sure index of the industrial development of a country, or the reverse—is correspondingly high. Whereas, for instance, in Great Britain and Belgium the percentage of horses to human population is only five, and in the United States and European Russia but twenty-two, in Eastern Siberia it reaches the high figure of seventy-two.

Another indication of the changing character of the country is the increased proportion of natives, who, while rarely met with in the highly cultivated districts of Tomsk, in the Yenissei and Irkutsk governments form twenty-three per cent. of the population. Of these the greater part are Buriats, a tribe of cattle-breeding Buddhists, who migrated north in the thirteenth century, when Genghis Khan ruled supreme in Mongolia. Although subdued by the Cossacks two centuries later, after a protracted struggle, it is noteworthy that this people do not as yet show the usual native tendency to die out at Russian contact.

The principal mountain chain of the region is the Sayan, separating it on the south from China. One of the valleys in this range, shut in on all sides by high mountains, was known to most ancient times as the Irghana-Kon, and is celebrated as the cradle of the great Tiursk tribe, the nucleus of Central-Asian peoples. In another valley of the Sayan, guarded by Mount Khamar-Daban, lies Lake Baikal, one of the largest sheets of fresh water in the world, equalling the combined areas of Holland and the Duchy of Luxemburg. One of its many phenomena is a species of seal. Water-fowl frequent its shores in countless numbers, and gulls in particular are so numerous that its rocks are covered with thick layers of guano, which, when the Siberian farmer is eventually compelled to manure his fields, will supply him, it is estimated, for generations.

Frozen in winter, "the Baikal" affords a route for sledges. In summer steamers ply on it. No long interval elapses between the two, for in these countries the first ice-grip of autumn comes suddenly, and the story told in North China of the last Pei-ho steamer of the season being compelled, as she rammed her way out through the ice, to whistle a warning to the carts crossing her bow, is almost true enough to be good, and applies to Lake Baikal; for the track across the ice is dotted with booths and stations, and the traffic is often only cleared just as the whole surface is about to give way.

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The Yenissei, which waters this country, shares with the Obi and Lena the disadvantage of a northerly direction at right angles to the trade routes, but its embouchure is far more accessible than theirs, thanks partly to the action of the tail-end of the Gulf Stream in clearing the ice of the Kara Sea. Captain Wiggins of Newcastle has lately proved that a vessel can make Yenissei Bay in late autumn and slip away again before the ice closes in.

Larger than either East or West Siberia is the Yakutsk region, an inhospitable mountainous area of 70,000 miles square, arctic in climate, covered with impenetrable forest, morass, and polar *tundras* only fit for reindeer-breeding. Its waterway, the gigantic Lena—free of ice during only one hundred and sixty days of the year—is even less practicable for navigation than the Obi or Yenissei, falling as it does, into no gulf or estuary, but winding its way to the sea through an intricate maze of delta. The population of this miserable country is mostly native, and concentrated in the forest zone, at an average of six inhabitants to a square mile. In the polar *tundras* there are but six to each ten square miles. In such a region it is not surprising that the Russians, who have valiantly preserved their national characteristics even in Amour swamps and Kirghiz deserts, should have found the burden of local conditions too heavy for them, and have sunk—intermarriage aiding—to the brutish level of the natives.

Agriculture and cattle-breeding are in Yakutsk replaced by hunting, trapping, and fishing. The fur animals, gradually exterminated in the cultivated zone, are still abundant here. The white bear is sometimes brought on floating ice from its habitat in the polar islands. The brown bear and elk roam the forest; the sable is common, also the fox, and many other species. Commonest of all is the squirrel, of which the average hunter bags three hundred head in a season. In the pursuit of the large fur animals success is greatly a question of luck. The bear-hunter may make his hundreds of roubles in a few weeks, or he may wander through the forest the whole winter and scarcely earn the keep of his dogs.

There are no exact statistics of the fur trade, but some idea may be formed of its extent from the figures for the year 1892. These gave, for the whole of Siberia, a total of no less than 1,111,224 skins of 18 varieties of animals. The rarest enumerated were 4 tigers—shot perhaps in the reed swamps of Lake Balkash—24 black foxes, and 45 white polar bears. The commonest were one million squirrels, and 31,312 sables. The central marts of the Siberian fur trade are, curiously enough, not in Russia, but in London and Leipzig.

The fishing industry, though on a large scale, is unimportant, as the fish is mostly consumed locally—Siberian salting being too badly carried out to have created an export trade.

Of far greater interest than the Yakutsk mainland are the three "New Siberian Islands" off its coast. Traders in mammoth ivory and morse tusks reach them in sledges across the frozen sea, spend the short summer there, and return as they came, when the ice sets in. These islands hold the buried record of the whole organic world as it formerly existed in 75°–76° north latitude; the shaggy red-haired mammoth (*Elephas primogenius*), the rhinoceros, buffalo, musk-ox, and other extinct species, have here their cemetery; and trees allied to the temperate zone kinds, such as the elm and hazel, are here found fossilized.

The fur trade and minor industries cannot, however, suffice to the development of the "coldest country in the world," and the future of Yakutsk must depend, like that of the Klondike, on the development of mineral wealth. This, however, is a more or less remote potentiality, the precious metals being, as far as is known, thinly scattered over a vast surface.

The fourth great division of Siberia is the Amour-Littoral region, which includes the basin of the Amour and the whole coast-line from the peninsula of Kamtchatka to the island of Sakhalin. Of this the Transbaikal province is the corn-growing centre, enjoying a powerful sun, clear air, and an almost snowless winter. Here the rhododendron of the western ranges grows, together with the oak, elm, hazel, and wild apple of the temperate zone, and the wild apricot, dogrose, and tamarisk peculiar to this part of Siberia.

Along the Amour and Ussuri rivers the climate is less favorable, a general excess of moisture causing in the cereals a tendency to run to straw. So that Amour

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crops, though heavy, are, as a rule, poor in quality. Some districts have even to be entirely abandoned, on account of the "intoxicating bread" they produce, due to fungoid growths in the ears of corn. In these damper regions flourish the Manchurian cedar, the pitch-pine, and the yew, peculiar to the Caucasus, and indicating approach to the sea; the maple and ash, unknown elsewhere in Siberia; and a cork-tree, not met with in all Russia. The shrubs include a number of Chinese kinds.

Bordering on their own, these lands naturally attract many thousands of Korean and Chinese settlers, whose careful and intensive farming offers a contrast very unfavorable to that of their Russian neighbor. Ownership of fields may be told at a glance—the ones sown in mathematical rows, copiously manured, and scrupulously weeded; the others left to grow untended and choked with weeds. The Korean's principal crop is *buda* (*Setaria indica*), of which a couple of well-sown acres will support his whole family for more than a year.

Along the sea-coast north of the Amour the climate becomes execrable. The Kamtchatkan Peninsula is described as alternately "wrapped in fog, drenched with rain, and smothered by snow." The Sea of Okhotsk, though of the same latitude as the English Channel, is polar in its character. It is, besides, subject to "monsoons," caused by the rapid cooling and heating of land as compared with sea, in winter and summer. These gales blow with such force across the neighboring Stanovoi range that neither men nor pack-animals can stand against them. Of the stunted flora of this desolate land the most characteristic is a nettle, which is rapidly ousting all other vegetation.

Settled agriculture is out of the question, and the whole land is practically abandoned to the aborigines, who correspond in character to those of the north coast of West Siberia, and maintain themselves by fishing, trapping, and reindeer-breeding. Of these animals they own large herds, often in the proportion of six to each member of the tribe; and the reindeer is as essential to their existence as the birch-tree to that of the settler in the Southwest. While living it is invaluable as a means of transport, and when dead its skin provides clothes, its flesh food, its sinews thread, and its bones needles and knives. The natives also own numbers of sledge-dogs resembling the Esquimau breed. They are harnessed in teams, without reins or bridles. One dog, specially prized, and valued at nearly thirty dollars—a fortune to the Koriat—leads the way as guide. The others draw a load averaging one hundred pounds per dog, at the rate of some eight miles an hour. A peculiarity of these valuable animals is that they cannot bark.

How precarious is the existence of these wandering peoples is evidenced by the fact that they regard death from starvation as a natural ending, and, till comparatively recently, practised the filial duty of stabbing an aged parent to save him from more protracted pangs.

In vivid contrast to its climatic rigors, the coast of Kamtchatka is dotted with giant volcanoes, many in full eruption. The red glow of their craters on ice-pack and frozen cape, the torrents of boiling snow which scar their sides, the silent line of huge white sentinels standing with quenched fires guarding the arctic seas, all go to form an impressive picture of warring forces.

The development of land industries being hopeless, the economical future of this region centres in the vast sea industries of its coast. The Sea of Okhotsk and the Bering Sea have always been a favorite feeding-ground for marine animals, as they abound in fish, molluscs, crustaceans, and beds of "sea-cabbage." Specimens of the now extinct sea-cow—an animal weighing 50,000 pounds—were last killed on Bering Island in 1780. The fast-disappearing sea-lion also frequented these waters, with whales, dolphins, and seals in thousands, and cod, herring, and other fish in countless shoals. The chief spoils have, however, gone to the American whaling and sealing schooners—a contraband trade which the Russians have feebly endeavored to check by means of one or two patrolling gunboats. A Russian government report speaks of the crews of vessels they succeed in capturing "being always set at liberty without the exaction of any fine"; but the United States sealing skipper, according to Rudyard Kipling, unlike European governments, does not pay so much attention to what Russian officialdom *says* as to what it *does*, and keeps a sharp lookout.

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For life it is that is worse than death, by force of Russian law,
To work in the mines of mercury that loose the teeth in your jaw.

The fifth and last division of Siberia is the Kirghiz Steppe region of Central Asia. A third of its area of 25,000 square miles is mountainous, the rest barren steppe. Its principal chain, the Thian-Shan, consists of lines of snow-clad summits running parallel to the Chinese frontier. Their passes are rugged and attain a height of 13,000 feet. At the foot of these mountains, and extending to the Zailiisk Altai on the north, stretches a zone of fertile soil, brought down by torrents and watered from the melting snow of the peaks. It ceases, however, wherever the mountains descend below the snow-line, and is consequently of comparatively small extent. But it is eminently suited for colonization, and represents the cream of all Siberian arable land.

For the climate of this sub-mountainous zone is amongst the best in Russia; gardening is possible as nowhere else in Siberia, and even grape-culture. The flora is consequently rich, and includes some wild species of European cultivated plants, such as rye and hemp. In the arid steppe, however, there is practically no vegetation. A few trees—the ash, poplar, and willow—mark the courses of rivers, but the only characteristic plant is a dwarfed and crooked shrub with silvery foliage, on which camels browse.

But far above the burning steppe the Russian settlers have their homes—on rich soil, well watered from the snows. Above them, up the mountain, a belt of forest holds inexhaustible supplies of wood and fuel. Still higher are the cool alpine pastures whither the Kirghiz herds, kept to certain prescribed tracks as they pass through the Russian zone, wend their way for summer grazing. A comparatively mild winter offers no hardship, a long summer necessitates no hurried husbandry, in this the last and the best of all Russian colonies.

On the inaccessible Thian-Shan peaks roam the *kochgar*, the wild-sheep called after the old Venetian traveller, "Ovis Poli." The tiger of southern Asia reaches his northern limits in the reeds of the neighboring Lake Balkash. Wild-boars and Himalayan bears frequent the wooded slopes. The *arkhar*, another species of mountain sheep, is common. A great concourse of wild-fowl breed in the solitary lakes and rivers of the steppe. The pelican has here his habitat. Among the many beautiful species of Asiatic pheasants found in the sheltered valleys of the Thian-Shan is the hardy *Phasianus torquatus*, which, introduced into England some fifty years ago from China, quickly drove out the *Phasianus colchicus* of Asia Minor, and is now the predominant kind in English woods.

It was from these fertile slopes that the Huns migrated westward two centuries before Christ, and that successive irruptions of the Central-Asian populations have followed, some overflowing into the rich plains of China, while others, sweeping north or south of the Caspian, poured into Europe. Last of all came the great Mongolian wave of the thirteenth century, under Genghis Khan, which deposited the Kirghiz hordes far to the south-west, and the Buriats, as we have seen, beyond the Amour.

Once established in this half-way house, the Russians were masters of Central Asia.

If little notice has been taken, in this brief sketch, of the industries which might be expected to have assumed by this time an important place in the development of Siberia, it is because these are quite insignificant, and it was desired to particularly emphasize the agricultural and pastoral prospects on which the future of the country in reality depends. Some few remarks, however, must be made on the mining industry. Siberia is rich in all kinds of ore, but, practically, gold-mining has killed iron and the other forms of mining. Siberian gold-mining is only distinguished from that of other countries by its extremely antiquated methods. Machinery is conspicuous by its absence. It has all, it is true, to be brought from the Urals—which doubles and trebles the original cost—but in great measure the usual Siberian conservatism is to blame. The Amour mines form an exception, partly owing to the larger capital of the companies working them, partly to the dearness of horses in the region. The use of explosives is only gradually coming in, and experimental hydraulics have been unsuccessful.

But greatest of all the handicaps to the gold-mining industry is the draconian law which compels proprietors to sell every ounce of gold to the state, thereby

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opening a door to official peculation and abuses against which *they* are powerless.

A new era is, however, dawning for Siberia—the era of her full development. Improved methods; systematic conservancy of forest, fishery, and hunting-grounds; organized credit; communications; markets—will soon throw her, armed at all points, into the commercial arena. The gravity of the prospect can hardly be exaggerated.

And nothing prevents those interested from studying the problem on the spot. Siberia need no longer be a *terra incognita*. Even now, before the completion of the railway, travel is as riskless as in Europe or the United States. Delicate ladies have repeatedly made the journey from Peking to St. Petersburg; bathed in the elixir of steppe air, they have found "roughing it" invigorating rather than exhausting. And in Siberia a single lady can travel without the escort she would need in France.

The public impression of the hazards of Siberian travel has, however, been unavoidably influenced by the ridiculous heroics of certain travellers seeking cheap glory rather than information. Conspicuous amongst these is the lively Gaul. He feels obliged to play up to the photograph of himself in furs, which was the chief inducement to make the journey. Who, for instance, from this description of M. Meignan's, would imagine it was the "common or garden" sledge route across Lake Baikal that was referred to?

> Between life and death, between the air we breathed and the bottom of the lake, there was only one foot of ice. . . . Who at this distance could have heard our last desperate cry of anguish, at the moment when the ice, breaking under our weight, would open and then close over us forever?

The same author, having lost his way for a few hours in a snow-storm—not a very terrible experience in a well-covered sledge, with abundance of furs, victuals, and cognac handy — thus (naïvely, we think) describes his feelings for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen:

> We saw passing, in imagination, caravans of Kirghiz—from whom we were, in reality, not distant — and we fancied ourselves led prisoners into Tartary, in some wild lawless territory not yet brought under subjection; we saw also—but this time it was not a vision —five or six packs of wolves prowling around our poor beasts.

The Mongol, most harmless of men, is painted by this gentleman in no less vivid colors:

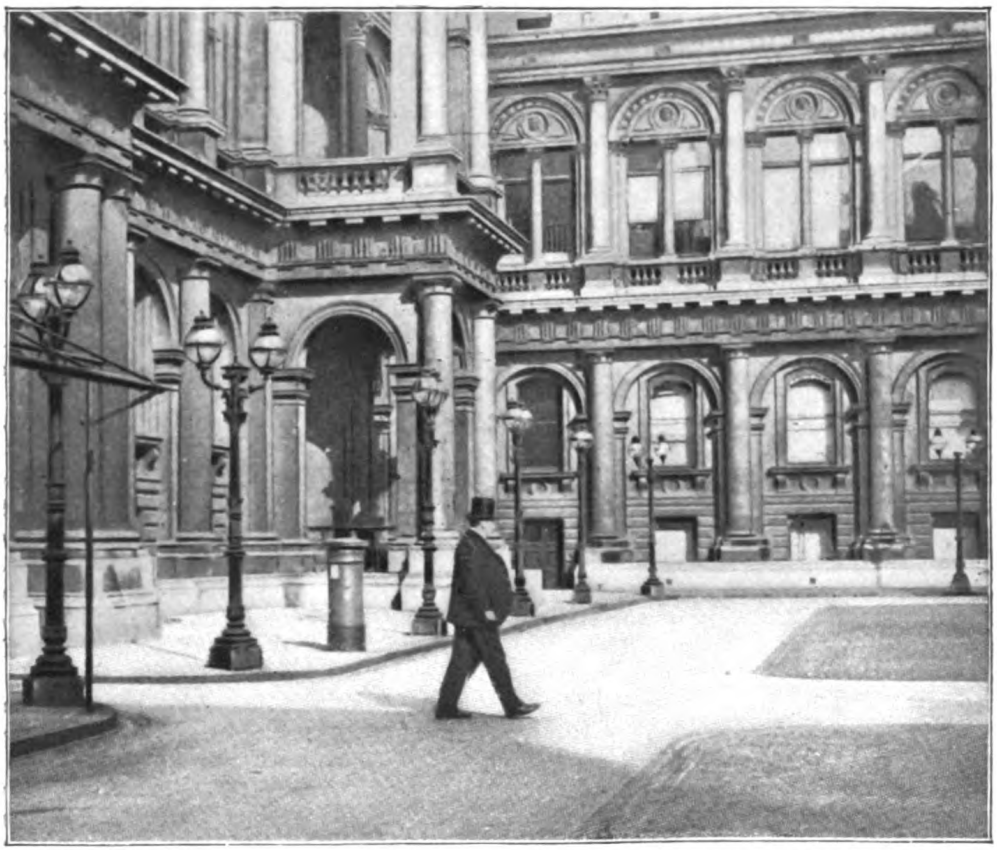
> Armed as formidably as they appeared to be, sometimes with a bow and arrows, sometimes with a musket bristling with a spike, and always with a murderous-looking knife, these savage-looking rovers were calculated to fill one with misgivings as to their pacific intentions.

Another French writer of the same kidney has to walk, unarmed, a mile home to his inn after dinner on a fine night. His Siberian host—in the sinister-sounding town of Krivochokovo, whose 11,500 inhabitants he assures his readers were, all of them, the scum of Siberia—does not order out the carriage at ten o'clock at night, consequently—

> What a whirl of thoughts! Rage, anger at my host, regret for my carelessness, good resolutions for the future—should I ever come out alive—then terror, and finally resignation to the worst. Must I detail my agony, my hesitations, my stumblings? . . . . I reached my room drenched with sweat, shaking with fever and fatigue, and collapsed, fainting, only conscious that I had spent an hour and a half. . . . [in a badly lighted street!]

Books written in this tone of heroic combatings with windmills do not give much helpful information as to the real Siberia now developing. Neither do dusty volumes of government gazetteers packed with geographical and ethnographical statistics; nor propagandist descriptions of exiles and Jews. The need of information is, however, urgent — of information neither too dry for mastication nor tantalizingly frothy. The awakening of a whole fifth of the world's area must necessitate no slight readjustments among the other occupants. And when, with the dawn of the twentieth century, the new challenger enters the world's lists, it will not do for the Anglo-Saxon to plead that he had had no notice of the jousts!

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The Colonial Office.

THE BRITISH SYSTEM OF COLONIAL GOVERNMENT

BY ARNOLD WHITE

TO describe the actual machinery by which modern England performs her task of colonial administration may be interesting to Americans—a people traditionally given to the examination of the details of government, who are accustomed to apply the utilitarian test to new institutions, and who have become responsible for a colonial empire. The new dominions of the United States may never be governed on Downing Street lines, but the history, evolution, and organization of the department over which Mr. Chamberlain presides can scarcely fail to offer food for reflection to the founders of a new colonial office at Washington, for it is reasonably certain that *some* new machinery will be required before the administration of the Philippines, Cuba, and Puerto Rico gets into full working order. The story I have to tell deals so largely with facts and details that it can only attract those directly interested in the good administration of the new American empire. I am told, however, that every American belongs to this class.

The Colonial Office, whose new home in Downing Street was first occupied in 1876, is one of the two chief nerve centres of the British Empire. The other is its neighbor—the Foreign Office. Its origin is buried in no distant past; it is a mush-

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room of recent growth, and only assumed its present form in the latter half of this century. In former days colonial business was transacted along with other affairs of state. During the earlier period of British history there is no mention of a secretary to the sovereign. Until the reign of Henry III., English kings transacted or bungled their own affairs. The earliest reference to the appointment of a great public officer to assist the crown in the administration of home and foreign affairs was in 1253; not until 1607 is the first actual use of the title of "Secretary of State" found in English archives. In the forty-third year of Elizabeth, Lord Salisbury's ancestor, Sir Robert Cecill, as the name was then spelt, was styled "Our principal Secretary of Estate." His coadjutor, John Herbert, was described as one of "Our Secretaries of Estate." Although the greater portion of the colonial empire is recent, Britain has possessed colonies since 1583, and Lord Salisbury's ancestor was concerned with colonial affairs. At the end of the seventeenth century, in addition to the New England colonies and South Carolina Britain possessed St. Helena, Gambia, the Gold Coast slave-trading stations, the Bermudas, Jamaica, Barbadoes, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. The affairs of these colonies were overlooked by the Secretary of State until 1768, when increased business, arising from the troubles in America, led to the appointment of a principal Secretary of State for the American or Colonial Department. This appointment was only maintained for fourteen years. When the colonial policy of George III. culminated in the independence of the United States of America, no further use was found for the principal Secretary of State for the American or Colonial Department; and, at the instance of Mr. Burke, an act was passed in 1782 ingloriously abolishing the office. At that time the two other principal Secretaries of State divided the duties of government between them, the one administering the "Northern" and the other the "Southern" Department. In 1782 the terms "Northern" and "Southern" were discontinued, and the present nomenclature was adopted of the Home and Foreign departments, the affairs of Ireland and the colonies devolving upon the elder of the two Secretaries. On July 11, 1794, after the series of the five great wars with France was well in progress, and colonies began to come under the flag, a Secretary of State for War was appointed, and the largely increasing business of the colonies, which hitherto had been carried on in the Home Office, was nominally transferred to him. For sixty years — *i. e.*, from 1793 — the business of war and the administration of the colonies were performed by the same minister, and an object-lesson on the intimate association between the departments of War and Colonies was thus given for two generations of our national life. Only in 1854 was the business of a Secretary of War separated from that of the Colonies. The Crimean fiasco liberated the Colonies when it was found that a great European war required the undivided attention of one whole minister. Mr. Chamberlain's predecessors at the Colonial Office from 1794–1899 have been in number forty-six; till 1854 they were Secretaries for War *and* Colonies. To make this brief description of the genesis of the Colonial Office in its present form completely accurate it should be stated that the French war which was begun in 1793 was managed by the Home Department, but the very next year Mr. Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) was appointed Secretary for War, and also nominally Secretary of State for the Colonies; but the departments of War and the Colonies were not *effectively* united until 1801. The British Board of Trade, which was formerly known as the Committee for Trade and Foreign Plantations, has ceased to have any connection with colonial affairs since 1794.

In the earlier half of the century control of the colonies was an appointment regarded with scant favor by ambitious politicians. The post of Secretary for War and Colonies was generally offered to and filled by men on their promotion who entertained but scanty interest in colonial affairs. When Lord Palmerston, for example, was appointed Minister in 1809 he is reported to have addressed one of the permanent officials on his first visit to the office in the following words: "Let us come up stairs and look at the maps and see where these places are." Later on, and indeed until the seventies, no Colonial Minister made any mark on his generation. "These places" have now become the hope and strength of the British Empire, and public opinion

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regards the Colonial Secretaryship as the chief place in the cabinet, with the exception of the Foreign Ministry and the Premiership. When, therefore, in the hot days of the last week in June, 1895, Mr. Chamberlain, who had already awakened the sleeping genie of British imperialism, with the pick of cabinet offices at his disposal, allowed his selection of the Colonies as the office of his choice to be publicly known, the electors were interested rather than surprised.

The Colonial Minister is one of five principal Secretaries of State, the others dealing with home and foreign affairs, India, and war. His task is enough to weary a Titan. He is directly concerned in the details of forty distinct and independent governments. In addition there are a number of scattered dependencies under the dominion or protection of the Queen which do not possess regularly formed administrations. The line of demarcation between the duties of the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the minister responsible for foreign affairs has never yet been accurately determined. For example, the British North Borneo Company, the Somali Protectorate, British East Africa, the Niger Coast, and the Uganda protectorates—and until recently the Royal Niger Company—remain under the supervision of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, while the Transvaal is the care of Mr. Chamberlain. Confusion, easily avoidable, arises from this method of dealing with different territories in Africa, and a considerable body of expert opinion has recently arisen which thinks that a Secretaryship for African affairs should now be created for the same reason that a Secretaryship for India was appointed in 1859.

In addition to the forty distinct and independent governments for which Mr. Chamberlain is responsible to Parliament, there is the Chartered Company of South Africa, a body which of late years has provided enough work for any ordinarily intelligent and industrious Secretary of State. Of the forty administrations to which reference has been made, eleven have elective assemblies and responsible governments. The remaining twenty-nine are under the more direct control of the Colonial Office. Colonies with responsible governments appoint agents-general, who live in London, and who are, in fact, ambassadors of the young nations. No small part of the duties of a Colonial Secretary consists in negotiating and conferring with these ambassadors, whose growing influence dates from the first colonial conference of 1887. Few important decisions affecting the empire are taken without consulting them.



DOWNING STREET.
The Foreign and Colonial offices are on the right, and the house of the First Lord of the Treasury on the left.

The constitutional position of the twenty-nine administrations for which Mr. Chamberlain is directly responsible may be divided into three categories. First, the four colonies or possessions which have no Legislative Council, namely, Gibraltar, Labuan, St. Helena, and Basutoland. Secondly, the sixteen colonies where the Legislative Council is nominated by the crown—that is, by the Colo-

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RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, AT HIS DESK IN THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

nial Secretary. Thirdly, the nine colonies where the Legislative Council is partly nominated by the crown. Cyprus, which is not a British possession, but is legally subject to the Sultan, is also administered by the Colonial Office.

It will thus be seen that the duties of the Colonial Minister, if efficiently performed, involve not only the possession of great business ability, but also the assistance of a highly trained and competent staff. The necessity for a separate staff for the administration of the colonies and the assistance of the Secretary of State came home to our rulers in 1794, when the first part of the great French war, which added to the debt £226,000,000, gave Ceylon and Malta to the colonial empire. When the second part of that war ended — which further raised the debt by £277,000,000, adding Tobago, St. Lucia, Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice to British dominion—the position was somewhat similar to that of the United States today, where, in addition to the work connected with foreign affairs, the Secretary of State has become responsible for a new set of American possessions.

The assistance authorized by Parliament to the Secretary of State for the Colonies is as follows: The Parliamentary Under-Secretary, who must sit in one of the two Houses of Parliament, holds an office constituted in 1810. With the exception of the seven years from 1815–1822, this appointment has continued ever since. If the Colonial Secretary is in the House of Commons, it is usual to appoint a peer as Parliamentary Under-Secretary. This is the case in the present administration, where Mr. Chamberlain is aided by the Earl of Selborne, whose career as a statesman destined to high office began on the day when he assumed the representation of the Colonial Office in the House

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of Lords. In addition to the office of Parliamentary Under-Secretary, an Assistant Under-Secretary was appointed in 1847; a legal adviser was added in 1867, this functionary being made an Assistant Under-Secretary in 1870; a third Assistant Under-Secretary was appointed in 1874; while two years ago a new post—that of Assistant to the Legal Assistant Under-Secretary—was created. The whole of these high officials of the Colonial Office are staff-officers, selected under the patronage of the Secretary of State. The subordinate administrators consist entirely of highly educated university men, who are appointed to the Colonial Office after being tested by the severest examination to which the intellect of our public servants can be subjected.

The establishment of the Colonial Office thus consists of:

The Secretary of State.

A Parliamentary Under-Secretary.

A Permanent Under-Secretary.

Three Assistant Under-Secretaries.

A Legal Assistant.

A private secretary to the Secretary of State, with three assistant private secretaries.

A Chief Clerk.

Twenty-four principal and first-class clerks.

Twenty-nine second-class clerks.

A large staff of copyists, who, by-the-way, are lady type-writers.

Messengers and temporary writers.



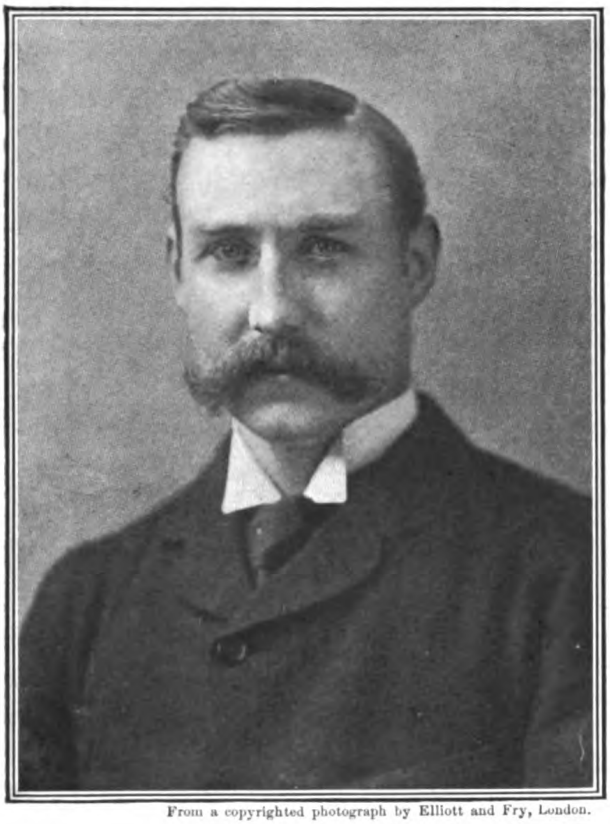
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SIR ALFRED MILNER.

Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa.

The four private secretaries of the Secretary of State fulfil various and important functions. Mr. Chamberlain's principal private secretary is Lord Ampthill, whose seat in the House of Lords is one of the least of his distinctions. He was president of the Oxford Union, stroke of a winning crew in the university boat-race, is the son of a distinguished ambassador who represented his country in Berlin, is a cousin of the Duke of Bedford, and is highly qualified by education and training for the delicate and responsible functions devolving on him. Another private secretary of the Secretary of State is the Hon. J. H. Cochrane, M.P., whose duties specially relate to the work of the Colonial Office in the House of Commons. In former days a private secretary to a minister had little to do beyond assisting his chief to get into his top-coat, to give a pleasant turn to refusals to unwelcome or unnecessary callers, and to present an effective barrier between the minister and inquisitive or undesirable would-be interviewers. Times have changed since Lord Palmerston first discovered, on his appointment as Secretary for War, the geography of the empire. The private secretaries of

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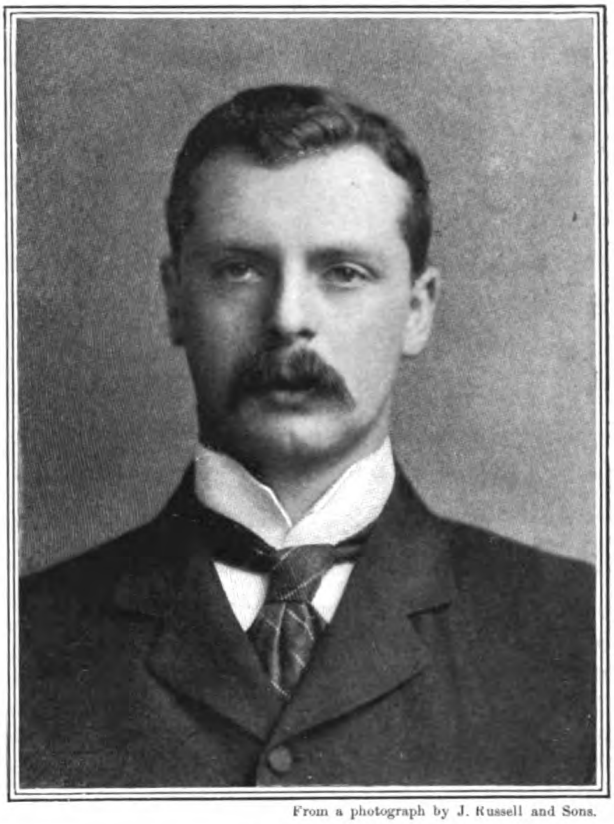
THE EARL OF SELBORNE.
Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

the Colonial Minister to-day require intellectual equipments of the highest order. The manner in which they discharge their grave and important duties materially affects the success or failure of the minister. A good private secretary is necessarily the friend as well as the subordinate of his chief.

The twenty-four first-class and principal clerks of the Colonial Office to-day are without exception men of mark. All of them are university men, and twenty-one out of the twenty-four possess the highest university degrees. Their intellectual culture is equal to that of the most competent and best-known administrators of the British Empire; and although Mr. Chamberlain himself is not a university man, and was not educated at one of the great public schools, it is noteworthy that every one of his lieutenants who bear the burden and heat of the struggle to administer the colonial empire are public-school and university men. Some of them are Balliol men, and owe to Dr. Jowett their intellectual outfit. Dr. Jowett's pupils take a leading place in the government of the British Empire. India, South Africa, and the House of Commons are each under the leadership of Balliol men. The qualifications which have led Mr. Balfour, Lord Curzon, and Sir Alfred Milner to success are similar both in kind and degree to those possessed by the twenty-four principal and first-class clerks among whom is distributed the every-day administration of the business of the colonial empire. These twenty-four nameless representatives of the mother-country are interesting both in themselves and as the effective portion of the machinery of government. They are "The Office." However colonists, foreigners, or the public may talk of the crown, Parliament, the cabinet, or any other form of control of colonial affairs, the mother-country is concentrated and personified in these twenty-four gentlemen. It might at first sight be supposed that the power of "The Office" is exercised only by its chief. In its present occupant we have one of the most eminent of our public men, the strongest personality, and perhaps the most capable administrator of our day; but it is erroneous to suppose that the high officer of state who holds the seals of the Colonial Department wields the power generally attributed to him. As I have shown, Mr. Chamberlain has had forty-six predecessors. The average tenure of office, therefore, of a British Colonial Secretary of State is under two years and four months. It is not to be supposed that a new minister who is immediately called on to consider many questions of the greatest magnitude, and to arrive at hundreds of decisions on details involving local considerations of which he is ignorant, can exercise a wise discretion unless he leans upon the judgment of expert subordinates, each of whom, therefore, personifies the mother-country to thousands and even to millions of fellow-subjects upon whose faces he has never gazed. The Parliamentary Under-Secretary is as new to the business as his chief. It is thus evident that, ex-

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cept in matters of high policy involving new departures, the colonial policy of Britain is largely directed by the permanent members of the office staff. When the Colonial Secretary's personality is as strong as that of Mr. Chamberlain, the spirit of the chief is infused throughout the whole staff. But a strong minister like Mr. Chamberlain is rare. A large majority of his predecessors were plain men who had the good sense to know their own ignorance. An amusing instance of this was blurted out by the late Lord Blachford, who, as Sir Frederic Rogers, passed eleven years of his life as permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office. In an interesting letter to Miss S. Rogers he writes: "I like my chief [Lord Granville] very much. He is very pleasant and friendly, and I think will not meddle beyond what is required to keep us clear of political slips." Now Lord Blachford was a Little-Englander. He regarded Sir Bartle Frere as a "mischief." He snubbed the colonists of New Zealand, bungled the affairs of the Cape Colony, and with the tacit connivance of indolent or incompetent Parliamentary chiefs he contrived to inspire the colonists with the rooted antipathy to Downing Street which time and Mr. Chamberlain have not wholly dispelled.



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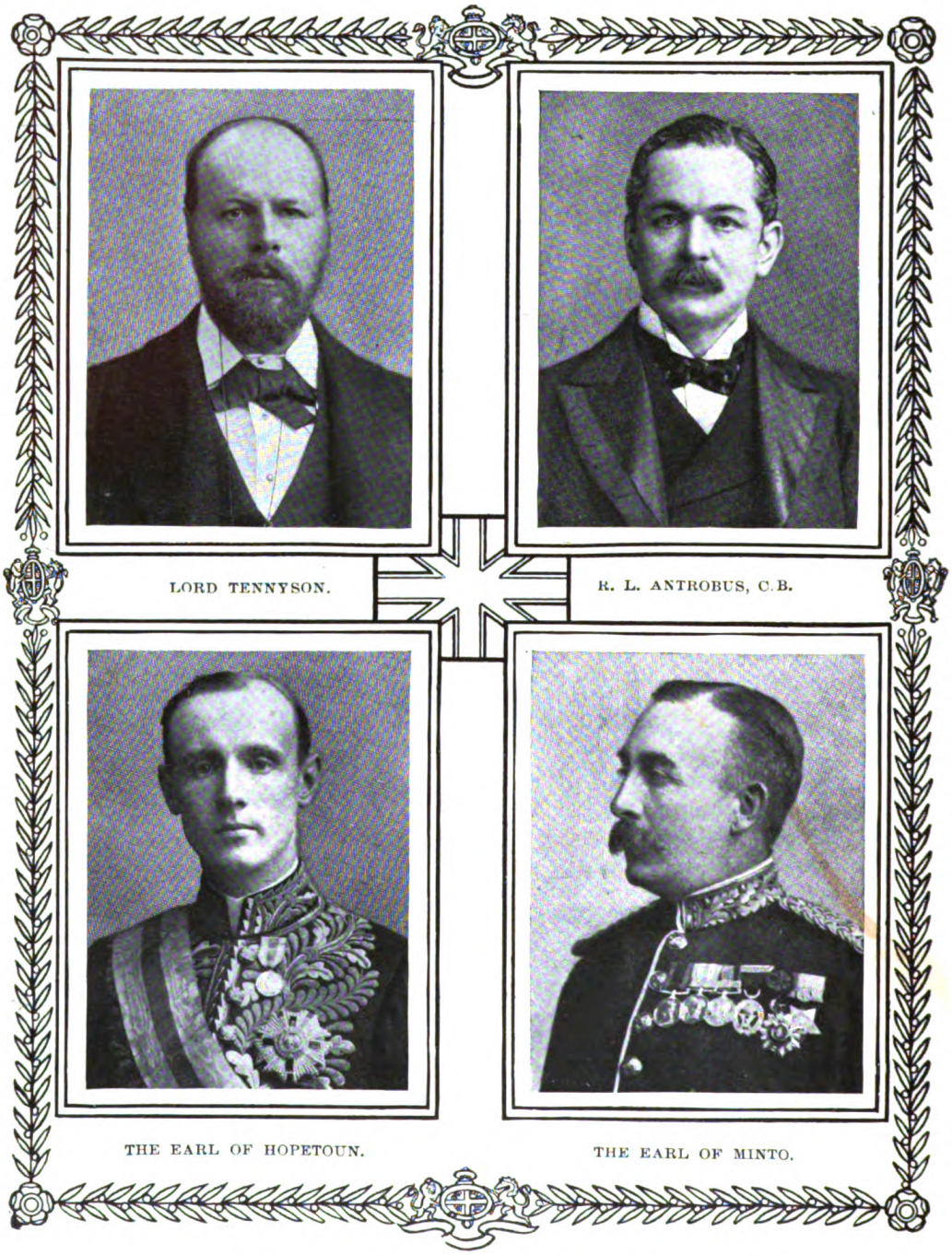
LORD AMPTHILL.
Private Secretary to Mr. Chamberlain.

The spirit in which these twenty-four chief permanent officers regard their duties is a matter of national importance. Almost without exception they were trained at one or other of the great public schools, thus breathing from early boyhood the atmosphere of those institutions, and the tone and spirit inculcated no less by ancient tradition than by more direct methods of teaching. An example of what that spirit of modern British colonial administration is may be learned from Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold, head master of Rugby; and more recently from that of the late Dr. Thring, head master of Uppingham, who is the pioneer of modern methods in our great public schools. In the year of the Queen's first Jubilee Dr. Thring pointed out to his boys how the life of a great English public school is linked with that of our race in distant lands, and how year after year the empire is manned and governed from the great educational foundations, and how essential it was that this life should be high and true and pure. He added, in language applicable to both branches of the race: "The glorious national inheritance which they enjoyed was every hour widening. Woe to them who touched this inheritance with the hand of evil, and woe to them who betrayed. Woe to all meanness of thought or aim; woe to all that forget the high duties which must ever be joined to the exercise of world-wide power and influence." With a staff imbued with this spirit it is not surprising that colonial administration in recent times is effective, sympathetic, and reasonably successful.

The business of the Colonial Office is divided into five principal departments:

1. North-American and Australian Department, now controlled by Mr. J. Anderson, C.M.G.

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MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

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2. The West-Indian Department, presided over by Mr. A. A. Pearson.

3. The Eastern, Ceylon, and Straits Settlements Department, of which Sir W. A. B. Hamilton is the head.

4. The South-African Department, and the affairs of the South-African High Commission, administered by Mr. H. W. Just.

5. This department deals with the concerns of St. Helena, Sierra Leone, Bechuana Protectorate, Basutoland, Gambia,

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Natal, Gold Coast, Lagos, and Malta. In addition to these arrangements for the distribution of business there are three further divisions, which deal respectively with general and financial affairs, with correspondence, and with accounts. That the duties of the Correspondence Department are sufficiently diversified may be seen by the following brief *résumé* of the subjects with which it deals. It prepares and issues the letters on matters relating to postal affairs, copyright, telegraph and commercial business, university examiners, military commissions, replies to circulars, governors' pensions, naval cadetships, flags, precedence, civil service uniform, foreign orders, together with general correspondence respecting colonial defence, and the passing of charters, letters patent, commissions, and warrants. The Accountant's Department is concerned with the preparation of Parliamentary estimates, accounting for Parliamentary grants administered by the Colonial Department, and correspondence in respect to such grants, and other matters affecting imperial finance, receipts, and payment of colonial pensions other than governors'. The nine other departments are responsible for the Colonial Office library, where the archives, colonial acts of Parliament, minutes of the Legislative Councils of the crown colonies, and works of reference, both legal and general, are collected for the use of the executive officers. The Registering Department deals with the receipts and distribution of papers and correspondence. There is also a sub-registry for the North American, Australasian, and West-African departments. The printing branch, located in the basement, prepares important papers for cabinet and departmental use which are not sent to the Queen's printers or the government printing-office. In the copying branch lady type-writers are largely employed. They are located in a large hall on the top floor of the Colonial Office, and are thus removed from all contact with the rest of the building.

The Order of St. Michael and St. George has its habitat in the Colonial Office. The Queen is, of course, the head of the order. The Grand Master and First Principal Grand Cross is H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge; Sir Robert Herbert, who was formerly Under-Secretary, is the Chancellor of the order. Some of the work that is done for the Colonial Office is paid for, not in money, but by the bestowal of a coveted decoration. The Order of St. Michael and St. George is secretly known by the sobriquet of "The Monkey and the Goat," a title that doubtless originated in the mind of a disappointed applicant. Although not equal to the Order of the Bath, a K.C.M.G., or, still more, a G.C.M.G., is a distinction that is highly prized. It rescues the Christian name of the holder from obscurity, and entitles his wife to be addressed as "My Lady." Former Colonial Secretaries have not always exercised due discretion in the distribution of the order. For example, during the last Transvaal war a few British sympathizers were invested with the C.M.G.—the lowest rank in the order. One of them was a butcher, who wittily indicated his contempt for Great Britain and the order he had acquired by affixing as a sign over his shop—G. Ferreira, Butcher, C.M.G.

But one word is needed to describe the crown agents of the colonies, who act as commercial and financial agents in this country for such of the colonies and colonial governments as do not possess agents-general or ambassadors in London. Until 1883 each colony appointed its own agent in London, but then all the agencies were consolidated into one office, with the exception of six agents, who continued to represent some of the West-Indian departments. Colonies which have received responsible governments cannot avail themselves of the services of the crown agents, who transact business for thirty-nine colonies and protectorates, while ten colonies are directly represented by their own agents in London.

The Emigrants' Information Office was established in 1887 by her Majesty's government for the purpose of supplying intending emigrants with useful and trustworthy information respecting emigration, chiefly to the British colonies, and is under the direction of the Colonial Office. It issues every quarter a large poster or advertisement which is exhibited in all post-offices throughout the United Kingdom. This document contains a concise statement of the actual condition of the labor market in all the chief British colonies. In addition, the Information Office issues special quarterly circulars on the Canadian, the Australian, and South-African colonies, which are sent free to

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any one desiring them. A special circular is devoted to the emigration of women, while hand-books containing full details of the conditions of life and general information concerning the great self-governing colonies are issued to the public at the nominal price of two cents each. In addition to this is a professional hand-book showing the necessary qualifications in the colonies for clerks, governesses, commercial travellers, mounted rifles, notaries-public, nurses, physicians, policemen, railway servants, surveyors, teachers, and veterinary surgeons. Having served since its commencement on the Voluntary Committee which administers this department under the control of the Colonial Office, I am able to speak with some confidence of the admirable work it has done—chiefly of a negative sort—by preventing unscrupulous adventurers from misleading the poorer classes in their attempts to find a new home across the sea. The message of this department to the people is the cry of an eternal "Don't go."

The mother-country appears to colonists in far-off lands as a mysterious, powerful entity which is loosely conceived of as the British Isles. Investigation of the meaning of mother-country, however, narrows that conception into successive stages, each smaller than the other. The authority of the United Kingdom is delegated to Parliament; Parliament hands over to the executive government the colonial questions of the day; the cabinet does not interfere with the Colonial Secretary, who, in his turn, does not find in his own department or in that of his Parliamentary Under-Secretary materials for a decision. The mother is found in various places. Sometimes in stuffy back rooms. In the attic or the basement of the stately pile in Downing Street you will find all of the mother-country that really exercises supremacy and actively controls the vast and widely scattered possessions of Britain. How important it is, therefore, that the history, the capacity, and the training of the individual into the narrow limits of whose personality we find the mother-country shrunk should be of the highest type procurable! The first and most essential element after that of character is that Mr. Mother-Country should enjoy a permanent tenure of his office. The introduction of politics into the British Colonial Office would inflict more injury on the empire than defeat in a pitched battle by sea or land. The principal officials of the Colonial Office have their political opinions like other Englishmen, but I do not know of a single instance where a Gladstonian sympathizer or a convinced Unionist allowed his opinions on burning public questions of the day to interfere with the loyalty of his service to the minister who is his chief. A hundred years ago the case was far otherwise. Largely owing to the example of Mr. Gladstone, the higher branch of the English civil service, of which the Colonial Office contains some of the most brilliant representatives, has completely purged itself of all those partisan elements which in France and some other countries practically destroy the influence of the mother-country in colonial administration.

If there is one quality more than another which is required in colonial administration, it is that which makes a man a gentleman. He should respect himself, be specially courteous to colonial visitors and others, who have rarely enjoyed the same educational and social advantages as himself. At the present time the business of the Colonial Office is transacted in a manner that is a model to the other departments. Letters are answered in a day or two which, if addressed to the more aristocratic Foreign Office, would lie unnoticed for a month. Visitors with business to transact are courteously received, patiently listened to, and are sent away with the conviction that the country's colonial affairs are handled by business men. The result is that the Colonial Office has a high sense of *esprit de corps*, which extends beyond the limits of Downing Street, and is shared by the fifty-six colonial governors, who fill a larger place in the public eye than the clerks in the Colonial Office. Modern governors are now really little more than splendid and dignified clerks at the end of a wire, whose real masters sit in little rooms in London, and draw but a fraction of the salaries paid to the docile satraps of Britain.

During the last few years colonial governorships have altered in character. Formerly, when the colonies were regarded as expensive encumbrances, a political failure in the House of Commons, a discontented or incompetent colleague in the ministry, was thrust upon colonists who,

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although compelled to pay the salary of an unwelcome representative of the Queen, were not consulted in his appointment. Another class of colonial governor who looked forward at the close of his career to the enjoyment of the plums of the profession was the man who had worked his way up from the government of some small West-Indian or Asiatic possession to the full-blown dignity of an Australian or South-African governorship. Governors of the great colonies to-day are obliged to be rich men. A man who only spent his pay on the entertainment of the inhabitants of New South Wales or Victoria would be regarded very much as a Lord Mayor who, during his year of office at the Mansion House, provided his guests with temperance drinks and retired with savings from his salary. The governorship of an important colony was recently offered to a peer, who cabled to his predecessor to know how much in excess of the salary the tenure of office would cost him. The answer was as follows: "With severe economy you may do it for $75,000." One distinguished Governor, who was very popular, during his term of office spent no less than $350,000 in addition to his salary. Sometimes his outlay was wasted. Desirous of giving the colonists an example of the way in which a ball supper was served in London, he provided, at great expense, a number of delicacies which came out by the mail-steamer. Among them was $200 worth of fresh salmon. This was duly prepared by the viceregal *chef*, but nobody touched the delicacy. The viands the colonists preferred were boiled turkey and roast beef. To these they were accustomed, and a profusion of food to which they were habituated pleased them better than the provision of unlimited quantities of strange delicacies.

There are still, however, instances where administrative capacity is of paramount importance, as to-day in the Cape Colony. Sir Alfred Milner is a poor man, and the standing salary of $25,000 a year for the Governor of the Cape Colony is insufficient to maintain his position. He accordingly is allowed to draw $15,000 a year as High Commissioner, and a further $5000 personal allowance from imperial funds. The great self-governing colonies now insist upon the names of their future governors being submitted to them before the actual appointment is made. A few years ago Sir Henry Blake was appointed to the governorship of Queensland, and by some unfortunate accident, much to the annoyance of the Queen, the information leaked out before the colonial ministers had been consulted. The people of Queensland would have none of Sir Henry Blake, who, though a brilliant administrator and valuable public servant, was constrained by circumstances to relieve the then Colonial Secretary from the awkward position by offering his resignation. The position was then offered to Sir Henry Norman, at that time Governor of Jamaica. Sir Henry Norman had had a long and distinguished career in India, which, in the opinion of the Queensland ministry, warranted them, after some hesitation, in accepting his Excellency as Governor. During Sir Henry Norman's tenure of the Queensland governorship he was offered the viceroyalty of India, and accepted it, but on second thoughts decided to stay in Queensland, as he considered that the Governor-General of India should belong to one of the great families, and command the general support of public opinion and the press. The Queensland colonial community, innocently unsuspecting the real reasons that induced Sir Henry Norman to withdraw his acceptance of the greatest prize in public life obtainable by a subject of Queen Victoria, expressed their conviction that the real cause of Sir Henry's withdrawal was his sense of the great charm and paramount importance of his occupancy of Government House in Brisbane.

The Colonial Secretary's patronage in colonial governorships is one of the most responsible and difficult portions of his duties. Sometimes the round man is sent to the square hole. One of Mr. Chamberlain's predecessors appointed as Governor of South Australia Sir Thomas Buxton, who is a highly religious man with strong evangelical tastes. Horse-racing is not one of the pursuits followed by Sir Thomas Buxton, and from the races at Adelaide he accordingly absented himself. Now the community of South Australia is much addicted, like all the Australian colonists, to racing pursuits, and the appointment of a Governor who objected on principle to give the usual Governor's Cup to be run for at the annual races, or even to be present on the occasion, was not a marked in-

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stance of tact on the part of the Colonial Secretary of the day. Sir Thomas Buxton did not remain his full time in South Australia, but it is interesting to note that the Governor and the South Australian community so far arranged their differences that before leaving his Excellency was elected president of the Turf Club.

The duties of governors are regulated by a long series of standing orders, which settle their appointment, pay, functions, and powers in the most minute detail. The manner in which their visits are to be paid and received by various ranks of military and naval commanders, the precedence they are to enjoy, the uniforms they are to wear, and the powers they are to exercise are all set forth in great opulence of detail.

From the foregoing description of British methods of colonial administration it will be seen that, *mutatis mutandis*, there is no element conducive to success lacking in American institutions, with the one exception of a permanent civil staff guaranteed as to the fixed tenure of their appointments, and educated with a single eye to the public service.

BRITISH AND DUTCH IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THERE is little satisfaction that an Englishman can extract from the tale of British rule in South Africa. The record is free, or tolerably so, from any grave crimes against others; it is not from a consciousness of guilt towards Kafir or Dutch that we would rather it were put out of sight. Our impatience with it springs from the sense of failure to ourselves which has made of the country south of the Zambesi a vast museum of imperial blunders; from the contemplation of so much short-sightedness in high quarters, of so many mistakes committed by ignorance and tactlessness, to be paid for afterwards in blood and treasure, of individual sacrifice and enterprise frittered lightly away by officialdom, of a splendid mission and still more splendid opportunities unrealized or disregarded, of loyal subjects betrayed and an empire all but lost—in a word, a painful falling short in policy, in diplomacy, in the art of government.

In England we are rather apt to forget that Cape Colony is not a colony at all, but a conquered country.

We came to it as intruders, dispossessing the Dutch of a land which they considered as much theirs as the Scotch do Scotland. It was inevitable that our welcome should not go beyond sullen acquiescence. It was inevitable that there should be antipathy and resentment. Yet the obstacles in the way of final harmony were no greater than had been overcome in the American colonies, and not so great as those that have been met and surmounted in Canada. The two races were sprung from the same low-German stock, had the same instinctive ways of looking at things, were attached to the same form of religion, and could hardly utter a sentence in either tongue without being reminded of their common origin.

That they did not fuse into one must be set down chiefly to the unwisdom of the British government. No doubt the character of the Dutch settlers, especially in the up-country districts, was a hinderance. For over a hundred and fifty years they had been severed from the civilizing influences of Europe. The dour stubbornness of their ancestors who withstood Philip II. and flooded the richest part of their country to save it from Louis XIV. was still potent within them when the British captured the Cape in 1806. So, too, were their instinct and affection for the morose moralities of the extremest form of Calvinism. Beyond these natural obstacles the physical conditions of South Africa had done much to develop in them a character and mode of life exceptionally hard to win over. They were for the most part stock-raisers, and the thinness of the pasture scattered them over a wide area. They led a solitary and almost nomadic life. Like all frontiersmen, they developed a remarkable spirit of courage and self-dependence. Unlike most pioneers—unlike, for instance, the men who opened up Western America—they also developed a

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passion for solitude and isolation, and out of this grew not only their impatience of control, but a neglect of the graces and decencies of life which even their descent from the neatest people in Europe could not restrain.

We are not a sympathetic people any more than the Romans were. Whatever our virtues as a colonizing race, the dramatic instinct that enables a man or a nation to enter into the feelings and prejudices of others is not among them. That is why, with all our successes, we have never, like the French and Spanish, stamped ourselves and our language upon the aliens under our control. Except round Cape Town, we saw little of the Dutch, and what we did see we did not like, and not liking, in our headlong English fashion we despised. Over four-fifths of the country, social intercourse was rare, and little or no progress made towards a harmonious fusion.

Still, there was nothing in all this to render inevitable the secession that followed. With time and a conciliatory policy the two peoples would have come together. But the British government was in a hurry to remodel, and knowing next to nothing of the views of its new subjects, knew not how to conciliate them. It altered the old system of local administration, which was no doubt haphazard and clumsy enough, but had at least the virtue of satisfying. It substituted English for Dutch as the language to be used in official documents and legal proceedings—this in a country where not one man in seven spoke English. But its greatest mistakes were in its handling of those native and color questions which form the largest and most permanent part of South-African politics.

The British governments of the time were possessed by a spirit of philanthropy, whose crowning achievement is remembered while its crudeness and over-precipitancy have been forgotten. Of judicious philanthropy we are never likely to have too much; of the philanthropy of the British Colonial Office it is hardly possible to have too little. The home authorities, filled with sympathetic emotionalism for the negroes, put themselves and their policies in the hands of the missionaries, and the missionaries could hardly paint the Boer black enough. Yet there is the evidence of English governors to show that in no other part of the world was bondage so mild. The system was never defended in theory. It was accepted as one of the conditions of South-African life that could not be disturbed without a wide social upheaval. The Dutch colonists were willing that it should die off gradually. They offered to set free all female children at birth if the British government would cease its irritating legislation. The offer was refused. The orders in council, prompted by missionary fanaticism, increased in minuteness and stringency, till it was felt as an actual relief when the long strain was broken by the famous Act of Emancipation. There were then in the colony about 39,000 slaves, whose value was put down at rather over £3,000,000 sterling. Parliament voted £20,000,000 by way of compensation to the slave-owners throughout the empire. Of this a little less than £1,250,000 was allotted to the Cape. Calling loudly on the Dutch to admire our virtue, we paid up conscience-money to the extent of nine shillings in the pound. Nor was this all. The claims of the slave-owners had to be proved before commissioners in London. The Cape instantly swarmed with agents, who bought up the claims at about half their real value, so that the colonists had finally to content themselves with one-fifth or one-sixth of the sum due to them. Our sin in the matter of the South-African slave trade had been enormous; our repentance was vicarious.

English writers have rather encouraged the idea that the Boers seceded because we forbade them to hold slaves. It was not so. The slaves were held almost entirely in the western districts; the secessionists came, with few exceptions, from the eastern borders. It was our whole native policy, of which emancipation at nine shillings in the pound was but a part, that drove the Dutch settlers to shake off British rule. Under the propulsion of an unbalanced and egotistical philanthropy—such as thirty years later gave the suffrage to the negroes of the Southern States—we refused to put a vagrant act in force. We placed black and white on a level, and we gave to the former the right to wander where he pleased, be as idle as he pleased, and drink as he pleased; and with mighty good-will has he rushed down the path to perdition we prepared for him. We even gave him, still at the prompting of the Aborigines Protection

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Society, liberty to plunder and murder with impunity. In 1834 a host of savages burst upon the colony, raiding the cattle and killing the farmers. After some stubborn fighting they were reduced to sue for peace, and compelled by the Governor to withdraw beyond the Keiskamma River. Only so could the eastern borders be even half preserved in safety. But the Governor's command was overruled by Earl Glenelg, in a despatch of monumental philanthropy. He asserted that the Kosas had "ample justification" for their attack, and "a perfect right to endeavor to extort by force that redress which they could not expect otherwise to obtain." He allowed them to reoccupy the territory from which they had been driven, and appointed a special Governor for the eastern provinces to see that his orders were carried out.

The Boers did not wait to see how much further Exeter Hall would go. Between 1836 and 1838 not less than ten thousand of them packed their household goods into their ox-wagons, and driving their goats and herds slowly before them, streamed away into the interior through the heart of the desolate Karroo. The tale of their wanderings and privations and conflicts is the one great romance of South Africa. The burghers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State can trace the foundation of their states from as inspiring a record of daring and determination as any in history.

The first body of trekkers perished miserably from disease and native attacks. A second penetrated into what is now the territory of the Transvaal Republic, came in conflict with the Matabele, hurled them splendidly across the Limpopo, and settled down on the rolling uplands north of the Orange River. Here they were joined by successive bodies of emigrants, and out of these small and scattered communities were gradually evolved the two Dutch republics of our own time. Meanwhile a larger and better-organized party had pushed their way into the warm and fertile country now known as Natal. There, after terrible struggles with the Zulus, they set up the Republic of Natalia. Mark what followed. It is characteristic of the way our empire has grown up. A few Englishmen had been settled since 1824 at Durban, then called Port Natal. They had petitioned the British government, but in vain, to be recognized as a colony. In those days, and for many years after, it was generally believed that the colonial possessions of Great Britain were already too extensive. The advent of the Boers forced a change of view. The establishment of a new white state on the coast, with its possibilities of growth into a maritime power, and the certainty that it would greatly affect the trade of the interior, was a serious matter. The Boers, too, were picking quarrel after quarrel with the Kafirs who lived on the borders of Cape Colony, and it was our cherished mission to protect the natives. Business and philanthropy combined to make Port Natal a desirable addition to our holdings. We sent a small force there in 1842. It was besieged by the Boers, and only relieved with difficulty and at the last moment. Eventually the Boers submitted, and the Dutch Republic of Natalia came to an end. Ultimately, no doubt, it must have fallen to pieces from its own weakness. But the point most worth dwelling on is that we refused Port Natal when it was offered to us, and a few years later were obliged to occupy it by the necessities of our imperial position. A little foresight would have saved us all the expense of the war and all the ill feeling it engendered among the Boer settlers, a majority of whom recrossed the mountains forthwith and joined their fellow-emigrants on the western plateaus.

Perhaps, after all, it is possible to be too hard on Downing Street. Men still under middle age can remember when South Africa was as much an unknown mystery as Tibet, and in the thirties and forties no one but a few missionaries and an occasional hunter had set foot beyond the Orange River. The people knew nothing about it, and cared less, except vaguely as a field for philanthropic activities. To the official mind it was the least promising of all our possessions, with no trade worth mentioning, and no prospects of ever having any, with large annual deficits, and a seemingly endless succession of native wars that offended our pockets as well as our humanitarianism. There were no Cape to Cairo dreams in those days. On the contrary, if we could have left Dutch and Kafir to settle things amongst themselves, and retained only Cape Town as a naval station, Downing Street would have been but too pleased. It looked simply to the bank-book bearings

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of the matter. Fresh territory meant fresh expense, and therefore expansion was forbidden. Wars were costly, and therefore the governors in whose terms they occurred were recalled one after the other. The natives were always in the right and the Boers always in the wrong, and the missionaries the only responsible guides to colonial opinion. That was the official *credo* of which successive Colonial Secretaries were the apostles. Our South-African empire grew and prospered, like all other portions of our empire, not only without the assistance of Downing Street, but in spite of the best efforts of Downing Street to throttle it.

We were in a fine quandary of hesitation over the emigrant Boers who had settled on the table-lands between the Orange River and the Limpopo. We would not follow them into the interior with our flag and government officials, but we still claimed them as British subjects. We did not wish to expand, but we could not admit that British citizenship could be laid aside at will. For their part, the Boers contended that our authority was purely territorial, and that once beyond the borders of Cape Colony, our right to control them ceased. By 1845 the Boer secessionists numbered about 15,000. They took up once more their wandering pastoral life with its isolation and uncouthness, and its ideal of liberty for each man to do that which was right in his own eyes. They had abandoned their homes in Cape Colony not only as a protest against specified acts and policies of the British government, but from a temperamental objection to government itself. Left to themselves, they pushed liberty to the extreme of individualism. They set up no authorities, paid no taxes, did without any symbol of civil organization. They were kept loosely together as one people only by the necessities of native warfare and a common spirit of resistance to the claim of British sovereignty. North of the Vaal, as time went on, several small republican communities grew up, founded on family ties, and waged a fierce internecine struggle for hegemony. These rivalries were too remote from British territory to disturb officialdom at the Cape. But it was otherwise with the settlers on the borders of Cape Colony between the Orange River and the Vaal. The Boers have the simple Old Testament fashion of dealing with inferior races that stand in their way, and the methods of Israel towards the Canaanites, when pursued by the Boers against Basutos and Griquas, on the frontier of a British colony in which a turbulent Kafir population outnumbered the whites by over four to one, could not be anything but a severe embarrassment and menace to the British authorities.

Missionary statecraft suggested a means of settlement, and at that time a suggestion from Exeter Hall was almost the equivalent of a government decree. The ideal of the South-African missionaries was the erection of Kafir states with Kafir chiefs under the guidance and inspiration of missionaries. Now was the time to press home the adequacy of their policy. Downing Street proved an easy convert, and in a little while Cape Colony was mathematically girdled with a belt of native principalities. We selected a chief in a given area, and treated him as a sovereign ruler, made treaties with him, and let him know that he had the support of Great Britain behind him. In this way we built up the nation of the Basutos under the remarkable Moshesh, and handed over to the Griquas a large slice of land north of the Orange River, which was not ours to give. One need hardly specify the obvious results. The Dutch settlers would not pay quit-rent, or in any way recognize the petty Griqua captain we had set over them. There were wars in which we used our force to compel white men to acknowledge the authority of a Hottentot half-breed. Among the Basutos were chieftains who would not bow down to Moshesh. These, too, we aided Moshesh in crushing. On the eastern frontiers the Kosas, like true Kafirs, saw nothing but weakness in our treaties, and in a long series of bloody and disastrous wars exacted from us the full penalty of our kindly motives. In Natal we allowed the Zulus to organize and establish that military power whose overthrow caused us so much trouble and humiliation, and we permitted them and all other natives such liberty of life and entrance that, though in Natal there are twelve black men for every single white, the labor of the colony has to be performed by imported Indian coolies.

The system broke down in every way, and not least in this, that while it was intended to mark the boundaries of Cape Colony and British dominion immuta-

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bly, the bickerings and conflicts it gave rise to turned out to be the first step towards our hold on the interior. In 1846 we placed a British Resident at Bloemfontein to keep order and do justice between the Griquas and the Dutch farmers. Two years later we annexed the whole territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers and the Kathlamba Mountains. The Boers rose against us, but were defeated at Boomplats. The more irreconcilable among them trekked across the Vaal to join their northern kinsmen, and their place was taken by English colonists. The country soon settled down. The Griqua captain was pacified with a pension of £200 a year, and put finally in his proper position of vassalage. The work of inducing British and Boer to live in amity under a settled government was well under way when war broke out with the Basutos. The Basutos had been in a special degree the objects of our philanthropic guardianship. We had made treaties with Moshesh, and supplied him with arms, and enforced his authority over turbulent and refractory chieftains, and found excuses for him when he raided the Dutch settlers along the Caledon River. The matter wore a different complexion when his favorite looting-grounds became our territory by annexation. The Basutos proved very skilful and dangerous antagonists. The British Resident at Bloemfontein had only a small force to bring against them. The Dutch settlers would not, and Cape Colony, harassed by a Kafir outbreak on the eastern frontier, could not, help him. The Boers beyond the Vaal threatened to side with the Basutos, but hinted that they could be dissuaded by a grant of independence. The offer was eagerly accepted. In 1852 was concluded the Sand River Convention, by which the British government "guaranteed to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British government." Thus, by a shrewd and characteristic stroke of diplomacy, was born the Transvaal Republic.

Meanwhile the struggle with the Basutos went on. Intrenched in their rocky stronghold, they more than held their own. A large British force not only failed to dislodge them, but met with a severe reverse. Moshesh was an astute diplomat as well as a resolute and imperious soldier. He asked for peace—"You have chastised," he wrote to General Cathcart; "let it be enough, I pray you"—and peace was given him. The Basuto war had potent and memorable consequences. Indirectly it led, as we have seen, to the grant of independence to the Boers beyond the Vaal, and directly it was the cause of our withdrawal from the Orange Free State. Cathcart's repulse, coming hard on the news of the eighth Kafir war, broke down the patience of the Aberdeen ministry. For eight years we had owned and ruled in the territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers, and all we had got from it was a succession of native wars. The Queen was advised to renounce her sovereignty, and in spite of the protests of over half the colonists, who clamored to be allowed to remain British subjects, our flag was withdrawn.

Not only did we betray loyal subjects, go back on our pledged word, and show ourselves, as we always have been in matters imperial, and at bottom still are, a nation without a policy, but the circumstances of the colony made its abandonment peculiarly callous and disgraceful. For it was a young and scattered settlement, possessing hardly anything in the nature of government machinery, and incapable of self-defence; and on its southeastern border we had, in spite of warnings and protests, fostered the powerful Basuto nation, now armed to the teeth and exultant over its successful resistance to British arms. Withdrawing when we did, we left to the burghers of the Orange Free State a certain legacy of conflicts with what was then the most formidable native state in South Africa—conflicts which only ended sixteen years later, when Moshesh placed himself under our protection to prevent being captured by his resolute and infuriated enemies. Moreover, by handing over the country to the Dutch we blocked the sole highway to the interior, to recover it twenty years later by a stratagem which Mr. Froude, in his unrestrained way, has called "one of the most scandalous acts recorded in our history."

The emigrants beyond the Vaal, it will be remembered, were recognized as an independent people in 1852; but it was not

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until 1864, or nearly thirty years from the time they first settled in the country, and then only after endless commotions and family feuds, rising at times to the dignity of civil war, that their dissociative instincts would permit of their combining under a single President. Even so their anarchical temperament held out against the seductions of written constitutions and the machinery of administration. Taxes they would not pay. The country lapsed into a really pitiable condition. Torn by the most paralyzing differences that can divide a people—the differences of family and local rivalries and religious factions—the burghers could not even maintain their territorial integrity against the native hordes that assailed it. By 1876 it seemed as though the republic must perish. The exchequer was empty, the paper money issued by President Burgers had fallen to one-twentieth of its face value, while on the northeast a Kafir chief, Sikukini, was raiding and looting at will, and on the south Cetewayo was marshalling his Zulu hosts. The Boers had returned in confusion and sullen discontent to their farms. Sikukini was pressing his advantage. A general election was approaching to bring all the turmoil to a head. The state was unable to protect the British settlers who had gathered round the Lydenburg gold-mines. Its helplessness and the imminence of collapse before its savage invaders were an unquestionable menace to the security of Natal and all the British dominions in South Africa.

Such were the conditions under which the Transvaal Republic was annexed to the British crown on April 12, 1877. The burghers took the loss of their independence quietly. They did not welcome the imposition of British rule, but they realized that nothing else could save them from being overrun by the Zulus and Kafirs. In Great Britain the forward step made little stir. The Russo-Turkish war held the field of public interest, and to the man in the street it meant nothing that a few hundred miles of territory had been added to the British South-African possessions. Mr. Kruger and another member of the Executive Council were sent to London to remonstrate with the government. They were told, of course, that the annexation was final, and Mr. Kruger's acceptance of office under the British government showed that one at least of them thought it so, and accepted the change of sovereignty with practical good sense. The annexation, it is worth repeating once more, was not in any sense an act of rapacity. Nobody dreamed of the wealth that lay hidden under the bleak and windy ridges of the Witwatersrand. The Transvaal was anything but a prize to be coveted. It was a bankrupt, disorganized, and defeated state trembling on dissolution. We stepped in, as much in its own interest as in ours, to prevent the disruption that imperilled the peace of South Africa. There is little doubt that had we but stayed our hand for six months, had we allowed Sikukini and Cetewayo full license to do as they pleased, the Boers themselves must have come to us begging refuge from annihilation.

Then came our blunders. In duty bound we broke Sikukini's power, and, after a hard tussle, subdued Cetewayo. It was proper and inevitable that these chieftains should be overthrown, but in overthrowing them we removed the two greatest dangers that the Boers had feared. With peace along the frontiers, property rising in value, and money coming into the exchequer, the burghers began to repent of their compliance. We soon gave them cause enough. The state had been annexed under pledges of autonomy—pledges withheld so long that the Boers began to fear it was intended to deny them popular representation. We made a greater mistake in removing Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who was liked and trusted by the Boers, and appointing in his place a military officer "totally unfit for delicate political work." The Boers respond readily enough to kindness and sentiment; if you try to drive them, on the evidence of one of their warmest admirers, there is no mule in either hemisphere more stubborn. Our military administrator tried to drive them, and the Boers, finding such men as Kruger and Joubert treated with small courtesy, seeing the tax-collector scouring the country in an adamantine and inexorable way they were little used to, feeling themselves under a rigid system that overrode their customs and instincts and treated their homely ways with impatient contempt, grew exceedingly stubborn.

It was at this most critical period that Mr. Gladstone, seeking material for his Midlothian speeches, turned fiercely upon Lord Beaconsfield in denunciation of the

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policy that had led up to the absorption of the republic. It is beyond question that the magic of his name and eloquence gave enormous encouragement to the would-be revolutionists. Yet even Mr. Gladstone, when he became Prime Minister, a few months later, did not venture to reverse the annexation he had so passionately denounced in opposition, saying by the mouth of the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, "*Fieri non debuit, factum valet.*"* The Boers who, like a good many simple and inexperienced people, did not fully understand the insincerities of our party system, were bitterly disappointed. They actually thought that the policy a statesman had advocated in opposition would be the policy he would carry out in office. The decision of the British government broke harshly upon their innocent dream. With a courage one cannot but do homage to they took up arms to win back their independence. The result surprised most people, but no one probably more than the Boers. After two dashing and well-earned victories over small British detachments they drove the Liberal ministry into that famous surrender to which all the unrest and commotion in South Africa during the past nineteen years, including the war that began last October, are solely and directly traceable. In Mr. Gladstone's eyes a moral justification for rebellion — even rebellion against the British crown — was full reason for not suppressing it. He handed back their country to the victorious rebels. He forgot his own official pronouncement; he forgot the pledged word of England; he forgot the British subjects who on the strength of that promise had taken up their residence in the Transvaal. Under circumstances of thrice blacker disgrace, it was the story of the Orange Free State over again. Nothing like it would be possible outside England. Nothing like it will be possible in England again. We are not nearly so Arcadian as we were.

Even in this record of our blunders there is much that is incomplete. For the details of our native policy and the tragedies of innumerable governors, from D'Urban to Bartle Frere, I have no space. It is only within the last year or two that we have learned the necessity of "trusting the man on the spot," and I doubt whether we have yet learned that a halting, inconsequential policy towards inferior races is the worst form of kindness to them, and likely to be disastrous to us. Historically, the record shows how completely a matter of our own time is the British sense of imperialism. We have only just begun to realize what the empire means, and what high and inspiriting duties it lays upon us. And among these duties, though not among the highest and most inspiriting, the tale of our South-African rule marks out the duty of holding land as one we should be continually awake to. It is for having neglected it in the past that we are now, as I write, paying an unexampled and unnecessary tribute in life and treasure to the god of battles. The narrative, too, carries with it other and hardly less palpable lessons. It is profoundly illustrative of that defective altruism, the badge of all our race, a hundred times more dangerous and disastrous in its purblind strivings after what is right and humane than any deliberate wickedness. Follow in all its branches the history of our doings in South Africa from 1806 to the present day, and you have a fair synopsis of our national character, especially of that side of it which Matthew Arnold lashed so often and so cuttingly — its earnest but unintelligent morality. Nor, as one goes over it, can one escape fresh and pressing doubts as to the final capacity of a democracy for an even and far-seeing foreign policy. South Africa shows what must inevitably happen when foreign policy is made the sport of party politics, and one government reverses what another government has declared irreversible, and no minister dare formulate or propose anything without an eye to "the mandates of the people." Contrast the way we stumbled upon the Cape, and sought to confine ourselves to the narrowest limits, and expanded against our will, and took land and gave it back, only to reconquer it later on at enormous sacrifice — contrast this with the steadfast march of the Russian Empire, hardly less beneficent to civilization than our own, and incomparably more imposing in its freedom from shiftless hurry and waste. Much as he would like some other emotion to predominate, an Englishman who looks into its past can feel only surprise at finding so much of the map of South Africa colored red.

* See Mr. Bryce's *Impressions of South Africa*, p. 163.

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WHAT THE FOUNDERS OF THE UNION THOUGHT

CONCERNING TERRITORIAL PROBLEMS

BY PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

"IS there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." So said the Preacher; and his generalization is nowhere more distinctly exemplified than in the discussions of the last twelve months over the colonial policy of the United States, in which both expansionists and anti-expansionists seem to look upon our territorial problems as unexampled. In the previous articles of this series an attempt has been made to show how numerous have been the historical precedents for things that seem new in our present foreign policy; and in the question of expansion it is possible to draw a close parallel from the earliest experience of the American republic. Whatever the merits of the present controversy, the question whether it was the intention of the framers of our national government to increase the territory of the Union is one of fact; and the records of that time seem clearly to show that in the first thirty years of the United States of America—from 1775 to 1805—the question of territorial extension was repeatedly presented to the people of the United States, and three times led to annexations; that we had territorial disputes with all our next-door neighbors, and made advances into unexplored and hitherto unoccupied country. Furthermore, within those thirty years the founders of the republic thought they had settled nearly all our present territorial problems: they decided upon the status of conquered territory, the status of ceded territory, the relations of the government to the aborigines, the suppression of disorders in newly occupied territory, the administration of distant colonies, and the constitutional authority upon which the process of colonization and of colonial government was based.

In this period of three decades it is easy to distinguish four successive territorial episodes. The first was the conquest of the northwest territory in 1778, and the consequent acknowledgment of the Mississippi as the western boundary by the treaties of 1782 and 1783; the second was the discussion over territorial powers during the Confederation, and in the Federal and State conventions of 1787 and 1788; the third was the question of the navigation of the Mississippi, from 1783 to 1785; the fourth was the annexation of Louisiana—a great drama played in the three years from 1800 to 1803.

That our forefathers had some notions of territorial conquest may be seen in the important conquests made during the Revolutionary war in the region between the Ohio River, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi. Thither La Salle's men started, in December, 1681, "to go towards the Divine River, called by the Indians Checagou." Here in 1778 George Rogers Clark entered upon what was far the most adventurous and daring campaign in the Revolution. With 200 men he plunged into a territory of 250,000 square miles, took the post of Kaskaskia, and in February, 1779, raised a force of French residents, appeared before the fortifications of Vincennes, and when the British commander, Hamilton, attempted to make terms, firmly replied, "I am, sir, well acquainted with your strength and force, and am able to take your fort; therefore I will give no other terms but to submit yourself and garrison to my discretion and mercy." Surely the bold American adventurer must have had in mind the gallant corporal in the opera who bids off the castle at auction, and when asked how he expects to find the money, answers, "I will save it out of my pay."

It is true that Clark's expedition was commissioned and sent out by Virginia,

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and not by the Federal government, and that hence the Virginians claimed exclusive title to the vast regions which were thus annexed. But in the minds of the people of other States the capture was simply a part of the general military operations of the Revolution, and they claimed with force, and finally with success, that Virginia must yield the territory to the general government, to be administered for the general good.

The hot discussions in and out of Congress on this subject, and the pamphlet literature of the time, all show a conception of the ability of the Americans not only to take territory by the sword, but to hold and govern it under a colonial status. The easy capture of the Northwest simply shows the fluidity of the territorial conditions of that time. Ever since the first brush between England and France, at Mount Desert in 1613, there had been a succession of American wars of conquest. In the successive treaties during the eighteenth century England gained from France one piece of territory after another, till, in 1763, France was totally excluded from the continent. It is not strange that to the Americans of that time transfer of territory seemed a natural incident of warfare, and colonization seemed a part of the advance of civilization, though in 1778 it was as clear as it is now that annexation meant a great change in the balance of national forces and in the future growth of the country. The West was already looming up as a political power, and there were not wanting sages who shook their heads at the new and terrible problems which that vigorous region must bring upon the country.

At the end of the Revolution the United States had a most excellent opportunity to remain within the former limits of the thirteen colonies, for in the peace negotiations of 1782 and 1783 it was the distinct purpose of France and Spain, and at times of England, to make the water-shed of the Appalachian chain practically the western boundary. When John Adams joined the other negotiators in Paris he quickly discerned the intention to limit the territories of the United States, and he wrote: "Mr. Jay likes Frenchmen as little as Mr. Lee and Mr. Izard did. He says they are not a moral people; they know not what it is. He don't like any Frenchman. The Marquis de Lafayette is clever, but he is a Frenchman. Our allies don't play fair, he told me. They were endeavoring to deprive us of the fishery, the western lands, and the navigation of the Mississippi. They would even bargain with the English to deprive us of them. They want to play the western lands, the Mississippi, and the whole Gulf of Mexico into the hands of Spain." The British ambassadors at first also informed the Americans that they did not approve giving the Mississippi as a western boundary, for it was too extended, too vast a country.

Three different areas, adjacent to the original English colonies, were to be disposed of in the negotiations. First, some of the Americans doubted whether "we could ever have a real peace, with Canada or Nova Scotia in the hands of the English." The second region was the northwest territory, in which the Americans had the right of occupation by conquest in a considerable part of the posts. The third area was the territory south of the Ohio River, most of which had not been under the jurisdiction of any English colony prior to the Revolution.

The three arch-expansionists of that period, Franklin, Jay, and Adams, without much difficulty secured English consent to making the Mississippi the western boundary, as required by the instruction of Congress of 1779; but Vergennes, the French Prime Minister, insisted that "the boundaries of the United States south of the Ohio were confined to the mountains following that water-shed." Although in 1781 Congress had so far retracted as to instruct the envoys "ultimately to govern themselves" by the advice of the minister of France on that subject, the three men fearlessly and successfully broke their instructions, accepted the amity of England, and secured a clause in the treaty by which the coveted boundary was obtained for the American people of that time and their posterity. By this magnificent piece of diplomacy the United States secured an unquestioned seat upon the Mississippi River, and thus prepared the way for an ultimate extension across the continent.

There were several tender spots in the boundary-line, but the only one of immediate importance came from the close neighborhood of the Spanish in the narrow strip along the Gulf known as West Florida, and in the inability of the Amer-

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icans to secure from the Spanish the right to navigate the Mississippi to its mouth. But under the terms of the treaty, along the whole boundary-line from Lake Itasca southward, and eastward to the Atlantic Ocean, our only neighbor was weak and failing Spain, and the only obstacle to the occupation of the new empire was the existence of powerful savage tribes.

Having thus inaugurated the policy of territorial expansion, our forefathers next set themselves to the great task of furnishing a colonial government, and during the ten years from 1780 to 1790 this was one of the chief concerns of Congress. For a time the little Federal government found itself in a contest with several of the larger and more powerful States in the Union; but by a diplomacy scarcely inferior to that of our envoys in Paris, and through a general spirit of patriotism, the claims of all these States were gradually ceded between 1791 and 1802. And thus the United States came into undisputed government over the whole region between the Appalachians and the Mississippi River, except in the district, later the State, of Kentucky. It is one of the platitudes of American history that, after Congress had completed the primal national task of securing independence by arms and registering it in treaties, the possession of this great territorial domain was the chief steadying and unifying influence in the later years of the weak Confederation.

The first evidence that Congress had risen to its task was the vote of October 1, 1780, passed before the nation had acquired claim to a single rood of ground, and providing distinctly for the three elementary principles of early American colonialism: 1. That the lands "shall be disposed of for the common benefit of the United States," whereby the nation was pledged against a system of permanent national ownership or leaseholds. 2. That the said lands "shall be granted or settled at such times and under such regulations as shall thereafter be agreed upon by the United States in Congress assembled", thus asserting the right to govern territory. 3. That this territory "shall be settled and formed into distinct republican States, which shall become members of the Federal Union."

Swift upon the assurance of Congress that it would administer the territory, came a detailed scheme of colonial government. In 1784 Thomas Jefferson reported an ordinance which, with a few exceptions, was adopted by Congress; it set forth the future boundaries of new States, and authorized the settlers to establish temporary governments, with a view to later admission to the Union, and also permitted them to establish their own local governments. Fortunately for the school-children of a later generation, the polysyllabic State names which Jefferson suggested were not adopted.

Although there had for fifteen years been some settlements on the upper waters of the Kentucky and Tennessee, none of those communities took advantage of the privileges of the ordinance, and it was not until 1787 that, by the great territorial enactment, the Northwest Ordinance, a beginning of an organized colonial system was made. By that ordinance the power of Congress to establish for the territory such governments as seemed to be suitable was more distinctly stated. For it set up for the Northwest Territory a double system: a preliminary Territorial government, by an appointive Governor and appointive judges, to be followed later by an elective representative Assembly. Thus, before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, a system of colonial administration had been actually inaugurated; and it was expected that the same general principle would be extended to the other inchoate States.

So thorough-going and complete was the process, both of annexation and of care for new territories, that in the Federal and State conventions of 1787 and 1788 there is almost no reference either to annexation or to territorial government. The clause giving Congress "Power to dispose of and make all needful Rules and Regulations respecting the Territory or other Property belonging to the United States" passed without debate, because it simply registered the practice of the old Confederation. Nobody suggested further annexations, not because they were thought impossible, but because the only danger which men feared was loss of territory. As Patrick Henry said: "If the King of England wished to dismember the empire, would he dare to attempt it without the advice of Parliament? Would it be so in your American government? No." What Henry and what wiser men feared was that "the Senate, by means of

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a treaty, might alienate territory, etc., without legislative sanction." It is perhaps not remarkable that no distinct clause authorizing treaties of cession was introduced, for the Americans had within five years by such a treaty come into legal possession of a vast area, of which a large part was not yet organized.

The framers of the Constitution perfectly understood that the power which they gave Congress to make war included the power to conquer territory, and that the power to make treaties included authority to annex by peaceful concession; for in 1788 they were seeking a new territorial treaty with Spain, and some of them were threatening war if the cession were refused. In the negotiations of 1783 no treaty of any kind could be obtained from Spain, a power which looked with justified uneasiness upon the success of rebellious American colonies; but Spain held a region of such value to the western communities that, in 1784, Washington wrote: "The western States (I speak now from my own observation) stand, as it were, upon a pivot; the touch of a feather would turn them any way. They have looked down the Mississippi until Spain—very impolitically, I think, for themselves—threw difficulties in their way." The truth is that the few thousand western people were in a ferment, and openly threatened secession unless the Union would secure for them the unquestioned right to send their goods down the Mississippi to the Gulf without paying duty to the Spaniards. At the same time the Spaniards, with some show of justice, contested the southern boundary which had been granted without their consent by England, and insisted that the United States extended no farther south than the mouth of the Yazoo, instead of the thirty-first parallel.

To settle these difficulties there appeared at the seat of government in 1785 Don Diego Gardoqui, bearing a commission from "Don Carlos, by the grace of God King of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Seville, of Sardinia, of Cordova, of Corsica, of Murcia, of Jaen, of the Algarves, of Algeciras, of Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands, of the East and West India Islands, and Terra Firma, of the Ocean Sea; Archduke of Austria; Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and of Milan; Count of Apsburg, of Flanders, of Tirol, and of Barcelona; Lord of Biscay and of Molina, etc."

Gardoqui offered a commercial treaty exceedingly acceptable to the merchants of the seaboard, provided the Americans would renounce all claims to the coveted Mississippi navigation; and Congress yielded the point. At once there arose a storm of protest from the West, and from Virginia as the mother of these settlements. Some canny statesmen coincided with Henry Lee in his suggestion that "in agreeing to the occlusion of the navigation of the Mississippi we give in fact nothing; that the moment our western country becomes populous and capable, they will seize by force what may have been yielded by treaty." In Kentucky people thought force might more profitably be used at the beginning, and committees of correspondence were raised; in the Northwest Territory the Governor seized the property of a Spaniard. James Wilkinson, later ranking officer of the American army, was in treaty with the Spaniards, and accepted an annual pension from them to push the secession of Kentucky. Congress in some alarm proposed forthwith to make Kentucky a State; and finally, by common consent, the whole question went over till the new Constitution could be put in force.

Even after the new Federal government had begun, the Mississippi question remained serious, and in 1792 Alexander Hamilton said that "while he was for delaying the event of war, he did not doubt it would take place between us for the object in question." Fortunately the Spanish government found it expedient to settle such disputes, and in 1795 the long controversy over the boundary was amicably adjusted by the acceptance of the line assented to by the United States; and the navigation of the Mississippi was allowed by the so-called "right of deposit"—that is, the privilege of landing goods in Spanish territory and then reshipping them, without responsibility to the Spanish custom-house.

This settlement proved only a palliative, but it showed the determination of the Americans to stand sturdily by their boundary claims and to secure territorial advantages; and it did not escape the attention of wise observers that it might some time become necessary to fight for

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the full possession of the mouth of the Mississippi.

During the first decade under the Federal Constitution the nation did not yet know its own strength, or venture to predict its own future. The geographer Winterbotham, in 1796, ventured to say: "Federal Americans, collected together from various countries, of various habits, formed under different governments, have yet to form their national character, or we may rather say, it is in a forming state. They have not yet existed as a nation long enough for us to form an idea of what will be, in its maturity, its prominent features. Judging, however, from its present promising infancy, we are encouraged to hope that at some future period, not far distant, it will, in every point of view, be respectable."

The geographical and political conditions of the time speedily revived the spirit of political extension. Americans could put up with the exclusion from the lower Mississippi and the Gulf so long as that territory was in the hands of weak and declining Spain. European wars and treaties now began, however, to have far-reaching effects, extending to the New World, for in 1795 and 1796 the French government began to urge upon Spain the transfer of the former French province of Louisiana, and secured the cession of the Spanish end of the island of San Domingo. No progress was made until 1800, when Napoleon's representative courteously suggested that "the court of Spain will do then at once a wise and a great act if it calls France to the defence of its colonies by adding Louisiana to them, and by replacing in their hands this outpost of its richest possession in the New World." Yet some consideration had to be offered even by the world-conquering power, and France proposed to make the son-in-law and daughter of the King of Spain King and Queen of the new realm of Etruria. Upon this basis was concluded the treaty of San Ildefonso, of October, 1800, by which Louisiana was ceded to France. Poor Spain, having thus begun the process of colonial decay by parting with Louisiana for a bauble, was deprived even of the bauble; for the new King and Queen of Etruria found themselves to be but puppet sovereigns, everywhere limited and harassed by French officers, who practically relieved them of the cares of state.

Month after month passed without the expected order for the transfer of Louisiana, and in August, 1801, Napoleon, in one of his masterful letters, said: "It is at the moment when the First Consul gives such strong proofs of his consideration for the King of Spain, and places a prince of his house upon a throne which is fruit of the victories of French arms, that a tone is taken toward the French Republic such as might be taken with impunity toward the republic of San Marino."

In the middle of 1802 rumors of the transfer spread to America, and in October Spain withdrew the right of deposit, without assigning the new place promised by the treaty of 1775. It was plain that the colony would speedily be transferred, and that the French would receive it with the right of navigation suspended. From a quiet, peaceful, home-loving nation the American people were instantly transferred into an expansionist power. No man was less inclined to use force for private or political ends than Thomas Jefferson — philosopher, scientist, skilled farmer, buyer of books, writer of letters, expounder of human freedom, and President of the United States; yet upon him fell the task of leading the nation into an unexpected course of territorial extension. In his famous letters of April and October, 1802, to his friend Dupont and to our minister Livingston, he made evident at the same time his desire for peace, his sense of danger from the French occupation, and his willingness to ally with England in order to prevent it. "We see," he said, "all the disadvantageous consequences of taking a side, and shall be forced into it only by a more disagreeable alternative; in which event we must countervail the disadvantages by measures which will give us splendor and power, but not so much happiness as our present system.... There is on the globe one single spot the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market, and from its fertility it will ere-long yield more than half of our whole produce, and contain more than half of our inhabitants. France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us the attitude of

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defiance. Spain might have retained it quietly for years.... The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to retain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations who in conjunction can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. We must turn all our attention to a maritime force, for which our resources place us on very high ground; and having formed and connected together a power which may render re-enforcement of her settlements here impossible to France, make the first cannon which shall be fired in Europe the signal for the tearing up of any settlement she may have made, and for holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the united British and American nations."

That these principles were the principles of the nation was shown by the readiness with which Congress supported the thorough-going measures proposed by the President. The Federalists, then in opposition, outdid the President by an immediate and vehement demand for war. Senator Ross moved that fifty thousand men be raised, and that New Orleans be seized out of hand — a step which must have led to immediate war with France; and Jefferson said with some bitterness that the Federalists "were trying to attach the western country to them as their best friends, and thus to regain power."

Jefferson's marvellous control over Congress enabled him to check the Federalists, and at the same time to take three decided steps — in January, 1803, Monroe was sent as a special envoy to Paris; in February $2,000,000 were appropriated for the purchase of territory; and in March the enlistment of 80,000 volunteers was authorized. Even at this time, however, not the faintest thought of the purchase of the whole territory of Louisiana appears to have crossed Jefferson's mind. "The country which we wish to purchase," said he, "is a barren sand, six hundred miles from east to west and from thirty to fifty miles from north to south," and in his instructions to Monroe and Livingston they were directed to obtain New Orleans and West and East Florida, or as much of them as could be had—that is, to extend the western boundary down the Mississippi to its mouth, and the southern boundary from the thirty-first parallel to the Gulf. Failing in this negotiation, the envoys were instructed to make a military combination with England.

This was not the first nor the last time that the United States sought a small territory and got a large one. Just as George Rogers Clark's capture of two frontier posts gave rise to the occupation of a vast territory between the Mississippi and the mountains, and just as the expedition to Cuba led to the annexation of the Philippine Islands, so Monroe and Livingston sought for twenty thousand miles of barren sand and brought home six hundred thousand miles of empire.

People speak of the "Louisiana negotiations" as though there had been two sides and a balancing of propositions. In reality the province was thrown to the United States, as the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid might have given a palace to a poor merchant who had admired the portico. While Livingston was toiling for West Florida, one day Marbois, the French negotiator, threw out, "as a suggestion of his own," that perhaps the United States would offer a price for all Louisiana. Livingston hesitated, and suggested $6,000,000, pleading lack of powers. The next day he was joined by Monroe, and together they agreed that some arrangement must be made. But they continued to haggle over the price, little knowing the powerful influences brought to bear on Napoleon. Lucien and Joseph Buonaparte went to see their brother even in his bath, and Joseph ventured to declare, "I will be the first one to place myself, if it is necessary, at the head of the opposition which cannot fail to be made to you." "To these words," reports Lucien, "the Consul, lifting himself half-way out of the bath-tub, in which he had sunk down again, said to him, in a tone which I will call energetically serious and solemn: 'You will have no need to stand forth as the orator of the opposition, for I repeat that this discussion will not take place, for the reason that the plan which is not sufficient even to obtain your approbation, conceived by me, negotiated by me, will be ratified and executed by me all alone—do you understand?—by me, who snap my fingers at your opposition.'"

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No longer was resistance possible against this terrible man. The American offer of $15,000,000 for the territory was accepted, and on April 30, 1803, the treaty was duly made. But it was not possible for Jefferson to put down opposition in any such summary fashion; he had to deal with a Senate which must confirm the treaty, and a Congress by which the necessary money must be voted, and in the discussion of the question in the Senate and House the various opinions of the American people were distinctly brought out. In the special session of Congress called to consider the Louisiana treaty in October, 1803, the territorial powers of the United States and the relations of the new country were for the first time clearly analyzed.

A somewhat indolent gentleman, who found it troublesome to perform his devotions every night, simply wrote a prayer, which he pinned to the head of his bed, and remarked, from evening to evening, "Lord, those are my sentiments." It would seem as though the same labor-saving device might well be applied to the discussions of territorial policies and powers, for in the debates of 1898 and 1899 were stated with more prolixity and less cogency the same passionate objections and the same rejoinders which busied the minds of the Senate and the House in October, 1803. A summary of the arguments pro and con, with some brief extracts, may therefore serve as an unconscious commentary upon the questions of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines.

First of all came the question whether, in strict international law, France had anything to transfer. The Spanish government lodged a protest against the cession of the province, on the ground that it had not been paid for, that it had not been transferred, and that France had promised never to cede it to any other power than Spain. This question Jefferson quietly but effectively disposed of by saying that we had our title from Napoleon, and "did not doubt his guarantees."

The constitutionality of the annexation of territory in some form was admitted even by Pickering, the great anti-expansionist of his time, who declared that he "had never doubted the right of the United States to acquire new territory, either by purchase or by conquest, and to govern the territory so acquired as a dependent province." Pickering, however, laid down two limitations upon the admission of territory. The first was that "a treaty to be thus obligatory must not contravene the Constitution, nor contain any stipulations which transcend the powers therein given to the President and Senate"; therefore he objected to that article of the treaty which provided that "the inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States." His second objection was not only far-fetched, but was later refuted practically in the annexations of Louisiana and Texas. "He believed the assent of each individual State to be necessary for the admission of a foreign country as an associate in the Union, in like manner as in a commercial house the consent of each member would be necessary to admit a new partner into the company." Another constitutional stumbling-block was the article of the treaty which for twelve years admitted ships of France and Spain into the ceded territory without special tonnage duties, a privilege which the Federal Tracy said "is giving a commercial preference to those ports over the other ports of the United States."

The argument that the Constitution was not framed for extension of territory was thus stated by Mr. Griswold: "It was not consistent with the spirit of the Constitution that territory other than that attached to the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution should be admitted; because at that time the persons who formed the Constitution of the United States had a particular respect to the then subsisting territory." Griswold also clearly enounced the doctrine that the lower House must participate in all admission of territory, and that Congress must stand against the President. "If the right of extending our territory be given by the Constitution, its exercise is vested in the Legislative branches of the government.... If this were the case, it was the duty of the House to resist the usurped power exercised by the Executive."

So evident were the practical advantages of annexing Louisiana that much of the anti-annexation argument was directed against the future creation of a new State, from which would come senators and representatives. Even Griswold admitted that "a new territory and new subjects may undoubtedly be obtained by conquest and by purchase; but neither the

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conquest nor the purchase can incorporate them into the Union. They must remain in the condition of colonies, and be governed accordingly." John Randolph, who effectively, though somewhat rudely, recalled the recent Federalist desire to fight for the navigation of the Mississippi, asked whether the "unlucky ingenuity of the gentleman from Connecticut (Griswold) would undertake to prove that a part was less than the whole; and that although the attaining of a qualified and precarious right to a given object furnished good cause for war, yet to acquire an unqualified and secure right to the same object would not justify hostility."

The Senate and the House of 1803, the people of that time, the experience of a century, and common-sense unite in the conclusion that the United States may constitutionally acquire territory by either conquest, purchase, or voluntary cession, and that out of that territory may be created new Federal States. But this does not touch that question of expediency, upon which the objectors of 1803 expended so much ingenuity. As Breckinridge expressed it: "Unfortunately for the gentlemen, no two of them can agree on the same set of objections; and what is still more unfortunate. I believe that no two of them concur in any one objection. In one thing only they seem to agree, and that is to vote against the bill. An honorable gentleman from Delaware (Mr. White) considers the price to be enormous. An honorable gentleman from Connecticut who has just sat down (Mr. Tracy) says he has no objection whatever to the price: it is, he supposes, not too much. An honorable gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Pickering) says that France acquired no title from Spain, and therefore our title is bad. The same gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. Tracy) says he has no objection to the title of France; he thinks it is a good one. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Pickering) contends that the United States cannot, under the Constitution, acquire foreign territory. The gentleman from Connecticut is of a different opinion, and has no doubt but that the United States can acquire and hold foreign territory, but that Congress alone has the power of incorporating that territory into the Union. Of what weight, therefore, ought all their lesser objections be entitled to, when they are at war among themselves on the greater one?"

The favorite objection was the distance of the new territory. As White expressed it: "But as to Louisiana, this new, immense, unbounded world, if it should ever be incorporated into this Union, which I have no idea can be done but by altering the Constitution, I believe it will be the greatest curse that could at present befall us.... You had as well pretend to inhibit the fish from swimming in the sea as to prevent the population of that country after its sovereignty shall become ours.... Thus our citizens will be removed to the immense distance of two or three thousand miles from the capital of the Union, where they will scarcely ever feel the rays of the General Government.... We have already territory enough, and when I contemplate the evils that may arise to these States from this intended incorporation of Louisiana into the Union, I would rather see it given to France, to Spain, or to any other nation of the earth, upon the mere condition that no citizen of the United States should ever settle within its limits, than to see the territory sold for an hundred millions of dollars and we retain the sovereignty."

To these difficulties was added the argument that the territory and its inhabitants were distinctly undesirable. As Tracy put it: "The principles of these people are probably as hostile to our Government, in its true construction, as they can be, and the relative strength which the admission gives to a Southern and Western interest is contradictory to the principles of our original Union as any can be, however strongly stated." Another member, Griffin, took up the question of the health of the settlers and troops. He feared "the influence of climate upon our citizens who should migrate thither. He did fear (though this land was represented as flowing with milk and honey) that this Eden of the New World would prove a cemetery for the bodies of our citizens."

Another, Griswold, plainly stated the political principle that charity begins at home. "The Government of the United States was not formed for the purpose of distributing its principles and advantages to foreign nations. It was formed with the sole view of securing those blessings to ourselves and our posterity." The

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danger of wars with the natives was not forgotten. As White put it, "It may be productive of innumerable evils, and especially of one that I fear even to look upon."

Another objection was the cost of the territory. White declared "that under existing circumstances, even supposing that this extent of territory was a desirable acquisition, fifteen millions of dollars was a most enormous sum to give." Another argument, stated by Mr. Wells, was the distrust of the President's influence: "The question which presents itself to my mind is, who shall judge whether the French government does or does not faithfully comply with the previous condition? The bill on your table gives to the President this power. I am for our retaining and exercising it ourselves. I may be asked, why not delegate this power to the President? Sir, I answer by inquiring, why should we delegate it? To us it properly belongs."

To sum up the objections to the treaty: France had no right to cede it; the United States had no right to receive it, under the conditions of the treaty; it was not worth having on any terms; it was vast; it would disturb the balance of the Union; it would draw valued inhabitants from other parts of the United States; it would poison the settlers; the treaty was an extra-constitutional proceeding; the President and Senate did not represent the opinion of the country; and patriotic men ought to oppose "such a pernicious measure as the admission of Louisiana, of a world, and such a world, into our Union."

In those distant times, as at the present day, some men thought the annexation of territory *prima facie* desirable, and were willing to face the difficulties and dangers of the process. The most cogent of these was John Quincy Adams, then Senator from Massachusetts. His argument is set forth in two striking passages: "Allowing even that this is a case for which the Constitution has not provided, it does not in my mind follow that the treaty is a nullity, or that its obligations, either on us or on France, must necessarily be cancelled.... Notwithstanding the objections and apprehensions of many individuals, of many wise, able, and excellent men, in various parts of the Union, yet such is the public favor attending the transaction which commenced by the negotiation of this treaty, and which I hope will terminate in our full, undisturbed, and undisputed possession of the ceded territory, that I firmly believe that if an amendment to the Constitution, amply sufficient for the accomplishment of everything for which we have contracted, shall be proposed, as I think it ought, it will be adopted by the Legislature of every State in the Union."

The danger of imperialism to free institutions was considered and confronted by Elliott: "Evils and dangers may be apprehended from this source, and great evils and dangers may possibly result.... If we cannot find in the peculiar principles of our form of government, and in the virtue and intelligence of our citizens, a sufficient security against the dangers from a widely extended territory, in vain shall we seek it elsewhere. There is no magical quality in a degree of latitude or longitude, a river or a mountain."

The inherent right of the nation to increase territory was defended by Nicholson: "Had I been asked anywhere but in this House whether a sovereign nation had a right to acquire new territory, I should have thought the question an absurd one. It appears to me too plain and undeniable to admit of demonstration. Is it necessary to resort to ancient authorities to establish a position which is proved by the conduct pursued by all nations from the earliest periods of the world, and which arises from the very nature of society?"

The ability of the country to bear the strain of colonies was defended by John Randolph: "But it is dreaded that so widely extended a country cannot subsist under a Republican Government. If this dogma be indisputable, I fear we have already far exceeded the limits which visionary speculatists have supposed capable of free Government. This argument, so far as it goes, would prove that instead of acquiring we ought to divest ourselves of territory."

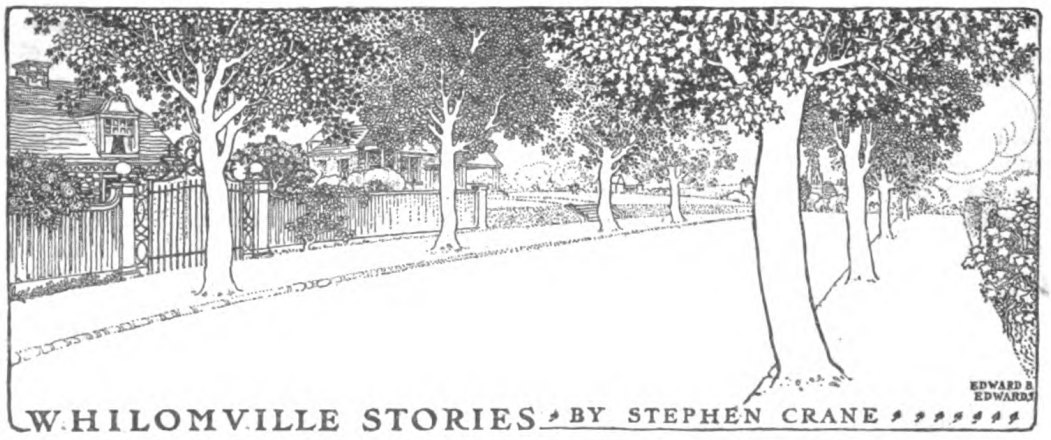
The authority of the President to establish a temporary government was clearly set forth by Jackson: "Gentlemen, indeed, had doubted, on a former occasion, the propriety of giving the President the power of taking possession and organizing a temporary government, which every inferior officer, in case of conquest or cession, from the general to the subaltern, if commanding, has a right to do; but I little expected these doubts after we had gone so far. For my part, sir, I

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have none of those fears. I believe the President will be as cautious as ourselves." The same speaker ventures a reference to posterity: "In a century, sir, we shall be well populated, and prepared to extend our settlements, and that world of itself will present itself to our approaches, and instead of the description given of it by the honorable gentleman, of making it a howling wilderness, where no civilized foot shall ever tread, if we could return at the proper period we should find it a seat of science and civilization."

While members of Congress, as well as people outside, were discussing the question of Louisiana, Jefferson had already despatched Lewis and Clark to explore the upper Missouri and find a practicable road across to the Pacific; but though bold to enlarge his country, he still had constitutional qualms, which were not removed by the Senate vote of 24 to 7 ratifying the treaty, nor by the House vote of 90 to 25 granting the necessary appropriation. Jefferson drew up a constitutional amendment intended to be an indemnity for him, and to define the principles of annexation for later times; but his own friends laughed at the idea, and from that day to this the territory has remained a part of the United States, with no further constitutional controversies.

If this study were carried farther forward, the same evident, hearty, and unappeasable Anglo-Saxon land-hunger would be found appearing in the war of 1812, in the boundary controversies with Great Britain, in the annexations of Texas and California. Whether that was a right and wholesome hunger must be determined from the last fifty years of national history. But wise or unwise, far-seeing or haphazard, consecutive or accidental, good or evil, the policy of our forefathers was a policy of territorial extension, and they met and supposed that they had surmounted most of the problems which have now returned to vex American public men, and to give concern to those who love their country.



WHILOMVILLE STORIES · BY STEPHEN CRANE

VI.—SHAME

"DON'T come in here botherin' me," said the cook, intolerantly. "What with your mother bein' away on a visit, an' your father comin' home soon to lunch, I have enough on my mind—and that without bein' bothered with *you*. The kitchen is no place for little boys, anyhow. Run away, and don't be interferin' with my work." She frowned and made a grand pretence of being deep in herculean labors; but Jimmie did not run away.

"Now—they're goin' to have a picnic," he said, half audibly.

"What?"

"Now—they're goin' to have a picnic."

"Who's goin' to have a picnic?" demanded the cook, loudly. Her accent could have led one to suppose that if the projectors did not turn out to be the proper parties, she immediately would forbid this picnic.

Jimmie looked at her with more hopefulness. After twenty minutes of futile

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skirmishing, he had at least succeeded in introducing the subject. To her question he answered, eagerly:

"Oh, everybody! Lots and lots of boys and girls. Everybody."

"Who's everybody?"

According to custom, Jimmie began to singsong through his nose in a quite indescribable fashion an enumeration of the prospective picnickers: "Willie Dalzel an' Dan Earl an' Ella Earl an' Wolcott Margate an' Reeves Margate an' Walter Phelps an' Homer Phelps an' Minnie Phelps an'—oh—lots more girls an'—everybody. An' their mothers an' big sisters too." Then he announced a new bit of information: "They're goin' to have a picnic."

"Well, let them," said the cook, blandly.

Jimmie fidgeted for a time in silence. At last he murmured, "I—now—I thought maybe you'd let me go."

The cook turned from her work with an air of irritation and amazement that Jimmie should still be in the kitchen. "Who's stoppin' you?" she asked, sharply. "I ain't stoppin' you, am I?"

"No," admitted Jimmie, in a low voice.

"Well, why don't you go, then? Nobody's stoppin' you."

"But," said Jimmie, "I—you — now —each feller has got to take somethin' to eat with 'm."

"Oh ho!" cried the cook, triumphantly. "So that's it, is it? So that's what you've been shyin' round here fer, eh? Well, you may as well take yourself off without more words. What with your mother bein' away on a visit, an' your father comin' home soon to his lunch, I have enough on my mind—an' that without being bothered with *you*."

Jimmie made no reply, but moved in grief toward the door. The cook continued: "Some people in this house seem to think there's 'bout a thousand cooks in this kitchen. Where I used to work b'fore, there was some reason in 'em. I ain't a horse. A picnic!"

Jimmie said nothing, but he loitered.

"Seems as if I had enough to do, without havin' *you* come round talkin' about picnics. Nobody ever seems to think of the work I have to do. Nobody ever seems to think of it. Then they come and talk to me about picnics! What do I care about picnics?"

Jimmie loitered.

"Where I used to work b'fore, there was some reason in 'em. I never heard tell of no picnics right on top of your mother bein' away on a visit an' your father comin' home soon to his lunch. It's all foolishness."

Little Jimmie leaned his head flat against the wall and began to weep. She stared at him scornfully. "Cryin', eh? Cryin'? What are you cryin' fer?"

"N-n-nothin'," sobbed Jimmie.

There was a silence, save for Jimmie's convulsive breathing. At length the cook said: "Stop that blubberin', now. Stop it! This kitchen ain't no place fer it. Stop it!... Very well! If you don't stop, I won't give you nothin' to go to the picnic with—there!"

For the moment he could not end his tears. "You never said," he sputtered—"you never said you'd give me anything."

"An' why would I?" she cried, angrily. "Why would I—with you in here a-cryin' an' a-blubberin' an' a-bleatin' round? Enough to drive a woman crazy! I don't see how you could expect me to! The idea!"

Suddenly Jimmie announced: "I've stopped cryin'. I ain't goin' to cry no more 'tall."

"Well, then," grumbled the cook—"well, then, stop it. I've got enough on my mind." It chanced that she was making for luncheon some salmon croquettes. A tin still half full of pinky prepared fish was beside her on the table. Still grumbling, she seized a loaf of bread and, wielding a knife, she cut from this loaf four slices, each of which was as big as a six-shilling novel. She profligately spread them with butter, and jabbing the point of her knife into the salmon-tin, she brought up bits of salmon, which she flung and flattened upon the bread. Then she crashed the pieces of bread together in pairs, much as one would clash cymbals. There was no doubt in her own mind but that she had created two sandwiches.

"There," she cried. "That 'll do you all right. Lemme see. What 'll I put 'em in? There—I've got it." She thrust the sandwiches into a small pail and jammed on the lid. Jimmie was ready for the picnic. "Oh, thank you, Mary!" he cried, joyfully, and in a moment he was off, running swiftly.

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The picnickers had started nearly half an hour earlier, owing to his inability to quickly attack and subdue the cook, but he knew that the rendezvous was in the grove of tall, pillarlike hemlocks and pines that grew on a rocky knoll at the lake shore. His heart was very light as he sped, swinging his pail. But a few minutes previously his soul had been gloomed in despair; now he was happy. He was going to the picnic, where privilege of participation was to be bought by the contents of the little tin pail.

When he arrived in the outskirts of the grove he heard a merry clamor, and when he reached the top of the knoll he looked down the slope upon a scene which almost made his little breast burst with joy. They actually had two camp fires! Two camp fires! At one of them Mrs. Earl was making something—chocolate, no doubt—and at the other a young lady in white duck and a sailor hat was dropping eggs into boiling water. Other grown-up people had spread a white cloth and were laying upon it things from baskets. In the deep cool shadow of the trees the children scurried, laughing. Jimmie hastened forward to join his friends.

Homer Phelps caught first sight of him. "Ho!" he shouted; "here comes Jimmie Trescott! Come on, Jimmie; you be on our side!" The children had divided themselves into two bands for some purpose of play. The others of Homer Phelps's party loudly endorsed his plan. "Yes, Jimmie, you be on *our* side." Then arose the usual dispute. "Well, we got the weakest side."

"'Tain't any weaker'n ours."

Homer Phelps suddenly started, and looking hard, said, "What you got in the pail, Jim?"

Jimmie answered, somewhat uneasily, "Got m' lunch in it."

Instantly that brat of a Minnie Phelps simply tore down the sky with her shrieks of derision. "Got his *lunch* in it! In a *pail!*" She ran screaming to her mother. "Oh, mamma! Oh, mamma! Jimmie Trescott's got his picnic in a pail!"

Now there was nothing in the nature of this fact to particularly move the others—notably the boys, who were not competent to care if he had brought his luncheon in a coal-bin; but such is the instinct of childish society that they all immediately moved away from him. In a moment he had been made a social leper. All old intimacies were flung into the lake, so to speak. They dared not compromise themselves. At safe distances the boys shouted, scornfully: "Huh! Got his picnic in a pail!" Never again during that picnic did the little girls speak of him as Jimmie Trescott. His name now was Him.

His mind was dark with pain as he stood, the hang-dog, kicking the gravel, and muttering as defiantly as he was able, "Well, I can have it in a pail if I want to." This statement of freedom was of no importance, and he knew it, but it was the only idea in his head.

He had been baited at school for being detected in writing a letter to little Cora, the angel child, and he had known how to defend himself, but this situation was in no way similar. This was a social affair, with grown people on all sides. It would be sweet to catch the Margate twins, for instance, and hammer them into a state of bleating respect for his pail; but that was a matter for the jungles of childhood, where grown folk seldom penetrated. He could only glower.

The amiable voice of Mrs. Earl suddenly called: "Come, children! Everything's ready!" They scampered away, glancing back for one last gloat at Jimmie standing there with his pail.

He did not know what to do. He knew that the grown folk expected him at the spread, but if he approached he would be greeted by a shameful chorus from the children—more especially from some of those damnable little girls. Still, luxuries beyond all dreaming were heaped on that cloth. One could not forget them. Perhaps if he crept up modestly, and was very gentle and very nice to the little girls, they would allow him peace. Of course it had been dreadful to come with a pail to such a grand picnic, but they might forgive him.

Oh no, they would not! He knew them better. And then suddenly he remembered with what delightful expectations he had raced to this grove, and self-pity overwhelmed him, and he thought he wanted to die and make every one feel sorry.

The young lady in white duck and a sailor hat looked at him, and then spoke to her sister, Mrs. Earl. "Who's that hovering in the distance, Emily?"

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Mrs. Earl peered. "Why, it's Jimmie Trescott! Jimmie, come to the picnic! Why don't you come to the picnic, Jimmie?" He began to sidle toward the cloth.

But at Mrs. Earl's call there was another outburst from many of the children. "He's got his picnic in a pail! In a *pail!* Got it in a pail!"

Minnie Phelps was a shrill fiend. "Oh, mamma, he's got it in that pail! See! Isn't it funny? Isn't it dreadful funny?"

"What ghastly prigs children are, Emily!" said the young lady. "They are spoiling that boy's whole day, breaking his heart, the little cats! I think I'll go over and talk to him."

"Maybe you had better not," answered Mrs. Earl, dubiously. "Somehow these things arrange themselves. If you interfere, you are likely to prolong everything."

"Well, I'll try, at least," said the young lady.

At the second outburst against him Jimmie had crouched down by a tree, half hiding behind it, half pretending that he was not hiding behind it. He turned his sad gaze toward the lake. The bit of water seen through the shadows seemed perpendicular, a slate-colored wall. He heard a noise near him, and turning, he perceived the young lady looking down at him. In her hands she held plates. "May I sit near you?" she asked, coolly.

Jimmie could hardly believe his ears. After disposing herself and the plates upon the pine needles, she made brief explanation. "They're rather crowded, you see, over there. I don't like to be crowded at a picnic, so I thought I'd come here. I hope you don't mind."

Jimmie made haste to find his tongue. "Oh, I don't mind! I *like* to have you here." The ingenuous emphasis made it appear that the fact of his liking to have her there was in the nature of a law-dispelling phenomenon, but she did not smile.

"How large is that lake?" she asked.

Jimmie, falling into the snare, at once began to talk in the manner of a proprietor of the lake. "Oh, it's almost twenty miles long, an' in one place it's almost four miles wide! an' it's *deep*, too—awful deep—an' it's got real steamboats on it, an'—oh—lots of other boats, an'—an'—an'—"

"Do you go out on it sometimes?"

"Oh, lots of times! My father's got a boat," he said, eying her to note the effect of his words.

She was correctly pleased and struck with wonder. "Oh, has he?" she cried, as if she never before had heard of a man owning a boat.

Jimmie continued: "Yes, an' it's a grea' big boat, too, with sails, real sails; an' sometimes he takes me out in her, too; an' once he took me fishin', an' we had sandwiches, plenty of 'em, an' my father he drank beer right out of the bottle—*right out of the bottle!*"

The young lady was properly overwhelmed by this amazing intelligence. Jimmie saw the impression he had created, and he enthusiastically resumed his narrative: "An' after, he let me throw the bottles in the water, and I throwed 'em 'way, 'way, 'way out. An' they sank, an'—never comed up," he concluded, dramatically.

His face was glorified; he had forgotten all about the pail; he was absorbed in this communion with a beautiful lady who was so interested in what he had to say.

She indicated one of the plates, and said, indifferently: "Perhaps you would like some of those sandwiches. I made them. Do you like olives? And there's a deviled egg. I made that also."

"Did you really?" said Jimmie, politely. His face gloomed for a moment because the pail was recalled to his mind, but he timidly possessed himself of a sandwich.

"Hope you are not going to scorn my deviled egg," said his goddess. "I am very proud of it." He did not; he scorned little that was on the plate.

Their gentle intimacy was ineffable to the boy. He thought he had a friend, a beautiful lady, who liked him more than she did anybody at the picnic, to say the least. This was proved by the fact that she had flung aside the luxuries of the spread cloth to sit with him, the exile. Thus early did he fall a victim to woman's wiles.

"Where do you live?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, a long way from here! In New York."

His next question was put very bluntly. "Are you married?"

"Oh, no!" she answered, gravely.

Jimmie was silent for a time, during which he glanced shyly and furtively

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up at her face. It was evident that he was somewhat embarrassed. Finally he said, "When I grow up to be a man—"

"Oh, that is some time yet!" said the beautiful lady.

"But when I *do*, I—I should like to marry you."

"Well, I will remember it," she answered; "but don't talk of it now, because it's such a long time, and—I wouldn't wish you to consider yourself bound." She smiled at him.

He began to brag. "When I grow up to be a man, I'm goin' to have lots an' lots of money, an' I'm goin' to have a grea' big house an' a horse an' a shot-gun, an' lots an' lots of books 'bout elephants an' tigers, an' lots an' lots of ice-cream an' pie an'—caramels." As before, she was impressed; he could see it. "An' I'm goin' to have lots an' lots of children —'bout three hundred, I guess—an' there won't none of 'em be girls. They'll all be boys—like me."

"Oh, my!" she said.

His garment of shame was gone from him. The pail was dead and well buried. It seemed to him that months elapsed as he dwelt in happiness near the beautiful lady and trumpeted his vanity.

At last there was a shout. "Come on! we're going home." The picnickers trooped out of the grove. The children wished to resume their jeering, for Jimmie still gripped his pail, but they were restrained by the circumstances. He was walking at the side of the beautiful lady.

During this journey he abandoned many of his habits. For instance, he never travelled without skipping gracefully from crack to crack between the stones, or without pretending that he was a train of cars, or without some mumming device of childhood. But now he behaved with dignity. He made no more noise than a little mouse. He escorted the beautiful lady to the gate of the Earl home, where he awkwardly, solemnly, and wistfully shook hands in good-by. He watched her go up the walk; the door clanged.

On his way home he dreamed. One of these dreams was fascinating. Supposing the beautiful lady was his teacher in school! Oh, my! wouldn't he be a good boy, sitting like a statuette all day long, and knowing every lesson to perfection, and—everything. And then supposing that a boy should sass her. Jimmie painted himself waylaying that boy on the homeward road, and the fate of the boy was a thing to make strong men cover their eyes with their hands. And she would like him more and more—more and more. And he—he would be a little god.

But as he was entering his father's grounds an appalling recollection came to him. He was returning with the bread-and-butter and the salmon untouched in the pail! He could imagine the cook, nine feet tall, waving her fist. "An' so that's what I took trouble for, is it? So's you could bring it back? So's you could bring it back?" He skulked toward the house like a marauding bush-ranger. When he neared the kitchen door he made a desperate rush past it, aiming to gain the stables and there secrete his guilt. He was nearing them, when a thunderous voice hailed him from the rear:

"Jimmie Trescott, where you goin' with that pail?"

It was the cook. He made no reply, but plunged into the shelter of the stables. He whirled the lid from the pail and dashed its contents beneath a heap of blankets. Then he stood panting, his eyes on the door. The cook did not pursue, but she was bawling,

"Jimmie Trescott, what you doin' with that pail?"

He came forth, swinging it. "Nothin'," he said, in virtuous protest.

"I know better," she said, sharply, as she relieved him of his curse.

In the morning Jimmie was playing near the stable, when he heard a shout from Peter Washington, who attended Dr. Trescott's horses:

"Jim! Oh, Jim!"

"What?"

"Come yah."

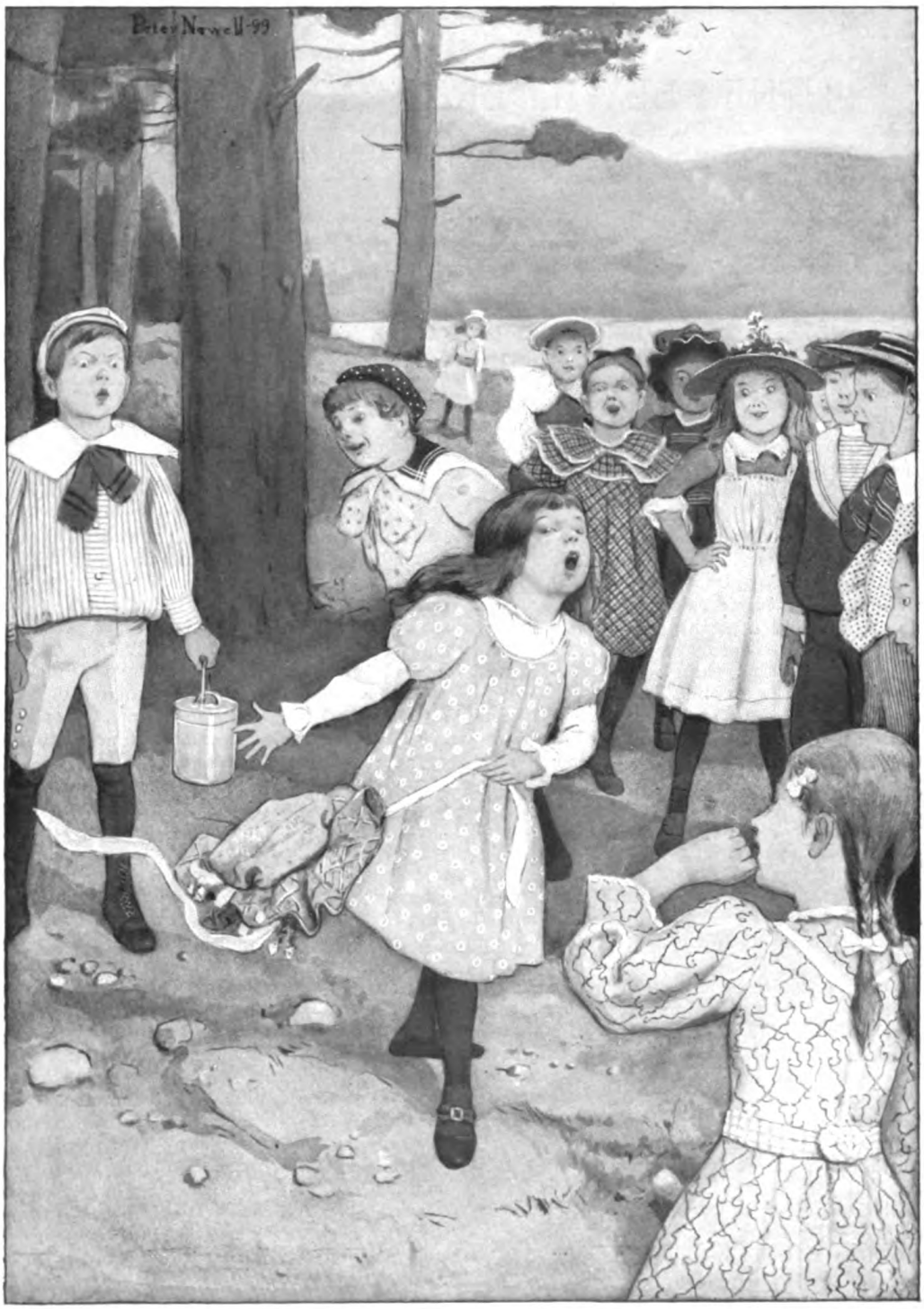
Jimmie went reluctantly to the door of the stable, and Peter Washington asked,

"Wut's dish yere fish an' brade doin' unner dese yer blankups?"

"I don't know. I didn't have nothin' to do with it," answered Jimmie, indignantly.

"Don' tell *me!*" cried Peter Washington as he flung it all away—"don' tell *me!* When I fin' fish an' brade unner dese yer blankups, I don' go an' think dese yer ho'ses er yer pop's put 'em. I *know*. An' if I caitch enny more dish yer fish an' brade in dish yer stable, *I'll* tell yer pop."

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"JIMMIE TRESCOTT'S GOT HIS PICNIC IN A PAIL."

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THE DRAWER

THE BEWILDERED PRESIDENT

A MONOLOGUE. DEDICATED TO WOMEN'S CLUBS

BY OCTAVE THANET

Mrs. Easyman *speaks. She is supposed to be assisted (invisibly) by the accomplished secretary of the club,* Mrs. Martinet, *who has taken parliamentary lessons of* Mrs. Shattuck, Mrs. Urquahart-Lee, *and divers other master parliamentarians; knows* Robert, Reed, *and* Waples *by the page; and has been known to make ten points of order in fifteen minutes.* Mrs. Easyman *has been elected president because she is "such a sweet, popular woman" and has given so much money to the new club-house.*

Mrs. Easyman (arriving a little out of breath and very warm). Oh, Mrs. Martinet, I'm so glad *you've* come! Do sit near me. I'm just a little hard of hearing this week; you know, a fly—some kind of a thing—I'm snre I don't know what—flew into my ear— ..... Yes. Did you ever *hear* of anything so awful? I was at a meeting of the Colonial Dames, too. Why, I thought I should go crazy! I jumped up and ran out— ..... Maybe *you* would have raised a question of privilege; I didn't raise anything, only Cain. I *ran.* They put some laudanum and oil in at the drug-store— ..... Oh, do you think it is time to begin? The doctor thinks the fly's out, but I have my doubts. ..... Why, certainly. ..... Ten minutes past; you are right, as usual, Mrs. Martinet. Well, shall we call the meeting to order? Ladies! *ladies!* Please sit down; we're going to come to order now. .....

Oh-h, I don't need to, of course; but it seems so abrupt, somehow, just to begin to pound them— Where is the pound thing? ..... Well, gavel, then. *I* can't find it. Oh, thank you very much. (*Rises, and pounds with imaginary gavel.*) The meeting will please come—*be* in order. Mrs. Martinet, please see if my bonnet's on straight, will you? I hit it coming up in the elevator. Oh, thank you so much! Like that? Is that right? The secretary will please read the minutes of last— ..... Oh no, she will please call the— Mrs. Simons and Mrs. Howell, won't you please come in? (*Listens while roll is being called.*) Now, will you please—I mean, will the secretary please read the minutes of the last meeting? Ladies, I hope you won't mind me holding my handkerchief to my ear. I think there's a fly in it, and it buzzes. What was wrong about that? ..... Oh! ought I always to call myself the Chair? Why, I can never do it in the world! I feel so ridiculous. But, dear me, I'm interrupting the minutes. You're right, of course. (*Listens, frequently raising her handkerchief to her ear.*) Is there— What must I say now? Where's the order of business? ..... Well, we ought to have one, if we haven't. Has anybody anything to report? Is there any further business to come before the meeting? Did that all right, anyhow! (*Lady supposed to rise and address the* Chair.) Yes, Mrs. Meacham. Wasn't that right? Well, I'll do better next time. It's so distracting to have a buzzing thing in your ear all the time. Mrs. Meacham. (*Listens to motion with a puzzled and anxious attention.*) What? ..... Oh, rise? I always forget to rise. ..... You're perfectly right, Mrs. Martinet. (*Rises.*) Ladies— ..... Don't I need to say that? Well. It is moved and seconded that we have a vaudeville. You all know just the condition of our funds; and the Federation so near, and we wanting to appear creditably. ..... What is it? ..... Well, I just wanted to say a good word for the motion. Oh no, I don't mind; I know you do it for my good. I'll put the motion. It is moved and seconded that we have a vaudeville. I—I mean the Chair is in favor of it. Has any one else anything to say? (*Lady supposed to rise.*) Mrs. Brown. (*Converses in an animated manner with* Mrs. Martinet *during* Mrs. Brown's *speech.*) Why, I didn't know I must never say anything, not the least little teenty *thing,* when I was in the chair! Is that really so? Not even *look* anything? I think it very difficult to be a Chair— Oh, good gracious! I *must* pay attention. Mrs. Brown, would you kindly say that over again? The Chair is a little hard of hearing this morning. ..... Thank you so much. Are there any further remarks? (*Several ladies are supposed to rise;* Mrs. Easyman *looks wildly from one to the other.*) Which spoke first? Do speak quick, Mrs. Martinet. Oh yes! Mrs. Downer. ..... Is there any second to the motion? ..... It is moved and seconded to amend the motion by—by substituting (*here she is prompted by* Mrs. Martinet)—by substituting the words "authors' reading" for "vaudeville." Where's she expecting to get authors? But I know— *I* won't say a word. Are you ready for the question? Mrs. Baker. ..... Mrs. Crane. (*Looks for direction to*

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her coach, and rises.) It is moved and seconded to amend the amendment by adding the words "if they can be procured at a reasonable price"—meaning the authors, I presume, Mrs. Baker? Are there any remarks? Mrs. Hay. (*Member is supposed to rise to make a point of order.*) State your point. The Chair doesn't think so at all—I mean the Chair decides the point not well taken. Mrs. Brown has not spoken to the amendment, only to the—what *did* she speak to, anyhow? ..... —the original motion. Are you ready for the question? Mrs. Cassell. ..... It is moved and seconded to refer the matter to a committee of three appointed by the Chair. Mrs. Brown. ..... State your question. ..... If there is no objection, Mrs. Brown will be excused to ask the janitor to shut the doors of the outer hall opposite where the basket-ball match is being played. Are you ready for the question? ..... Mrs. Turner. ..... Is there a second? ..... It is moved and seconded to indefinitely postpone—Mrs. Carter. ..... The Chair was just going to make that point; the motion is out of order. Oh, do speak more distinctly, Mrs. Martinet; never mind if they *do* hear! Amendatory and declinatory motions are of the same rank; and two amendments are before the meeting. Are you ready for the question? I always say that when I haven't anything else to say; it sounds as if I were rushing business. Mrs. Crane. .....

It is moved and seconded to refer the matter to the Entertainment Committee. Are you ready— (*Ladies rise to move and second motion.*) Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Crane. ..... What is a committee of the whole? Whole *what?* You mean we all just sit here and pretend we are a committee? What's the sense of— ..... Oh, yes, I'll put the motion first, and you can explain after. (*Rises.*) It is moved and seconded that we are a whole committee— I beg your pardon, ladies; I told you I didn't know anything about parliamentary law. I forget all the time. It is moved and seconded that we go into a committee, the whole of us. ..... Well, committee of the whole, then. Really, I don't see that it makes such a killing difference, Mrs. Martinet. ..... Oh, of course you are right. Do excuse me, I really am grateful to you; but I get so harassed with this bug in my ear, and it *is* a little confusing, you know. Mrs. Brown. She talks very well, doesn't she? ..... But why does she want to go into committee of the whole? ..... Well, I wish to mercy they would, then, if they can only discuss the motion and the amendments. ..... They can't hear so far off; and I hold my fan up and never turn my head, so they can't see. Oh, I wouldn't do anything indecorous for the world! Mrs. Wiggles is all ready to speak; I know it by the way she wriggles on her seat, just as if she were sitting on a pin. She's a sweet woman.



"IT'S SO DISTRACTING!"

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Did you know she had those moles of hers taken out by electricity? It improves her appearance so much! Mrs. Wiggles (*as lady rises and addresses the* Chair). ..... Mrs. Dufferin, do you second Mrs. Wiggles's motion? ..... (*Rises.*) It is moved and seconded that the vaudeville be postponed until our next meeting—I mean the discussion of the vaudeville— ..... Oh, they understand what I mean, Mrs. Martinet. Are you ready for the question? (*To lady addressing the* Chair.) Mrs. Graham. ..... I can hear a buzzing in my ear all the time. And don't you think it perfectly distracting the way they go on? I don't see why she's so down on vaudevilles. They made eight hundred— ..... Call her to order? Why, Mrs. Martinet, I couldn't do such a thing! ..... *Must* I? ..... Mrs. Graham, I'm very sorry, but you're out of order; you can't talk about the vaudeville, only about postponing it. ..... There, I know she's cross, and I don't blame her; and she was so nice to me at my last party—lent me three dozen napkins and spoons, and her coachman to call the carriages. She's ever so obliging, but a little quick. ..... Mustn't tell her she was out of order? But you *told* me— ..... Well, how was I to know that her debate was out of order but *she* wasn't? Shall I apologize? ..... Well, I'll see her after the meeting and explain—if I'm alive! ..... What did you say, Mrs. Brown? ..... Oh, mercy! Mrs. Martinet, I never can. I never did understand that awful thing. What on earth do I do when they move the previous question? ..... Is there a second? ..... Oh, *please* speak distinctly, and I'll repeat the words exactly after you. ..... The previous question is moved. Does the assembly order the previous question? I hope *they* know what I mean better than I do! Mrs. Herbert. ..... The Chair rules the motion out of order: there are too many things to vote on already. Mrs. Herbert? ..... What's she getting up again for? ..... Appeal from the decision of the Chair? Was her motion to table? Oh, I know that's always in order. ..... You must excuse me, Mrs. Herbert; I didn't catch what you said distinctly. You don't need to appeal; I take it all back. (*Rises.*) It is moved and seconded to lay the motion on the table. I wonder what motion? I trust it's the previous question! ..... Mrs. Graham. ..... Beg pardon? ..... Oh-h! The Chair must rule the remarks out of order: a motion to table is not debatable. ..... I'm improving, don't you think? Didn't I say that nice? ..... Because I could hear every word. Is there any further business to— Well, what must I say? Oh, where am I at? Mrs. Brown. Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Green; I didn't see you. Which of you got up first? (*Nods her smiling thanks to* Mrs. Brown *for resuming her seat.*) Well, Mrs. Green. ..... Ought I to let her do that? It's only three o'clock; we never adjourn until half past four, never since I joined the club. ..... Is it? Well, of course if it's always in order, it's in order now. Was there a second? ..... It is moved and seconded that we adjourn. ..... Oh, I forgot to get up. (*Rises hastily.*) It is moved and seconded that we now adjourn. All in favor of the motion please say Aye. ..... All opposed please say No. ..... The noes— Wait a second, I know that one! The noes *seem* to have it; the noes have it. The motion is lost. Thank the Lord, we've done *one* thing! *Now* what do I do? ..... It's all very well to say the question now recurs, and then stop. But what question? Where does it recur to? How many hundred thousand motions can we have floating round at the same time, anyhow? ..... Rattled? Of course I'm rattled; I'm all to pieces! ..... Speak a little louder; remember that buzzing in my ear! ..... Oh, they're too far off; they can't hear. I'm just screaming, and Mrs. Green's got her trumpet out too. ..... The motion now recurs to the motion to table—table what? All in favor will please say Aye. ..... Those opposed, No. ..... They both make such a noise I don't know which is the loudest! Which do we want it to be? I'll say that. ..... What does she say? ..... What do I do? ..... A division is called for; please divide! ..... Well, how did I know? You say little bits of sentences and expect me to know the rest! ..... Oh, do excuse me! I know I'm stupid and ever so trying; but it's the fly in my ear, partly. ..... All in favor will please stand and remain until counted. ..... Thank you. All opposed will please rise. There's a lot of them. ..... The motion is lost. ..... *Now?* No! Never! ..... No, it is not easy! it's awful! I will not tackle that awful thing. Ladies, the Chair feels faint, and must ask to sit down a few minutes; the secretary will take the chair.

[*Sits down, with a long deep sigh.* Mrs. Martinet *rises.*

Mrs. Martinet (*with great rapidity and precision*). The question now recurs to the motion that the previous question now be put. All in favor of closing debate on the previous question will please say Aye. ..... Those opposed, No. ..... The ayes seem to have it; the ayes have it. The motion is carried. The previous question is the motion that discussion of the original main motion be postponed until our next meeting. All in favor of the motion please say Aye. ..... Those opposed, No. ..... The noes seem to have it; the noes have it. The motion is lost. The question now recurs to the motion that we go into committee of the whole. All in favor of the motion please say Aye. ..... Those opposed, No. ..... The noes seem to have it; the noes have it. The question now recurs to the motion to refer the matter to the Entertainment Committee. Are you ready for the question? ..... All those in favor of the motion will please say Aye. ..... Those opposed, No. ..... The noes seem to have it; the noes have it. The motion is lost. The question now recurs to the motion to refer to a committee of three, appointed by the Chair. Are you ready for the question? ..... All in favor please say

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Aye. ..... Those opposed, No. ..... The noes seem to have it; the noes have it. The motion is lost; and the question now recurs to the motion to amend the amendment to the main motion by adding the words "if they can be procured at a reasonable price" to the word "reading." Are you ready for the question? ..... All in favor of the motion will please say Aye. ..... Those opposed, No. ..... The noes seem to have it; the noes have it. The question now recurs to the amendment to the main motion, to substitute the words "authors' reading" for "vaudeville." Are you ready for the question? ..... All in favor of the amendment will please say Aye. ..... Those opposed, No. ..... The Chair is in doubt. Will those in favor please rise? ..... Thank you. That is sufficient; you may sit. Will those opposed please rise and stand until counted? ..... Thank you. The motion is lost. The question now recurs to the original main motion—that we give a vaudeville.

Now we are back again where we started. Madame President, you see how easy it is. There is nothing like a knowledge of parliamentary law to facilitate business!



THE GOLFER'S CALENDAR.

In the month of January
Golfers polish up their clubs,
Curse the weather's wild vagary,
Dream of lucky putts and rubs.

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AN ADVENTURE OF MYSTERY.

"SPEAKING of mysteries, supernatural happenings, and that sort of thing," said the Major, pulling a very long face, and not observing that his cigar had gone out, "I had an experience last night which convinces me that we stand very close to the unknown, and that the vaunted modern science has no more completed its labors than had Hercules when he went out and sized up the Numean lion, and asked a bystanding farmer if he thought the critter would bite."

"You had been sampling that Louisville man's peach-blow cobbler, eh?" returned the Colonel, suspiciously.

"I had not," replied the Major, stiffly. "That it was after dinner I do not deny—make the most of it! I had had wine with the meal, as becomes a gentleman in my position—do your worst with this fact also! I had accomplished my dinner in company with two or three old college friends, and we had revived past memories, and given Good Cheer a chance to spread her wings—gloat over this also if you will! I am prepared to defend the statement that I was not intoxicated. What I am about to relate is plain fact, and to-morrow I shall lay it before the Society for Psychological Research."

"Oh dear me," said the Doctor, soothingly; "we didn't know the thing was so serious. Of course you were sober. Take your facts out of cold storage and blaze away with 'em!"

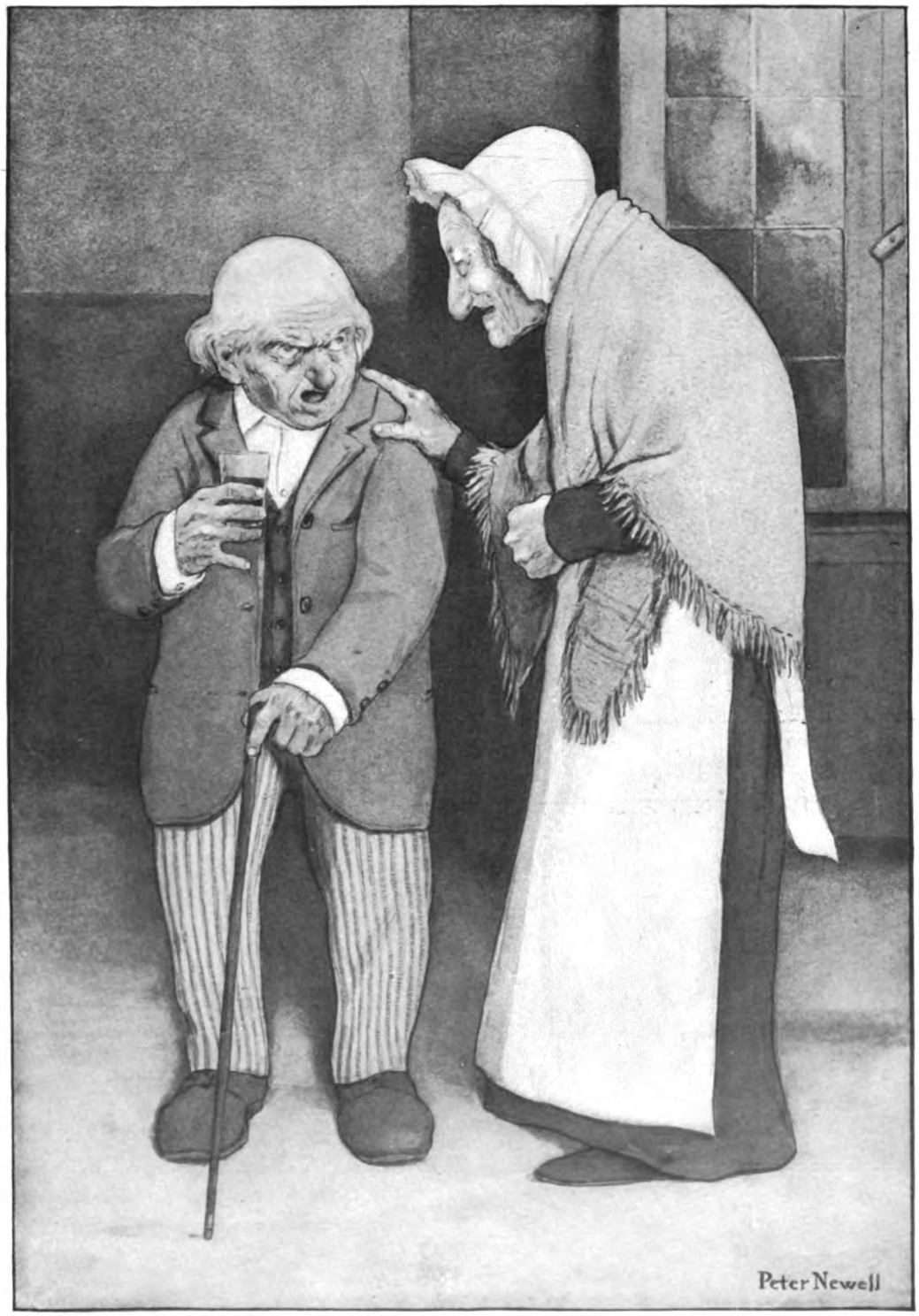
"Thank you," returned the Major, completely mollified. "You will think it is a serious matter when you hear about it. As I said, I had dined with some old college chums. The door was opened to Conviviality, but rigidly barred on Excess. I left the table without assistance. True, an officious waiter hovered near, but when I observed the superfluous scoundrel, I spoke to him in a rolling voice, and bid him begone about his business, if he had any. Judge Doty and I passed out on the sidewalk. Two cabs drove up. We were at first puzzled which to take, but at my suggestion we took the one which we could feel. Something already told me that it was a night of phenomenon, but I knew that the sense of touch is never to be deceived—as you shall again see later on in my narrative. We accordingly rode away in the tangible cab. I blush to say it of a friend of mine, but the plain fact is that the Judge was not master of himself. He sang, and sang execrably. He looped his feet up in the arm-rests. He also called for some unnamed Lost Love of His Youth in a tearful tone.

"But we arrived safely at the Judge's house, and set him down. I was both shocked and relieved to see that his butler had deemed it necessary to await his master in the vestibule. As you know, I live at the Empress of India, the large uptown family hotel. There are several entrances; the cabman drove me to one at the side. As I alighted I noticed that the street was deserted; the hour, I confess, was late. It was a cold, clear, frosty night. I dismissed the cab and turned to enter the hostelry. Now, gentlemen, the matter for the attention of the Society for Psychological Research begins here. As I went up the steps, I saw distinctly through the glass door, and down the long corridor within which leads to the office off at the left. This corridor was also deserted. I placed my hand upon the brass rod across the middle of the door, and started to push my way in. The door yielded in a perfectly natural manner, and I saw nothing out of the ordinary. I pushed on, but to my utter surprise I did not gain the corridor. The door continued to swing back before me as I pressed against the rod, but though I was constantly advancing, I remained continually on the outside—a very peri at the gate of Paradise. I soon observed that the corridor was appearing and disappearing in a most extraordinary manner, but when in sight its aspect was perfectly normal, and it seemed but a step before me. It was as if I were pushing door and corridor ahead of me, or as if I were on a treadmill instead of the firm tiles, which I distinctly felt beneath my feet. Gentlemen, I am not without perseverance—call it stubbornness, if you will. I determined to push on into that hotel or die at my post. I set my jaws firmly, and struck a regular gait of what I suspect was about two and a half miles an hour. Refusing utterly to recognize that I was, so to say, up against a power beyond the ken of man, I continued to forge ahead, the door, the corridor, and I knew not what else before me. Gentlemen, for how many weary hours I thus stood up and battled with the unknown and the unknowable I have no idea. This much I do know, however—the darkness of night had given place to the gray of early morning, and a porter had come to extinguish the lights in the corridor, before I escaped the clutches of the awful mystery and suddenly found myself within, the porter apparently grasping my arm. He was real, for I heard his ghastly, insolent laugh, and rebuked him for it. I then went to bed. Now, gentlemen, I am no student of the Occult; before the Hidden I stand a bowed figure. But so much I know—that this all happened as I have related it. Proof, too, is not wanting; I found my shoes in the morning with the soles quite worn through, though I had bought them new before going to the dinner. I hope the Society for Psychological Research can do something with my experience."

"Come, come," said the Doctor, softly; "throw away that cold cigar and have a fresh one. Don't go and take up the valuable time of the Psychological Society with your story; you simply got caught in one of these revolving storm-doors, and circulated all night, like a merry-go-round. At the dinner you may have barred the door on Excess, but I'm afraid she got in at the window."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

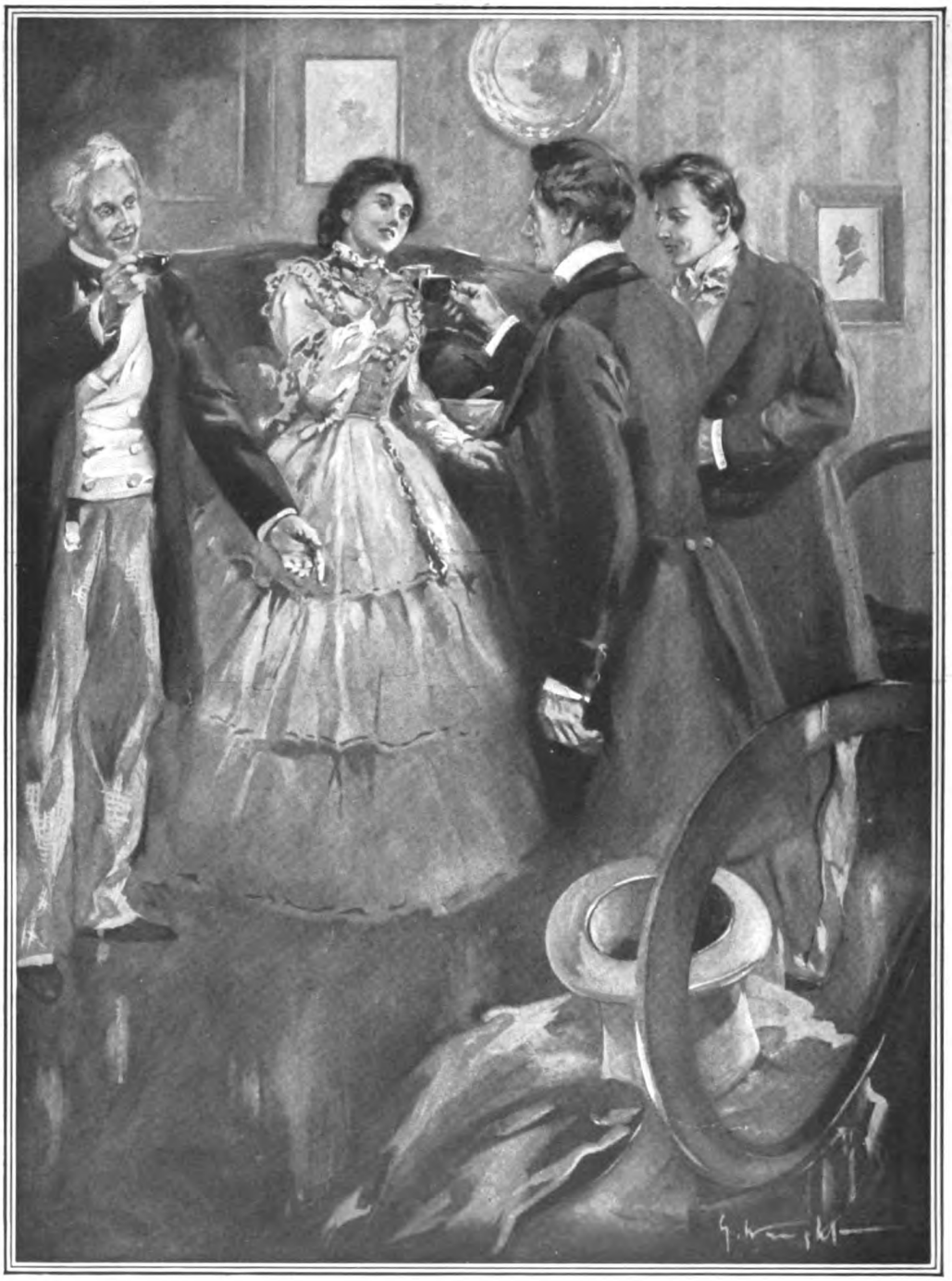
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TIME FOR NEW RESOLUTIONS.

FIRST CENTENARIAN (*to second Centenarian*). "Jonas, you 'ain't done very well durin' the last century. Hadn't you better turn over a new leaf, an' try an' do better the nex'?"

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PROGRESS.

BY E. S. MARTIN.

FAINTLY still the echoes cry the old-time New-Years' fame—
  A day of doings strenuous, and feats that staggered reason,
When maids and matrons staid at home and welcomed all who came,
  And men bore swift from door to door the greetings of the season.

We've changed all that. We save our strength, and when the new year dawns
  We chain the door and fly the town—if we have where to fly it;
If not, we lurk obscure at home, and boast between our yawns
  That New-Year's fun's too much like work, and we're too wise to try it.

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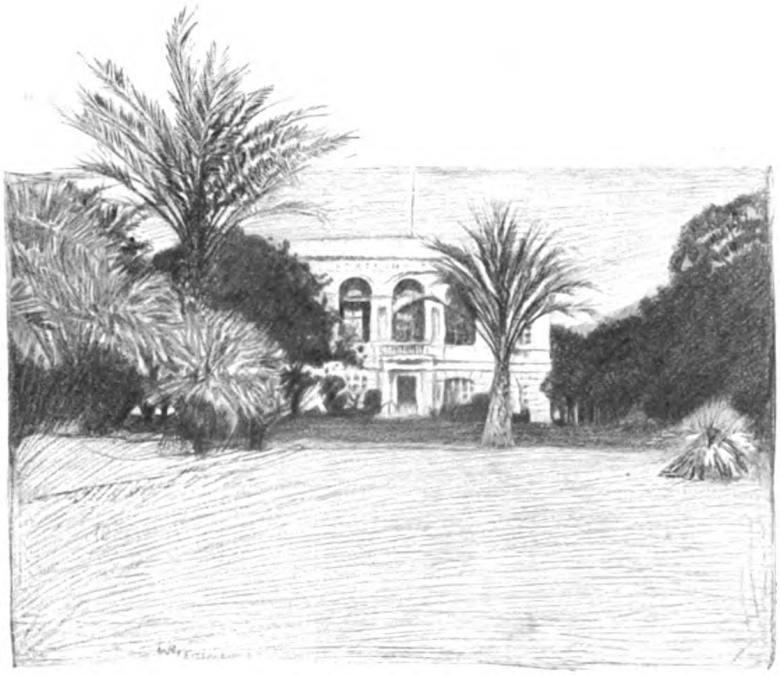


IN THE AQUARIUM AT NAPLES.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. C FEBRUARY, 1900 No. DXCVII



The Naples Laboratory.

TO-DAY'S SCIENCE IN EUROPE

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

I.—THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

I.

MANY tourists who have gone to Naples within recent years will recall their visit to the Aquarium there among their most pleasant experiences. It is indeed a place worth seeing. Any Neapolitan will direct you to the beautiful white building which it occupies, in the public park, close by the water's side. The park itself, statue-guarded and palm-studded, is one of the show-places of the city; and the Aquarium building, standing isolated near its centre, is worthy of its surroundings. As seen from the bay, it gleams white amid the half-tropical foliage, with the circling rampart of hills, flanked by Vesuvius itself, for background. And near at hand,

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A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY AT THE NAPLES LABORATORY.

the picturesque cactus growth scrambling over the walls gives precisely the necessary finish to the otherwise rather severe type of the architecture. The *ensemble* prepares one to be pleased with whatever the structure may have to show within.

It prepares one also, though in quite another way, for a surprise; for when one has crossed the threshold and narrow vestibule, while the gleam of the outside brightness still glows before his eyes, he is plunged suddenly into what seems at first glimpse a cavern of Egyptian darkness, and the contrast is nothing less than startling. To add to the effect, one sees all about him, near the walls of the cavern, weird forms of moving creatures, which seem to be floating about lazily in the air, in grottos which glow with a dim light or sparkle with varied colors. One is really looking through glass walls into tanks of water filled with marine life; but both glass and water are so transparent that it is difficult at first glimpse to realize their presence, unless a stream of water, with its attendant bubbles, is playing into the tanks. And even then the effect is most illusive; for the surface of the water, which you are looking up to from below, mirrors the contents of the tanks so perfectly that it is difficult to tell where the reality ends and the image begins, were it not that the duplicated creatures move about with their backs downward in a scene all topsy-turvy. The effect is most fantastic.

More than that, it is most beautiful as well. You are, in effect, at the bottom of the ocean—or rather, at the bottom of many oceans in one. No light comes to you except through the grottos about you—grottos haunted by weird forms of the deep, from graceful to grotesque, from almost colorless to gaudy-hued. To your dilated pupils the light itself has the weird glow of unreality. It is all like the wonders of the *Arabian Nights* made tangible, or like a strange spectacular

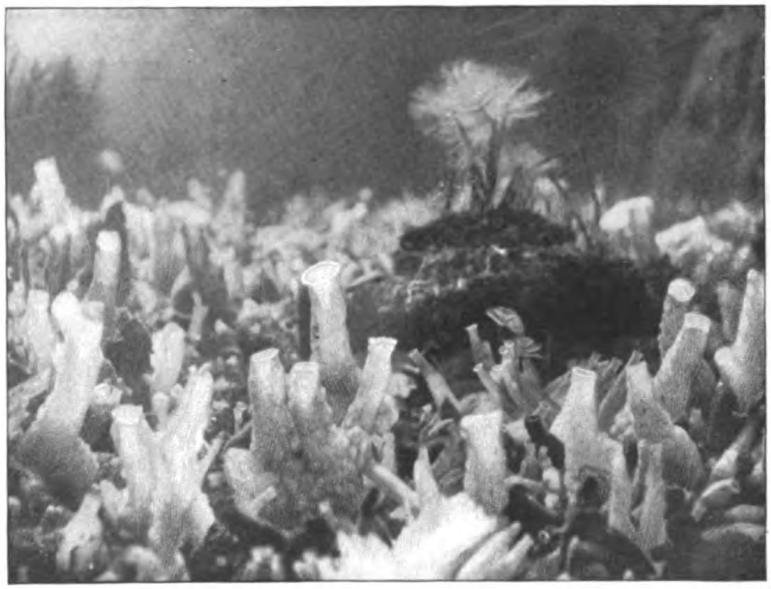
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dream. If one were in a great diving-bell at the bottom of the veritable ocean, he could hardly feel more detached from the ordinary aerial world of fact.

As one recovers his senses and begins to take definite note of things about him, he sees that each one of the many grottos has a different set of occupants, and that not all of the creatures there are as unfamiliar as at first they seemed. Many of the fishes, for example, and the lobsters, crabs, and the like, are familiar enough under other conditions, but even these old acquaintances look strange under these changed circumstances. But for the rest, there are multitudes of forms that one had never seen or imagined, for the sea hides a myriad of wonders which we who sail over its surface and at most glance dimly a few feet into its depths hardly dream of. Even though one has seen these strange creatures "preserved" in museums, he does not know them, for the alleged preservation there has retained little enough of essential facies of the real creature, which the dead shell can no more than vaguely suggest.

Here, however, we see the real thing. Each creature lives and moves in a habitat as nearly as may be like that which it haunted when at liberty, save that tribes that live at enmity with one another are here separated, so that the active struggle for existence, which plays so large a part in the wild life of sea as well as land, is not represented. For the rest, the creatures of the deep are at home in these artificial grottos, and disport themselves as if they desired no other residence. For the most part, they pay no heed whatever to the human inspectors without their homelike prisons, so one may watch their activities under the most favorable conditions.

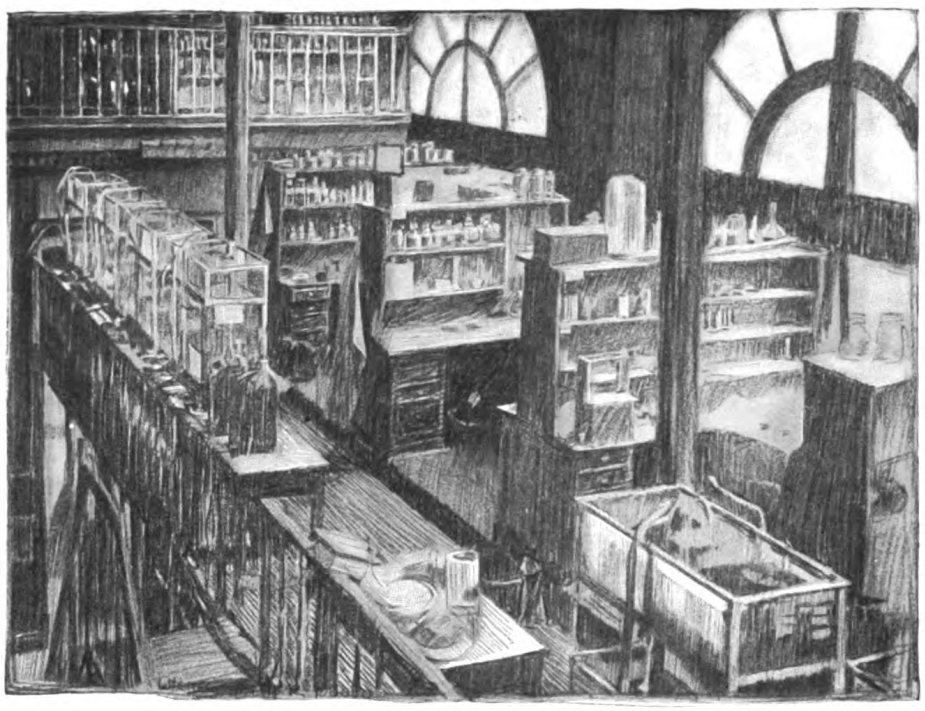
It is odd to notice how curiously sinuous are all the movements, not alone of the fish, but of a large proportion of the other forms of moving life of the waters. The curve, the line of beauty, is the symbol of their every act; there are no angles in their world. They glide hither and yon, seemingly without an effort, and always with wavy, oscillating gracefulness. The acme of this sinuosity of movement is reached with those long-drawn-out fishes the eels. Of these there are two gigantic species represented here—the conger, a dark-skinned, rather ill-favored fellow, and the beautiful Italian eel, with a velvety, leopard-spotted skin. These creatures are gracefulness itself. They are ribbonlike in tenuousness, and to casual glance they give the impression of long narrow pennants softly waving in a gentle breeze. The great conger—five or six feet in length—has, indeed, a certain propensity to extend himself rigidly in a fishlike line, and lie immovable; but the other species is always true to his colors, so to say—his form is always outlined in curves.



ASCIDIANS—THE HIGHEST FORM OF INVERTEBRATE LIFE.

The eels attract their full share of attention from the visitors, but there is one family of creatures which easily holds the palm over all the others in this regard. These are the various representatives of

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A SEEMING JUMBLE OF TANKS, TABLES, AND BOTTLES.

the great cult of squids and cuttle-fishes. The cuttle-fish proper—who of course is no fish at all—is shaped strangely like a diminutive elephant, with a filmy waving membrane along his sides in lieu of legs. Like the other members of his clan, he can change his color variously. Sometimes he is of a dull brown, again prettily mottled; then, with almost kaleidoscopic suddenness, he will assume a garb beautifully striped in black and white, rivalled by nothing but the coat of the zebra. The cuttle-fish is a sluggish creature, seeking out the darker corners of his grotto, and often lying motionless for long periods together. But not so the little squid. He does not thrive in captivity, and incessantly wings his way back and forth, with slow wavy flappings of his filmy appendages, until he wears himself out, and dies unreconciled.

In marked contrast with both cuttle-fish and squid is their cousin the octopus—a creepy, crawly creature, like eight serpents in one—at once the oddest and the most fascinating creature in the entire aquarium. You will find a crowd almost always before his grotto, watching his curious antics. Usually slow and deliberate in movement, he yet has capacity for a certain agility. Now and again he dives off suddenly, head-first, through the water, with the directness, if not quite with the speed, of an arrow. A moment later, tired of his flight, he sprawls his eight webbed legs out in every direction, breaking them seemingly into a thousand joints, and settles back like an animated parachute awreck. Then perchance he perches on a rock knowingly, with the appearance of owllike wisdom—albeit his head looks surprisingly like a frog's. Anon he holds his head erect, and stretches out his long arms in what is most palpably a yawn. Then, for pure diversion, he may hold himself half erect on his umbrella frame of legs and sidle along in a sort of quadrille—a veritable "eight hands round."

But all the while he conveys distinctly the impression of a creature to the last degree *blasé*. Even when a crab is let down into his grotto by an attendant for the edification of the visitors, the octopus seems to regard it with only lukewarm interest. If he deigns to go in pursuit, it is with the air of one who says, "Anything to oblige," rather than of eagerness for a morsel of food. Yet withal, even though unhurried, he usually falls upon

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the victim with surprising sureness of aim, encompassing it in his multiform net. Or perhaps, thinking the game hardly worth so much effort, he merely reaches out suddenly with one of his eight arms—each of which is a long-drawn-out hand as well—and grasps the victim and conveys it to his distensible maw without so much as changing his attitude.

All this of the giant octopus—brown and warty and wrinkled and *blasé*. But the diminutive cousin in the grotto with the jelly-fishes is a bird of quite another feather. Physically he is constructed on the same model as the other, but his mentality is utterly opposed. No grand rôles for him; his part is comedy. He finds life full of interest. He is satisfied with himself and with the world. He assumes an aspect of positive rakishness, and intelligence, so to say, beams from his every limb. All day long he must be up and doing. For want of better business he will pursue a shrimp for hours at a time with the zest of a true sportsman. Now he darts after his intended prey like a fox-hound. Again he resorts to finesse, and sidles off, with eyes fixed in another direction, like a master of stratagem. To be sure, he never catches the shrimp—but what of that? The true sportsman is far removed from the necessity for mere material profit. I half suspect that little octopus would release the shrimp if once he caught him, as the true fisherman throws back the excess of his catch. It is sport, not game, that he covets.

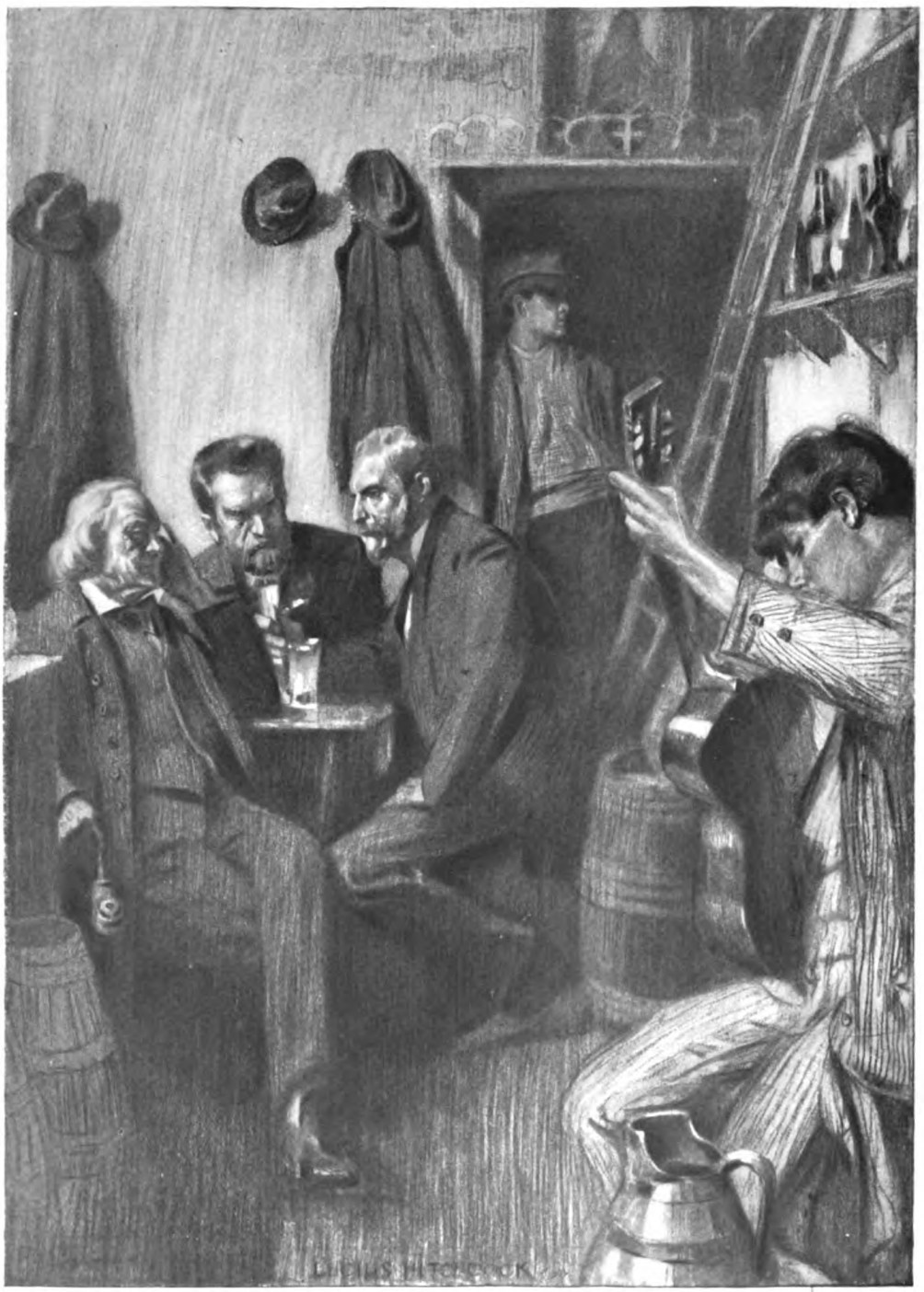
II.

When one has made the circuit of the aquarium he will have seen and marvelled at some hundreds of curious creatures utterly unlike anything to be found above-water. Brightly colored star-fishes, beautiful sea-urchins, strange stationary ascidians, and flowerlike sea-anemones, quaint sea-horses, and filmy, fragile jelly-fishes and their multiform kin; all seem novel and wonderful as one sees them in their native element. Things that appear to be parts of the rocky or sandy bed of the grottos startle one by moving about, and thus discovering themselves as living creatures, simulating their environment for purposes of protection. Or perhaps what seems to be a giant snail



COMING FROM THE LANDING.

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A MEETING AT SIGNOR BIFULCO'S.

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suddenly unfurls wings from its seeming shell, and goes waving through the water, to the utter bewilderment of the beholder. Such freaks as this are quite the rule among the strange tribes of the deep, for the crowding of population there makes the struggle for existence keen, and necessitates all manner of subterfuges for the preservation of species.

Each and every one of the thirty-odd grottos will repay long observation, even on the part of the most casual visitor, and when one has seen them all, he will know more at first hand of the method of life of the creatures of the sea than all the books could teach him. He will depart fully satisfied, and probably, if he be the usual sight-seer, he will never suspect that what he has seen is really but an incidental part of the institution whose building he has entered. Even though he note casually the inscription "Stazione Zoologica" above the entrance, he may never suspect that the aquarium he has just visited is only an adjunct—the popular exhibit, so to speak—of the famous institution of technical science, known to the English-speaking world as the Marine Biological Laboratory of Naples. Yet such is the fact. The aquarium seems worthy enough to exist by and for itself. It is a great popular educator as well as amuser; yet its importance is utterly insignificant compared with the technical features of the institution of which it is an adjunct.

This technical department, the Biological Laboratory proper, has its local habitation in the parts of the building not occupied by the aquarium—parts of which the general public, as a rule, sees nothing. There is, indeed, little to see that would greatly interest the casual inspector, for in its outward aspects one laboratory is much like another, a seeming hodgepodge of water-tanks, glass jars of specimens, and tables for microscopes. The real status of a laboratory is not determined by the equipment.

And yet it will not do to press this assertion too far, for in one sense it is the equipment of the Naples laboratory that has made it what it is. Not, however, the equipment in the sense of microscopes and other working paraphernalia. These of course are the best of their kind, but machinery alone does not make a great institution, any more than clothes make the man. The all-essential and distinctive equipment of the laboratory reveals itself in its *personnel*. In the present case, as always in a truly great institution of any kind, there is one dominating personality, one moving spirit. This is Dr. Anton Dohrn, founder of the laboratory, and still its controller and director, in name and in fact.

More than twenty-five years ago Dr. Dohrn, then a young man fresh from the universities of his native Germany, discovered what he felt to be a real need in the biological world. He was struck with the fact that nowhere in the world could be found an establishment affording good opportunities for the study of marine life. Water covers three-fifths of the earth's surface, as everybody knows, and everywhere this water teems with life, so that a vast preponderance of the living things of the globe find their habitat there. Yet the student who might desire to make special studies of this life would find himself balked at the threshold for want of opportunity.

It was no great thing to discover this paucity, which, indeed, fairly beckoned the discoverer. The great thing was to supply the deficiency, and this was what Dr. Dohrn determined to do. He selected Naples as the best location for the laboratory he proposed to found, because of its climate, and its location beside the teeming waters of the Mediterranean. He organized a laboratory; he called about him a corps of able assistants; he made the Marine Biological Laboratory at Naples famous, the Mecca of all biological eyes throughout the world. It was not all done in a day. It was far enough from being done without opposition and discouragement; but these are matters of history which Dr. Dohrn now prefers not to dwell upon. Suffice it that the result aimed at was finally achieved, and in far greater measure than could at first be hoped for.

And from that day till this Naples has been the centre of that branch of biological inquiry which has for its object the investigation of problems best studied with material gathered from the sea. And this, let me hasten to add, includes far more than a mere study of the life histories of marine animals and plants as such. It includes problems of cell activity, problems of heredity, life problems of many kinds, having far wider horizons than the mere question as to how a cer-

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tain fish or crustacean lives and moves and has its being.

Dr. Dohrn's chief technical associates are all Germans, like their leader, but like him also all gifted with a polyglot mastery of tongues, that has stood them in good stead in their intercourse with the biologists of many nationalities who came to work at the laboratory. I must not pause to dwell upon the *personnel* of the staff in general, but there is one other member who cannot be overlooked even in the most casual survey of the work of the institution. One might almost as well forget Dr. Dohrn himself as to overlook Signor Lo Bianco, chief of the collecting department. Signor Bianco it is who, having expert knowledge of the haunts and habits of every manner of marine creature, can direct his fishermen where to find and how to secure whatever rare specimen any worker at the laboratory may desire. He it is, too, who, by studying old methods and inventing new ones, has learned how to preserve the delicate forms for subsequent study in lifelike *ensemble* that no one else can quite equal. Signor Bianco it is, in short, who is the indispensable right-hand man of the institution in all that pertains to its practical working outside the range of the microscope.

Each night Signor Lo Bianco directs his band of fishermen as to what particular specimens are most to be sought after next day to meet the needs of the workers in the laboratory. Before sunrise each day, weather permitting, the little scattered fleet of boats is far out on the Bay of Naples; for the surface collecting, which furnishes a large share of the best material, can be done only at dawn, as the greater part of the creatures thus secured sink into the retirement of the depths during the day, coming to the surface to feed only at night. You are not likely to see the collecting party start out, therefore, but if you choose you may see them return about nine or ten o'clock by going to the dock not far from the laboratory. The boats come in singly at about this hour, their occupants standing up to row, and pushing forward with the oars, after the awkward Neapolitan fashion. Many of the fishermen are quaint enough in appearance; some of them have grown old in the service of the laboratory. The morning's catch is contained in glass jars placed in baskets especially constructed for the purpose. The baskets have handles, but these are quite superfluous except to lift them from the boats, for in the transit to the laboratory the baskets are carried, as almost everything else is carried in Naples, on the head. To the novitiate it seems a striking risk to pile baskets of fragile glass and even more fragile specimens one above another, and attempt to balance the whole on the head, but nothing could be easier, or seemingly more secure, for these experts. Arrived at the laboratory, the jars are turned over to Signor Lo Bianco and his assistants, who sort the material, and send to each investigator in the work-rooms whatever he may have asked for.

Of course surface-skimming is not the only method of securing material for the laboratory. The institution owns a steam-launch, named the *Johannes Müller* in honor of the great physiologist, which operates a powerful dredge for securing all manner of specimens from the sea-bottom. Then ordinary lines and nets are more or less in requisition for capturing fish. And in addition to the regular corps of collectors, every fisherman of the neighborhood has long since learned to bring to the laboratory all rare specimens of any kind that he may chance to capture. So in one way and another the institution makes sure of having in tribute all that the richly peopled waters of the Mediterranean can offer. And this well-regulated system of collecting, combined with the richness of the fauna and flora of the Bay of Naples, has no small share in the success of the marine laboratory. But these, of course, were factors that Dr. Dohrn took into account from the beginning.

Indeed, it was precisely with an eye to these important factors that Naples was selected as the site of the future laboratory, in the days when the project was forming.

The Bay of Naples is most happily located for the needs of the zoologist. It is not too far south to exclude the fauna of the temperate zone, yet far enough south to furnish a habitat for many forms of life almost tropical in character. It has, in short, a most varied and abundant fauna. And, on the other hand, the large colony of Neapolitan fishermen made it certain that skilled collectors would always be at hand to make avail-

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able the wealth of material. It requires no technical education to appreciate the value of this to the original investigator, particularly to the student of life problems. A skilful worker may do much with a single specimen, as, for example, Johannes Müller did half a century ago with the one available specimen of amphioxus, the lowest of vertebrates, then recently discovered. What Müller learned from that one specimen seems almost miraculous. But what if he had had a bucketful of the little boneless creatures at his disposal, as the worker at Naples now may have any day for the asking?

When it comes to problems of development, of heredity, a profusion of material is almost a necessity. But here the creatures of the sea respond to the call with amazing proficiency. Most of them are, of course, oviparous, and it is quite the rule for them to deposit their eggs by hundreds of thousands, by millions even. Everybody knows, since Darwin taught us, that the average number of offspring of any given species of animal or plant bears an inverse proportion to the liability of that species to juvenile fatalities. When, therefore, we find a fish or a lobster or other pelagic creature depositing innumerable eggs, we may feel perfectly sure that the vast majority of the eggs themselves, or the callow creatures that come out of them, will furnish food for their neighbors at an early day. It is an unkind world into which the resident of the deep is born. But his adversity is his human contemporary's gain, and the biologist will hardly be blamed, even by the most tender-hearted anti-vivisectionist, for availing himself freely of material which otherwise would probably serve no better purpose than to appease the appetite of some rapacious fish.

Their abundance is not the only merit, however, of the eggs of pelagic creatures, in the eyes of the biologist. By equal good fortune it chances that colorless things are at a premium in the sea, since to escape the eye of your enemy is a prime consideration. So the eggs in question are usually transparent, and thus, shielded from the vision of marine enemies, are beautifully adapted for the observation of the biologist. As a final merit, they are mostly of convenient size for manipulation under the microscope. For many reasons, then, the marine egg offers incomparable advantages to the student of cell life, an egg being the typical cell. And since nowadays the cell is the very focus of attention in the biological world, the importance of marine laboratories has been enhanced proportionately.

But of course not all the work can be done with eggs or with living specimens of any kind. It is equally important on occasion to examine the tissues of adult specimens, and for this, as a rule, the tissues must first be subjected to some preserving and hardening process preliminary to the cutting of sections for microscopical examination. This is done simply enough in the case of some organisms, but there is a large class of filmy, tenuous, fragile creatures in the sea population, of which the jelly-fish may be mentioned as familiar examples. Such creatures, when treated in an ordinary way, by dropping them into alcohol, shrivel up, coming to resemble nothing in particular, and ceasing to have any value for the study of normal structures. How to overcome this difficulty was one of the problems attacked from the beginning at the Naples laboratory. The chief part of the practical work of these experiments fell to the share of Signor Lo Bianco. The success that attended his efforts is remarkable. To-day you may see at the laboratory all manner of filmy, diaphanous creatures preserved in alcohol, retaining every jot of their natural contour, and thus offering unexampled opportunities for study *en masse*, or for being sectioned for the microscope. The methods by which this surprising result has been accomplished are naturally different for different creatures; Signor Lo Bianco has written a book telling how it all has been done. Perhaps the most important principle involved with a majority of the more tenuous forms is to stupefy the animal by gradually adding small quantities of a drug, such as chloral, to the water in which the creature is detained. When by this means the animal has been rendered so insensible that it responds very sluggishly to stimuli, it is plunged into a toxic solution, usually formaline, which kills it so suddenly that its muscles in their benumbed state have not time to contract.

Any one who has ever tried to preserve a jelly-fish, for example, by ordinary methods will recall the sorry result, and be prepared to appreciate Signor Lo

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Bianco's wonderfully beautiful specimens. Naturalists have come from all over the world to Naples to learn "just how" the miracle is accomplished, for it must be understood that the mere citation of the *modus operandi* by no means enables the novitiate to apply it successfully at once. In the case of some of the long-drawn-out forms of clustered ascidians, and the like, the delicacy of manipulation required to make successful preservations raises the method as practised at Naples almost to the level of a fine art. It is a boon to naturalists everywhere that the institution here is able sometimes to supply other laboratories less favorably situated with duplicates from its wealth of beautifully preserved specimens.

III.

These, then, are some of the material conditions that have contributed to make the results of the scientific investigations at the Naples laboratory notable. But of course, even with a superabundance of material, discoveries do not make themselves. "Who uses this material?" is, after all, the vital question. And in this regard the laboratory at Naples presents, for any one who gets at its heart, so to speak, an *ensemble* that is distinctive enough. For the men who work in the light and airy rooms of the laboratory proper have come for the purpose from all corners of the civilized globe, and not a few of them are men of the highest distinction in their various lines of biological science. A large proportion are professors in colleges and universities of their various countries; and for the rest, there is scarcely one who is not in some sense master of the biological craft. For it must be understood that this laboratory at Naples is not intended as a training-school for the apprentice. It offers in the widest sense a university course in biology, and that alone. There is no instructor here who shows the new-comer how to use the microscope, how to utilize the material, how to go about the business of discovery. The worker who comes to Naples is supposed to have learned all these things long before. He is merely asked, then, what class of material he desires, and, this being furnished him, he is permitted to go his own way unmolested. He may work much or little, or not at all; he may make epochal discoveries or no discoveries of any sort; and it will be all one to the management. No one will ask him, in any event, what he has done or why he has not done otherwise. In a word, the worker in the laboratory here, while being supplied with opportunities for study such as he could hardly find elsewhere, retains all the freedom of his own private laboratory.

Little wonder, then, that it is regarded as a rare privilege to be allowed to work in this laboratory. Fortunately, however, it is a privilege that may be obtained by almost any earnest worker who, having learned the technique of the craft elsewhere, desires now to prosecute special original studies in biology. Most of the tables here are leased in perpetuity, for a fixed sum per annum, by various public or private institutions of different countries. Thus, for example, America has the right of use of several tables, the Smithsonian Institution leasing one, Columbia University another, a Woman's League a third, and so on. Any American desiring to work at Naples should make application to one of these various sources, stating the exact time when he would like to go, and if there be a vacancy for that time, the properly accredited applicant is almost sure to receive the privilege he asks for. Failing in this, however, there is still a court of last appeal in Dr. Dohrn himself, who may have a few unoccupied tables at his disposal, and who will surely extend the courtesy of their occupancy, for a reasonable period, to any proper applicant, come he whence he may.

Thus it chances that one finds men of all nations working in the Naples laboratory—biologists from all over Europe, including Russia, from America, from Australia, from Japan. One finds women also, but these, I believe, are usually from America. Biologists who at home are at the head of fully equipped laboratories come here to profit by the wealth of material, as well as to keep an eye upon the newest methods of their craft, and to gain the inspiration of contact with other workers in allied fields. Many of the German university teachers, for example, make regular pilgrimages to Naples during their vacations, and more than one of them have made the original investigations here that have given them an international reputation.

As to the exact methods of study em-

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ployed by the individual workers here, little need be said. In this regard, as in regard to instrumental equipment, one biological laboratory is necessarily much like another, and the general conditions of original scientific experiment are pretty much the same everywhere. What is needed is, first, an appreciation of the logical bearings of the problem to be solved; and secondly, the skill and patience to carry out long lines of experiments, many of which necessarily lead to no tangible result. The selection of material for the experiments planned, the watching and cultivating of the living forms in the laboratory tanks, the cutting of numberless filmy sections for microscopical examination — these things, variously modified for each case, make up the work of the laboratory student of general biology. And just in proportion as the experiments are logically planned and carefully executed will the results be valuable, even though they be but negative. Just in proportion as the worker, by inclusion and exclusion, attains authentic results—results that will bear the test of repetition—does his reputation as a dependable working biologist become established.

The subjects attacked in the marine laboratory, first and last, are practically coextensive with the range of general biology, bacteriology excepted. Naturally enough, the life histories of marine forms of animals and plants have come in for a full share of attention. But, as I have already intimated, this zoological work forms only a small part of the investigations undertaken here; for in the main the workers prefer to attack those general biological problems which in their broader outlines apply to all forms of living beings, from highest to lowest. For example, Dr. Drietch, the well-known Leipzig biologist, spends several months of each year at the laboratory, and has made here most of those studies of cell activities with which his name is associated. The past season he has studied an interesting and important problem of heredity, endeavoring to ascertain the respective shares of the male and female parents in the development of the offspring. The subjects of his experiments have been various species of sea-urchins, but the principles discovered will doubtless be found to apply to most, or perhaps all, forms of vertebrate life as well.

While these studies were under way, another developmental problem was being attacked in a neighboring room of the laboratory by Professor Kitasato, of the University of Tokio, Japan. The subjects this time were the embryos of certain fishes, and the investigation had to do with the development of instructive monstrosities through carefully designed series of injuries inflicted upon the embryo at various stages of its development. Meantime another phase of the developmental history of organic things—this time a microscopical detail regarding the cell divisions of certain plants—has been studied by Professor Mottier, of Indiana; while another American botanist, Professor Swingle, of the Smithsonian, has been going so far afield from marine subjects as to investigate the very practical subject of the fertilization of figs as practised by the agriculturists about Naples.

Even from these few citations it will appear how varied are the lines of attack of a single biological problem; for here we see, at the hands of a few workers, a great variety of forms of life—radiates, insects, vertebrates; low marine plants and high terrestrial ones—made to contribute to the elucidation of various phases of one general topic, the all-important subject of heredity. All these studies are conducted in absolute independence, and to casual inspection they might seem to have little affinity with one another; yet in reality they all trench upon the same territory, and each in its own way tends to throw light upon a topic which, in some of its phases, is of the utmost practical importance to the human family. It is a long vault from the embryo of an obscure sea-weed to the well-being of man; yet it may well happen—so wide in their application are the general life principles—that study of the one may point a practical moral for the other.

Indeed, it constantly happens that the student of biology, while gazing through his microscope, hits upon discoveries that have the most far-removed implications. Thus a few years ago it was discovered that when a cell is about to bisect itself and become two cells, its nucleus undergoes a curious transformation. Within the nuclear substance little bodies are developed, usually threadlike in form, which take on a deep stain, and which the biologist calls chromosomes. These

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chromosomes vary in number in the cells of different animals, but the number is always the same for any given species of animal. If one were to group animate beings in classes according to this very fundamental quality of the cells, he would have some very curious relations established. Thus, under the heading "creatures whose cells have twenty-four chromosomes," one would find beings so different as "the mouse, the salamander, the trout, and the lily"; while the sixteen-chromosome group would introduce the very startling association of the ox, the guinea-pig, the onion, and man himself. But whatever their number, the chromosomes are always exactly bisected before the cell divides, one-half being apportioned to each of the two cells resulting from the division.

Now the application is this: It was the study of these odd nuclear structures and their peculiar manœuvrings that, in large measure, led Professor Weismann to his well-known theory of heredity, according to which the acquired traits of any being are not transmissible to the offspring. Professor Weismann came to believe that the apportionment of the nuclear substance, though quantitatively impartial, is sometimes radically uneven in quality; in particular, that the first bisection of the egg-cell, which marks the beginning of embryonic development, produces two cells utterly different in potentiality, the one containing the "body plasm," which is to develop the main animal structures, the other encompassing the "germ plasm," by which the racial integrity is to be preserved. Throughout the life of the individual, he believed, this isolation continued; hence the assumed lack of influence of acquired bodily traits upon the germ plasm and its engendered offspring. Hence, also, the application of the microscopical discovery to the deepest questions of human social evolution.

Every one will recall that this theory, born of the laboratory, made a tremendous commotion in the outside world. Its application to the welfare and progress of humanity gave it supreme interest, and polemics unnumbered were launched in its favor and in its condemnation. Eager search was made throughout the fields of botany and zoology for new evidence pro or con. But the definitive answer came finally from the same field of exploration in which the theory had been originated—the world of the cell—and the Marine Biological Laboratory was the seat of the new series of experiments which demonstrated the untenability of the Weismannian position. Most curious experiments they were, for in effect they consisted of the making of two or more living creatures out of one, in the case of beings so highly organized as the sea-urchins, the little fishlike vertebrate, amphioxus, and even the lower orders of true fishes. Of course the division of one being to form two is perfectly familiar in the case of those lowly single-celled creatures such as the protozoa and the bacteria, but it seems quite another matter when one thinks of cutting a fish in two and having two complete living fish remaining. Yet this is virtually what the biologists did.

Let me hasten to add that the miraculous feat was not accomplished with an adult fish. On the contrary, it is found necessary to take the subject quite at the beginning of its career, when it consists of an egg-cell in the earliest stages of proliferation. Yet the principle is quite the same, for the adult organism is, after all, nothing more than an aggregation of cells resulting from repeated divisions (growth accompanying) and redivisions of that original egg-cell. Considering its potentialities, the egg-cell, seemingly, is as much entitled to be considered an individual as is the developed organism. Yet it transpires that the biologist has been able so to manipulate a developing egg-cell, after its bisection, that the two halves fall apart, and that each half (now become an independent cell) develops into a complete individual, instead of the half-individual for which it seemed destined. A strange trick, that, to play with an individual *Ego*, is it not? The traditional hydra with its reanimating heads was nothing to this scientific hydra, which, when bisected bodily, rises up calmly as two whole bodies.

But even this is not the full measure of the achievement, for it has been found that in some cases the experiment may be delayed until the developing egg has made a second bisection, thus reaching the four-cell stage, when four completely formed individuals emerge from the dismembered egg. And in the case of certain medusæ, success has attended experiments made at the eight-cell, and even at the sixteen-

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cell stage of development, the creature which had gotten thus far on its career in single blessedness becoming eight or sixteen individuals at the wave of the enchanted wand—that is to say, the dissecting-needle—of the biologist. All of which savors of conjury, but is really only matter-of-fact biological experiment—experiment, however, of which the implications by no means confine themselves to matters of fact biological. For clearly the fact that the separated egg-cells grow into complete individuals shows that Weismann's theory, according to which one of the cells contained only body plasm, the other only germ plasm, is quite untenable. Thus the theory of the non-transmissibility of acquired characters is deprived of its supposed anatomical support, and left quite in the air, to the imminent peril of a school of sociologists who had built thereon new theories of human progress. Also the question of the multiplied personalities clearly extends far beyond the field of the biologist, and must be turned over to the consideration of the psychologist—if, indeed, it does not fall rather within the scope of the moralist.

But though it thus often chances that the biologist, while gazing stoically through his microscope, may discover things in his microcosm that bear very closely upon the practical interests of the most unscientific members of the human family, it would be a mistake to suppose that it is this class of facts that the worker is particularly seeking. The truth is that, as a rule, the pure biologist is engaged in work for the love of it, and nothing is further from his thoughts than the "practical" bearings or remote implications of what he may discover. Indeed, many of his most hotly pursued problems seem utterly divorced from what an outsider would call practical bearings, though, to be sure, one can never tell just what any new path may lead to. Such, for example, is the problem which, next to questions of cell activities, comes in for perhaps as large a share of attention nowadays as any other one biological topic, namely, the question as to just which of the various orders of invertebrate creatures is the type from which vertebrates were evolved in the past ages; in other words, what invertebrate creature was the direct ancestor of the vertebrates, including man. Clearly it can be of very little practical importance to man of to-day as to just who was his ancestor of several million years ago. But just as clearly the question has interest, and even the layman can understand something of the enthusiasm with which the specialist attacks it.

As yet, it must be admitted, the question is not decisively answered, several rival theories contending for supremacy in the case. One of the most important of these theories had its origin at the Naples laboratory; indeed, Dr. Dohrn himself is its author. This is the view that the type of the invertebrate ancestor is the annelid—a form whose most familiar representative is the earthworm. The many arguments for and against accepting the credentials of this unaristocratic ancestor cannot be dwelt upon here. But it may be consolatory, in view of the very plebeian character of the earthworm, to know that various of the annelids of the sea have a much more aristocratic bearing. Thus the filmy and delicately beautiful structures that decorate the pleasant home of the quaint little sea-horse in the Aquarium — structures having more the appearance of miniature palm-trees than of animals—are really annelids. One can view Dr. Dohrn's theory with a certain added measure of equanimity after he learns this, for the marine annelids are seen, some of them, to be very beautiful creatures, quite fitted to grace their distinguished offspring, should they make good their ancestral claims.

These glimpses will suffice, perhaps, to give at least a general idea of the manner of thing which the worker at the Marine Laboratory is seeking to discover when he interrogates the material that the sea has given him. In regard to the publication of the results of work done at the Naples laboratory, the same liberal spirit prevails that actuates the conduct of the institution from first to last. What the investigator discovers is regarded as his own intellectual property, and he is absolutely free, so far as the management of this institution is concerned, to choose his own medium in giving it to the world. He may, and often does, prefer to make his announcements in periodicals or books issued in his own country, and having no connection whatever with the Naples laboratory. But, on the other hand, his work being sufficiently important. he

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may, if he so desire, find a publisher in the institution itself, which issues three different series of important publications, under the editorship of Professor Mayer.

One of these, entitled *Mittheilungen aus der Zoologische Station zu Neapel*, permits the author to take his choice among four languages—German, English, French, or Italian. It is issued intermittently, as occasion requires. The second set of publications consists of ponderous monographs upon the fauna and flora of the Gulf of Naples. These are beautifully illustrated in color, and sometimes a single volume costs as much as $17,000 to issue. Of course only a fraction of that sum is ever recovered through sale of the book. The third publication, called *Zoologischen Jahresbericht*, is a valuable résumé of biological literature of all languages, keeping the worker at the laboratory in touch with the discoveries of investigators elsewhere.

The latter end is attained further by the library of the institution, which is supplied with all the periodicals of interest to the biologist and with a fine assortment of technical books. The library-room, aside from its printed contents, is of interest because of its appropriate mural decorations, and because of the bronze portrait busts of the two patron saints of the institution, von Baer and Darwin, which look down inspiringly upon the reader.

All in all, then, it would be hard to find a deficiency in the Stazione Zoologica as an instrument of biological discovery. A long list might be cited of the revelations first brought to light within its walls. And yet, as it seems to me, the greatest value of this institution as an educational factor in science—as a biological lever of progress—does not depend so much upon the tangible revelations of fact that have come out of its laboratories as upon other of its influences. Scientific ideas, like all other forms of human thought, move more or less in shoals. Very rarely does a great discovery emanate from an isolated observer. The man who cannot come in contact with other workers in kindred lines becomes more or less insular, narrow, and unfitted for progress. Nowadays, of course, the free communication between different quarters of the globe takes away somewhat from the insularity of any quarter, and each scientist everywhere knows something of what the others are doing, through widespread publications. But this can never altogether take the place of personal contact and the inspirational communication from man to man. Hence it is that a rendezvous, where all the men of a craft go from time to time and meet their fellows from all over the world, has an influence for the advancement of the guild which is enormous and unequivocal, even though difficult of direct demonstration.

This feature, then, it seems to me, gives Dr. Dohrn's laboratory its greatest value as an educational factor, as a moving force in the biological world. It is true that the new-comer there is likely to be struck at first with a sense of isolation, and to wonder at the seeming exclusiveness of the workers, the self-absorption of each and every one. Outside the management, whom he meets necessarily, no one pays the slightest attention to him at first, or seems to be aware of his existence. He is simply assigned to a room or table, told to ask for what he wants, and left to his own devices. As he walks along the hallways he sees tacked on the doors the cards of biologists from all over the world, exposing names with which he has long been familiar. He understands that the bearers of the names are at work within the designated rooms, but no one offers to introduce him to them, and for some time, perhaps, he does not so much as see them, nor would he recognize them if he did. He feels strange and isolated in the midst of this stronghold of his profession.

But soon this feeling leaves him. He begins to meet his fellow-workers casually here and there—in the hallways, at the distributing-tanks, in the library. There are no formal gatherings, and there are some workers who never seem to affiliate at all with the others; but in the long-run, here as elsewhere, kindred spirits find one another out; and even the unsocial ones take their share, whether or no, in the indefinable but very sensible influence of massed numbers. Presently some one suggests to the new-comer that he join some of the others of a Wednesday or Saturday evening, at a rendezvous where a number of them meet regularly.

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He goes, under escort of his sponsor, and is guided through one of those narrow, dark, hill-side streets of Naples where he would hardly feel secure to go alone, to a little wine-shop in what seems a veritable dungeon—a place which, if a stranger in Naples, he would never even remotely think of entering. But there he finds his confrères of the laboratory gathered about a long table, with the most conglomerate groups of Neapolitans of a seemingly doubtful class at their elbows. Each biologist has a caraffa of light wine on the table before him, and all are smoking. And, staid men of science that they are, they are chattering away on trivial topics with the animation of a company of schoolboys. The stock language is probably German, for this bohemian gathering is essentially a German institution; but the Germans are polyglots, and you will hardly find yourself lost in their company, whatever your native tongue.

Your companions will tell you that for years the laboratory fraternity have met twice a week at this homely but hospitable establishment. The host, honest Dominico Vincenzo Bifulco, will gladly corroborate the statement by bringing out for inspection a great blank book in which successive companies of his guests from the laboratory have scrawled their names, written epigrams, or made clever sketches. That book will some day be treasured in the library of a bibliophile, but that will not be until Bifulco is dead, for while he lives he will never part with it.

One comes to look upon this bohemian wine-shop as an adjunct of the laboratory, and to feel that the free and easy meetings there are in their way as important for the progress of science as the private séances of the individual workers in the laboratory itself. Not because scientific topics are discussed here, though doubtless that sometimes happens, but because of that vitalizing influence of the contact of kindred spirits of which I am speaking, and because this is the one place where a considerable number of the workers at the laboratory meet together with regularity.

The men who enter into such associations go out from them revitalized, full of the spirit of propaganda. Returned to their own homes, they agitate the question of organizing marine laboratories there; and it is largely through the efforts of the graduates, so to say, of the Naples laboratory that similar institutions have been established all over the world.

Thanks largely to the original efforts of Dr. Dohrn, nearly all civilized countries with a coast-line now have their marine laboratories. France has half a dozen, two of them under government control. Russia has two on the Black Sea and one on the French Mediterranean coast. Great Britain has important stations at St. Andrews, at Liverpool, and at Plymouth. The Scandinavian Peninsula has also three important stations. Germany shows a paucity by comparison, which, however, is easily understood when one reflects that the mother-laboratory at Naples is essentially a German institution despite its location.

The American stations are located at Woods Holle and at Cold Spring Harbor, on opposite coasts of Long Island Sound. The Japanese station is an adjunct of Tokio University. For the rest, the minor offspring of the Naples laboratory are too numerous to be cited here. Nor can I enter into any details regarding even the more important ones. Each in its way enters into the same general line of work, varying the details according to the bent of mind of individual directors and the limitations of individual resources. But in the broader outlines the aim of all is the same, and what we have seen at Naples is typical of what is best in all the others.

INTO MY HOUSE AND HEART

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

CLOSE following Love into my house and heart
Crept Love's pale brothers, Pain and great-eyed Fear;
Now are they welcome grown—welcome and dear—
Since with their passing Love and I must part.

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ELEANOR

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER III.

"ELEANOR, where are you off to?"

"Just to my house of Rimmon," said that lady, smiling. She was standing on the eastern balcony, buttoning a dainty gray glove, while Manisty a few paces from her was lounging in a deck-chair, with the English newspapers.

"What? to mass? I protest. Look at the lake—look at the sky—look at that patch of broom on the lake-side. Come and walk there before *déjeuner*, and make a round home by Aricia."

Mrs. Burgoyne shook her head.

"No; I like my little idolatries," she said, with decision.

It was Sunday morning. The bells in Marinata were ringing merrily. Women and girls with black lace scarfs upon their heads, handsome young men in short coats and soft peaked hats, were passing along the road between the villa and the lake, on their way to mass. It was a warm April day. The clouds of yellow banksia hanging over the statued wall that girdled the fountain-basin were breaking into bloom; and the nightingales were singing with a prodigality that was hardly worthy of their rank and dignity. Nature in truth is too lavish of nightingales on the Alban Hills in spring! She forgets, as it were, her own sweet arts, and all that rareness adds to beauty. One may hear a nightingale and not mark him—which is a *lèse-majesté*.

Mrs. Burgoyne's toilet matched the morning. The gray dress, so fresh and elegant, the broad black hat above the fair hair, the violets dewy from the garden that were fastened at her slender waist, and again at her throat beneath the pallor of the face—these things were of a perfection quite evident to the critical sense of Edward Manisty. It was the perfection that was characteristic. So, too, was the faded fairness of hair and skin, the frail distinguished look. So, above all, was the contrast between the minute care for personal adornment implied in the finish of the dress, and the melancholy shrinking of the dark-rimmed eyes.

He watched her, through the smoke wreaths of his cigarette, pleasantly and lazily conscious of both her charm and her inconsistencies.

"Are you going to take Miss Foster?" he asked her.

Mrs. Burgoyne laughed.

"I made the suggestion. She looked at me with amazement, colored crimson, and went away. I have lost all my chances with her."

"Then she must be an ungrateful minx," said Manisty, lowering his voice and looking round him towards the villa, "considering the pains you take."

"*Some* of us must take pains," said Mrs. Burgoyne, significantly.

"Some of us do," he said, laughing. "The others profit. One goes on praying for the primitive, but when it comes—No, it is not permitted to be as typical as Miss Foster."

"Typical of what?"

"The dissidence of Dissent, apparently, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. Confess—it was an odd caprice on the part of high Jove to send her here?"

"I am sure she has a noble character and an excellent intelligence."

Manisty shrugged his shoulders.

"Her grandfather," continued the lady, "was a divinity professor, and wrote a book on the Inquisition."

Manisty repeated his gesture.

"And as I told you the other night, she is almost as handsome as your Greek head, and very like her."

"My dear lady, you have the wildest notions!"

Mrs. Burgoyne picked up her parasol.

"Quite true. Your aunt tells me she was so disappointed, poor child, that there was no church of her own sort for her to go to this morning."

"What!" cried Manisty. "Did she expect a conventicle in the Pope's own town?"

For Marinata owned a Papal villa, and

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had once been a favorite summer residence of the Popes.

"No; but she thought she might have gone into Rome, and she missed the trains. I found her wandering about the salon looking quite starved and restless."

"Those are hungers that pass! My heart is hard. There, your bell is stopping. Eleanor!—I wonder why you go to these functions?"

He turned to look at her, his fine eye sharp and a little mocking.

"Because I like it."

"You like the thought of it. But when you get there, the reality won't please you at all. There will be the dirty floor, and the bad music, and the little priest intoning through his nose, and the scuffling boys, and the abominable pictures, and the tawdry altars. Much better stay at home and help me praise the Holy Roman Church from a safe distance!"

"What a hypocrite people would think you, if they could hear you talk like that!" she said, flushing.

"Then they would think it unjustly. I don't mean to be my own dupe, that's all."

"The dupes are the happiest," she said, in a low voice. "There is something between them and— Ah, well! never mind!"

She stood still a moment, looking across the lake, her hands resting lightly on the stone balustrade of the terrace. Manisty watched her in silence, occasionally puffing at his cigarette.

"Well, I shall be back very soon," she said, gathering up her prayer-book and her parasol. "Will it then be our duty to take Miss Foster for a walk?"

"Why not leave her to my aunt?"

She passed him with a little nod of farewell. Presently, through the openings of the balustrade, Manisty could watch her climbing the village street, with her dress held high above her daintily shod feet, a crowd of children asking for a halfpenny following at her heels. Presently he saw her stop irresolutely, open a little velvet bag that hung from her waist, and throw a shower of *soldi* among the children. They swooped upon it, fighting and shrieking.

Mrs. Burgoyne looked at them half smiling, half repentant, shook her head, and walked on.

"Eleanor, you coward!" said Manisty, throwing himself back in his chair with a silent laugh.

Under his protection, or his aunt's, as he knew well, Mrs. Burgoyne could walk past those little pests of children, even the poor armless and legless horrors on the way to Albano, and give a firm adhesion to Miss Manisty's Scotch doctrines on the subject of begging. But by herself she could not refuse—she could not bear to be scowled on, even for a moment. She must yield—must give herself the luxury of being liked. It was all of a piece with her weakness towards servants and porters and cabmen, her absurdities in the way of tips and gifts, the kindnesses she had been showing during the last three days to the American girl. Too kind! Insipidity lay that way.

Manisty returned to his newspapers. When he had finished them he got up and began to pace the stone terrace, his great head bent forward as usual, as though the weight of it were too much for the shoulders. The newspapers had made him restless again, had dissipated the good-humor of the morning, born perhaps of the mere April warmth and *bien-être*.

"Idling in a villa, with two women," he said to himself, bitterly, "while all these things are happening."

For the papers were full of news—of battles lost and won, on questions with which he had been at one time intimately concerned. Once or twice in the course of these many columns he had found his own name, his own opinion quoted, but only as belonging to a man who had left the field, a man of the past, politically dead.

As he stood there with his hands upon his sides, looking out over the Alban Lake and its broom-clad sides, a great hunger for London swept suddenly upon him, for the hot scent of its streets, for its English crowd, for the look of its shops and clubs and parks. He had a vision of the club writing-room, of well-known men coming in and going out, discussing the news of the morning, the gossip of the House; he saw himself accosted as one of the inner circle; he was sensible again of those short-lived pleasures of power and office. Not that he had cared half as much for these pleasures, when he had them, as other men. To affirm, with him, meant to be already

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half-way on the road to doubt; contradiction was his character. Nevertheless, now that he was out of it, alone and forgotten, now that the game was well beyond his reach, it had a way of appearing to him at moments intolerably attractive.

Nothing before him now, in these long days at the villa, but the hours of work with Eleanor, the walks with Eleanor, the meals with his aunt and Eleanor—and now, for a stimulating change, Miss Foster! The male in him was restless. He had been eager to come to the villa and the quiet of the hills, so as to push this long-delaying book to its final end. And, behold, day by day, in the absence of the talk and distractions of Rome, a thousand discontents and misgivings were creeping upon him. In Rome he was still a power. In spite of his strange detached position, it was known that he was the defender of the Roman system, the panegyrist of Leo XIII., the apologist of the Papal position in Italy. And this had been more than enough to open to him all but the very inmost heart of Catholic life. Their apartments in Rome, to the scandal of Miss Manisty's Scotch instincts, had been haunted by ecclesiastics of every rank and kind. Cardinals, Italian and foreign, had taken their afternoon tea from Mrs. Burgoyne's hands; the black and white of the Dominicans, the brown of the Franciscans, the black of the Jesuits—the staircase in the Via Sistina had been well acquainted with them all. Information not usually available had been placed lavishly at Manisty's disposal; he had felt the stir and thrill of the great Catholic organization as all its nerve-threads gather to its brain and centre in the Vatican. Nay, on two occasions he had conversed freely with Leo XIII. himself.

All this he had put aside impatiently, that he might hurry on his book and accomplish his *coup*. And in the tranquillity of the hills, was he beginning to lose faith in the book and the compensation it was to bring him? He was capable both of extravagant conceit and of the most boundless temporary disgust with his own doings and ideas. Such a disgust seemed to be mounting now through all his veins, taking all the savor out of life and work. No doubt it would be the same to the end—the politician in him just strong enough to ruin the man of letters—the man of letters always ready to distract and paralyze the politician. And as for the book, like its writer, what was it—fish, flesh, or fowl? What was the plain man to make of it? And nowadays the plain man settles everything.

Well!—if the book came to grief, it was not only he that would suffer. Poor Eleanor!—poor, kind, devoted Eleanor!

Yet as the thought of her passed through his meditations, a certain annoyance mingled with it. What if she had been helping to keep him, all this time, in a fool's paradise—hiding the truth from him by this soft enveloping sympathy of hers?

His mind started these questions freely, yet only to brush them away with a sense of shame. Beneath his outer egotism there were large and generous elements in his mixed nature. And nothing could stand finally against the memory of that sweet, all-sacrificing devotion which had been lavished upon himself and his work all the winter!

What right had he to accept it? What did it mean? Where was it leading?

He guessed pretty shrewdly what had been the speculations of the friends and acquaintances who had seen them together in Rome. Eleanor Burgoyne was but just thirty, very attractive, and his distant kinswoman. As for himself, he knew very well that according to the general opinion of the world, beginning with his aunt, it was his duty to marry, and marry soon. He was in the prime of life; he had a property that cried out for an heir, and a rambling Georgian house that would be the better for a mistress. He was tolerably sure that Aunt Pattie had already had glimpses of Eleanor Burgoyne in that position.

Well—if so, Aunt Pattie was less shrewd than usual. Marriage! The notion of its fetters and burdens was no less odious to him now than it had been at twenty. What did he want with a wife—still more, with a son? The thought of his own life continued in another's filled him with a shock of repulsion. Where was the sense of infusing into another being the black drop that poisoned his own? A daughter, perhaps—with the eyes of his mad sister Alice? Or a son—with the contradictions and weaknesses, without the gifts of his father? Men have different ways of chal-

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lenging the future. But that particular way called paternity had never in his most optimistic moments appealed to Manisty.

And of course Eleanor understood him! He had not been ungrateful. No!—he knew well enough that he had the power to make a woman's hours pass pleasantly. Eleanor's winter had been a happy one; her health and spirits had alike revived. Friendship, as they had known it, was a very rare and exquisite thing. No doubt when the book was done with, their relations must change somewhat. But friends—dear, close friends—they must always be.

For now there was plenty of room and leisure in his life for these subtler bonds. The day of great passions was gone by. There were one or two incidents in his earlier manhood on which he could look back with the half-triumphant consciousness that no man had dived deeper to the heart of feeling, had drunk more wildly, more inventively, of passion than he, in more than one country of Europe, in the East as in the West. These events had occurred in those wander-years between twenty and thirty, which he had spent in travelling, hunting, and writing, in the pursuit, alternately eager and fastidious, of as wide an experience as possible. But all that was over.

Over? Yes!—but as he shut his eyes upon the lake there flashed on the inner vision the orange groves of Granada, the lace-work of the Alhambra, the flutter of a white dress, the look in a pair of sweet, wild eyes.

"*Quick, thy tablets, Memory!*"—

And then again—framed high in the window of a Venetian palace, that exquisite pale brow, that half-disdainful air, the glorious gold about the little head; and last of all the same face, the same tall and slender form beside him on the terrace of an old Burgundian château, the delicate hands wrung in a proud misery, the tears upon a cheek that his lips would touch no more.

Ah!—he drew a long breath and resumed his pacing. These things were long ago—they concerned another man, in another world. Politics and ambition had possessed him since, and women now appealed to other instincts in him—instincts rather of the diplomatist and intriguer than of the lover. Of late years they had been his friends and instruments. And by no unworthy arts. They were delightful to him; and his power with them was based on natural sympathies and divinations that were perhaps his birthright. His father had had the same gift. Why deny that both his father and he had owed much to women? What was there to be ashamed of? His father had been one of the ablest and most respected men of his day; and so far as English society was concerned, the son had no scandal, nor the shadow of one, upon his conscience.

How far did Eleanor divine him? He raised his shoulder with a smile. Probably she knew him better than he knew himself. Besides, she was no mere girl, brimful of illusions and dreaming of love-affairs. What a history!—Good heavens! Why had he not known and seen something of her in the days when she was still under the tyranny of that intolerable husband? He might have eased the weight a little—protected her—as a kinsman may. Ah, well!—better not! They were both younger then.

As for the present, let him only extricate himself from this coil in which he stood, find his way back to activity and his rightful place, and many things might look differently. Perhaps—who could say?—in the future, when youth was still further forgotten by both of them, he and Eleanor might after all take each other by the hand, sit down on either side of the same hearth, their present friendship pass into one of another kind. It was quite possible, only—

The sudden crash of a glass door made him look round. It was Miss Foster who was hastening along the enclosed passage leading to the outer stair. She had miscalculated the strength of the wind on the north side of the house, and the glass door communicating with the library had slipped from her hand. She passed Manisty with a rather scared, penitent look, quickly opened the outer door, and ran down stairs.

Manisty watched her as she turned into the garden. The shadows of the ilex avenue chequered her straw bonnet, her prim black cape, her white skirt. There had been no meddling of freakish hands with her dark hair this morning. It was tightly plaited at the back of her head. Her plain sunshade, her black kid gloves, were neatness itself—middle-class, sabbatical neatness.

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Manisty recalled his thoughts of the last half-hour with a touch of amusement. He had been meditating on "women"—the delightfulness of "women," his own natural inclination to their society. But how narrow is everybody's world!

His collective noun of course had referred merely to that small, high-bred, cosmopolitan class which presents types like Eleanor Burgoyne. And here came this girl, walking through his dream, to remind him of what "woman," average virtuous woman of the New or the Old World, is really like.

All the same, she walked well—carried her head remarkably well. There was a free and springing youth in all her movements that he could not but follow with eyes that noticed all such things, as she passed through the old trees and the fragments of Græco-Roman sculpture placed among them.

That afternoon Lucy Foster was sitting by herself in the garden of the villa. She had a volume of sermons by a famous Boston preacher in her hand, and was alternately reading and looking. Miss Manisty had told her that some visitors from Rome would probably arrive between four and five o'clock; and close to her, indeed, the little butler, running hither and thither, with an eagerness, an anxiety, an effusion that no English servant would have deigned to show, was placing chairs and tea tables and putting out tea things.

Presently, indeed, Alfredo approached the silent lady sitting under the trees, on tiptoe.

Would the signorina be so very kind as to come and look at the tables? The signora—so all the household called Miss Manisty—had given directions, but he, Alfredo, was not sure, and it would be so sad if when she came out she were not pleased!

Lucy rose and went to look. She discovered some sugar-tongs missing. Alfredo started like the wind in search of them, running down the avenue with short, scudding steps, his coat tails streaming behind him.

"Imperishable child!" Yet he had been five years in the cavalry; he was admirably educated; he wrote a better hand than Manisty's own; and when his engagement at the villa came to an end, he was already, thanks to a very fair scientific knowledge, engaged as manager in a fireworks factory in Rome.

Lucy's look pursued the short flying figure of the butler with a smiling kindness. What a clever and lovable people! During the three days that she had been at the villa she had made friends—so far as her natural shyness and her poor Italian would allow—with the tall and stately house-maid who waited upon her, a woman who had the brow and bearing of an empress; and with Maddalena, the "donna di servizio" from the village, who came to help in the mornings, a "ragazza" of fifty, most garrulously affectionate, who followed the new visitor about from room to room, picking up Lucy's cottons and books, flying to shut or open windows, and every now and then going down on her knees when she found Lucy alone, to inquire, in an agitated whisper, whether the signorina knew if the servants, and she, Maddalena, in particular, gave satisfaction to the signora? Then there was the poor old concierge, a trembling relic of seventy-five or so, who had served the Malastrini for fifty years, and could now only take off his hat to their tenants as they went out and in—a function, however, which he performed with such zeal that Lucy Foster already felt as though the bowing of a lifetime had been concentrated upon the last three days; and the man who drove her from the station, and gave her a fatherly lesson in Italian on the road; and the charming bright-eyed boy who had been her guide the evening before through the wood paths by the lake to a convent on the farther side; and the charcoal-burners on the way—and several more.

What was wrong with the people, that Mr. Manisty should never have a good word for their institutions, or their history, or their public men? Unjust! Nor was he even consistent with his own creed. He so moody and silent with Mrs. Burgoyne, and Miss Manisty could always find a smile and a phrase for the natives. The servants adored him, and all the long street of Marinata welcomed him with friendly eyes. His Italian was fluency itself; and his handsome looks, perhaps his keen commanding air, gave him a natural kingship among a susceptible race.

But to laugh and live with a people, merely that you might gibbet it before Europe, that you might show it as the

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Helot among nations—there was a kind of treachery in it! Lucy Foster remembered some of the talk and feeling in America after the Manistys' visit there had borne fruit in certain hostile lectures and addresses on the English side of the water. She had shared the feeling. She was angry still. And her young ignorance and sympathy were up in arms so far on behalf of Italy. Who and what was this critic that he should blame so freely, praise so little?

Not that Mr. Manisty had, so far, confided any of his views to her. It seemed to her that she had hardly spoken with him since that first evening of her arrival. But she had heard further portions of his book read aloud, taken from the main fabric this time, and not from the embroideries. The whole villa, indeed, was occupied and preoccupied by the book. Mrs. Burgoyne was looking pale and worn with the stress of it—

Mrs. Burgoyne! The girl fell into a wondering reverie. She was Mr. Manisty's second cousin; she had lost her husband and child in some frightful accident; she was not going to marry Mr. Manisty—at least nobody said so; and though she went to mass, she was not a Catholic, but, on the contrary, a Scotch Presbyterian by birth, being the daughter of a Scotch laird of old family, one General Delafield Muir—

"She is very kind to me," thought Lucy Foster, in a rush of gratitude mixed with some perplexity. "I don't know why she takes so much trouble about me. She is so different—so—so fashionable, so experienced. She can't care a bit about me. Yet she is very sweet to me—to everybody, indeed. But—"

And again she lost herself in ponderings on the relation of Mr. Manisty to his cousin. She had never seen anything like it. The mere neighborhood of it thrilled her, she could not have told why. Was it the intimacy that it implied—the intimacy of mind and thought? It was like marriage—but married people were more reserved, more secret. Yet of course it was only friendship—Miss Manisty had said that her nephew and Mrs. Burgoyne were "very great friends." Well—one read of such things—one did not often seen them.

The sound of steps approaching made her lift her eyes.

It was not Alfredo, but a young man, a young Englishman apparently, who was coming towards her. He was fair-haired and smiling; he carried his hat under his arm, and he wore a frock-coat and a rose in his button-hole—this was all she had time to see before he was at her side.

"May I introduce myself? I must!—Miss Manisty told me to come and find you. I'm Reggie Brooklyn—Mrs. Burgoyne's friend. Haven't you heard of me? I look after her when Manisty ought to and doesn't; I'm going to take you all to St. Peter's next week."

Lucy looked up to see a charming face, lit by the bluest of blue eyes, adorned, moreover, by a fair mustache, and an expression at once confident and appealing.

Was this the "delightful boy" from the Embassy Mrs. Burgoyne had announced to her? No doubt. The color rose softly in her cheek. She was not accustomed to young gentlemen with such a manner and such a *savoir-faire*.

"Won't you sit down?" She moved sedately to one side of the bench.

He settled himself at once, fanning himself with his hat, and looking at her discreetly.

"You're American, aren't you? You don't mind my asking you?"

"Not in the least. Yes; it's my first time in Europe."

"Well, Italy's not bad—is it? Nice place, Rome, anyway. Aren't you rather knocked over by it? I was when I first came."

"I've only been here four days."

"And of course nobody here has time to take you about. I can guess that! How's the book getting on?"

"I don't know," she said, opening her eyes wide in a smile that would not be repressed, a smile that broke like light in her grave face.

Her companion looked at her with approval.

"My word—she's dowdy"—he thought—"like a Sunday-school teacher. But she's handsome."

The real point was, however, that Mrs. Burgoyne had told him to go out and make himself agreeable, and he was accustomed to obey orders from that quarter.

"Doesn't he read it to you all day and all night?" he asked. "That's his way."

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"I have heard some of it. It's very interesting."

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a queer business, that book. My chief here is awfully sick about it. So are a good many other English. Why should an Englishman come out here and write a book to run down Italy? And an Englishman that's been in the government, too—so of course what he says 'll have authority. Why, we're friends with Italy—we've always stuck up for Italy! When I think what he's writing, and what a row it 'll make, I declare I'm ashamed to look one's Italian friends in the face! And just now, too, when they're so down on their luck."

For it was the year of the Abyssinian disasters; and the carnage of Adowa was not yet two months old.

Lucy's expression showed her sympathy.

"What makes him—"

"Take such a twisted sort of a line? Oh! goodness! what makes Manisty do anything? Of course I oughtn't to talk. I'm just an understrapper—and he's a man of genius—more or less—we all know that. But what made him do what he did last year! Well, the Liberals have done with him, anyway. And the Conservatives don't want him either. He's perfectly impracticable—always takes a line of his own—and as proud as Lucifer. I once heard him tell a friend of mine that he didn't know how to obey anybody—he'd never learnt. That's because they didn't send him to a public school—worse luck;—his mother's doing, I believe. She thought him so clever—he must be treated differently to other people. Don't you think that's a great mistake?"

"What?"

"Why, to prefer the cross-cuts, when you might stick to the highroad?"

The American girl considered. Then she flashed into a smile.

"I think I'm for the cross-cuts!"

"Ah—that's because you're American. I might have known you'd say that. All your people want to go one better than anybody else. But I can tell you it doesn't do for Englishmen. They want their noses kept to the grindstone. That's my experience! Of course it was a great pity Manisty ever went into Parliament at all. He'd been abroad for seven or eight years, living with all the big-wigs and reactionaries everywhere. The last thing in the world he knew anything about was English politics. But then his father had been a Liberal, and a Minister for ever so long. And when Manisty came home, and the member for his father's division died, I don't deny it was very natural they should put him in. And he's such a queer mixture, I dare say he didn't know himself where he was. But I'll tell you one thing—"

He shook his head slowly, with all the airs of the budding statesman.

"When you've joined a party you must *dine* with 'em! It doesn't sound much, but I declare it's the root of everything. Now Manisty was always dining with the other side. All the great Tory ladies, and the charming High-Churchwomen, and the delightful High-Churchmen—and they *are* nice fellows, I can tell you!—got hold of him. And then it came to some question about these beastly schools—don't you wish they were all at the bottom of the sea?—and I suppose his chief was more annoying than usual—(oh, but he had a number of other coolnesses on his hands by that time—*he* wasn't meant to be a Liberal!)—and his friends talked to him—and so— Ah! there they are!"

And lifting his hat, the young man waved it towards Mrs. Burgoyne, who, with Manisty and three or four other companions, had just become visible at the farther end of the ilex avenue which stretched from their stone bench to the villa.

"Why, that's my chief!" he cried. "I didn't think he was to be here this afternoon. I say, do you know my chief?"

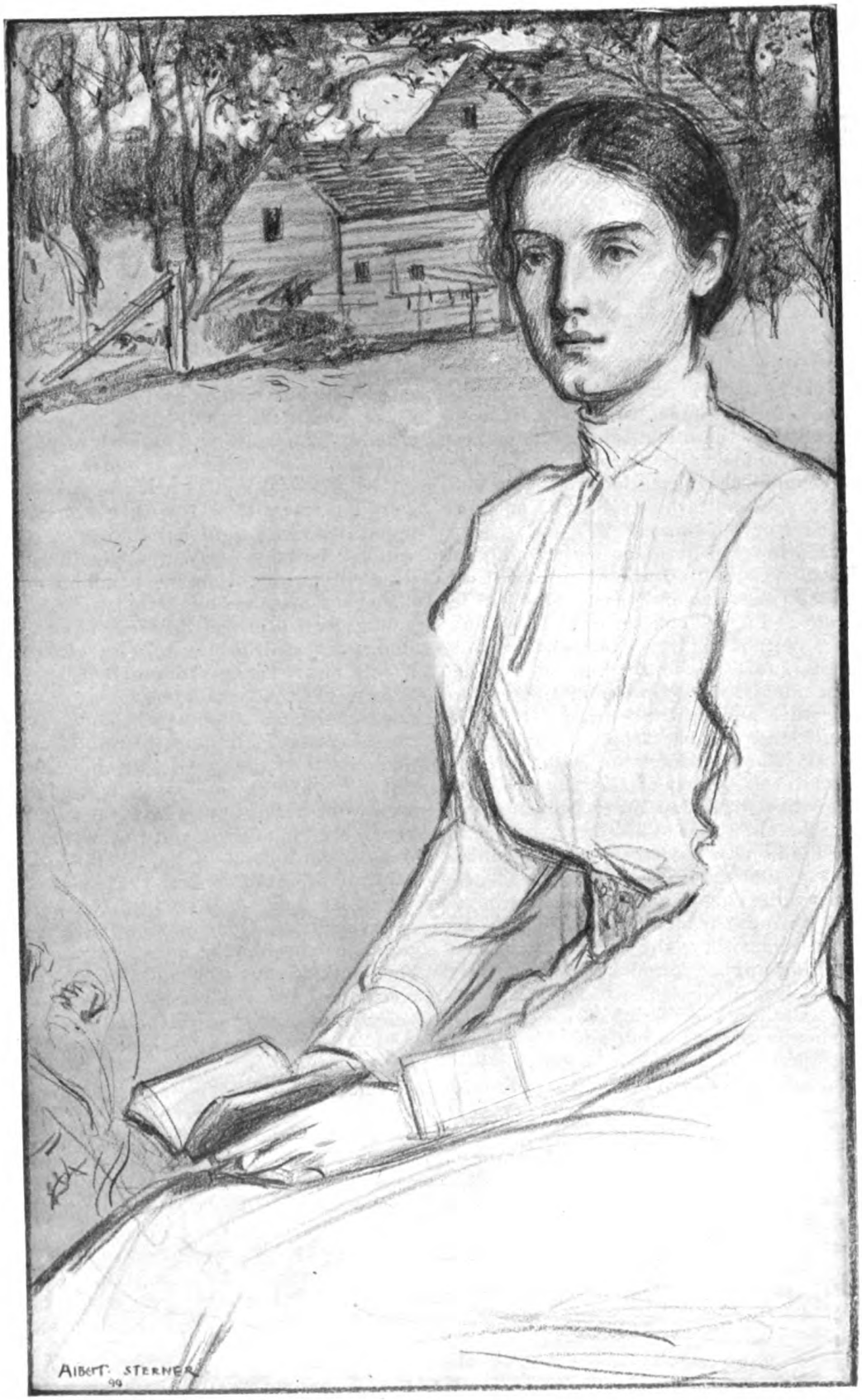
And he turned to her with the brightest, most confiding manner, as though he had been the friend of her cradle.

"Who?" said Lucy, bewildered—"the tall gentleman with the white hair?"

"Yes! that's the ambassador. Oh, I'm glad you'll see him! He's a charmer, is our chief! And that's his daughter, who keeps house for him. I'll tell you something if you'll keep it a secret"—he bent towards her. "He likes Mrs. Burgoyne, of course—everybody does—but he doesn't take Manisty at his own valuation. I've heard him say some good things to Manisty; you'd hardly think a man would get over them.—Who's that on the other side?"

He put his hand over his eyes for a moment, then burst into a laugh.

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LUCY FOSTER.

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"Why, it's the other man of letters! —Bellasis. I should think you've read some of his poems, or plays? Rome has hardly been able to hold the two of them this winter. It's worse than the archæologists. Mrs. Burgoyne is always trying to be civil to him, so that he mayn't make uncivil remarks about Manisty. I say, don't you think she's delightful?"

He lowered his voice as he looked round upon his companion, but his blue eyes shone.

"Mrs. Burgoyne?" said Lucy. "Yes, indeed! She's so—so very kind."

"Oh, she's a darling, is Eleanor Burgoyne! And I may call her that, you know, for I'm her cousin, just as Manisty is, only on the other side. I have been trying to look after her a bit this winter in Rome—she never looks after herself. And she's not a bit strong. You know her history, of course?"

He lowered his voice with young importance, speaking almost in a whisper, though the advancing party were still far away. Lucy shook her head.

"Well, it's a ghastly tale, and I've only a minute. Her husband, you see, had pneumonia. They were in Switzerland together, and he'd taken a chill after a walk, and one night he was raving mad —mad, you understand, with delirium and fever—and poor Eleanor was so ill they had taken her away from her husband and put her to bed on the other side of the hotel. And there was a drunken nurse—it's almost too horrible, isn't it?— and while she was asleep Mr. Burgoyne got up, quite mad, and he went into the next room where the baby was, without waking anybody, and he took the child out asleep in his arms, back to his own room, where the windows were open, and there he threw himself and the boy out together headlong! The hotel was high up, built, one side of it, above a rock wall, with a stream below it. There had been a great deal of rain, and the river was swollen. The bodies were not found for days. When poor Eleanor woke up she had lost everything. Oh! I dare say, when the first shock was over, the husband didn't so much matter; he hadn't made her at all happy. But the child!—"

He stopped, Mrs. Burgoyne's gay voice could be heard as she approached. All the elegance of the dress was visible—the gleam of a diamond at the throat, the flowers at the waist. Lucy Foster's eyes, dim with sudden tears, fastened themselves upon the slender, advancing form.

CHAPTER IV.

THE party grouped themselves round the tea tables. Mrs. Burgoyne laid a kind hand on Lucy Foster's arm, and introduced one or two of the new-comers.

Then while Miss Manisty, a little apart, lent her ear to the soft chat of the ambassador, who sat beside her, supporting a pair of old and very white hands upon a gold-headed stick, Mrs. Burgoyne busied herself with Mr. Bellasis and his tea. For he was anxious to catch a train, and had but a short time to spare.

He was a tall, stiffly built man, with a heavy white face and a shock of black hair combed into a high and birdlike crest. As to Mrs. Burgoyne's attentions, he received them with a somewhat pinched but still smiling dignity. Manisty, meanwhile, a few feet away, was fidgeting on his chair in one of his most unmanageable moods. Around him were two or three young men bearing the great names of Rome. They all belonged to the Guardia Nobile, and were all dressed by English tailors. Two of them, moreover, were the sons of English mothers. They were laughing and joking together, and every now and then they addressed their host. But he scarcely replied. He gathered stalk after stalk of grass from the ground beside him, nibbled it, and threw it away —a constant habit of his when he was annoyed or out of spirits.

"So you have read my book?" said Mr. Bellasis, pleasantly, addressing Mrs. Burgoyne, as she handed him a cup of tea. The book in question was long; it revived the narrative verse of our grandfathers; and in spite of the efforts of a "set," the world was not disposed to take much notice of it.

"Yes, indeed! We liked it so much. But I think when I wrote to you I told you what we thought about it?"

And she glanced towards Manisty for support. He, however, did not apparently hear what she said. Mr. Bellasis also looked round in his direction; but in vain. The poet's face clouded.

"May I ask what reading you are at?" he said, returning to his tea.

"What reading?" Mrs. Burgoyne looked puzzled.

"Have you read it more than once?"

She colored.

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"No—I'm afraid—"

"Ah! my friends tell me in Rome that the book cannot be really appreciated except at a second or third reading—"

Mrs. Burgoyne looked up in dismay as a shower of gravel descended on the tea table. Manisty had just beckoned in haste to his great Newfoundland, who was lying stretched on the gravel path, and the dog, bounding towards him, seemed to have brought the path with him.

Mr. Bellasis impatiently shook some fragments of gravel from his coat, and resumed:

"I have just got a batch of the first reviews. Really, criticism has become an absurdity! Did you look at the *Sentinel?*"

Mrs. Burgoyne hesitated.

"Yes—I saw there was something about the style—"

"The style!" Mr. Bellasis threw himself back in his chair and laughed loud. "Why, the style is done with a magnifying-glass! There's not a phrase, not a word, that I don't stand by."

"Mr. Bellasis," said the courteous voice of the ambassador, "are you going by this train?"

The great man held out his watch.

"Yes, indeed—and I must catch it!" cried the man of letters. He started to his feet, and bending over Mrs. Burgoyne, he said, in an aside perfectly audible to all the world, "I read my new play to-night—just finished—at Madame Salvi's!"

Eleanor smiled and congratulated him. He took his leave, and Manisty, in an embarrassed silence, accompanied him half-way down the avenue.

Then returning, he threw himself into a chair near Lucy Foster and young Brooklyn, with a sigh of relief.

"Intolerable ass!" he said under his breath, as though quite unconscious of any bystander.

The young man looked at Lucy with eyes that danced.

"Who is your young lady?" said the ambassador.

Miss Manisty explained.

"An American? Really? I was quite off the scent. But now—I see—I see! Let me guess. She is a New-Englander—not from Boston, but from the country. I remember the type exactly. The year I was at Washington I spent some weeks in the summer convalescing at a village up in the hills of Maine. The women there seemed to me the salt of the earth. May I go and talk to her?"

Miss Manisty led him across the circle to Lucy, and introduced him.

"Will you take me to the terrace and show me St. Peter's? I know one can see it from here," said the suave, polished voice.

Lucy rose in a shy pleasure that became her. The thought flashed happily through her, as she walked beside the old man, that Uncle Ben would like to hear of it! She had that "respect of persons" which comes not from snobbishness, but from imagination and sympathy. The man's office thrilled her, not his title.

The ambassador's shrewd eyes ran over her face and bearing, taking note of all the signs of character. Then he began to talk, exerting himself as he had not exerted himself that morning for a princess who had lunched at his table. And as he was one of the enchanters of his day, known for such in half a dozen courts and two hemispheres, Lucy Foster's walk was a walk of delight. There was only one drawback. She had heard other members of the party say "Your Excellency," and somehow her lips would not pronounce it. Yet so kind and kingly was the old man, there was no sign of homage she would not have gladly paid him, if she had known how.

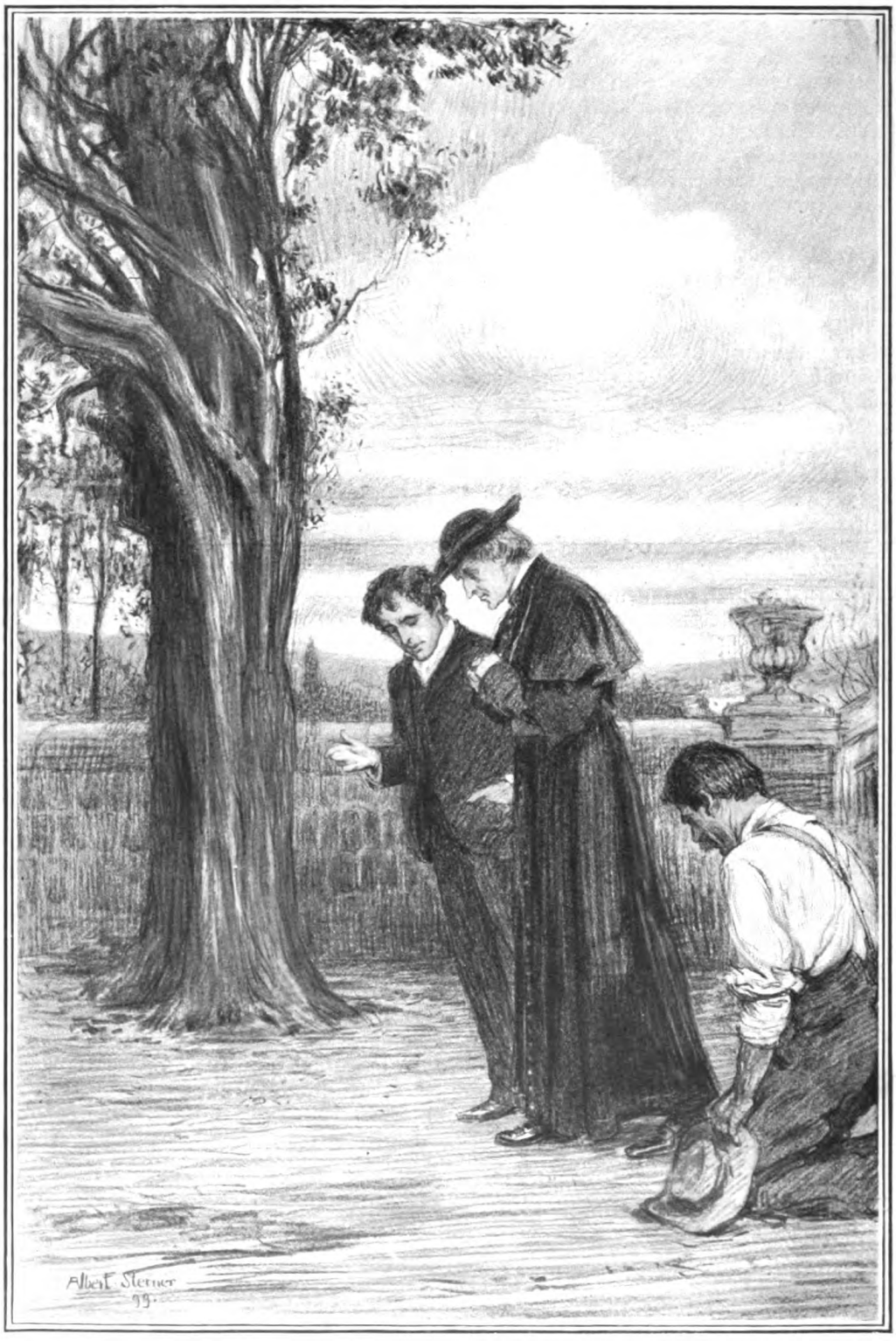
They emerged at last upon the stone terrace at the edge of the garden looking out upon the Campagna.

"Ah! there it is!" said the ambassador, and walking to the corner of the terrace, he pointed northward.

And there, just caught between two stone-pines, in the dim blue distance rose the great dome.

"Doesn't it give you an emotion?" he said, smiling down upon her. "When I first staid on these hills I wrote a poem about it—a very bad poem. There's a kind of miracle in it, you know. Go where you will, that dome follows you. Again and again storm and mist may blot out the rest—that remains. The peasants on these hills have a superstition about it. They look for that dome as they look for the sun. When they can't see it they are unhappy—they expect some calamity. It's a symbol, isn't it, an idea?—and those are the things that touch us. I have a notion"—he

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THE CARDINAL.

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turned to her, smiling—"that it will come into Mr. Manisty's book?"

Their eyes met in a smiling assent.

"Well, there are symbols and symbols. That dome makes my old heart beat because it speaks of so much—half the history of our race. But looking back, I remember another symbol. I was at Harvard in '74, and I remember the first time I ever saw those tablets—you recollect—in the Memorial Hall—to the Harvard men that fell in the war?"

The color leapt into her cheek. Her eyes filled.

"Oh yes! yes!" she said, half eager, half timid. "My father lost two brothers; both their names are there."

The ambassador looked at her kindly.

"Well, be proud of it!—be proud of it! That wall, those names, that youth, and death—they remain with me, as the symbol of the other great majesty in the world! There's one"—he pointed to the dome—"that's Religion. And the other's Country. It's country that Mr. Manisty forgets—isn't it?"

The old man shook his head, and fell silent, looking out over the cloud-flecked Campagna.

"Ah, well," he said, rousing himself, "I must go. Will you come and see me? My daughter shall write to you."

And five minutes later the ambassador was driving swiftly towards Rome, in a good humor with himself and the day. He had that morning sent off what he knew to be a masterly despatch, and in the afternoon, as he was also quite conscious, he had made a young thing happy.

Manisty could not attend the ambassador to his carriage. He was absorbed by another guest. Mrs. Burgoyne, young Brooklyn, and Lucy paid the necessary civilities.

When they returned they found a fresh group gathered on the terrace. Two persons made the centre of it—a gray-haired Cardinal and Manisty.

Lucy looked at her host in amazement. What a transformation! The man who had been lounging and listless all the afternoon, barely civil to his guests, making no effort, indeed, for any one, was now another being. An hour before, he had been in middle age; now he was young, handsome, courteous, animating and guiding the conversation around him with the practised ease of one who knew himself a master.

Where was the spell? The Cardinal?

The Cardinal sat to Manisty's right, one wrinkled hand resting on the neck of the Newfoundland. It was a typical Italian face, large-cheeked and large-jawed, with good eyes—a little sleepy, but not unspiritual. His red-edged cassock allowed a glimpse of red stockings to be seen; and his finely worked cross and chain, his red sash, and the bright ribbon that lit up his broad-brimmed hat made spots of cheerful color in the shadow of the trees.

He was a Cardinal of the Curia, belonging, indeed, to the Congregation of the Index.

The vulgar believed that he was staying on the hills for his health. The initiated, however, knew that he had come to these heights bringing with him the works of a certain German Catholic professor threatened with the thunders of the Church. It was a matter that demanded leisure and a quiet mind.

As he sat sipping Miss Manisty's tea, however, nothing could be divined of those scathing Latin sheets on which he had left his secretary employed. He had the air of one at peace with all the world—hardly stirred, indeed, by the brilliance of his host.

"Italy again!" said Reggie, Brooklyn in Lucy's ear. "Poor old Italy! One might be sure of that when one sees one of these black gentlemen about."

The Cardinal, indeed, had given Manisty his text. He had brought an account of some fresh vandalism of the government—the buildings of an old Umbrian convent turned to government uses—the disappearance of some famous pictures in the process, supposed to have passed into the hands of a Paris dealer by the connivance of a corrupt official.

The story had roused Manisty to a white heat. This maltreatment of religious buildings and the wasting of their treasures was a subject on which he was inexhaustible. Encouraged by the slow smile of the Cardinal, the laughter and applause of the young men, he took the history of a monastery in the mountains of Orvieto, which had long been intimately known to him, and told it, with a variety, a passion, an irony, that only he could achieve—that at last revealed indeed to Lucy Foster, as she sat quivering with antagonism beside Miss Man-

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isty, all the secret of the man's fame and power in the world.

For gradually—from the story of this monastery, and its suppression at the hands of a few Italian officials—he built up a figure, typical, representative, according to him, of the New Italy, small, insolent, venal—insulting and despoiling the Old Italy, venerable, beautiful, and defenceless. And then a natural turn of thought, or a suggestion from one of the group surrounding him, brought him to the scandals connected with the Abyssinian campaign—to the charges of incompetence and corruption which every Radical paper was now hurling against the Crispi government. He gave the latest gossip, handling it lightly, inexorably, as one more symptom of an inveterate disease, linking the men of the past with the men of the present, spattering all with the same mud, till Italian Liberalism, from Cavour to Crispi, sat shivering and ugly —stripped of all those pleas and glories wherewith she had once stepped forth adorned upon the page of history.

Finally, with the art of the accomplished talker, a transition! Back to the mountains, and the lonely convent on the heights, to the handful of monks left in the old sanctuary, handing on the past, waiting for the future, heirs of a society which would destroy and outlive the New Italy, as it had destroyed and outlived the Old Rome,—offering the daily sacrifice amid the murmur and solitude of the woods,—confident, peaceful, unstained; while the new men in the valleys below peculated and bribed, swarmed and sweated, in the mire of a profitless and purposeless corruption.

And all this in no set harangue, but in vivid broken sentences, in snatches of paradox and mockery, of emotion touched and left; interrupted, moreover, by the lively give and take of conversation with the young Italians, by the quiet comments of the Cardinal. None the less, the whole final image emerged, as Manisty meant it to emerge, till the fascinated hearers felt, as it were, a breath of hot bitterness and hate pass between them and the spring day, enveloping the grim phantom of a ruined and a doomed state.

The Cardinal said little. Every now and then he put in a fact of his own knowledge, a stroke of character, a phrase of compassion that bit more sharply even than Manisty's scorns, a smile, a shake of the head. And sometimes, as Manisty talked with the young men, the sharp wrinkled eyes rested upon the Englishman with a scrutiny, instantly withdrawn. All the caution of the Roman ecclesiastic—the inheritance of centuries —spoke in the glance.

It was perceived by no one, however, but a certain dark elderly lady, who was sitting restlessly silent beside Miss Manisty. Lucy Foster had noticed her as a new-comer, and believed that her name was Madame Variani.

As for Eleanor Burgoyne, she sat on Manisty's left while he talked—it was curious to notice how a place was always made for her beside him!—her head raised a little towards him, her eyes bright and fixed. The force that breathed from him passed through her frail being, quickening every pulse of life. She neither criticised nor accepted what he said. It was the man's splendid vitality that subdued and mastered her.

Yet she alone knew what no one else suspected. At the beginning of the conversation Manisty had placed himself behind an old stone table of oblong shape and thick base, of which there were several on the terrace. Round it grew up grasses and tall vetches which had sown themselves among the gaping stones of the terrace. Nothing, therefore, could be seen of the talker as he leant carelessly across the table but the magnificent head, and the shoulders on which it was so freely and proudly carried.

Anybody noticing the effect—for it was an effect—would have thought it a mere happy accident. Eleanor Burgoyne alone knew that it was conscious. She had seen the same pose, the same concealment practised too often to be mistaken. But it made no difference whatever to the spell that held her. The small vanities and miseries of Manisty's nature were all known to her, and, alas, she would not have altered one of them!

When the Cardinal rose to go, two Italian girls, who had come with their brother, the Count Cesaleschi, ran forward, and curtsying, kissed the Cardinal's ring. And as he walked away, escorted by Manisty, a gardener crossed the avenue, who also, at sight of the tall, red-sashed figure, fell on his knees and did the same. The Cardinal gave him an absent nod and smile, and passed on.

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"Ah! *j'étouffe!*" cried Madame Variani, throwing herself down by Miss Manisty. "Give me another cup, *chère madame*. Your nephew is too bad. Let him show us another nation born in forty years—that has had to make itself in a generation—let him show it us. Ah! you English, with all your advantages and your proud hearts, perhaps we too could pick some holes in you!"

She fanned herself with angry vigor. The young men came to stand round her, arguing and laughing. She was a favorite in Rome, and as a French woman, and the widow of a Florentine man of letters, occupied a somewhat independent position, and was the friend of many different groups.

"And you, young lady, what do you think?" she said suddenly, laying a large hand on Lucy Foster's knee.

Lucy, startled, looked into the sparkling black eyes brought thus close to her own.

"But I just *long*," she said, catching her breath, "to hear the other side."

"Ah, and you shall hear it, my dear—you shall!" cried Madame Variani. "*N'est-ce pas, madame?*" she said, addressing Miss Manisty. "We will get rid of all those priests, and then we will speak our mind. Oh, and you too," and she waved her hand with a motherly roughness towards the young men. "What do you know about it, Signor Marchese? If there were no Guardia Nobile, you would not wear those fine uniforms. That is why you like the Pope."

The Marchese Vitaloni—a charming boy of two-and-twenty, tall, thin-faced, and pensive—laughed and bowed.

"The Pope, madame, should establish some *dames d'honneur*. Then he would have all the ladies too on his side."

"*Oh, mon Dieu!* he has enough of them!" cried Madame Variani. "But here comes Mr. Manisty; I must drink my tea and hold my tongue. I am going out to dinner to-night, and if one gets hot and cross, that is not good for the complexion."

Manisty advanced at his usual quick pace, his head sunk once more between his shoulders.

Young Vitaloni approached him. "Ah, Carlo!" he said, looking up affectionately. "Dear fellow! Come for a stroll with me."

And linking his arm in the young man's, he carried him off. Their peals of laughter could be heard coming back from the distance of the ilex walk.

Madame Variani tilted back her chair to look after them.

"Ah, your nephew can be *bon enfant* too, when he likes," she said to Miss Manisty; "I do not say no. But, when he talks of these poor Italians, he is *méchant—méchant!*"

As for Lucy Foster, as Manisty passed out of sight, she felt her pulses still tingling with a wholly new sense of passionate hostility, dislike even. But none the less did the stage seem empty and meaningless when he had left it.

Manisty and Mrs. Burgoyne were closeted in the library for some time before dinner. Lucy in the salon could hear him pacing up and down, and the deep voice dictating.

Then Mrs. Burgoyne came into the salon, and not noticing the girl, who was hidden behind a great pot of broom, threw herself on the sofa with a long sigh of fatigue. Lucy could just see the pale face against the pillow, and the closed eyes. Thus abandoned and at rest, there was something strangely pitiful in the whole figure, for all its grace.

A wave of feeling rose in the girl's breast. She slipped softly from her hiding-place, took a silk blanket that was lying on a chair, and approached Mrs. Burgoyne.

"Let me put this over you. Won't you sleep before dinner? And I will shut the window. It is getting cold."

Mrs. Burgoyne opened her eyes in astonishment, and murmured a few words of thanks.

Lucy covered her up, closed the window, and was stealing away, when Mrs. Burgoyne put out a hand and touched her.

"It is very sweet of you to think of me."

She drew the girl to her, enclosed the hand she had taken in both hers, pressed it, and released it. Lucy went quietly out of the room.

Then till dinner she sat reading her New Testament, and trying rather piteously to remind herself that it was Sunday. Far away in a New England village the bells were ringing for the evening meeting. Lucy, shutting her eyes, could smell the spring scents in the church lane, could

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hear the droning of the opening hymn. A vague mystical peace stole upon her as she recalled the service; the great words of "sin," "salvation," "righteousness," as the Evangelical understands them, thrilled through her heart.

Then, as she rose to dress, there burst upon her through the open window the sunset blaze of the Campagna with the purple dome in its midst. And with that came the memory of the afternoon, of the Cardinal and Manisty.

Very often, in these first days, it was as though her mind ached under the stress of new thinking, like something stretched and sore. In the New England house where she had grown up, a corner of the old-fashioned study was given up to the books of her grandfather, the divinity professor. They were a small collection, all gathered with one object—the confuting and confronting of Rome. Like many another Protestant zealot, the old professor had brooded on the crimes and cruelties of persecuting Rome till they became a madness in the blood. How well Lucy remembered his books, with their backs of faded gray or brown cloth, and their grim titles! Most of them she had never yet been allowed to read. When she looked for a book, she was wont to pass this shelf by in a vague horror. What Rome habitually did or permitted, what at any rate she had habitually done or permitted in the past, could not, it seemed, be known by a pure woman? And she would glance from the books to the engraving of her grandfather above them, to the stern and yet delicate face of the old Calvinist, with its high peaked brow, and white neck-cloth supporting the sharp chin, lifting her heart to him in a passionate endorsement, a common fierce hatred of wrong and tyranny.

She had grown older since then, and her country with her; New England Puritanism was no longer what it had been, and the Catholic Church had spread in the land. But in Uncle Ben's quiet household, and in her own feeling, the changes had been but slight and subtle. Pity had insensibly taken the place of hatred.

But those old words "priest" and "mass" still rung in her ears as symbols of all that man had devised to corrupt and deface the purity of Christ.

And of what that purity might be she had such tender, such positive traditions! Her mother had been a Christian mystic—a "sweet woman," meek as a dove in household life, yet capable of the fiercest ardors as a preacher and missionary, gathering rough laborers into barns and by the way-side, and dying before her time, worn out by the imperious energies of religion. Lucy had always before her the eyes that seemed to be shining through a mist, the large tremulous mouth, the gently furrowed brow. Those strange forces "grace" and "the spirit" had been the realities, the deciding powers of her childhood, whether in what concerned the great emotions of faith, or the most trivial incidents of ordinary life—writing a letter—inviting a guest—taking a journey. The soul bare before God, depending on no fleshly aid, distracted by no outward rite, sternly defending its own freedom as a divine trust; she had been reared on these main thoughts of Puritanism, and they were still, through all insensible transformations, the guiding forces of her own being.

Already, in this Catholic country, she had been jarred and repelled on all sides. Yet she found herself living with two people for whom Catholicism was not indeed a personal faith—she could not think of that side of it without indignation—but a thing to be passionately admired and praised, like art, or music, or scenery. You might believe nothing, and yet write pages and pages in glorification of the Pope and the mass, and in contempt of everything else!—in excuse, too, of every kind of tyranny, so long as it served the Papacy and "the Church."

She leaned out to the sunset, remembering sentence after sentence from the talk on the terrace, hating or combating them all.

Yet all the time a new excitement invaded her. For the man who had spoken thus was, in a sense, not a mere stranger to her. Somewhere in his being must be the capacity for those thoughts and feelings that had touched her so deeply in his book, for that magical insight and sweetness—

Ah!—perhaps she had not understood his book—no more than she understood him now. The sense of her own ignorance oppressed her—and of all that *might* be said, with regard apparently to anything whatever. Was there nothing quite true, quite certain, in the world?

So the girl's intense and simple nature entered, like all its fellows, upon the old,

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inevitable struggle. As she stood there, with locked hands and flushed cheeks, conscious through every vein of the in-rush and shock of new perceptions, new comparisons, she was like a ship that leaves the harbor for the open, and feels for the first time on all her timbers the strain of the unplumbed sea—*interfusa nitentes . . . . aequora Cycladas.*

And of this invasion, this excitement, the mind, in haunting debate and antagonism, made for itself one image, one symbol—the face of Edward Manisty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO THE NATIONS

BY ALFRED H. LOUIS

RISE to your need, ye Nations! ye Peoples, rise to your need!
For your vision is shot with blood, while the blood of your hearts grows thin.
The fruits of the Life ye reject, on husks with the swinefolk feed.
So ye cumber ye with the flesh, reck not of decay within.

Ye array for the world-wide slaughter, ye prate of the world-wide peace;
Ye halt 'twixt the poison-cup and the cup of the sacrament wine.
Ye hold the soul immortal as though on a moment's lease,
And fain would a compact seal 'tween Demoniac and Divine!

Surely, O Nations of Men, ye are clad in rags outworn,
Crouching in Fear unfaithed, father of ruthless deeds.
The glories that strain to the birth ye will not that they be born;
The soil ye suffer to thirst, the flowers to be choked with weeds.

Yet they are straws that bind ye, shadows that hold in thrall;
One stroke of the Hand Almighty, they vanish, they break, ye are free!
The Almighty Hearing awaits! One deep, strong, agonized call,
And your dreams shall have blood in the veins, take glorious Form, and Be.

One splendid and selfless cry—such cry as Motherhood makes
When the babe's breast quivers and pants, clutches the failing breath!—
Lo, the gates of the Heavens fly open, the New Day rapturous breaks,
And Life is a hundredfold Life, and Death is no longer Death!

Behold, O Nations of Men, I set in your Thought's foreground
All that hath holiest claim ye trample in dust and forget—
Claspings of soft sweet arms, murmurs of passionate sound,
When the eyes find home in the eyes, and the hearts with the hearts are met.

Cast them with scorn away—your purse-fed panoplied pride,
Hideous cries of the mart, rattlings of weapons that slay!
'Tis the Spirit that calls with these—the Mother, the Babe, and the Bride,
And the Household Angel great--demanding absolute sway.

With their cry, 'tis the cry going up to the yearning, listening skies
Of Prophet, of Poet, of Sage, by the age-long fierceness crushed!
'Tis the cleaving power that appeals of their age-long agonized sighs,
That the storming of Conflict at last be shamed and forever hushed.

Ah! Ye will hear! They shall break—the ruthless swords that have slain!
There shall be no sword to pierce save the sword of the Spirit alone!
Healed is the wound ancestral, cleansed the ancestral stain.
Descend from your crosses and live! From the graves roll every stone!

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WHILOMVILLE STORIES

BY STEPHEN CRANE

PART VII.—THE CARRIAGE-LAMPS

IT was the fault of a small nickel-plated revolver, a most incompetent weapon, which, wherever one aimed, would fling the bullet as the devil willed, and no man, when about to use it, could tell exactly what was in store for the surrounding country. This treasure had been acquired by Jimmie Trescott after arduous bargaining with another small boy. Jimmie wended homeward, patting his hip pocket at every three paces.

Peter Washington, working in the carriage-house, looked out upon him with a shrewd eye. "Oh, Jim," he called, "wut you got in yer hind pocket?"

"Nothin'," said Jimmie, feeling carefully under his jacket to make sure that the revolver wouldn't fall out.

Peter chuckled. "S'more foolishness, I raikon. You gwine be hung one day, Jim, you keep up all dish yer nonsense."

Jimmie made no reply, but went into the back garden, where he hid the revolver in a box under a lilac-bush. Then he returned to the vicinity of Peter, and began to cruise to and fro in the offing, showing all the signals of one wishing to open treaty. "Pete," he said, "how much does a box of cartridges cost?"

Peter raised himself violently, holding in one hand a piece of harness, and in the other an old rag. "Ca'tridgers! *Ca'tridgers!* Lan'sake! wut the kid want with ca'tridgers? Knew it! Knew it! Come home er-holdin' on to his hind pocket like he got money in it. An' now he want ca'tridgers."

Jimmie, after viewing with dismay the excitement caused by his question, began to move warily out of the reach of a possible hostile movement.

"Ca'tridgers!" continued Peter, in scorn and horror. "Kid like you! No bigger'n er minute! Look yah, Jim, you done been swappin' round, an' you done got hol' of er pistol!" The charge was dramatic.

The wind was almost knocked out of Jimmie by this display of Peter's terrible miraculous power, and as he backed away his feeble denials were more convincing than a confession.

"I'll tell yer pop!" cried Peter, in virtuous grandeur. "I'll tell yer pop!"

In the distance Jimmie stood appalled. He knew not what to do. The dread adult wisdom of Peter Washington had laid bare the sin, and disgrace stared at Jimmie.

There was a whirl of wheels, and a high, lean trotting-mare spun Doctor Trescott's buggy toward Peter, who ran forward busily. As the doctor climbed out, Peter, holding the mare's head, began his denunciation:

"Docteh, I gwine tell on Jim. He come home er-holdin' on to his hind pocket, an' proud like he won a tuhkey-raffle; an' I sure know what he been up to, an' I done challenge him, an' he nev' say he didn't."

"Why, what do you mean?" said the doctor. "What's this, Jimmie?"

The boy came forward, glaring wrathfully at Peter. In fact, he suddenly was so filled with rage at Peter that he forgot all precautions. "It's about a pistol," he said, bluntly. "I've got a pistol. I swapped for it."

"I done tol' 'im his pop wouldn' stand no fiah-awms, an' him a kid like he is. I done tol' 'im. Lan' sake! he strut like he was a soldier! Come in yere proud,

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an' er-holdin' on to his hind pocket. He think he was Jesse James, I raikon. But I done tol' 'im his pop stan' no sech foolishness. First thing—*blam*—he shoot his haid off. No, seh, he too tinety t' come in yere er-struttin' like he jest bought Main Street. I tol' 'im. I done tol' 'im —shawp. I don' wanter be loafin' round dis yer stable if Jim he gwine go shootin' round an' shootin' round—*blim—blam—blim—blam!* No, seh. I retiahs. I retiahs. It's all right if er grown man got er gun, but ain't no kids come foolishin' round *me* with fiah-awms. No, seh. I retiahs."

"Oh, be quiet, Peter!" said the doctor. "Where is this thing, Jimmie?"

The boy went sulkily to the box under the lilac-bush and returned with the revolver. "Here 'tis," he said, with a glare over his shoulder at Peter. The doctor looked at the silly weapon in critical contempt.

"It's not much of a thing, Jimmie, but I don't think you are quite old enough for it yet. I'll keep it for you in one of the drawers of my desk."

Peter Washington burst out proudly: "I done tol' 'im th' docteh wouldn' stan' no traffickin' round yere with fiah-awms. I done tol' 'im."

Jimmie and his father went together into the house, and as Peter unharnessed the mare he continued his comments on the boy and the revolver. He was not cast down by the absence of hearers. In fact, he usually talked better when there was no one to listen save the horses. But now his observations bore small resemblance to his earlier and public statements. Admiration and the keen family pride of a Southern negro who has been long in one place were now in his tone.

"That boy! He's er devil! When he get to be er man—wow! He'll jes take an' make things whirl round yere. Raikon we'll all take er back seat when he come erlong er-raisin' Cain."

He had unharnessed the mare, and with his back bent was pushing the buggy into the carriage-house.

"Er pistol! An' him no bigger than er minute!"

A small stone whizzed past Peter's head and clattered on the stable. He hastily dropped all occupation and struck a curious attitude. His right knee was almost up to his chin, and his arms were wreathed protectingly about his head. He had not looked in the direction from which the stone had come, but he had begun immediately to yell:

"You Jim! Quit! Quit, I tell yer, Jim! Watch out! You gwine break somethin', Jim!"

"Yah!" taunted the boy, as with the speed and ease of a light-cavalryman he manœuvred in the distance. "Yah! Told on me, did you! Told on me, hey! There! How do you like that?" The missiles resounded against the stable.

"Watch out, Jim! You gwine break something, Jim, I tell yer! Quit yer foolishness, Jim! Ow! Watch out, boy! I—"

There was a crash. With diabolic ingenuity, one of Jimmie's pebbles had entered the carriage-house and had landed among a row of carriage-lamps on a shelf, creating havoc which was apparently beyond all reason of physical law. It seemed to Jimmie that the racket of falling glass could have been heard in an adjacent county.

Peter was a prophet who after persecution was suffered to recall everything to the mind of the persecutor. "*There!* Knew it! Knew it! *Now* I raikon you'll quit. Hi! jes look ut dese yer lamps! Fer 'lan' sake! Oh, now yer pop jes break ev'ry bone in yer body!"

In the doorway of the kitchen the cook appeared with a startled face. Jimmie's father and mother came suddenly out on the front veranda. "What was that noise?" called the doctor.

Peter went forward to explain. "Jim he was er-heavin' rocks at me, docteh, an' erlong come one rock an' go *blam* inter all th' lamps an' jes skitter 'em t' bits. I declayah—"

Jimmie, half blinded with emotion, was nevertheless aware of a lightning glance from his father, a glance which cowed and frightened him to the ends of his toes. He heard the steady but deadly tones of his father in a fury: "Go into the house and wait until I come."

Bowed in anguish, the boy moved across the lawn and up the steps. His mother was standing on the veranda still gazing toward the stable. He loitered in the faint hope that she might take some small pity on his state. But she could have heeded him no less if he had been invisible. He entered the house.

When the doctor returned from his in-

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vestigation of the harm done by Jimmie's hand, Mrs. Trescott looked at him anxiously, for she knew that he was concealing some volcanic impulses. "Well?" she asked.

"It isn't the lamps," he said at first. He seated himself on the rail. "I don't know what we are going to do with that boy. It isn't so much the lamps as it is the other thing. He was throwing stones at Peter because Peter told me about the revolver. What are we going to do with him?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the mother. "We've tried almost everything. Of course much of it is pure animal spirits. Jimmie is not naturally vicious—"

"Oh, I know," interrupted the doctor, impatiently. "Do you suppose, when the stones were singing about Peter's ears, he cared whether they were flung by a boy who was naturally vicious or a boy who was not? The question might interest him afterward, but at the time he was mainly occupied in dodging these effects of pure animal spirits."

"Don't be too hard on the boy, Ned. There's lots of time yet. He's so young yet, and— I believe he gets most of his naughtiness from that wretched Dalzel boy. That Dalzel boy—well, he's simply awful!" Then, with true motherly instinct to shift blame from her own boy's shoulders, she proceeded to sketch the character of the Dalzel boy in lines that would have made that talented young vagabond stare. It was not admittedly her feeling that the doctor's attention should be diverted from the main issue and his indignation divided among the camps, but presently the doctor felt himself burn with wrath for the Dalzel boy.

"Why don't you keep Jimmie away from him?" he demanded. "Jimmie has no business consorting with abandoned little predestined jail-birds like him. If I catch him on the place I'll box his ears."

"It is simply impossible, unless we kept Jimmie shut up all the time," said Mrs. Trescott. "I can't watch him every minute of the day, and the moment my back is turned, he's off."

"I should think those Dalzel people would hire somebody to bring up their child for them," said the doctor. "They don't seem to know how to do it themselves."

Presently you would have thought from the talk that one Willie Dalzel had been throwing stones at Peter Washington because Peter Washington had told Doctor Trescott that Willie Dalzel had come into possession of a revolver.

In the mean time Jimmie had gone into the house to await the coming of his father. He was in rebellious mood. He had not intended to destroy the carriage-lamps. He had been merely hurling stones at a creature whose perfidy deserved such action, and the hitting of the lamps had been merely another move of the great conspirator Fate to force one Jimmie Trescott into dark and troublous ways. The boy was beginning to find the world a bitter place. He couldn't win appreciation for a single virtue; he could only achieve quick, rigorous punishment for his misdemeanors. Everything was an enemy. Now there were those silly old lamps—what were they doing up on that shelf, anyhow? It would have been just as easy for them at the time to have been in some other place. But no; there they had been, like the crowd that is passing under the wall when the mason for the first time in twenty years lets fall a brick. Furthermore, the flight of that stone had been perfectly unreasonable. It had been a sort of freak in physical law. Jimmie understood that he might have thrown stones from the same fatal spot for an hour without hurting a single lamp. He was a victim—that was it. Fate had conspired with the detail of his environment to simply hound him into a grave or into a cell.

But who would understand? Who would understand? And here the boy turned his mental glance in every direction, and found nothing but what was to him the black of cruel ignorance. Very well; some day they would—

From somewhere out in the street he heard a peculiar whistle of two notes. It was the common signal of the boys of the neighborhood, and judging from the direction of the sound, it was apparently intended to summon him. He moved immediately to one of the windows of the sitting-room. It opened upon a part of the grounds remote from the stables and cut off from the veranda by a wing. He perceived Willie Dalzel loitering in the street. Jimmie whistled the signal after having pushed up the window-sash some inches. He saw the Dalzel boy turn and

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regard him, and then call several other boys. They stood in a group and gestured. These gestures plainly said: "Come out. We've got something on hand." Jimmie sadly shook his head.

But they did not go away. They held a long consultation. Presently Jimmie saw the intrepid Dalzel boy climb the fence and begin to creep amongst the shrubbery, in elaborate imitation of an Indian scout. In time he arrived under Jimmie's window, and raised his face to whisper: "Come on out! We're going on a bear-hunt."

A bear-hunt! Of course Jimmie knew that it would not be a real bear-hunt, but would be a sort of carouse of pretension and big talking and preposterous lying and valor, wherein each boy would strive to have himself called Kit Carson by the others. He was profoundly affected. However, the parental word was upon him, and he could not move. "No," he answered, "I can't. I've got to stay in."

"Are you a prisoner?" demanded the Dalzel boy, eagerly.

"No-o—yes—I s'pose I am."

The other lad became much excited, but he did not lose his wariness. "Don't you want to be rescued?"

"Why—no—I dun'no'," replied Jimmie, dubiously.

Willie Dalzel was indignant. "Why, of course you want to be rescued! We'll rescue you. I'll go and get my men." And thinking this a good sentence, he repeated, pompously, "I'll go and get my men." He began to crawl away, but when he was distant some ten paces he turned to say: "Keep up a stout heart. Remember that you have friends who will be faithful unto death. The time is not now far off when you will again view the blessed sunlight."

The poetry of these remarks filled Jimmie with ecstasy, and he watched eagerly for the coming of the friends who would be faithful unto death. They delayed some time, for the reason that Willie Dalzel was making a speech.

"Now, men," he said, "our comrade is a prisoner in yon—in yond—in that there fortress. We must to the rescue. Who volunteers to go with me?" He fixed them with a stern eye.

There was a silence, and then one of the smaller boys remarked,

"If Doc Trescott ketches us trackin' over his lawn—"



"YOU JIM! QUIT! QUIT, I TELL YER!"

Willie Dalzel pounced upon the speaker and took him by the throat. The two presented a sort of a burlesque of the wood-cut on the cover of a dime novel which Willie had just been reading—*The Red Captain: A Tale of the Pirates of the Spanish Main.*

"You are a coward!" said Willie, through his clinched teeth.

"No, I ain't, Willie," piped the other, as best he could.

"I say you are," cried the great chieftain, indignantly. "Don't tell *me* I'm a liar." He relinquished his hold upon the coward and resumed his speech. "You know me, men. Many of you have been my followers for long years. You saw

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me slay Six-handed Dick with my own hand. You know I never falter. Our comrade is a prisoner in the cruel hands of our enemies. Aw, Pete Washington? He dassent. My pa says if Pete ever troubles me he'll brain 'im. Come on! To the rescue! Who will go with me to the rescue? Aw, come on! What are you afraid of?"

It was another instance of the power of eloquence upon the human mind. There was only one boy who was not thrilled by this oration, and he was a boy whose favorite reading had been of the road-agents and gun-fighters of the great West, and he thought the whole thing should be conducted in the Deadwood Dick manner. This talk of a "comrade" was silly; "pard" was the proper word. He resolved that he would make a show of being a pirate, and keep secret the fact that he really was Hold-up Harry, the Terror of the Sierras.

But the others were knit close in piratical bonds. One by one they climbed the fence at a point hidden from the house by tall shrubs. With many a low-breathed caution they went upon their perilous adventure.

Jimmie was grown tired of waiting for his friends who would be faithful unto death. Finally he decided that he would rescue himself. It would be a gross breach of rule, but he couldn't sit there all the rest of the day waiting for his faithful-unto-death friends. The window was only five feet from the ground. He softly raised the sash and threw one leg over the sill. But at the same time he perceived his friends snaking among the bushes. He withdrew his leg and waited, seeing that he was now to be rescued in an orthodox way. The brave pirates came nearer and nearer.

Jimmie heard a noise of a closing door, and turning, he saw his father in the room looking at him and the open window in angry surprise. Boys never faint, but Jimmie probably came as near to it as may the average boy.

"What's all this?" asked the doctor, staring. Involuntarily Jimmie glanced over his shoulder through the window. His father saw the creeping figures. "What are those boys doing?" he said, sharply, and he knit his brows.

"Nothin'."

"Nothing! Don't tell me that. Are they coming here to the window?"

"Y-e-s, sir."

"What for?"

"To—to see me."

"What about?"

"About—about nothin'."

"What about?"

Jimmie knew that he could conceal nothing. He said, "They're comin' to—to—to rescue me." He began to whimper.

The doctor sat down heavily.

"What? To rescue you?" he gasped.

"Y-yes, sir."

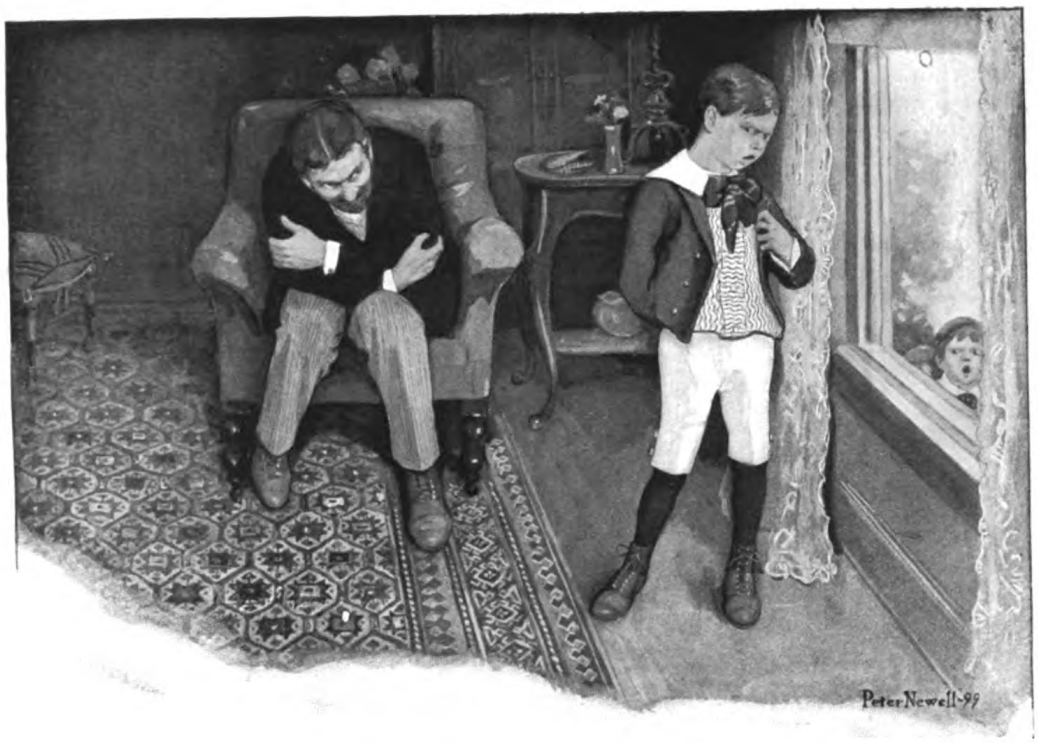


"HE TURNED TO SAY: 'KEEP UP A STOUT HEART.'"

The doctor's eyes began to twinkle. "Very well," he said presently. "I will sit here and observe this rescue. And on no account do you warn them that I am here. Understand?"

Of course Jimmie understood. He had been mad to warn his friends, but his father's mere presence had frightened him from doing it. He stood trembling at the

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"THE BOY TURNED AGAIN TO HIS FRIENDS."

window, while the doctor stretched in an easy-chair near at hand. They waited. The doctor could tell by his son's increasing agitation that the great moment was near. Suddenly he heard Willie Dalzel's voice hiss out a word: "S-s-silence!" Then the same voice addressed Jimmie at the window: "Good cheer, my comrade. The time is now at hand. I have come. Never did the Red Captain turn his back on a friend. One minute more and you will be free. Once aboard my gallant craft and you can bid defiance to your haughty enemies. Why don't you hurry up? What are you standin' there lookin' like a cow for?"

"I—er—now—you—" stammered Jimmie.

Here Hold-up Harry, the Terror of the Sierras, evidently concluded that Willie Dalzel had had enough of the premier part, so he said:

"Brace up, pard. Don't ye turn white-livered now, fer ye know that Hold-up Harry, the Terrar of the Sarahs, ain't the man ter—"

"Oh, stop it!" said Willie Dalzel. "He won't understand that, you know. He's a pirate. Now, Jimmie, come on. Be of light heart, my comrade. Soon you—"

"I 'low arter all this here long time in jail ye thought ye had no friends mebbe, but I tell ye Hold-up Harry, the Terrar of the Sarahs—"

"A boat is waitin'—"

"I have ready a trusty horse—"

Willie Dalzel could endure his rival no longer.

"Look here, Henry, you're spoilin' the whole thing. We're all pirates, don't you see, and you're a pirate too."

"I ain't a pirate. I'm Hold-up Harry, the Terrar of the Sarahs."

"You ain't, I say," said Willie, in despair. "You're spoilin' everything, you are. All right, now. You wait. I'll fix you for this, see if I don't! Oh, come on, Jimmie. A boat awaits us at the foot of the rocks. In one short hour you'll be free forever from your ex—excwable enemies, and their vile plots. Hasten, for the dawn approaches."

The suffering Jimmie looked at his father, and was surprised at what he saw. The doctor was doubled up like a man with the colic. He was breathing heavily. The boy turned again to his friends.

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"I—now—look here," he began, stumbling among the words. "You—I—I don't think I'll be rescued to-day."

The pirates were scandalized. "What?" they whispered, angrily. "Ain't you goin' to be rescued? Well, all right for you, Jimmie Trescott. That's a nice way to act, that is!" Their upturned eyes glowered at Jimmie.

Suddenly Doctor Trescott appeared at the window with Jimmie. "Oh, go home, boys!" he gasped, but they did not hear him. Upon the instant they had whirled and scampered away like deer. The first lad to reach the fence was the Red Captain, but Hold-up Harry, the Terror of the Sierras, was so close that there was little to choose between them.

Doctor Trescott lowered the window, and then spoke to his son in his usual quiet way. "Jimmie, I wish you would go and tell Peter to have the buggy ready at seven o'clock."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmie, and he swaggered out to the stables. "Pete, father wants the buggy ready at seven o'clock."

Peter paid no heed to this order, but with the tender sympathy of a true friend he inquired, "Hu't?"

"Hurt? Did what hurt?"

"Yer trouncin'."

"Trouncin'!" said Jimmie, contemptuously. "I didn't get any trouncin'."

"No?" said Peter. He gave Jimmie a quick shrewd glance, and saw that he was telling the truth. He began to mutter and mumble over his work. "Ump! Ump! Dese yer white folks act like they think er boy's made er glass. No trouncin'! Ump!" He was consumed with curiosity to learn why Jimmie had not felt a heavy parental hand, but he did not care to lower his dignity by asking questions about it. At last, however, he reached the limits of his endurance, and in a voice pretentiously careless he asked, "Didn' yer pop take on like mad erbout dese yer cay'ge-lamps?"

"Carriage-lamps?" inquired Jimmie.

"Ump."

"No, he didn't say anything about carriage-lamps—not that I remember. Maybe he did, though. Lemme see.... No, he never mentioned 'em."



"THEY WHIRLED AND SCAMPERED AWAY LIKE DEER."

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The Congo below Boma.

THE CONGO STATE AND CENTRAL-AFRICAN PROBLEMS

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER

THE partition of Africa has advanced so far, the position of the great powers in that continent is so clearly defined, or at least their possessions are so well grouped, that it is not premature to take a dive into the future and see, if we can, what fortune one at least of them is likely to have in dealing with the difficult problems that follow hard on the heels of those who have so easily appropriated immense portions of the Dark Continent. The former mode of founding colonies was by a slow and steady process of building up, during which the great difficulties of the situation, whether in Asia or in America, were faced, overcome, and removed, so that the possession or creation of the colonizing state, whether an Indian Empire or a great and free community like the United States, ever developing with the vigor of youth, represented a solid achievement and triumph that admitted of no doubt and not even of discussion. But in Africa new methods have come into fashion. There we have colorings of the map without the solution of problems, and within these rings of color exist difficulties and perhaps dangers for all the representatives of civilization which have not been approached or considered, the magnitude and complexity of which are still unknown, and for which the available means of a happy solution may in some cases prove inadequate. But for all the task, more or less difficult in proportion to the local obstacles, is the same. It is the advancement of civilization by the repression of crime and brutality, by the elevation of inferior races to something like a level with ourselves, and by the maintenance of peace. The common goal before all the responsible governments in Africa should render every one of them considerate towards the others. They placed themselves in the van of a generous movement when they accepted their share of Africa, and at the same time they incurred a moral responsibility towards others engaged in the same undertaking. If there is any quarter of the globe where international rivalry, jealousies, and criticism should cease, it is in Central Africa, where the Congo State has sprung into existence before our eyes, and where, for twenty years and more, King Leopold of the Belgians has been engaged on a work of noble beneficence.

The Congo State differs from the other

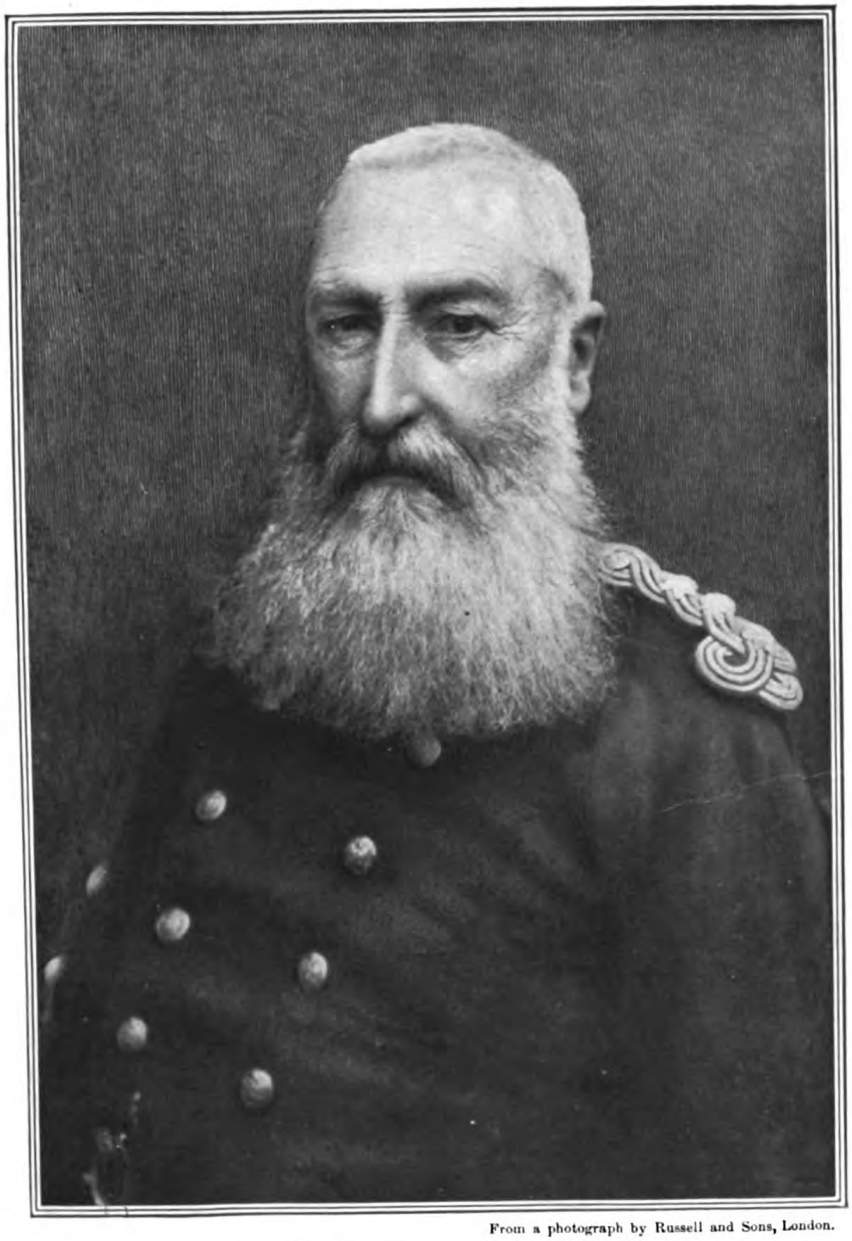
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divisions of Africa in one important particular. It is the dependency not of a great power, but of a small state which is pledged by the conditions of its existence to neutrality. It exists by virtue of the treaties it concluded with all the civilized countries of the world, which gave collectively a solemn sanction to its creation at the Berlin Conference of 1885, because, as Prince Bismarck said, the powers aimed at "withdrawing a great part of the African Continent from the vicissitudes of general politics by restraining national rivalries to the pacific competition of commerce and industry." The Congo State, whether regarded in its present condition as a separate sovereignty or in its future status as a Belgian colony, is bound to occupy a neutral position, so long as the treaties referred to and the Berlin Act retain their force. But at the same time it has not that element of security against reckless aggression which is furnished by the visible strength of a great power. It exists by the good faith of the powers, but for sure stability it has also to enlist their good-will, sympathy, and moral support. More or less dependent on public opinion, which the mighty nations can and do ignore outside their jurisdictions, it cannot prudently afford to slumber over its undertakings. It must constantly be up and doing; it must refute hostile or malicious criticism by showing good work. The responsible directors of the Congo territory declare that they have done and are doing good work, and point triumphantly to the evidence of some remarkable statistics. Its opponents will listen to nothing in favor of its administration, and when the progress in trade and revenue is seen to be irrefutable, the same critics turn round and impugn the motives, and even the honesty, of the ruler and his ministers. But while the Congo State can never hope to silence all its detractors, it can certainly avert shipwreck from the gales of adverse criticism. The bark of state may be tossed in the tempestuous seas raised around its course by "envy, hatred, and malice," but it will not founder while it can show that it has remained true to the principles of its inception and constant in well-doing.

The Congo State was the direct outcome of "the International Association for the Exploration and Civilization of Central Africa," formed under the auspices of King Leopold, as the result of the first Brussels Conference in 1876, and of its successor, "the International Association of the Congo," created soon after the return of Mr. H. M. Stanley from his great journey across Africa. That remarkable explorer had dwelt in his letters with much force on the importance of the Congo, asserting that the power which acquired its control would be mistress in Central Africa, and command the great commercial route from the interior westward. The statement was publicly made, but no one seems to have seized its full import except King Leopold, who at once invited Mr. Stanley to Brussels, and concerted with him a plan of action in Central Africa. A large expenditure had at once to be incurred, a great responsibility with a very uncertain prospect of return had to be faced, and it was only King Leopold's courage and anxious desire to endow his country with a colony that led him to assign the greater part of the private fortune he had inherited from his father to the task. The very large sum thus expended out of the royal purse in gaining a foothold in Central Africa has never been recouped, and need not be now, because King Leopold, in his will bequeathing as sovereign the State to Belgium, specifically states that his Majesty does not under any circumstances wish for reimbursement, or that the sums advanced to found it should appear to the debit of the State. The generosity of the sovereign as donor has been as perfect as the sagacity displayed in the almost unique rôle of creator.

This preliminary work had been fairly accomplished when, at the end of 1884, the powers met in a second African conference at Berlin, by the invitation of Germany, acting in accord with France, to regulate the position in Central Africa. At the same time the situation had become one of anxiety for King Leopold, who saw his comparatively humble undertaking menaced by the designs of several great powers in Africa. It was by no means clear, for instance, what view might be taken of the treaties concluded and territorial possessions acquired in Central Africa. What was the status of the International Association according to the jurists? Could it exercise sovereign rights, or were its acquisitions mere purchases of property? When the whole question was brought before the diplomatists at Berlin, the King of the Belgians occupied a posi-

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LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS.

tion of considerable moral advantage. He could point, on the one hand, to the very considerable sacrifices he had made, and, on the other, to the strong position he had acquired on the Congo as a base for operations against the Arab slave-dealers. The common object of all the powers was the suppression of the slave trade, the barbarous cruelties of which, as related by Livingstone and his successors, had horrified the civilized world. In 1876 King Leopold designated it as "a plague spot that every friend of civilization would desire to see disappear." In 1884 the same sentiment continued to govern the civilized world in this matter, although the chances of success were diminished by the temporary triumph of Mahdism in the Egyptian Soudan. The work to be accomplished at the Berlin Conference came under three heads. There was, first of all, Prince Bismarck's idea about confining African struggles to the pacific contests of commerce; there

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MARKET-DAY AT NYANGWE.

was, secondly, the necessity of defining the position acquired by means of King Leopold's very considerable efforts and success on the Congo; and thirdly, the possibility of taking some fresh measures for the suppression of the slave trade could not be eliminated from any discussion on the affairs of Central Africa.

Prince Bismarck appreciated King Leopold's enterprise, and some months before the conference declared that "Germany was sympathetic to the Belgian enterprises on the Congo, which had for their object the founding of an independent state." One week before the conference he went further than this by recognizing the Congo Association as an independent and friendly state. The result of the negotiations, which were carried on concurrently with the conference, was that nearly all the powers recognized the Association to be an independent, self-governing, and sovereign state. If an opinion is to be formed from the words of the diplomatists at Berlin, every one was glad at the result. Baron de Courcel, in the name of France, said, "The new state owes its origin to the generous aspirations and the enlightened initiation of a prince surrounded by the respect of Europe." The British representative, Sir Edward Malet, concluded his remarks with these words: "We salute the newborn state with the greatest cordiality, and we express the sincere desire to see it flourish and grow under his ægis."

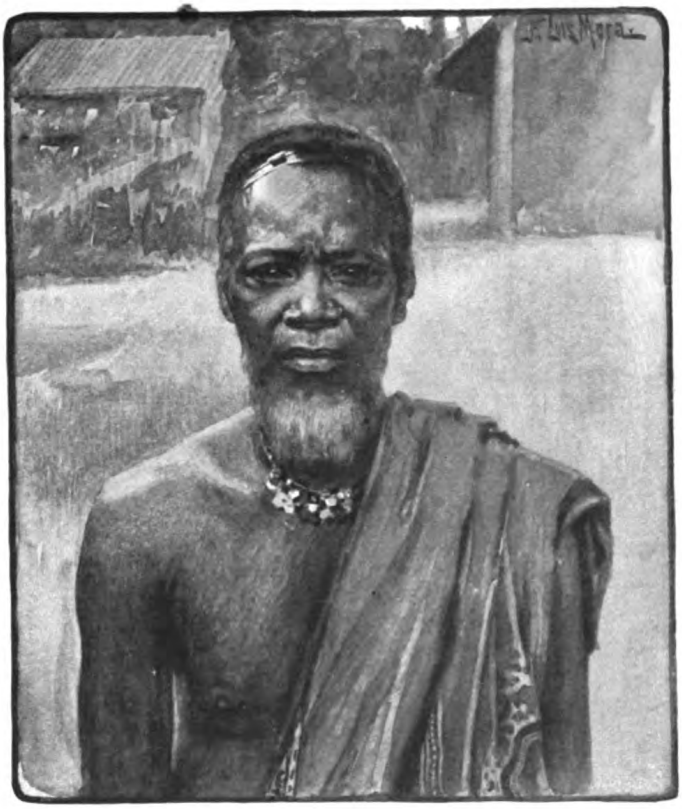
With regard to the first head of the work of the Berlin Conference, three articles or sets of articles were devoted to the maintenance of peace and freedom of trade in the basin of the Congo and the surrounding countries. To attain these objects there were to be freedom of commerce, the neutrality of the territory formed, and freedom of navigation throughout the region defined in the first article of the General Act. With regard to the second, the several treaties defined the status of King Leopold's acquisitions as that of a sovereign independent state, and the conference hailed this result as the most practical and useful outcome of its labors. The feeling with which the intimation was received might be described as one of relief. Every one saw that there was work to be done in Central Africa, but no one was prepared to do it, however reluctant any of the great powers might have been to see it attempted by a possible rival. The crea-

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tion of a neutral state dependent on one of the smaller European states was the happy solution that allayed all fears and satisfied everybody. With regard to the third object, of instituting measures for the suppression of the slave trade, all the signatories declared that "these territories may not serve as a market or means of transit for the trade in slaves, of whatever race they may be. Each of the powers binds itself to employ all the means at its disposal for putting an end to this trade and for punishing those who engage in it."

The state thus formed by the King of the Belgians did not become a part of the Belgian monarchy, because Belgian opinion was not ready to accept the responsibility of a great colony, and also because it was doubtful how far it would constitute a breach of the declaration made to France in April, 1884, by the Congo Association at a moment of great need, to the effect that "it would never cede its possessions to another power without a prior understanding with France, and that if it were compelled to alienate any of its territory, France should have the right of pre-emption." But the Belgian Chambers unanimously accorded King Leopold permission to become sovereign of the Independent State of the Congo, the tie between the two states being the personal one of having the same ruler. In this point no change has taken place within the last fifteen years, nor is it probable that any alteration will occur during the present reign. In two important particulars, however, matters are changed, and the path has been smoothed for the acquisition by Belgium of the colony acquired by the wisdom of its sovereign. The convention between France and the Congo State of April 29, 1887, provided that "the right of pre-emption accorded to France could not be claimed as against Belgium, of which King Leopold is the sovereign." The second circumstance was the publication, in 1890, of King Leopold's will as sovereign of the Congo State, bequeathing "to Belgium all his sovereign rights over the Independent State of the Congo, as well as all the benefits, rights, and advantages attached to that sovereignty." The reversion of the Congo State to Belgium is thus assured.

Having now described the origin and present status of the Congo territory in its international aspect, and also as a colony created by the efforts of a large section of the Belgian nation, a brief survey may be taken of the work it has done and the progress it has accomplished in the fifteen years, or rather less, that have elapsed since its creation. When the Berlin Conference was engaged on its labors there was little or no evidence in favor of the Central-African possession ever proving profitable. There was no revenue. The only trade seemed to consist of ivory, which had to be taken



A CHIEF AT INKISSE.

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IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY.

by force from the black chiefs, whether as spoil of war or as tribute. Even the mighty river which offered a natural highway across Africa, and the navigation of which formed one of the chief cares of the diplomatists, was found to be cut off from the Atlantic and the outer world by two hundred miles of cataracts. The optimist had little or nothing to go on; all the evidence favored pessimism; and even Mr. Stanley was driven to declare, in expressive language, "Without a railway, I do not value the Congo State at a dollar." It therefore seemed for many years as if all King Leopold's efforts and sacrifices had only resulted in the acquisition of a barren territory, productive of nothing but disappointment and anxiety. Only within the last year has a marked progress been effected, and the world has suddenly become alive to the fact that a very remarkable achievement has been silently accomplished in the interior of the Dark Continent, and that, despite ill-natured criticism and good-natured pity, an African power unlike any other has come into existence.

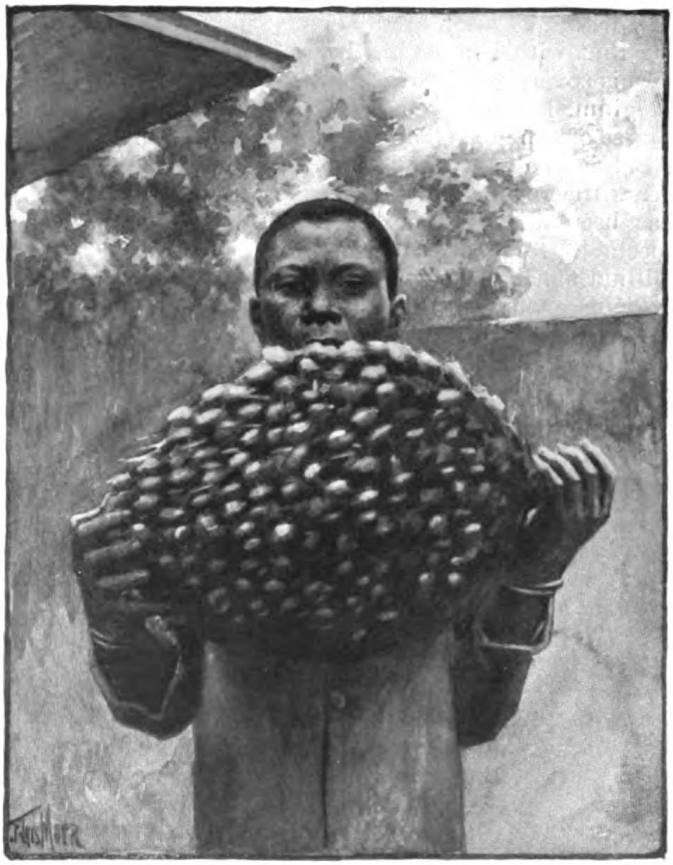
In the first year of the State's existence the revenue was no more than £3000, and it was not until after the second Brussels Conference, in 1890, that it showed any notable increase. That conference was summoned for the express purpose of concerting further measures against the slave trade, which continued to be carried on with unabated vigor and ferocity. The result of the discussions was the signature of a General Act, embodying some general considerations of a moral rather than material value, binding the powers to abstain from ambitious schemes at the expense of one another in Africa, but imposing on the Congo State alone onerous and immediate duties. As these duties entailed heavy sacrifices, it was only right —it was, indeed, absolutely necessary—to provide the State with the means of executing the mandate imposed by civilization and its position. Up to this point the State possessed no revenue, but was entirely dependent for its resources on the results of the small and uncertain trade in ivory, to which was added palm nuts and oil. From these sources the State drew, in the year of the Brussels Conference, about £20,000, and its expenditure, conducted on the closest lines, was ten times as much. This enormous proportional deficit could not be sustained indefinitely, yet the injunctions of the Brussels Conference necessarily added to the expenditure and to the strain on the military resources of the nascent State. The preamble of the General Act with which the conference closed admitted that "the obligations imposed rendered it ne-

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cessary for the State to acquire new resources to discharge them," and the following declaration was agreed upon:

"The signatory or adhering powers which have possessions or exercise protectorates in the said conventional basin of the Congo may, so far as any authorization is necessary for that purpose, impose on imported merchandise dues of which the tariff shall not exceed an equivalent of ten per cent. on the value at the port of importation, with the exception altogether of spirits, which shall be regulated by the terms of Chapter vi. of the General Act of this day."

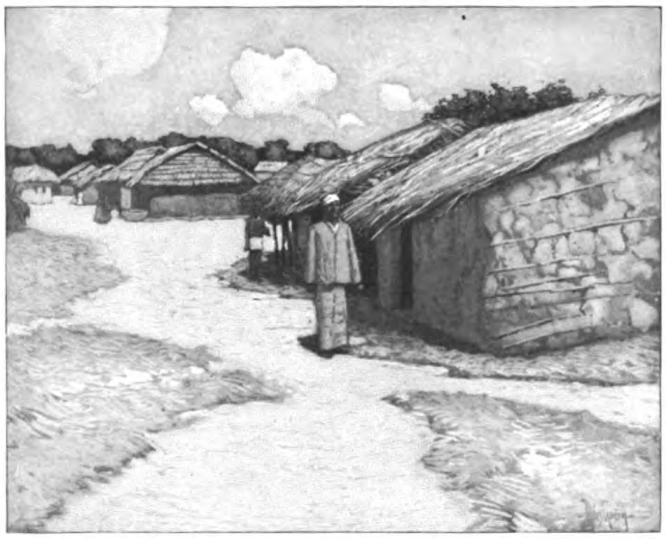
The practical result of this measure was that in seven years the revenue, raised entirely in the State, increased to £600,000, and formed not ten but seventy per cent. of the expenditure. In less than three years there may even be an equilibrium independent of the King's annual contribution of £40,000. It is very evident that the Congo State, with its considerable and growing revenue of three-quarters of a million sterling from all sources, is a very different institution from what it was during the years of early struggle, when it had little or no revenue, and but moderate expectations of ever earning one. Within the same period the trade of the country has taken a not less remarkable stride forward. Owing principally to the discovery of the caoutchouc or rubber bearing liana, *Landolphia florida*, the exports rose from £70,000 in 1886 to nearly a million sterling in 1898. In the course of the latter year the railway turning the cataracts and placing the ocean port of Matadi in communication with the upper river port of Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, was completed, after a struggle of many years with the difficulties of the route. The construction of this line has supplied the defects of nature, and must exercise a beneficial effect on the development of the interior of Africa, which has already become perceptible, and will continue to grow more evident every year. The first railway in Central Africa has, as it were, opened the door to the interior. Its successors in the Uelle region and Manyema will serve to develop promising districts, and enable the authorities to assert their power for the maintenance of peace and security in the remote parts of the territory, still separated by months of journey from the principal centres of the administration. The future growth of the Congo State depends mainly on the introduction of railways, which have to be well chosen in their position, cheap in their construction, and yet built with a proper regard for stability and endurance. At the same time the political position does not admit of any delay in the commencement of the more important of these lines.



A BASKET OF PALM-NUTS.

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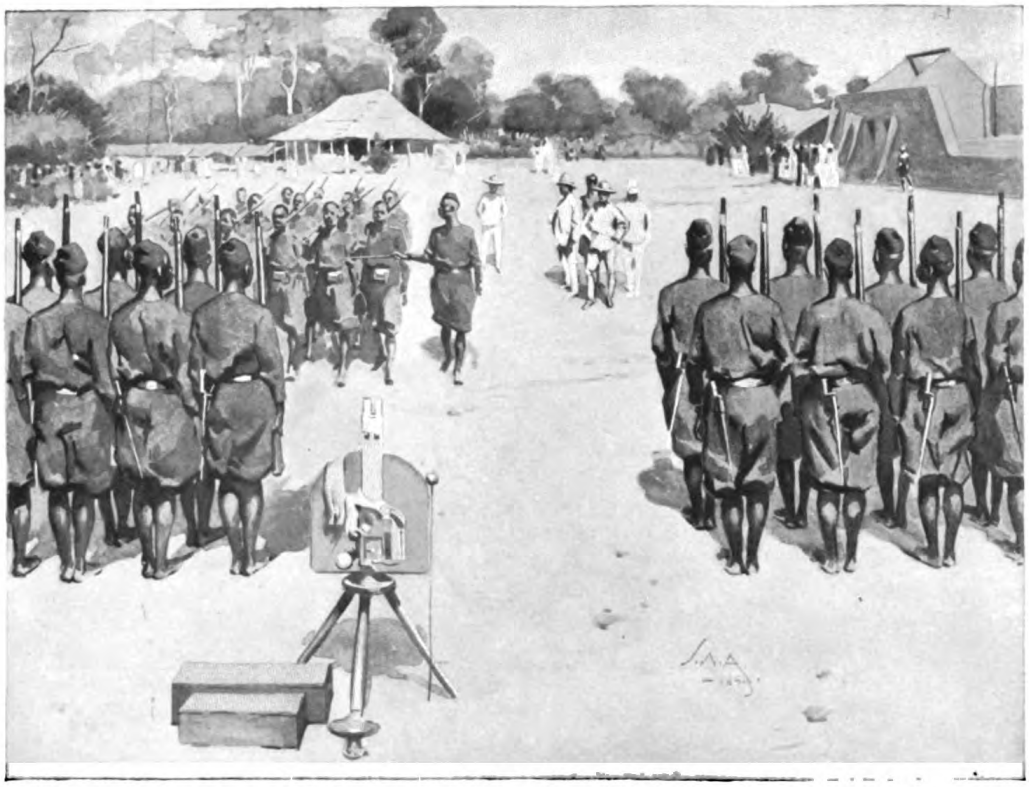
To sum up the general position occupied by the Congo State at the present time, we see a territory of about 900,000 square miles regularly organized and formally recognized under an independent sovereign, who has accepted several responsibilities from an international point of view, such as the maintenance of free trade, the suppression of slavery, the control of the liquor traffic, and the observance of a strict neutrality. The sovereign happens to be King of the Belgians, and has bequeathed within his full right and without breach of any engagement—for that with France has been waived—all his sovereign rights after his death to Belgium, his own country, so that in course of time the Congo territory will be a Belgian colony. In comparatively few years the revenue of this part of Africa has been raised from nothing to a respectable total of three-quarters of a million sterling, and the trade totals approximate to two millions, divided equally between exports and imports. All these figures will undoubtedly be increased, as the years pass, by the cultivation of coffee and other plants which are now in the experimental stage, and by the discovery of mineral deposits, which are today being carefully sought for in several directions. The introduction of railways, and of larger and faster steamers on the rivers and lakes, will accelerate the rate of progress, and it cannot be long before the revenue and trade will reach dimensions that will place the Congo State on a level with the most important divisions of Africa. Foreign capital, which has hitherto held aloof and left the development of this promising region to Belgian and a few French investors, will take courage from the results attained, and advance its pretensions to participate in the gain. The Congo State is slowly but surely moving towards that larger participation in African affairs for which its peculiar position and exceptional experiences specially fit it. It has had to face the problems for itself, and to solve them out of limited resources and under the fierce glare of hostile criticism. The problems, so far as they relate to the interior, have become more easy at the same time that the ability of the State to deal with them has much increased. Whereas the armed force used to consist of foreign mercenaries (black) hired through the good-will or indifference of England, there is now a national force of considerably over 20,000 men, officered by several hundred Europeans. The isolated Batetela rebellion, of which a great deal too much has been made, only lost the State one small portion of an extensive recruiting-ground. The military strength of the Congo State can easily be raised to a level with its material resources.



THE VILLAGE AT STANLEY FALLS.

Having thus made clear, as I hope I have done, that the Congo State, despite its being the dependency of a weak power, is equipped to take a prominent part in the solution of African problems, it is time to turn to the problems themselves and to see what they are. These may be divided under two heads—those pertinent to the Congo State itself and its internal affairs, and those in which its neighbors have a part, and which come under the head of its external relations. Taking them in their order, the first fact to strike the imagination is the enormous disparity between

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THE PARADE AT STANLEYVILLE.

the whites and blacks in Central Africa. The European population of the Congo State is a little more than 3000, of whom not more than 1000 can be regarded as forming the garrison. All these are also officers, and scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. There is no white corps to provide a phalanx for civilization should a day of danger arise. The black population is fixed at various estimates, from ten to thirty millions, and, assuming it to be fifteen millions, there is only one white person for 5000 blacks. In British South Africa, including the Transvaal, there are about 1,200,000 British, 1,300,000 Dutch, and 3,500,000 blacks; yet, despite this comparatively small difference between the two colors, there are many good authorities who still think the black peril at the Cape has not been finally dispelled. In India the white population to native is one to 2500, but the natives are not blacks, are entitled to be termed civilized, and themselves constitute, to a large extent, the support of the British government. Moreover, there is a permanent homogeneous British garrison of 70,000 men. At the present time the Congo State has none of these elements of stability; but, on the other hand, such perils as the mind may conjure up exist now only in embryo, and have no practical reality. The tribes of Central Africa have no sort of common feeling with each other. They are separated by generations of tribal war waged in the interests of cannibalism. Generations must pass away before they can learn the secret of organization and union. It is this fact alone that renders it possible for the Congo State to accomplish its task; but, on the other hand, its directors have to remember that while it commands the present, it does not command the future. The population of Central Africa is certain to rapidly increase with the absence of internal war, the suppression of cannibalism, and improved sanitation. The government has to studiously provide that its resources and its readiness to strike shall keep pace with the increase in numbers and in cohesion among themselves of its black subjects.

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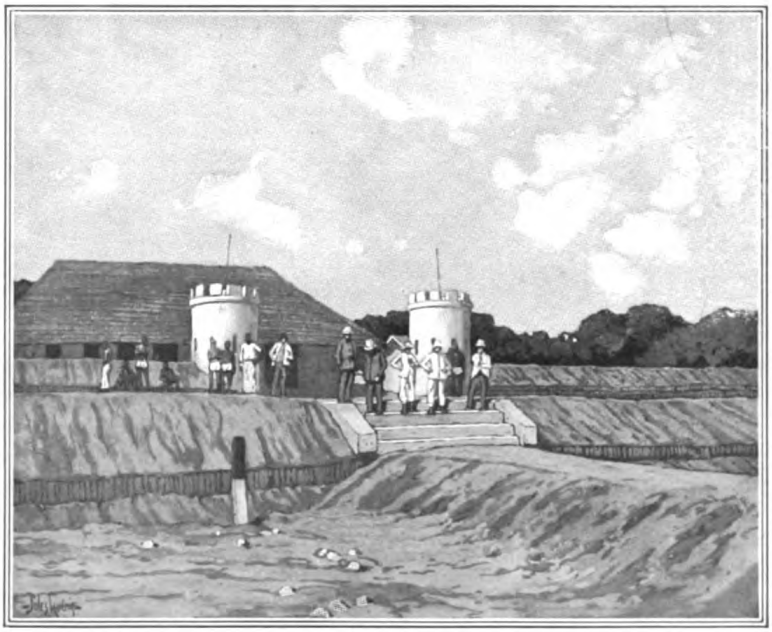
STANLEY FALLS, SHOWING THE WEIRS.

At the same time, apprehensions of a calamity that may never arrive will not allow it to shirk the work to which, in common with other colonizing countries of the world, it has put its hand. The attempt to raise the negro in the scale of humanity will be continued in the face of difficulty and even of discouragement. Christianity has been enlisted in the cause. Scattered over every quarter of the State are missionaries of many denominations, noble pioneers of a soothing religion and an elevating if simple education. Some, more practical than others, have added to singing and cipher-ing in their curriculum the acquisition of a trade or industry, and labor in the fields under skilful direction forms a not unwelcome and practically useful relaxation from the lessons of the school-room. In this direction good work has already been done, and a real commencement has been made towards giving the blacks the rudiments of indispensable instruction. For one of the great questions in regard to the future of the negroes is that of employment, and it is imperatively necessary to discover for them a suitable occupation. This must necessarily be one of agriculture, and therefore the missionaries have very rightly directed their main efforts to the proper training, in accordance with the simplest and most successful rules, of the African youth in the innocent toil of raising crops from the bosom of the earth. They are succeeding so well in the task that the number of capable agriculturists will soon exceed in some districts the requirements of the land under cultivation, unless the newly introduced coffee and cocoa plantations create a demand sufficient to employ the mass of the population. Up to the present the natives have been either wholly ignorant of all systems of agriculture or have employed the most primitive methods. The instruction they are receiving will enable them to take a useful part for themselves as well as for the government in the development of the State. There are, however, other directions than agriculture in which the negroes will be able to show that they are to be regarded as useful sons of toil. Forty thousand of them were employed for years in the task of carrying merchandise across the cataracts district on their backs; 10,000 of them acted as navvies on the first Congo railway; 25,000 of them are in the State service as soldiers. For men's backs improved means of communication have been and will continue to be introduced,

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but many other forms of manual labor will be found. New railways must needs be constructed in many directions. They will supply the carriers who have been released from their transport service across the district of the cataracts with fresh employment. The development of the river marine, the exploitation of the forests, the spread of the coffee-plantations to dimensions that will rival those of Brazil — these are outlets that may alone suffice to supply all the needs of even fifty millions of Congolese.

There remain over and above the material wants of the people their moral claims, and the imperious obligation on the government to satisfy them. It is going but a short way on the difficult road of reformation to save the African from the alcohol poison, which would make him a monster, or to wean him from cannibalism and the other cruel practices imposed by fetichism. When success has been achieved in all these directions a good commencement will have been made, but it will only be a commencement. Unless it is accompanied by a complete building up of character, the harvest will be meagre if not barren, and the negro will easily slip back along the track by which he has been partly coaxed and partly coerced. To define the object that has to be attained is not difficult, but no one can yet pretend to prophesy how success is to be won. The problem as yet has scarcely been fully or fairly stated, and the best thinkers on the subject in Belgium, where the question has an actuality it does not possess elsewhere, are little agreed as to what has to be done or the best way to do it. Some of the more sanguine believe that the Central-African will take a large part in his own regeneration, and that educated natives will lead the masses and stimulate their development. It will indeed be an Atlantean task if the African prove insusceptible of training as a teacher of his own kith and kind, but at the present time it must be recorded that no such teachers or reformers have made their appearance, and that the Congo government receives no aid from its black subjects in discharging its onerous task. This dearth of purely native intelligence has suggested to other thinkers that the solution of the Central-African problem will be found in the gradual creation of a half-caste people in Central Africa. These point out that very much the same solution has been found in South America; but then it must be remembered that there the crossing has not taken place with negritic races. There are two other points in the matter that cannot be overlooked. Can the reformers of Central Africa count on being granted the three or four centuries of immunity from external interference that have attended the growth of South America? and how far will an imperfect half-breed, with the vices of both races and the virtues of neither, be considered a desirable addition to the world's citizens? We can do no more



THE GATEWAY AT BASOKO.

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than pose the questions, before which the mind is lost in conjectures; but at least this much can be truly said: the difficulties and even the dangers that may lurk in the solution are such that no one would lightly seek to take the burden on his own shoulders, or to relieve the Congo State from a task which bristles with obstacles, and which can never offer any commensurate reward.

The internal problems with which the Congo State has and will have still more to grapple in the common interests of its own existence and of civilization might be thought to give it a special claim on the consideration and forbearance of its neighbors, and to relieve it altogether from the fear of external complications. All the powers of Europe and America sat over its début, and wished it God-speed on its errand. But they did so partly through indifference arising from ignorance of the value of Africa, and partly from mutual jealousy, which made them fear that one or other of them would absorb the



BASOKO FROM THE RIVER.

continent. But the scene is changed. There is no longer indifference. The African Continent is parcelled out between great powers, except where Portugal clings to the relics of her colonial possessions, and where the Congo State gathers beneath the folds of her pacific flag the numerous and varied tribes of her vast territorial domain. The jealousy still exists: but, instead of taking the form of subterfuge at the international council-board, it stalks boldly abroad in the apparel of national policy. With these declared objects the Congo State has seriously to reckon. It must expect no more indulgence, no more exceptional treatment, and if it can hold all it possesses against the covetousness of its neighbors during the next ten years, there will be reason to marvel at its good fortune. The internal difficulties with which it must long have to cope will not avert external complications. The interest of the problem it has to solve, from a human point of view, will not make its competitors hold their hands if they think they can benefit themselves at its expense by adding to their trade or their territory.

Yet it seems safe to eliminate from the problem the possibility of peril from the side of France. The boundaries have been so clearly and so amicably defined that not a loop-hole has been left for disagreement, and the general policy of France would indicate a desire to extend a protecting arm over the Congo State rather than to see it injured or assailed. This is no doubt attributable to the possession of that right of pre-emption which, waived as against Belgium, exists against every other power — at least in the opinion of the Quai d'Orsay. Looking at the matter from an entirely Congo State point of view, France is now the best of her neighbors. The community of language and the close financial relations between Paris and Brussels will result in combined efforts for the development of inner Africa that must strengthen the general accord. As much cannot be said in the case of either Germany or England, and it is with regard to them that the Congo government has to exhibit the greatest judgment.

Taking the relations with Germany in

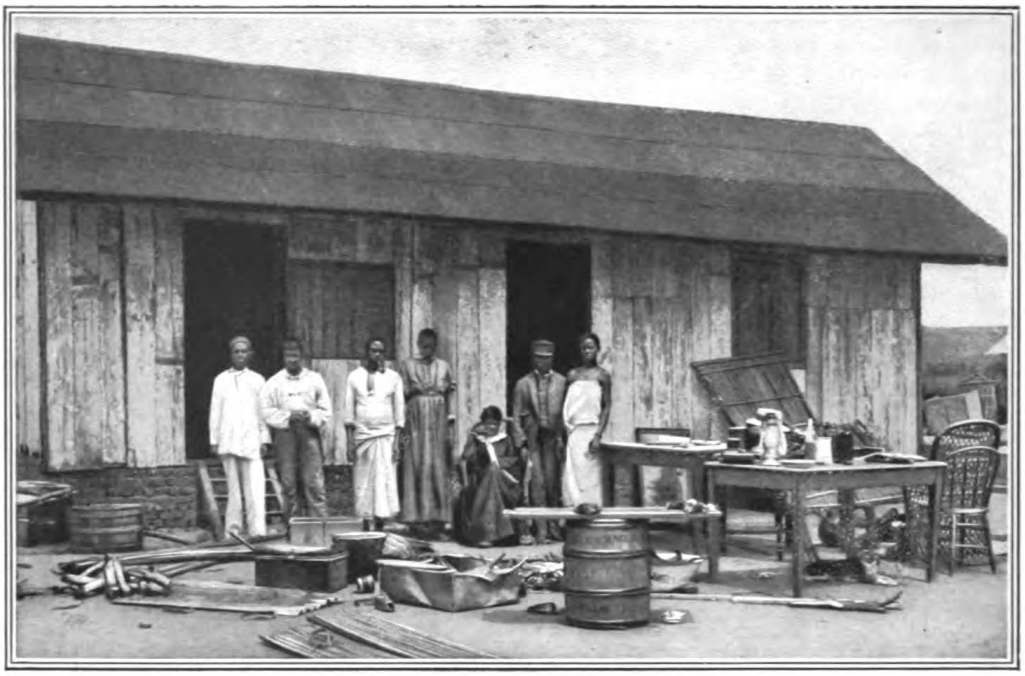
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THE BLACK QUARTER AT BASOKO.

the first place, the situation is so far peculiar that there had never been any serious disputes or diplomatic controversies between them until the other day. Germany played, both at and before the Berlin Conference, a friendly part to the Congo State. Prince Bismarck's statesmanship contributed something to its creation. But years have since passed away, and German views are not in the same position as they were, while the only land frontier between the respective territories remains what was traced on the map when the geography as well as the topographical conditions of the region was unknown. In this period no very favorable opportunity has offered for the proper delimitation of the boundary, and at the same time Germany has been striving to realize what may be the value of that possession in East Africa which England sanctioned her forming out of the dominion of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The latent wealth of German East Africa remains latent. But what has become clear is that to produce an early profit the produce of the interior must be drawn to the east coast. The success of the Congo State, however, has not merely prevented this, but it practically closes the door to any possibility of development, for the Congo and the subsidiary railway constitute a highroad across Africa, not to the Indian Ocean, but to the Atlantic. The Germans have discovered the truth of this fact, because east of Tanganyika there is now no transport trade. Under these circumstances they rejoiced, a few years ago, when they learnt by the explorations of Count von Götzen and several subsequent travellers that the bordering districts of the Congo State were of exceptional wealth and fertility, and abounded in elephants, which would produce that readily marketable article ivory. But the coveted districts were clearly beyond the limit of the imperial possessions. The newly discovered lake of Kivu could by no possibility be brought within the boundary formed by the straight line to be drawn from the point of "1° 20′ of south latitude to the northern extremity of Lake Tanganyika." But the discovery of its importance and position did not make the German government any the more amiable in 1894 when the Anglo-

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HOUSE OF A BLACK BRITISH SUBJECT AT BORNOC.

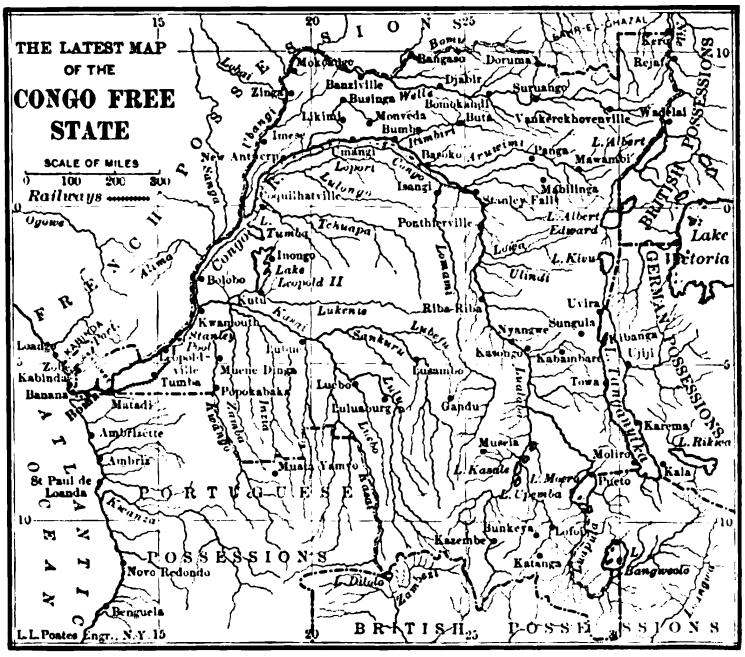
Congolese Convention was signed relating to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the cession of a strip of territory to Great Britain for the construction of a telegraph line from Egypt to Tanganyika. As is well known, France protested against and ignored that convention in regard to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and Germany acted in the same manner with regard to the telegraph concession. She had no wish to see a solid and immovable red band drawn down along her entire frontier, and now events are making plain the reason why.

After Count von Götzen's journey a small Congolese force was sent to take possession of the Lake Kivu district. This was successfully accomplished, and Lieutenant Lange constructed two stations on the eastern shore of the lake, besides exploring the marshy Rusisi, which connects Kivu and Tanganyika. Two years later the Batetela mutineers of the column which Baron Dhanis was leading to occupy Redjaf, on the Nile, surprised and overwhelmed by numbers these isolated garrisons, and the authority of the Congo State lapsed for the time being. But the question may be asked parenthetically, Does a temporarily displaced authority, by the act of internal rebels, entail a lapse of the right of possession as against outsiders and intruders? At the beginning of the year 1899, when it was seen that the position taken up at Redjaf on the Nile was secure, and that the relics of the Batetelas, after causing much anxiety during the last months of the previous year, were not likely to occasion any further serious trouble, the government decided on sending a strong expedition to reoccupy Lake Kivu. A well-equipped force under the command of Captain-Commandant Hennebert, an officer of the Belgian Guides, accordingly marched from Stanleyville in the month of May, but at the moment of writing nothing is known of its fortunes after reaching Lake Kivu. It is proved by information received from other sources that the Congolese force on reaching its destination found on the other side of the lake German troops in possession of the districts that were in the hands of the State four or five years ago, and that were only temporarily lost to the State's own mutinous soldiery. There is no longer any concealment that at the same time that it sanctioned these steps on the part of the local authorities, the German government in Europe has put forward a theory on the general question of "effective occupation," which, if it were to obtain general acceptance, would have the special merit of giving Germany a new frontier

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in the Rusisi and the median line of Kivu, instead of the old one to the east.

It is in this form that Germany seeks to realize the desire she has long felt to repair the natural defects of her position in East Africa, to secure a trade opening, and to place her hand firmly on the route which provides the best access from Egypt to the Cape. The rights of the Congo State were too clear in themselves and too well established to be lightly assailed without incurring a charge of wanton aggression. But the march of the Batetela mutineers past Lake Kivu, which may have been accompanied by an infraction of the German frontier, has provided her with what is thought to be a plausible reason for putting forward her claim to a more advanced frontier on the ground of non-effective occupation. The contention is made in conjunction with the precise delimitation of the Congolese-German frontier, which has long been desirable and has now become inevitable. If the matter is left to the two parties alone, it is probable that the justice of the Congo State's case will not avail against the superior power of Germany; but Article 12 of the Berlin Act provides for the mediation of other powers in such disputes, or for the submission of the rival pretensions to arbitration. The Congo State may be expected to invoke one of these agencies before submitting to coercion. The loss of half Lake Kivu and the region east of the Rusisi may seem a small matter, but it would oblige the State to assign a very large sum annually to the defence of this part of its frontier—or, if the phrase is preferred, to the making effective of its occupation of the adjacent district, the exact significance of the word "effective" to be decided, of course, by the stronger.



The British government cannot wisely be indifferent to the settlement of this question. The new German claim is a completion of the step taken in 1894, when the Berlin government refused to recognize the Anglo-Congolese convention, and Britain tamely pocketed the affront simultaneously offered her by France and Germany. It will put an end forever to the possibility of reviving this part of the convention relating to the telegraph concession, as has been done with that part relating to the Bahr-el-Ghazal. It is clearly the policy of England to support the weak against the strong, and to uphold in their integrity the provisions of the Berlin Act. But there is reason to apprehend that at a future and not very remote date England herself may be led to follow the same bad course as the Germans are now pointing out to other African competitors, and to pretend that the Congolese occupation of Katanga and the southern borders generally is not effective. The Congo State has, more by its misfortune than its fault, aroused much angry and adverse criticism in England. Time will be needed to restore harmony and to bring the action of the two governments into line. But the obvious wisdom of preferring the unmilitary and amenable Congo State as an associate to the military, exacting, and defiant German government need not be pointed out. The question of telegraphic and railway

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THE "BARON DHANIS" ON THE UPPER RIVER.

communication from north to south has been recently placed before the public in a manner to make an arrangement with Germany counterbalance one with the Congo State. I shall not attempt to go behind the scenes of Mr. Rhodes's negotiations at Brussels and Berlin. But I venture to say, on my own personal responsibility, that they represent merely a stage in the development of an important question, and that in the end the much-talked-of Khartoum-to-Cape Railway will pass through the Congo State territory, and not through that of Germany. The construction of that railway will be a decisive fact in African history, and round its track will radiate the solution of problems which are still in embryo. On it must turn the friendly or the unfriendly relations that will subsist in the future between the Congo State and the British government. There may be some uncertainty in the prospect, but one can scarcely doubt that the reasons for a mutually good understanding are too potent for a serious disagreement.

Enough has now been said to give the reader a general idea of the part that the Congo State will play in African problems. The creation of the political genius of King Leopold of the Belgians, it has risen to its present height of prosperity and power by his incessant exertions as an administrator and care as a diplomatist. The efforts hitherto made by the Belgians are quite inadequate. They have left their sovereign to do everything. For the retention of what has been gained they must give freely their efforts, their treasure, and, if necessary, their lives to the task of security and consolidation. If they do not, they will inevitably be left behind in the race of international competition, and the prophecy of some of the Belgians will be realized, that "they have only created the Congo to be eaten up by the English." And that saying brings me to my final point. At all costs, by sacrifices of sentiment and, if inevitable, of substance, the Congo government must keep not merely on good terms, but in cordial and confidential touch with the British. It must prove that it is doing their work, that its rivers and its waters lie as free and as open for commerce in reality as they do in name, and that the banner under which it marches is one of universal civilization, beneficial to all under it, and identical with that under which the British themselves have marched in the absorption of their share of Africa.

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THE TAMING OF JEZRUL

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

IT was a nine days' wonder that Jezrul had ever taken a fancy to Lemuel's Crecy, for Jezrul was Colonel Greene's butler, as pompous, if not so rotund, as the Colonel himself, and Lemuel's Crecy, as every one knew, had never done anything but pick cotton in her life.

But the fancy grew, and so did the stories when Jezrul asked that she might be brought from the field and taken on trial as a house-maid. When madame demurred, Jezrul promised to assist in the training himself, and he begged so hard that madame finally agreed, first stipulating, however, that Crecy should learn to wear shoes; and this was how Jezrul's trouble began, for Crecy could not be fired with ambition even by the most ardent lover, and did not even appreciate the honor conferred. Moreover, it was impossible to keep the shoes on her feet, though Jezrul tied them hard and fast every morning, with a warning; but they turned up mysteriously in every corner of the house, once even—oh! the horror of the thing!—behind the door in madame's drawing-room, and were discovered just in time to save Jezrul from overwhelming mortification.

In view of his contract with Ole Miss, Jezrul groaned helplessly in secret as Crecy plodded plantigrade about the house, slipping nervously into the little black prisons and opening her mouth wide whenever she was called; but he was loving Crecy, and even these thorns, as sharp as they were, were blunted by love's power.

The hardest trial came about through the conventionalities of high life in the quarters, for Jezrul was a born gallant, and used to the making of pretty compliments, copied studiously from the "big house," but which "language of the court" was as Greek to Crecy's ears.

Then there had been a little feeling when madame had given a great ball and Crecy had been ignominiously set aside as too awkward and ungainly to serve upon the occasion, though that pain had been soothed by the policy of Jezrul, and the culmination came at the time of the Christmas "break-down."

Ole Marse had just been to New Orleans, and as a Christmas gift to the madame had brought Susanne, whose "Cagion" French and cunningly arched head-handkerchief bow had proved too much for Jezrul's peace of mind, for he was an ardent believer in feminine accomplishments. And how she could dance! Her very feet seemed to be made of a different material from those of the others. Louisiana was giving Mississippi points, and, alas! the star of Mississippi was on the wane!

In her humble blue cotton gown, at first Crecy was awed and dazzled by the unfamiliar gorgeousness of the new-comer, with her flashing eyes and sallies of wit, until she saw the all-devouring gaze of Jezrul; then the reality fell like a leaden weight, and the fires of jealousy burned briskly, fanned too, it is to be feared, by meddlesome observers, for in all of the gayeties Jezrul had not even seemed to see her. At first she sat apart, aimless and listless, watching the pair through half-closed eyes; it was a new experience, and thought travelled slowly. Then she threw herself wildly into the dance.

"I lay I l'arn him ter go kerhootin' arter er strange gal!"

Faster and faster flew her feet; now she curtsied, now coquetted with a shuffling would-be partner, always keeping within the circle, but always dancing alone, with her eyes fixed upon the object of her jealousy.

"Go it, Crecy!" shouted the fiddler, and the music and patting grew louder and faster—"Pea-patch Ladies," "Chicken in the Bread-Tray," "Buzzard Lope," and a score of others; then a medley of wild, half-savage fiddling and chanting followed, and the dancers were tiring out; but still Crecy whirled, her body swaying almost to the floor as she spread the folds of her swelling skirts. She was dancing to the pair, but Susanne and Jezrul were oblivious. Susanne was teaching him a shuffle that he had never seen before, and

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"OH! THE HORROR OF THE THING!"

he was beating time for her, independent of the chanters. There was a strange light in Crecy's eyes, and then Lemuel tried to drag his daughter from the floor, for the fiddler had stopped to rest, and the singers had quit from sheer exhaustion. But with a high, resonant note she struck into a wilder chant alone, wheeling and veering like a wounded bird.

"Look!" came the awe-struck whisper.

Still swaying and singing, every movement consorting with the rhythm of the chant, she bared her shapely body to the waist, whirling now above her head and now about her knees a cluster of rude castanets swung by a leather thong.

At each revolution, accompanied by a high note in the wail, the rough edges of the shells cut sharply into the steaming flesh.

The space was clear; every dancer had given away: they had been dancing for a jubilee, but this dance was another thing. The spell was irresistible; one by one the hoodoos who had been hanging on the outskirts moved forward, first with a vibrating finger, then with a waving arm, like the great claw of a sand-fiddler signalling from his hole, and then the entire figures, rags and all, reeled with the horrid song.

Only the hoodoos joined in it; the rest were dumb; and at last even Jezrul and Susanne were conscious of the mysterious thing, and Jezrul touched the charm he wore around his neck, and Susanne laughed softly and nervously.

Out and in the figures of the hoodoos turned, weaving a cabalistic sign with that of Crecy, from whose breast and shoulders the blood was fast trickling.

The chant and dance, if such it could be called, continued for nearly three-quarters of an hour, when suddenly the girl raised both arms, with a yell like that of a crazed animal, and fell upon her clattering castanets; and the hoodoos carried her out, for Lemuel was afraid to touch her.

A red glow lighted the cabin faintly. Goobers and sweet-potatoes were roasting on the hearth, but Crecy let them burn.

Mumbling and moaning, she was busying herself with rags and sticks and thread, for out of her rude material she was fashioning a man.

"I gwine tame him—I gwine tame

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Jezrul. He gwine feel de toof er de big green sarpint. He gwine be hot in de mouf an' cole in de belly. I lay I gwine l'arn him!"

Slowly the work grew under the clumsy, eager fingers, and the sunbeams were shining through the chinks before she hid the little image of Jezrul in a crevice by the chimney.

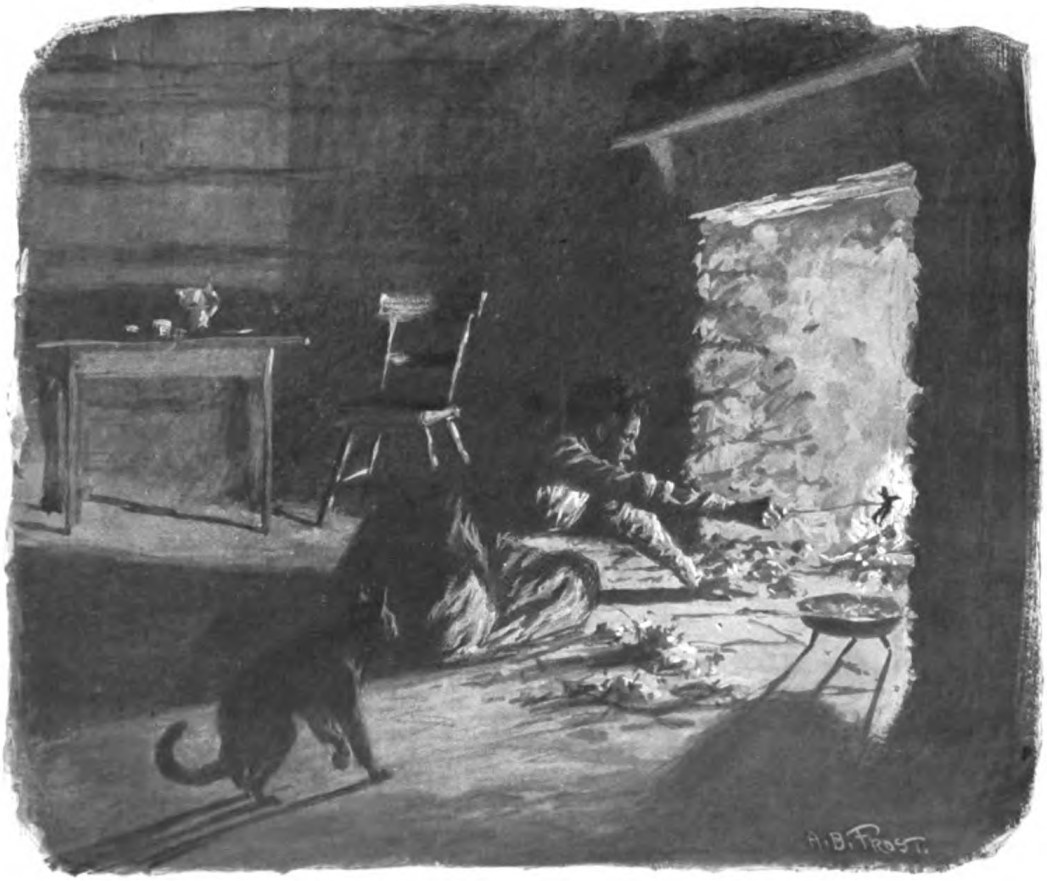
All that day Crecy moped alone in the cabin; she had been dismissed from the "big house" for nodding over her work, and Jezrul had not even interceded; but there was some comfort in it all, for she was freed from the humiliating comment of the house negroes and the despised shoes had been left behind, though the loneliness was oppressive, for the Christmas festivities were at their height. Still keeping her fast, for she had eaten nothing since the day before, she stirred the coals upon the hearth, whipping her wrath into a frenzy; and as she heard the voice of Susanne in the quarters and Jezrul's laugh that followed, she thrust the image through with a toasting-fork and held it over the flame.

"Burn! burn!" she hissed. "Burn wid de fires dat's er-eatin' out dese in'ards, —'case I gwine ter tame you, Jezrul! Burn, I say!" And putting out the blaze that started, she held the thing over the coals again. "Hit 'll retch yo' heart, an' sizzle hit lack de fires er de debil, 'case you gwine ter be mine, Jezrul!"

Day after day Crecy tortured the little image, now sticking it full of pins, now scorching it again, but always taking the precaution not to utterly destroy it— "'case he cain't die—'case he's mine," she muttered.

Though night after night the festivities went on, Susanne coquetted and Jezrul laughed, and Crecy was forgotten.

But New-Year's day had filled the quarters with sensation, and dozens of ears were tingling with the news.



"BURN! BURN!"

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Old Marse had been giving a stag dinner to the judge of the circuit and the attorney-general. They had been sitting at table for nearly three hours, and Jezrul, who adored such great personages, was in his glory; but just as he was bringing in the cigars and liqueurs with his usual flourish upon such occasions, he fell in a fit at Old Marse's feet. Such a thing as a ripple in the course of one of Old Marse's dinner parties had never occurred before; the Colonel was beside himself, for he was helpless without Jezrul.

Jezrul was a long time in coming round, and in the confusion Susanne threw her apron over her head and went into hysterics, as the knowing ones whispered; while down in her cabin alone, with the little image stuck full of pins and pressed close against her breast, Crecy gave a fiendish yell, for she believed that the spell she had set was working at last. With ghoulish delight she tortured the miserable doll; and day after day, fearful and livid with superstition, but still unwilling to give up Susanne, Jezrul fell to the floor under the strange delusion; and at last, too ill even to creep up to the house, he begged so piteously for the curse to be removed that the Colonel thought that he was wandering in a fever, and alternately bled him to remove the engorgement and stimulated to remedy the depletion, until he dragged about, dodging and starting at the casting of his own shadow.

Susanne was comforting in these dark days, and he could not give her up, for her long slender hands were as ready as her nimble feet; and the wiseacres said that Susanne would marry Jezrul if he ever got well, which now seemed very unlikely. But a pair of great wide eyes were watching the ministrations furtively and jealously, and another little image, a smaller one in petticoats, appeared in the cabin.

There was plenty of gossip in the quarters, beside the blazing pine knots, over the sweet-potatoes and chestnuts roasting in the ashes, for though the fits were coming upon Jezrul harder than ever, he had suddenly refused to let Susanne even come near him, and Maumer Belle touched her cunger knowingly, and said that she had seen Jezrul turn away from Susanne in positive loathing, for all that he had loved her so; and Susanne, in mortification, finding no sympathy in the negroes, had gone to the madame, but Ole Miss calmly told Susanne that Jezrul was crazy—"as crazy as a loon," said Ole Miss.

"Dat's nuffin," said Unc Ephraim, throwing his blazing cob into the fire and adjusting another. "Dat's on'y what we gotter 'spec', 'case hit's de dark er de moon now, an' hit's nuffin but er hoodoo dat ail Jezrul, an' Crecy she sho at de bottom uv hit all. Maumer Belle, you knows you tole Lemuel dat Crecy gwine ter be er hoodoo, 'fore she were free day ole."

"Um, um," grunted Maumer. "An' las' night my Sam he rid fru de parster, er-sarchin' fur de muel colt dat git out somers, an' he say dat de hoodoos was er-dancin' ergin in de big ditch; an' sech er dance! an' Crecy were wid 'em. Crecy was er-swingin' dem shells ergin, an' Sam say were er-scatterin' ashes ober her head too, an' putty nigh start naked, lack she were de odder night, an' I sho dun'no' what Lem mean fur ter let dat gal take on so; but you min' my words, 'case I knows what I's er-tellin' you, dat mean dat Jezrul gwine ter take Crecy back 'fore he git outen dis. Hain't no common yarb truck ner teas gwine ter do Jezrul any good, 'case Crecy sho tamin' uv him."

There was a thoughtful silence and a steady gazing into the fire, when a hoarse scream brought the gossipers to their feet.

"Dat's Jezrul," whispered Maumer Belle, "an' his voice soun' sorter nat'rul."

The night was very dark, and the sick man had fallen in front of his cabin, but by the uncertain flare of the hastily lighted torches the watchers could see Crecy down upon her knees beside him, and the willowy form of Susanne scurrying away into the shadow.

"Take hit off! take hit off!" he moaned. "I's er dyin' man, but I lubs on'y you, Crecy!"

The teeth of the girl glistened in the torch-light.

"Fur good?"

"Fur good." It was only a whisper, but it was an earnest, solemn truth.

Her right arm was around his neck, but her left hand was pressing into his the little images of Susanne and himself.

"Come inter de cabin an' burn 'em wid yo' own han', honey, 'case dat 'll make you well!" Crecy rose and led the way, and Jezrul meekly followed, for Jezrul was "tamed."

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RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

PART I

RUSSIA in the time of Henry III. in England, and some three centuries before the first settlers landed from the *Mayflower* in New England, was in a state of great disorder, split up into a number of petty principalities, and devastated by Mongol invasions, which continued until the end of the fifteenth century. For over two hundred years (1262–1480) Russia, as it then existed, was held by the Mongols practically as an Asiatic dependency. The Russian princes were mere tax-gatherers, actually forced to pay homage to the khans of the Golden Horde—a name given to those Mongols who had settled on the banks of the Volga, on account, it is said, of the splendor of their tents and appointments. Obliged to submit their disputes to the Khan, the Russian princes could not even ascend their thrones without receiving "jarlikh," or letters patent, from their Mongol suzerain.

By degrees, however, the Mongol power waned, while that of Moscow increased, until in the reign of Ivan III., who succeeded his father, Vasili the Blind, in 1462, the Muscovites were able to throw off all semblance of obedience to the Horde. In 1478 Ivan refused to pay tribute, trampled on the image of the Khan, and put his envoys to death. The Mongol monarch marched to avenge this insult with a large following, and was met by Ivan. The two armies faced each other on either side of the river Oka, but did not come to close quarters, as neither seemed to have had the courage to attack. They contented themselves with an occasional discharge of arrows, and more frequent volleys of abuse, and when the freezing of the river made a *rencontre* almost inevitable, both sides were seized with panic and ran away. From this time the Golden Horde rapidly lost ascendency. Erelong the Grand Prince of Moscow turned the tables on his old suzerain, and both Sarai and Kazan, the headquarters of the two chief Mongol tribes in Russia, were forced to swear allegiance to Moscow, while the Khan of the Crimea, where a third tribe had settled, became a sworn ally of the Grand Prince. About 1499 the Russians made a small raid across the Urals—unimportant in itself, but interesting as their first advance into Asia. Ivan III. had many successes in the battle-field, and becoming Overlord of a large number of the other states, he laid the foundations of and commenced the work of consolidating the Russian Empire.

The grandson of this prince was Ivan the Terrible, the first to assume the title of "Tsar," who became extremely powerful, and was sought in alliance by ambassadors from Eastern countries. In his time Kazan and Astrakhan were annexed, and the Stroganovs made their colonizing expeditions towards the Urals. The first serious expedition of Russia into Central Asia was undertaken at the end of the sixteenth century, by the Kassak, or Cossack, tribe, under their celebrated chief Yermak. These Cossacks were, as their name implies, merely a tribe of outlaws and freebooters, who called themselves "The Good Companions of the Don"; but the Tsar, in order to turn their energies to good purpose, offered them a free pardon if they would assist him against the wild tribes on the other side of the Ural. They accepted the offer, and crossing the mountains, found their way to the Caspian Sea, where they occupied themselves with piracy and with plundering the Persian colonies. They were later also successful in their engagements with the Transural nomad tribes, whom they completely defeated, taking possession of Siber, the capital of Kuchum, a lineal descendant of Genghis Khan, and so giving Russia her first foothold in Asia.* Such was the birth of Russian power in the enormous territory since known to the world as Siberia.

* An account of this is given in *Overland to China*.

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Early in the seventeenth century some of the Cossacks who had crossed the Urals brought back wonderful tales of riches in the oasis of Khiva, and a troop started thither to explore, taking only such baggage as their horses could carry. At first they were successful, capturing and looting one of the principal towns, and annexing a thousand of the youngest and prettiest women for their household requirements; but, encumbered with too much heavy baggage, they were caught and surrounded by the Khivans, who shut them off from water. They fought desperately, drinking the blood of the slain to quench their thirst; but though a hundred of them cut their way through and managed to conceal themselves for a time, all eventually perished. Two other campaigns were equally unsuccessful, while the third, which was an ostensibly peaceful mission from Peter the Great to the Khan, ended in the treacherous murder of the Russian envoy and all his men—a Khivan St. Bartholomew's day.

In the early part of the seventeenth century relations were established with Bokhara, and it is interesting to note that the Russian ambassadors even at this time insisted on being treated with the greatest ceremony. They had "no intention of permitting their nation to be treated with disrespect"—an excellent method in dealing with Asiatics, and one which has been of much service to Russia in her advances into the heart of Central as of Far-Eastern Asia. China meanwhile viewed the progress of Russia into Asia with extreme distrust, and destroyed the first strongholds which the Russians—taking advantage of a dispute between the Chinese and one of the neighboring tribes—had built on the Amour. A treaty was concluded later, in 1689, which for the time ousted the Russians from the Amour and barred their farther progress towards the Pacific.

The first attempt made by England to trade with Russia was in 1553, when was founded what was known as the British Muscovy Company. Attempts were also made, without much success, to trade with the khanates of Central Asia through Russia, but the time was not yet ripe, and though an intrepid English sailor, Jenkinson, flew the first British flag on the Caspian Sea, and actually reached Bokhara, yet no regular communication with Central Asia could be established. Owing to their ignorance of geography, Englishmen of that day thought that the only way to reach India—the fabulously wealthy "Kingdom of the Great Mogul"—was through the Tsar's dominions.

Peter the Great, who came to the throne in 1689, adopted the vigorous policy of expansion which has never since ceased to animate his nation. Until early in the eighteenth century he was occupied on the European frontiers of his dominions. His imagination was, however, fired by the wonderful stories which had reached him of the mineral wealth of Siberia, and these were confirmed by an envoy from Khiva, which had some years earlier tendered its submission to the Tsar. Peter therefore sent an armed expedition for the double purpose of occupying Khiva and acquiring some of the gold which he was assured was to be found in such profusion on the shores of the river Oxus. The expedition was a failure, but it resulted in the building of the first fort in the chain since known as the New Siberian Line, which, stretching across the Ishim Steppe, was not completed till 1752. Peter also established himself firmly on the Caspian Sea, and made efforts to establish a trade route *vid* Persia to India. Astrabad, on the Caspian, which had been ceded to Russia in 1722, was an important factor, in the eyes of the Great Tsar, as a base for the advance towards India. "Have you ever been in the Gulf of Astrabad?" he exclaimed to an officer at Derbent. "You must know, then, that those mountains" (pointing to the heights on the shores of the Caspian) "extend to Astrabad, and from there to Balkh and Badakhshan with pack-camels is only a twelve days' journey, and on that road to India no one can interfere with us."

Peter died in 1725, and after his death Russian affairs in Asia were not so successfully conducted for some time. The document known as the "Will of Peter the Great" was almost certainly apocryphal, and not improbably written at the instigation of Napoleon I. However, it sets forth a policy which, virtually amounting to the conquest of Asia, and through Asia of the world, satisfies the aspirations of the Russian nation, and Russian diplomatists have, since the time of Peter the Great, steadily pursued a course in keeping with the principles set

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forth in this document. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the reign of the Empress Catherine II., a scheme was contemplated, the first of its kind, for invading India through the khanates of Central Asia, which was, however, never executed.

For the rest of the century Russia was occupied with her European conquests. The annexation of the Crimea in 1775 was marked by a merciless slaughter of 30,000 Tartars, of both sexes and every age. Georgia, which had been a shuttlecock between Persia and Russia for some time, became the vassal of the latter in 1800. A year later the Emperor Paul, infatuated with Napoleon, agreed to a project for the joint invasion of India by France and Russia. The orders had already been given to the commander, and an army of Cossacks had actually started, when the death of the Tsar put an end to the scheme. His successor, Alexander I., did not pursue the project, but he continued the struggle to extend his dominions into Central Asia, and a conflict with Persia ensued, in which the fate of Georgia and other Caucasian provinces was disputed, without any decided advantage to either side.

Napoleon, having defeated Austria and Russia at Austerlitz in 1805, tried to undermine the interests of Russia in Asia by seeking an alliance with Persia, but a treaty had already been concluded with Britain, and the policy of the Shah for the time being was to keep both French and Russians at bay, looking to Great Britain for aid, in return for which he was to keep the Afghans from invading India. In 1807, however, finding that Great Britain would not afford him the aid he wanted, the Shah concluded a treaty with Napoleon, and when the Peace of Tilsit put an end to the war between France and Russia, Alexander and Napoleon concocted another scheme for the invasion of India, in which they counted upon Persia as an active ally. But the French had overreached themselves, and the British envoy, Sir Harford Jones, succeeded in persuading the Shah that the true enemy of Persia must always be Russia, and her friends those who are against that power. As the Tsar had just declared war with France, and as Persia had, despite promises, reaped no advantage from her French alliance, this diplomacy was successful, and an Anglo-Persian treaty was again concluded. Sir Harford Jones "appears to have been the first British statesman to realize that the greatest external danger which threatened British India was to be found, not in French intrigues at Teheran, nor in the possibility of invasion by Afghan hordes, but in the steady and insidious encroachments of Russia."

The close of the year 1814 found Persia at peace with Russia, and in an alliance with Great Britain, by which the latter power undertook to defend her in a war with any European nation, unless she herself were the aggressor. Russia, however, by her threatening attitude on the Persian frontier — which had not been accurately defined — provoked the Persians to declare war, and when applied to for help the British government elected to abide by the letter of the treaty rather than risk a war with a European nation. In the subsequent struggle Persia lost still more provinces to Russia. When peace was concluded, Russia turned her attention to Turkey, and conducted a successful campaign, which enabled her to round off her possessions south of the Caucasus. She then began to undermine British influence at the court of Teheran, and to stir up Persia to make attacks on Afghanistan. Mr. McNeill, the British envoy, and afterwards ambassador, was not able to prevent a campaign, although he did everything in his power. Great Britain was unable to interfere, being bound by the terms of the former treaty; and the British, who had formerly urged the Persians to attack Afghanistan for the purpose of shielding India from an Afghan invasion, now had the mortification of seeing a Persian army (largely drilled by British officers) repeat that attack, not in defence of British interests, but to further the designs of Russia upon the British empire in India. The first British-Afghan war took place in 1839, resulting in the occupation of the chief cities by British troops.

Russia now began a policy of slow but systematic advance in Central Asia. In the winter of 1839 an expedition, starting from Orenburg, was led by General Perovski, ostensibly to obtain the release of Russian prisoners in Khiva, and to redress the injuries inflicted by the wild tribes on the borders of Russia; in reality the object was to obtain paramount influence over Afghanistan and to oust the

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British. That winter, however, proved to be one of almost unprecedented rigor in Central Asia, and after horrible sufferings, entailed by the effort to march in blinding storms, with snow almost waist-high, the troops returned to Orenburg, leaving more than a thousand men dead, and bringing back over six hundred sick to be lodged in hospital. This expedition, however, convinced the Khivans that Russia was in earnest, and to avert another, the Khan made overtures and sent back many prisoners; but it was not till 1842 that a treaty was concluded.

The khanate of Khiva is a long narrow oasis, including both banks of the Amu-Daria, and extending from the frontier of Bokhara to the southern shore of the Sea of Aral. The city of Khiva is the exact centre of the khanate. A girdle of absolute desert, in area exceeding that of Germany, France, and Italy together, with a radius of over fifty miles, encircles Khiva on every side, in many places attaining a width of from fifty-five to sixty miles. This girdle was surrounded from the southwest round to the northeast by Russian territory, Russian forts, and Russian troops. The south and southeast were bordered by Persia, Afghanistan, and Bokhara, and could only be of importance if these states abandoned their neutrality.

Khiva was one of the most sacred cities of Central Asia, and, according to an old saying, would remain secure from foreign aggression—interpreted as Russian—until the waters of the Amu-Daria, returning to the old bed which they had deserted, should once more wash against the walls of Kane Urgench (the ancient capital, which lies north of Khiva). In 1839 the river is said to have risen to such an extent that its waters reached the ancient city. The inhabitants felt that the hour for Russia had now come.

From the time of her first steps in expansion Russia invariably marked her line of advance with forts, which gradually extended farther south and east. These were occupied by Cossacks, who were able to combine agricultural with military pursuits, and thus to a certain extent mitigated the grave difficulties of provisioning. These Cossacks were found to be able to hold the forts against overwhelming odds.

The disasters which befell the British in Afghanistan during the years 1841-2 brought about a marked difference in the attitude of Russia towards the khanates, and the misfortunes of the British quite dwarfed those of Perovski, which had created a great impression throughout Russia. These disasters began with the attempt of Dost Mohammed to regain his throne, from which Britain had deposed him. The attempt was unsuccessful. But the people were discontented, and the Suddozai Shah, the British nominee, was unpopular. Disaffection grew, unchecked by any prompt action on the part of the British, until it culminated in the murder of Sir Alexander Burnes and of the British envoy, Sir William Macnaghten. Matters then went rapidly from bad to worse, and ended disastrously with the retreat of General Elphinstone, with an army of 16,000, of which only one man, Dr. Bryden, was destined to reach Jalalabad alive. The English position in Afghanistan seemed almost hopeless; and to crown all, at Bokhara two British envoys, Stoddart and Conolly, who had been sent on special missions, were cruelly put to death by the Amir, who thought he had nothing to fear from the countrymen of a nation which had just sustained so terrible a defeat. The Russian agent, Buteneff, on the contrary, who was accompanied by a small staff of miners and topographers, was well received at first, and made valuable notes and extensive surveys. Buteneff, however, could not effect any agreement with the Amir, and finally left without the usual official ceremony, feeling by no means certain that he might not share the fate of the Englishmen who had lost their lives if he staid longer with the treacherous Amir.

While England was preparing to retrieve the disgrace of Kabul, Russia took an opportunity offered her by Persia, who appealed for aid to check the piracy of the Turkomans on the Caspian Sea. By the treaty of Turkomanchi, Persia had forfeited the right to keep war-vessels on this sea, but Russia was hampered by no such restrictions. She sent ships from the naval station on the island of Sari and took possession of Ashurada, at the mouth of the Gulf of Astrabad, which she proceeded to fortify. Despite the protests of Persia, who appealed to England for aid, this place has ever since remained the property of the Tsar. This, one of Russia's bloodless conquests, acquired simply by a cool, high-handed, and unscrupulous pol-

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icy, affords her one of the most valuable strategical positions in Central Asia.

The Kirghiz, who were nominally the vassals of Russia, now gave her an excellent pretext for pushing her line of forts farther south. They had never abandoned their predatory habits, and frequently attacked the caravans which passed across their steppes. At the beginning of the century Russia adopted more stringent measures, and large bodies of Cossacks were sent to subdue them. During the first half of the century the line of forts had been thrown out till it almost enclosed a large portion of the Kirghiz Steppe, but a considerable gap was left between Fort Raim, on the Aral Sea, and Kopal. As a preliminary to connecting these, an expedition was sent up the Syr-Daria, which succeeded in founding a fort there. Almost simultaneously, acting on Peter the Great's saying, "The Kirghiz are a roaming and fickle people, but their country is the key and gate to all the lands of Central Asia," an advance was made in the east from Kopal. The excuse offered was that the Kirghiz Kazaks must be defended from their wild kinsmen, the Kara-Kirghiz, who inhabited the mountainous districts. The whole country of the Kara-Kirghiz is now under Russian rule.

In 1854 a scheme was prepared by General Duhamel, and presented to the Tsar, for the invasion of India, in which it was pointed out that there are five routes by which Russia might proceed, and that if the friendship of Afghanistan in particular could be gained, the path to victory would be easy. This invasion would effect another object by withdrawing the whole attention of Great Britain from the war just begun in the Crimea. The victories of the allied armies of England and France prevented the realization of this scheme.

A few years later, in 1857, two embassies came to St. Petersburg, from Khiva and Bokhara, both asking for the friendship of the Tsar. Count Ignatiev was accordingly intrusted with a mission to Bokhara, with directions to proceed thither by way of Khiva, in order to conclude a treaty with the Khan, and thus obtain permission to navigate the Amu-Daria, and to examine the ancient river-bed of the Oxus. Unsuccessful in Khiva, he was well received in Bokhara. At the same time three different parties were engaged in exploring respectively the country between the Urals and the Caspian, that beyond the Lake Balkash, and the Thian-Shan range and Kashgaria. Valuable information regarding Eastern Turkestan was obtained, and a large portion of the country surrounding the Caspian was mapped out. An important mission explored Khorassan, under Khanikoff, who started in 1858, travelled from Astrabad to Herat, returning to Teheran. At Herat, Khanikoff set afoot intrigues against England, then in the throes of the Indian mutiny, but they were not very successful.

So far the Russians had not yet completed the connection of their chain of forts, but in 1859 the Khokandian stronghold of Julek, on the Syr-Daria, was captured, and in 1861 rebuilt under the name of Fort Perovski. The Khokandians mustered a large army, but were utterly routed, and their defeat was followed in 1864 by the loss of Hazret-i-Turkestan. Here the two Russian columns joined hands, and were both combined under Tchernaieff. Chimkent, the most advanced Khokandian fortress, still remained intact, and was garrisoned with 10,000 men. It was asserted that so large an armed body could not be allowed to exist in such close proximity to the Russian frontier, and, accordingly, in October, 1864, Chimkent was seized by a daring *coup*. This laid the road open to Tashkent, the capital, an opportunity of which Tchernaieff was not slow to avail himself. After a severe struggle, Tashkent surrendered, in June, 1865, and the fate of Khokand was finally sealed. These campaigns did not seem to excite much apprehension in Great Britain; and Lord Lawrence, then Viceroy of India, was inculcating the doctrine that "Russia might prove a safer neighbor than the wild tribes of Central Asia." Nevertheless, the Russian Chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff, felt it necessary to explain the position and intentions of his country to the world at large, and he accordingly issued the now famous circular of November 21, 1864, which explained the Asiatic policy of Russia, and utterly denied her intention of acquiring any further dependencies in Central Asia.

The Emir of Bokhara in 1865 was Seid Mosaffer, a successor of Tamerlane, who regarded himself as the suzerain of all the khanates, and the defender of the Mohammedan faith. He sought to make capital out of the internal dissensions of

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Khokand, took several of the principal cities, and established a new Khan. General Tchernaieff sent an embassy to him under Colonel von Struve, which, though well received, was not permitted to depart, but kept in confinement for six months—until, indeed, serious reverses to the arms of Bokhara had somewhat frightened the Emir. He then addressed a despatch to General Romanovski, expressing a "sincere wish" to live at peace with Russia, but at the same time he was actively engaged on preparations for another campaign, which assumed large proportions, being proclaimed as a sacred war of vengeance by the fanatical *mollahs*. This war was terminated by the siege of Samarkand, which was taken by Russia and held, despite the most determined assaults. The defenders retired to the citadel, the town having been betrayed by some of the native inhabitants, and had hardly time to close the gates. Here they managed to hold out, although provisions and ammunition ran short and 200 men were killed, until relieved by the rest of the army. Despite the assurances of the Russian ambassador in England that the Czar did not intend to retain this city, it was never again ceded to the Amir.

Seid Mosaffer was so disheartened by his reverses that he wished to abdicate and go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, but it was important that Bokhara should have a ruler who fully realized the power of Russia. It was also considered more politic to have a responsible satrap to rule over the Tsar's southern protectorate than to waste men and money on a complete military occupation. The Emir, therefore, was politely requested to resume his throne, and, nominally independent, he became the obedient vassal of Russia. The subjugation of Bokhara was followed by the Steppe Commission, which published a ukase in 1867 announcing the formation of the Russian province of Turkestan, to include the whole of the recently acquired territories, with headquarters at Tashkent, and ruled by a Governor-General appointed at St. Petersburg.

The British government now became alarmed at the advance of Russia, and the idea of a "neutral zone" between Russia and India, with a view of obviating further difficulties, was suggested. Finally, after much dispute as to the limitary line, the Agreement of 1873 was signed, by which the northern boundary of Afghanistan was defined, and Russia undertook not to interfere with that state. The northeastern and northwestern frontiers were, however, very ambiguously described—a fact since utilized by Russia, who, after the occupation of Merv, seized a large slice of adjacent territory.

The province of Prilinsk, formerly Kuldja, was annexed in 1868, Russia having become alarmed lest it should fall into the hands of Yakoob Beg, the enterprising ruler of Kashgar. This district, originally occupied by Mongolian tribes, had been colonized by the Chinese, to whom it virtually belonged until annexed by Russia, who promised to restore it as soon as the Emperor of China could send a sufficient force to occupy it. A commercial treaty had been signed in 1874 between Great Britain and Kashgaria, but the invasion by China of the eastern frontier, and the death of Yakoob Beg, altered the position of affairs. China was entirely successful, and having established herself firmly in Eastern Turkestan, was in a position to comply with the conditions on which Russia had promised to give back Kuldja, and promptly demanded the rendition. The complete evacuation did not take place till 1883.

The occupation of Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea, in 1869, gave Russia a position from which she could command a threatening influence on the borders of the Herat province, and serious apprehensions were felt at Khiva. The Russian government, however, announced that the place (Krasnovodsk) was merely to be used as a factory, and not for strategical purposes. The entire eastern coast of the Caspian Sea is, with a few exceptions, destitute of vegetation, while the interior, as far as the oasis of Khiva, has no settled inhabitants. Tribes of Kirghiz and Turkomans visit it periodically, but the district barely affords sufficient nourishment even to their hardy horses and camels. The country between the Amu and Syr Daria is equally barren, and the few nomads settled on the Russian frontier in the Orenburg government are sometimes, like birds of passage, seized with the old wandering instinct, and "trek" to the plains of western Siberia, so rich in grass, or to the southern Ural steppes, or to the Ust-Urt, between the Caspian and Sea of Aral.

Khiva was the door of all commercial routes to the centre of Asia, but the les-

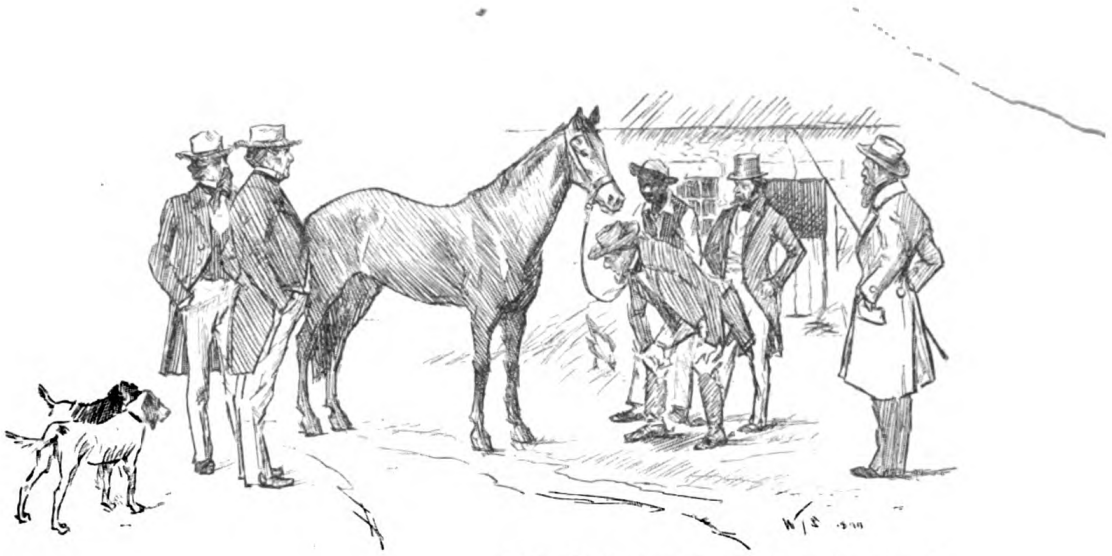
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son learnt from previous diplomacy and campaigns was that this door would never open to peaceful negotiations. The only base for successful operations was the Caspian Sea, and a line of forts was planned on the east coast. Krasnovodsk was to become a considerable port, and energetic measures were adopted towards the neighboring Yomud and Tekke tribes. Warfare with these people was carried on under difficulties, for they deserted their forts at the approach of the enemy and carried off all their goods and chattels. The future Hero of Plevna, then Colonel Skobeleff, accompanied by three Cossacks, all disguised as Usbek merchants, succeeded in penetrating right into the cultivated parts of the oasis of Khiva, and passing safely through the hostile nomads who kept their flocks there, returned to Tiflis, and added much to the scanty knowledge of these regions.

The following year an expedition under Markasoff reached the same spot on the Amu-Daria, and supplied valuable information as to the country through which they had passed. Thanks to Skobeleff, they were able to arrange their halts so as to strike the principal wells. Markasoff was able to verify Skobeleff's visit there in a curious way. Close to one of the wells he picked up a silver teaspoon with that officer's initials, which had been dropped there when resting a year before. On the return march towards Krasnovodsk, Markasoff gradually re-collected his forces, whom he had disposed in small forts along his route. The wells of the Khivan desert have all names, many relating to some event in their history. One, at which Markasoff halted, was called Topiatan, or "The well to which cannon has been dragged," tradition relating that a Khivan chief once on a time dragged a gun to this very spot, with the purpose of resisting the Russians. However, no trace of this murderous Asiatic weapon now remains. During the retreat Markasoff had a miraculous escape at one of the halting-places, as the camp was besieged on all sides, and the Turkomans made a desperate attempt to kill him, even bursting into his tent and killing his guards. Luckily for him, the general was away visiting the outposts, and the Turkomans had to retire without accomplishing their object.

In 1872-3 Markasoff conducted a campaign against the Tekkes, with Khiva as an ultimate goal. The Tekkes were a martial race, and had built a number of small mud fortresses, very primitive works indeed, which, however, were deemed impregnable by the neighboring tribes. These were simply squares composed of mud walls, without fortifications, the *kibitkas*, or tents, being ranged both inside and around the fortress. Though essentially nomad in character and habits, the Tekkes are fond of agriculture, and notwithstanding that the country is badly watered, they grow vegetables, grain, and cotton in the neighborhood of their dwellings. The Tekkes adopted a very simple plan of warfare on the approach of Markasoff—they burnt their *kibitkas* and fled. Eventually, however, they came to close quarters, and were defeated at Dshmala, after which they sent an embassy to Markasoff to assure him of their friendship, and to ask for the release of the prisoners in the hands of the Russians. They made the original excuse for their hostile attitude that they had supposed Russian soldiers to be no better than Persians. Markasoff wishing, according to the Russian account, to propitiate them "by kindness," gave up the prisoners, but as these "would have been a hinderance to him on the march, and would have consumed water, which was scarce," there would seem to have been a certain motive of policy in his action. Markasoff asked for a tribute of 300 camels, which, by-the-way, he never succeeded in getting. His column, although useful as affording valuable opportunities for surveying the country, was not destined to reach Khiva. The Turkomans attacked him persistently, and he thought it wiser to retire. The Russian government, however, by no means abandoned the idea, and an elaborate campaign was arranged, by which five columns converged from different points upon Khiva. All but that under the command of Markasoff reached their destination, and in June, 1873, Khiva capitulated to General Kauffmann; and the Khan, although permitted to retain his throne, became the mere puppet of Russia. The Tekke Turkoman tribes continued for some time still to give considerable trouble, and another unsuccessful expedition was conducted against them in 1879, but it was not until 1881 that the Russian troops under Skobeleff were able to entirely subdue them.

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"The planters were not energetic cotton-growers."

UNDER THE OLD CODE

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

THE first years of my life were passed in one of the Gulf States, in a district given up to cotton-plantations. In the middle of these plantations, in a wide basin formed by the sloping hills, lay the village of Big Spring. The spring was a huge gush of brown water which made itself into a creek and lapped its crooked way through the woods. Beside it stood a large building which had belonged to one of Aaron Burr's confederates when he planned his great empire. The would-be Duke and all of his race were dead now. His palace had a stable in one end, and in the other a squalid store where everything could be bought, from a plough to stale sugar-plums, and the pelts brought by the Indian tribe that lingered on the other side of the hills.

Along the grassy road which led from the store were the forge, the house of Barret the horse-trader, the shoemaker's cabin, and the tavern, kept by Ody Peay. No decent traveller had ever been known to stay overnight in Ody's dirty, dark chambers. But the foremost men and the best judges of liquor in the State came to try his mint juleps and sherry cobblers. You would hear no better talk in the South than that which purled lazily along on a rainy afternoon on Ody's gallery.

This was Big Spring village. The woods crept in year by year as if they wanted to close down on it altogether and smother out its torpid life; live-oaks grew in the midst of the streets; the moss covered the roofs and edged the huge trough into which the water from the spring dripped, and about which the sleepy oxen stood in the hot sunshine and drank lazily.

Some of the planters who daily rode into Big Spring for a smoke and gossip at Ody's were the descendants of good Protestant Irish families; and others, still Catholic, traced back their ancestry to French émigrés who had escaped the guillotine.

The planters were not energetic cotton-growers. Most of their capital and knowledge went into their stables, in which were some of the most famous running-horses in the country. Their owners travelled every year with them, and a great following of friends, jockeys, and grooms, to New Orleans and up to the Northern race-courses. The Southern king of the turf, Gray Eagle, was partly owned by Major Delasco, one of our neighbors, though Kentucky claimed the great racer, and was as proud of him as of any of her sons, Marshall or Clay though he might be. When Kentucky was challenged by Louisiana on the course in 1840, it was Gray Eagle who was chosen to uphold its honor. The whole country stood breathless as that race was

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run. The Major backed the horse with every dollar and acre that he owned. Thousands of Kentuckians risked their whole fortunes on him, and when it was certain that he would lose, not a man from that State, to save himself, would bet a penny against him. The ruin of many an old family dated from that race.

In his old age the great Southern champion was taken by Major Delasco to the course at Lexington, where his chief triumphs had been won. When the races were over, the audience waited in silence while the old horse, blind and tottering, was led in. He was stripped; the bugle sounded the start. He understood. His sightless eyes kindled, his nostrils quivered as he was led around the course. Roar after roar of frantic shouts greeted him; every head was uncovered. He stepped slowly and proudly, his head high, his breath coming hard.

He knew that he was the conqueror, and that these were his friends come to welcome him. Twice he marched around the track, and then passed out of sight forever.

"He knows!" the Major said as he led him out, patting him with a shaking hand. "He knows it's the last time. He has bid the world good-by." The tears ran down over his huge tobacco-stained jaws as he talked.

Gray Eagle died two days later.

I have often heard my mother describe the mixed magnificence and squalor of the life on the plantations among which we lived; the great one-storied wooden houses built on piles; the pits of mud below them in which the pigs wallowed; the masses of crimson roses heaped high on the roofs, a blaze of pure and splendid color; the bare floors, not too often scrubbed; the massive buffets covered with magnificent plate, much of it cups and salvers won on the turf. The women of these families did not lead the picturesque idle life which their Northern sisters imagined and envied. Much of the day was spent in weighing provisions or cutting out clothes for the field-hands. They had few books—an odd volume of poems and their Bibles, which they read devoutly—and no amusements but an occasional hot supper, to which they went in faded gowns of ancient cut. But their jewels, as a rule, were diamonds of great purity and value.

In our quiet life afterwards in Virginia, our sojourn in the far South was remembered as an uneasy dream. The thick shade of the semi-tropical forests, the mile-long hedges of roses through which crawled rattlesnakes and the deadly upland moccasin, the darting birds like jewels, the extravagant slovenliness of both nature and man, the fleas, the ticks, the chiggers, and countless other creatures that bite and sting, and through all and over all the intolerable heat, made up for us children a strange enchanted page of the family history.

The planters welcomed strangers with ardent kindness. They served God with the same fervor. Dancing and card-playing were regarded as devices of the devil, the Southern "church member" being then, as now, much more strict in abjuring these carnal delights than is the descendant of the Puritan.

While we were in this neighborhood Major Delasco's wife gave a small supper, after which there was a carpet-dance. On the following Sunday there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Presbyterian church of which she was a member. When she went, according to custom, for a silver token admitting her to the tables, it was refused. Early on Monday morning the Major sent a challenge to each of the elders and members of the session, eighteen in all. Most of the men whom he had challenged were his cronies, with whom he supped daily, and exchanged gossip, receipts for drinks, or the eggs of fancy poultry.

"None of the hounds will dare to back out of a duel on the score of religion," he said. "They're not sunk quite so low as that. Some of them 'll hit me, no doubt. I make sure of that. D'ye see how Tiger keeps to heel and never lifts his eyes off me? Dogs know, sir!" The stout old man stopped to pat the dog, winking hard. "Fond of your master, eh, you brute? Well, this week 'll see the end of Tom Delasco. But I shall have vindicated Maria's honor, thank God!"

This washing of reputations clean by blood was going on perpetually.

On the day when my father first arrived at the village he was passing down the street when he observed that a gentleman was following him rapidly. He halted. Coming abreast of him, the man drew a pistol and pointed it at his head. Naturally he started back.

"Thank you, sir," said the stranger,

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"SHE HAD A VERY TRYIN' EXPERIENCE, POH CHILD!"

courteously. "It is the gentleman on the other side of the street I wish to shoot."

He pulled the trigger, and the gentleman on the other side fell dead, with the bullet in his heart. During the next six months more than thirty men were shot on that same grassy highway. Every one of these deaths was the outcome of the creed which rated honor higher than life—a creed which scarcely has a place among the motives of any man nowadays. One fact which I myself remember will show how stringent it was then.

There was a county family whom I shall call Impey, because that was not their name, and because they claimed descent from Sir Elijah Impey, the judge in India famous as the murderer of Nuncomar. Some French blood of a finer strain than that of the English butcher had some time been mixed in the race.

One branch of the family ended in an old man of eighty, his granddaughter, a delicate girl of sixteen, and her baby brother.

Many years after we had left the neighborhood, one of the planters, Judge Mabury, with his wife, visited us on their way home from the Springs. They had much to tell us of our old friends.

"And Mary Impey?" some one asked at last.

"Oh, little Mary?" exclaimed Mrs. Mabury. "She had a very tryin' experience, poh child! But it all ended right. You know she lived alone with her grandfather and little brother quite remote. She heard one day that Colonel Dupree had spoken—well, coarsely of her. I cahn't go into details. The remark left a stain on her character. She heard it in the mohnin', an' she considered about it. She had no father. Willy was only seven; thah was nobody but her grandfather, an' he was imbecile. So she called foh her pony an' rode into the village, an' stopped at the tahvern, where the Colonel was likely to be. Some gentlemen she knew were on the gallery. 'Is Colonel Dupree inside?' she said, very scared to speak out before them all. So they called him, and then came around the horse to talk to Miss Mary.

"When he came out o' the doh, smilin' and bowin', she said, 'Colonel, I've been told you spoke of me yesterday in wohds that I can't repeat. Thah's no man to come an' ask about it. What grounds had you foh speaking of me so?"

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"He couldn't deny it in the face of the men standin' thah who had heard him, so he said: 'I was drunk when I did that. 'Fore Almighty God, Miss Mary,' he said, solemnly, 'thah's no ground foh it. Thah's no woman in the State more deservin' of honor than you.'

"'That is enough foh me,' she said. 'Now, foh you—' She put her hand in her pocket and took out a little pistol and shot him through the head. Then she rode back home again."

"She killed him! Didn't they arrest her?" I cried.

"Arrest her? Why, you don't understand. Thah was nobody to do it but her. Of course she was sorry about it," said my friend, stroking the fringe of her over-skirt, "but it had to be done. She married soon after that. Oh, I forgot to tell you," she pattered on, smiling. "Little Willy cried when he understood whah Mary had been. 'That was my business, sister,' he said. Bless the child! Of cohse, if he had been a little bigger— But they would probably have disarmed the boy, and not have given him fair play."

And as she talked my mind swung dizzily back to the old point of view. What, after all, was the Colonel's life, or any life, if honor was at stake?

"Poh Mary!" Aunt Dody was saying. "She's dead now. Died six years ago, just tired out. Her husband was a rampagious kind of creature, and so were her daughters. Mary was always a timid little body, and she spent her life tryin' to make the world easy for them."

"Did she ever regret what she had done?"

"Oh no! Why, certainly not! I never heard her speak of Colonel Dupree but once. She said: 'I am sorry, Aunt Dody, it was I who had to do that. He made great mischief in the world. But perhaps he's doin' better now—elsewhere.' Perhaps he is," sighed Aunt Theodora, doubtfully shaking her head.

"Of course you remember," said the Judge, now joining in the discussion, "that there was a strained feeling between the Impeys and the Delascoes?"

"A vendetta—yes. Is it still going on?"

"Well, we don't call it that. Vendetta's too big a name. The low-class whites in your Virginia hills here have vendettas, and are always in the papers. Thah was just a—difficulty between those families. They said little about it, but it has been going on since the opening up of the country. Thah don't seem to have been any reason foh it—no insult—nothing tangible. But the two families are different, and apparently they can't tolerate each other on the same earth. Foh fifty years not a Delasco died in his bed. Yes, they certainly ran it pretty hard then."

As he spoke, the forgotten story came back to me. Neither family had allowed the feud to absorb their lives. They were planters, lawyers, or speculators, many of them busy and useful men. But when one of their natural enemies came on their path they rid it of him as they would of any other noxious vermin. Their neighbors had always looked on with mild regret. It was a pity, they thought, that two such important and agreeable families felt it to be their duty to kill each other on sight. But nothing could have been more underbred than interference, in our code.

"There are families," the Judge said, ponderously, "that die of consumption, and some are mowed down by scrofula. But it doesn't seem to be God's law that an Impey or a Delasco should die of disease. They were meant to make an end of each other. And of cohse you can't run against God's law."

"What became of Major Delasco?" I asked. "When we left Big Spring he had eighteen duels on hand."

The Judge laughed. "Oh, he came through them without a scratch, and others — others. Gentlemen shot wide with the Major. He was a friendly old soul, pottering about, always bragging of his fancy poultry or his brew of apple toddy. One of the Texas Impeys made an end of him. Picked a quarrel on the road, and used his knife on the old man. I never asked the details. I couldn't bear them. The Major's death was a great shock to me—a great shock."

"And then? The Texas Impey?"

"Well, of course the Major's sons set out at once after him. But Dan, their old coachman, met him on the street in Huntsville next day, and shot him on sight. He was the last of that branch, fortunately. A bad lot."

"Then the Impey family is extinct?"

"No. There's Willy, Mary's brother," said Mrs. Mabury.

"He might be the brother of every other woman. They all make much of him,"

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growled the Judge, with a sniff. "But there! I've nothing to say against Willy. He's a pleasant, affectionate lad. But somehow he'll never raise any cotton."

Mrs. Mabury made haste to tell us that after his sister's death young Impey unfortunately "lived in northern States, Virginia and Kentucky, and had learned their ways." He had few affiliations with Big Spring. "The Delascoes have taken possession there," she said, with a shrug; "they run the country and the church as well as their horses, and as profitably."

"Now, don't scratch, Theodora," said the Judge. He then, with judicial gravity, went on to tell us that nature, apparently on purpose, had made the difference very marked between the two families. "The Impeys are lightweight men, fair-haired, easy-going, and full of fun. They're fond of pictures and music and so on. But the Delascoes are swarthy and stout-built, made up of big qualities good and bad, but big. Like a Roman wall," the Judge said, a little diffident with his classic simile. "Rubble, you know—rough lumps of good rock and of mud mixed all together."

"You'll see Willy if you go to the mountains next week," Mrs. Mabury struck in, eagerly, when the Judge stopped for breath. "There is to be a convention of railway men there. You know Willy is a railway man."

"In business!" I exclaimed.



"THERE WAS A STRAINED FEELING."

"Oh, Impey has quite the Northern cast of mind," the Judge replied. "He has ability, no doubt, and energy. You always hear of him dashing into this enterprise or that. But somehow nothing comes out of it. No, he'll bring no crops to the market. He may plant and hoe and water, but he'll raise no cotton."

Presently, when the Judge had gone out of our hearing, Aunt Dody again began to talk of her hero. "It really is incomprehensible why Willy does not get on!" she said, anxiously.

"Does he drink?"

"Not more than a gentleman should—at the dinner table, you know. He's a fine judge of Madeira. He plays high, but never, strictly speaking, gambles either. No, really, he has none of those weaknesses. And he tries so hard! You see, it is such a necessity that Willy should get on."

"Is there a woman in the case?" we ventured.

"Oh dear yes! Louisa Payne. Have you never heard? Willy has been waitin' on her for five years. You know the Payne girls were orphans, left in the care of Miss Ann Sage. Don't you remember Miss Ann—tall, hawk-nosed old lady with a turban and a bead bag? Why, you must remember her! Jane Payne, the oldest niece, was grown and presented to society when Louisa was still a wee thing at school. Jane had two lovers. She went to her aunt. 'What am I to do, dear Aunt Ann?' she said.

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"'I have looked into their properties,' said Miss Ann. 'We will marry Mr. Buchanan, Jane.'

"'Very well, dear Aunt Ann,' said Jane.

"So she married Mr. Buchanan, and he took her to his plantation. Magnificent manor-house, trained servants, everything of the best. The next day Miss Ann arrives with her servants and dogs and horses. Just six months later Mr. Buchanan went to his wife, Miss Ann being present. 'To-morrow at noon,' he said, very distinctly, 'the coach will be at the door, and either Miss Ann Sage or I go away in it, *never to return*.' 'Very well, dear,' Jane said, and nothing more. The next morning Miss Ann went to her. 'Jane, you're a fool,' she says. 'Good-by.' So she went home, and gave her whole attention to Louisa. When the girl grew up, her aunt looked out for a fine match for her. But the only man she cared for was Willy Impey. Miss Ann said to him: 'I don't ask a great fortune for my niece; I've had enough of that; but I do require that you have an income which will maintain her comfortably.' That was little enough to ask, and so Willy acknowledged, and set out to make that income. Five years ago! It certainly is a mystery why that boy does not get on!" Her anxiety actually forced tears into her kind old eyes.

We went a week later, as usual, to the little summer resort among the mountains. I naturally looked around with some curiosity for the young man who had seated himself so deeply in the heart of my old friend. But there was no one who would answer to the description of Willy Impey.

It was the custom for the children, in full dress, to take possession of the ball-room every evening for an hour before the dancing began. The old negro fiddlers played for them, and they waltzed or danced Virginia reels, to the delight of a row of mothers and black *maumers* ranged around the wall. The young men and women seldom came into the children's frolic. I was a little surprised, therefore, one evening to see a young man dancing with them, showing the same grave courtesy to his tiny partners as though they had been duchesses. They were radiant with pleasure at being taken so seriously, and when the dance was over hung fondly about him. He was a small, fair man. There was a hint of the same old-time punctilio in his elaborate dress and his deferential manner. When he came closer I saw that he was not young, but middle-aged, his light hair was gray, and there were tired lines on the sincere, homely face. It was oddly sincere, and one saw that the soul that had looked through it these forty years was as simple and fine as that of any child.

"That," said my neighbor, as he passed us, "is my friend Impey, one of the officers of our road."

My neighbor was John McCauley, controller of one of the railway systems in the South.

"Impey, eh?" said another business man, Reynolds, who was standing near. "Is he at a desk still?"

"Yes. I don't know why he doesn't move up. There's no man in the business who has more ideas than William Impey."

"It does you no good to have a dozen knives in your hand if you can't cut with them," rejoined the other, with a complacent chuckle.

"Impey has a knife in hand now that I fancy will cut," said Mr. McCauley, dryly. "He has an idea about the equalizing of rates all over the country which seems to me so valuable that I have contrived this conference of railway men that he may lay it before them."

"Equalizing of rates, eh?" Reynolds half shut his keen little eyes a moment, considering, but his round face never lost its fixed, unctuous smile. "I don't see how that could pay Bill Impey anything if it were done."

"Not in money. But to be known as the man who has solved that old riddle would be a sure step upward for him in the business."

"Well, look out that he is on hand when the conference comes off. He will probably have a picnic or ball to manage just then." He turned with a contemptuous grin to leave the ball-room, but, coming back, said, seriously: "Impey's too heavy a load for even you to lift, McCauley. I know him. He's the dregs of a worn-out family. Some parts of his brain stopped growing when he was sixteen. You had better drop him."

Mr. McCauley looked attentively at the man as he swaggered out. "It is strange how such an underbred fellow can push up and up in this country!" he said. "I

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am sorry I mentioned William's plan to him."

A few minutes later Mr. Impey came up. He had a peculiar thin voice with womanish, uncertain inflections in it.

"I have made a terrible mistake," he told us, eagerly. "I just spent an hour teaching little Mary Page to reverse, and now I find that her mother did not wish her to learn the American step. And I can't undo it!" looking from one to the other anxiously.

Mr. McCauley stared at him. "What difference does it make?" he said.

"Why, McCauley! I ought not to spoil the child's step!" he exclaimed. "But I must go now. I promised to make paper flowers for some of the girls."

Passing through one of the side rooms half an hour later, I saw him seated, surrounded by a group of gay, chattering girls, for whom he was making wreaths of flowers and chains of flying fairies from tissue-paper.

"You would take him for an idiot," began McCauley, angrily, but suddenly checked himself as we met a short, fair girl who was entering the room. "Mr. Impey," he said, bowing to her, "is, as usual, the bee among the blossoms, Miss Payne."

"Yes, Willy never tires of amusing young people," she said, smiling calmly; and passing on, seated herself among the gray old matrons who were watching the dancers. She bowed and smiled to each of them, and I was impressed by the perfect correctness of each smile in the degree of respect it expressed. People might differ as to the beauty of the plump little woman sitting there, with unchanging pink cheeks and pale blue eyes, but nobody could doubt that whatever she said or thought was correct, and that if she lived for centuries she would go on doing the same things with perfect satisfaction in herself. If a button should drop off her glove it would distress her as much as if she broke a commandment. But neither accident was possible. There were no accidents in Louisa Payne's well-ordered life.



"SHE ROSE AND WALKED AWAY WITH HIM."—[PAGE 410.]

"Yes," said Mr. McCauley, who had followed my eyes. "That is not exactly the kind of woman to be kept waiting for five years while a man cuts paper angels. But Impey is not a fool. He has genuine fire in him, and sometimes it

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flames like sparks in dead iron. Let me tell you something. Last week a committee representing all the principal railways of the country went to Washington to urge a measure on the President which would largely promote their interests. He was opposed to it, and chose to receive us with marked incivility, barely nodding when we entered, and going on with the dictation of a letter. When he had finished his letter he turned to us—we were still standing—and without permitting our chairman to speak, said: 'Well, gentlemen, I fancy that I know all that you came to say. The subject has been

"I AM HERE, GENTLEMEN!"—[PAGE 412.]

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fully laid before me. I imagine I am able to comprehend it without any instructions. It is not necessary to waste your time, or mine.'

"Wright, our spokesman, is a slow man. He turned angrily on his heel and was making for the door, and we all probably would have followed him; but Impey, who was there as my secretary, stepped quietly to the front. Willy would be at ease and calm in the court of the Cæsars. He said, 'My name is Impey, Mr. President,' and then, leaning with both knuckles on the table, stooped forward, and said, in a low, distinct voice, 'I think you do not understand. These are the controllers of all the principal railway systems of the United States. They hold in their hands more actual power than does its President. The government cannot afford to refuse them a hearing.' He stepped back, motioning to us to come up, as if he had been the herald to announce us. Well—you know what the President is—an underbred man, always uncertain of himself. He was terribly confused, tried to joke it off, and was anxious in his civility. We transacted our business satisfactorily. But the man who controlled the situation was William Impey. When a great occasion comes, he rises to it. I have hopes that this conference on Wednesday will be the making of him. It is the chance of his life for him to show what is in him."

Mr. Impey's five-year-old romance was known to everybody at the Springs. They gossiped incessantly of the iron will of Miss Ann and of Willy's shortcomings. "The poor fellow," I was assured, "is always on the verge of success. He discovers an idea in May which will bring him in a fortune in July. But when it turns out worthless in June he is gay and rejoicing because he has found out a new trick in whist. But poor Louisa sees no fault in him."

But who could tell what Louisa's pale blue eyes saw? Sometimes I suspected that the iron in Miss Sage's blood was in the veins also of her placid niece, and that if she chose she would marry her lover to-morrow. She did not choose. She loved him, and did not care whether the whole world knew it. Whenever he came near to her the sudden blood flamed in her head and throat, and her eyes glowed with passionate fire. But as soon as he spoke the passion faded out of them, and they watched him, critical and cool. There was a tough fibre of common-sense in this blond little woman which was lacking among Willy's flabby qualities.

One morning a sparrow badly wounded fluttered into the path before us. Willy picked it up, stroking its feathers softly with little crooning noises. His lips quivered. "It hurts one so to see a dumb thing suffer!" he said, looking up.

"Then put an end to its suffering," said Miss Payne, promptly; and taking the bird, she squeezed its throat tightly between her fingers, and threw it into the bush.

He shuddered, and she looked at him perplexed.

There was to be a picnic on Tuesday. She was sitting with me when he ran to her with his gloves to mend.

"You are not going!" she said.

"Oh, Louisa! Why not?" he pleaded, looking at the sweep of cool forest and the mountain-peak beyond, still wrapped in mist. "Think of the view from Old Shaggy! I have just saddled the gray pony for you. I will walk beside you. We have gone to Old Shaggy together every year!"

"Yes, but the conference to-morrow? You ought to look over your notes to-day. You said you were not clear on some points."

"Oh, those are mere practical details. Any drudge can straighten them out. Come, where shall I find your wraps?"

They went. The other older men left the preparations to the young people, but Impey packed and cooked more anxiously than any boy there.

I remember another incident of the day. Miss Payne was sitting with me a little apart under the trees when we saw a commotion among the men, and Willy ran from them to us.

"Oh, Louisa! Louisa!" he panted. His face had lost all color, and his jaws worked excitedly.

"What has happened?" she said, coldly.

"A copperhead! A snake! Get up! There may be one under that shawl. Come out to that open field. We shall be safe there."

She did not move. "Why didn't you help kill the snake?" she said, holding his wandering eyes with her own.

"Why didn't I kill the copperhead?" laughing shrilly. "Because I was afraid.

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I can't see anything die, and I don't want to die myself."

He leaned against a tree, glancing suspiciously about. He was wholly unnerved; the drops of cold sweat came out on his forehead, and when he tried to talk he broke into hysteric laughter. "This thing called courage that we make so much of in the South," he said, turning to me, "I haven't got it. The very thought of death makes me sick and shake like a rabbit."

"Mr. Impey, of course you understand, is only joking," Miss Payne said, quietly. She rose and walked away with him, and kept him apart during the day. I remember having an odd fancy that if the girl could have put some of her own blood into his paler veins she would have done it—she loved him enough.

Early the next morning two other railway magnates arrived. Reynolds mounted guard at the door of the little parlor where the conference was to be held, and McCauley bustled up and down anxiously.

"Where on earth is Impey? Oh, here you are! Good-morning, Miss Payne. Come, William, we are waiting for you."

The face of the little man was grave, and for the first time I saw in it the power and distinction in which his friend put such trust.

Miss Payne walked beside him to the door, and laid her hand on his arm. "Remember what depends on this morning," she said, in her gentle, steady tone.

At the first sound of it Mr. Impey threw up his head impatiently, like a horse that felt the curb.

"I know. It is a great chance for me," he said. "I'll go in now, Louisa."

But she still kept her soft hold on his arm. "It is the last chance," she said, slowly. "Five years is a long time. I have been patient. But I'm tired."

"Bless my soul, Lou! Why, you are all broken down! Your jaws are livid. Go to your room, child. Tut, tut! Women are so foolish and tender. Why, of course I'm going to do the best I can! Go in, go in. After all, the world won't come to an end this morning. Come, Mr. McCauley, I'm ready."

"*It is the last chance*," she said again, in her low, unchanging voice, and then, turning away, she walked to an arbor and sat down out of sight in the shelter of the grape-vines.

The door of the yellow parlor remained closed for two hours. It opened at last, and Mr. McCauley came out. There was a scowl on his good-humored face. He came up to me where I sat apart.

"The plan was a failure?" I asked.

"No, not at all. But Impey—oh, I give him up! He explained his theory fully and clearly. He has great control of language, you know. The thing was forcibly put before them. They caught on to it at once. But I don't think he personally impressed them favorably. His size and womanish voice, and the simple fine manner that you and I like—well, they're hard-headed business men, and he is not in their class. But that was nothing. Old Boskirk, who is as sharp as a steel trap, interrupted him and asked about some item of outlay. 'That,' said Willy, 'is one of the practical details about which I am not yet clear. I have talked the matter over fully with Mr. Reynolds, however, and he says there is no difficulty there.' On which, as I'm a living man, that sneak Reynolds stepped forward and said, 'My solution of that difficulty is' so and so, and 'The other items of outlay I should meet' in such a way, and so on, fluent and at home in every detail, until the men gathered around him discussing it and arguing with him. When I came out, he was talking of 'My plan,' and Willy Impey sat alone in a corner smoking his cigar. I give him up!"

The other men came out just then, talking loudly and hurrying to the train.

Mr. Boskirk halted. "Good-by, Mr. McCauley. Look me up when you're in Chicago. Do you know, that is a very clever plan. I should not be surprised if it would go some day."

"It is Impey's idea, you understand?"

"Impey? Oh, yes. The little man who introduced it? Yes, he has the theory, but Reynolds has worked it out. He's practical. Remarkable fellow, eh? He'll forge ahead with ideas like that. I wish we had him on the X and Y. Well, good-by—good-by!"

Reynolds, fat, hot, and perspiring, stood in the midst of the group shaking hands and shouting out good-byes and jokes. Willy too was with them. His whole body sagged a little, as if some stiffening had gone out of it, but, taking each man to be his own guest, he stood, the typical Southern host, cordial and smiling, until

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the last one was gone. Then he turned and went slowly to the arbor.

After a long time he came out with Miss Payne. He was talking vehemently, but Louisa stood silent, the placid half-smile upon her face more defined than usual. A wind was stirring, but it did not disarrange the straight folds of her white draperies, or lift a hair of the glossy yellow coils upon her head. As she listened she waved a large white fan steadily to and fro.

Suddenly he turned and came toward us. She followed with unwilling steps.

"Here is McCauley!" he said, hoarsely. "He knows me. He knows what is *in* me. Let this man and woman judge between us. They are human—they're flesh and blood. They're not like you. Let them judge between us."

"Really," said Miss Payne, "this is all very unseemly and unpleasant! More so for our friends even than for me—"

"Our relations are no secret," he interrupted, breathlessly. "She has closed them. She has broken with me because I failed to-day."

"*To-day?*" The waving of the white fan stopped. Her pale eyes flashed. "When have you not failed?"

The little man cowered as if he had been struck.

"You are brutal, Miss Payne," cried McCauley. "You do not know Willy."

"Yes, I know him." She came closer to Willy, her voice hardly above a whisper. "Not for five years, but—I loved you, Willy, when we were children together. I've been waiting and hoping all my life. My husband must be a man. I'll speak now—as you have chosen to drag this thing out to strangers. You grow weaker as you grow older. I've waited and hoped for the man in you to come to light. But it never will. I'm tired." The pink flush had left her cheeks at last. She was suddenly a pinched, middle-aged woman.

"I'll never disappoint you again, Louisa," he said. "I can satisfy you, and I will! I'll do—something. My God! don't you believe me?"

She waited a minute, gathering her strength. "No," she said at last. "It is all over now. If you will excuse me, I will go in." She bowed courteously, forcing the usual smile to her ghastly face, and waved the white fan steadily as she went up the hill.

Willy looked after her, made an irresolute step or two as if to follow, and then turned back. He lighted a cigar, and the next moment it dropped from his shaking fingers on the grass. Then he turned to McCauley with a loud laugh.

"Did you hear her? She's disappointed in me! Am I pleased with myself? Is it a comfortable thing to know you're a botch of a man? It's in me to be something. You know that, Mac. You have faith in me. I've met men who are called great in this country, and not one had better stuff in him than I have. God knows I've tried. But there are things that drag me down. It's like mud clogging my legs at every step. She's right. Here I am at forty — Willy Impey, the old beau, cackling, contemptible, and so it 'll be to the end. Well, good-morning," and lifting his hat, he left us, trying to walk jauntily up the hill.

"Now," said Mr. McCauley, "he has gone to the bar-room to forget his troubles. Yes, of course it's disgusting. But what can you do? It's an old story. A big soul strangled to death in the weaknesses of inherited temperament. The follies of his grandmothers and the drunkenness of his grandfathers! How can he fight them? I saw a Chinese picture once of a man caught in the hundred claws of a cuttle-fish, that were dragging him down —down. It's the same thing." He sat silent awhile. "Well, thank God he's rid of Louisa Payne. She would only have dragged him down the sooner."

Miss Payne, with her maid, took the evening train to New Orleans. Willy came the next morning to bid us good-by.

He was cheerful, even gay. "I will not follow her—no," he said. "Not until I have succeeded. I have a plan. Something quite new. Oh, you will hear of me before long!" and went away laughing, followed by all the children, who escorted him to the train.

I never saw him afterwards. It was from Mrs. Mabury, on her annual visit three years later, that I heard of him again.

The Judge, as soon as Willy Impey's name was mentioned, made an excuse and left the room, and Aunt Theodora, in a frightened whisper, and keeping watch on the door, told us the end of the story.

"Poor Willy! I know you want to hear, and nobody knows the truth about him so well as I. You see, when he left the Springs he resigned his position on the

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railway, saying he had proved his unfitness for business. He was apparently then in deadly earnest. He set himself body and soul to work so as to win Louisa back. Of cohse he had jokes and learned songs —it wouldn't have been Willy if he hadn't. As for drink—he didn't take to it regularly —no. But occasionally, of cohse—

"He owned a large tract at Big Spring, and he decided to come back and raise cotton. He wasn't goin' to do it in the old way, either. He looked into the new methods, and hired an expert as overseer, and spent what little he had in machinery and the like. Well, the overseer arrived and began work. Willy was to come next week. But, you see, in all these years the Delascoes had seated themselves firmly at the Spring. They used the old methods, and the word got about that this Impey fellow meant to run them out with his modern improvements. The Judge heard the storm risin', and he wrote to Willy beggin' him not to come. 'Foh God's sake,' he said, 'don't open up the old grudge! Thah'll be trouble!' But Willy appeared on the day set, smilin' and funnin' away as usual. 'Pretty talk,' he says, 'that a man cahn't fahm his own ground as he likes in this year of the nineteenth century in a Christian community. Why, bless yoh soul, Aunt Dody, I've no grudge against the Delascoes!' he says. But the Delascoes met in their houses an' wohked each other up to fury. It wasn't Willy's fahm they were against; it was Willy. They are reasonable men —some of them. But it was the old hate comin' up again in their blood. They couldn't help it, I suppose. Well—" she glanced around, suddenly pale and trembling, "it was done, an' I—was thah."

"You?"

"Yes. I heard what was planned early in the mohnin'. The Judge had gone to the city, so I went myself to the tahvern whah Willy was. Ody Peay's, you know. Only it's another house, an' Ody's dead. Willy was upstahs eatin' his breakfast. He laughed at me. I told him they said he should not leave the town alive. 'Dear Aunt Dody,' he said, 'they've been scaring you because you're a woman.'

"Then the landlord, Pomeroy, come in, out of breath. 'Mr. Impey,' he said, 'the Delascoes are below in the hall—six of them. They sent wohd foh you to come down. Every man of 'em has his gun!' Willy stood up. He had no blood in his face. You know Willy never was a fighter. 'I am not armed, Mr. Pomeroy,' he said. 'Do the gentlemen know that?' 'Yes. They don't keer. They bid me tell you thah was but one Impey livin', and the earth was tired of carryin' him.' Pomeroy ran into a back room. 'Hyah, sir,' he says; 'thah's a ladder down into the kitchen. I can hide you in the cellar. Come. Thah's a chance!' Willy ran to the ladder, an' then stopped. 'Louisa wouldn't have me skulk like a rat in a hole,' he said, standin' thah.

"I was so wild I ran out on the stairs. They were all below. 'Men,' I screamed, 'are you goin' to murder him in cold blood? Six against one! Are you devils?' I don't know what I said to them.

"Old John Delasco answered me. 'Madam Mabury,' he said, 'go back. Don't meddle hyah. It's the last of a bad breed goin' to be wiped out!' An' that man had eaten at my table an' walked with me to church!

"I went back. Willy was standin' thah. His thin little face was like that of a corpse. I begged him to go down the ladder. It would have been a sure escape. But he shook his head.

"'Lou will be satisfied with this,' he said. 'I couldn't live like a man, but I can die like one;' and he gave a queer smile. 'Tell Lou, Aunt Dody,' he said.

"Then he flung the door open and stopped at the head of the stairs.

"'I am here, gentlemen,' he said, drawing himself up, and he folded his arms and walked slowly down the steps.

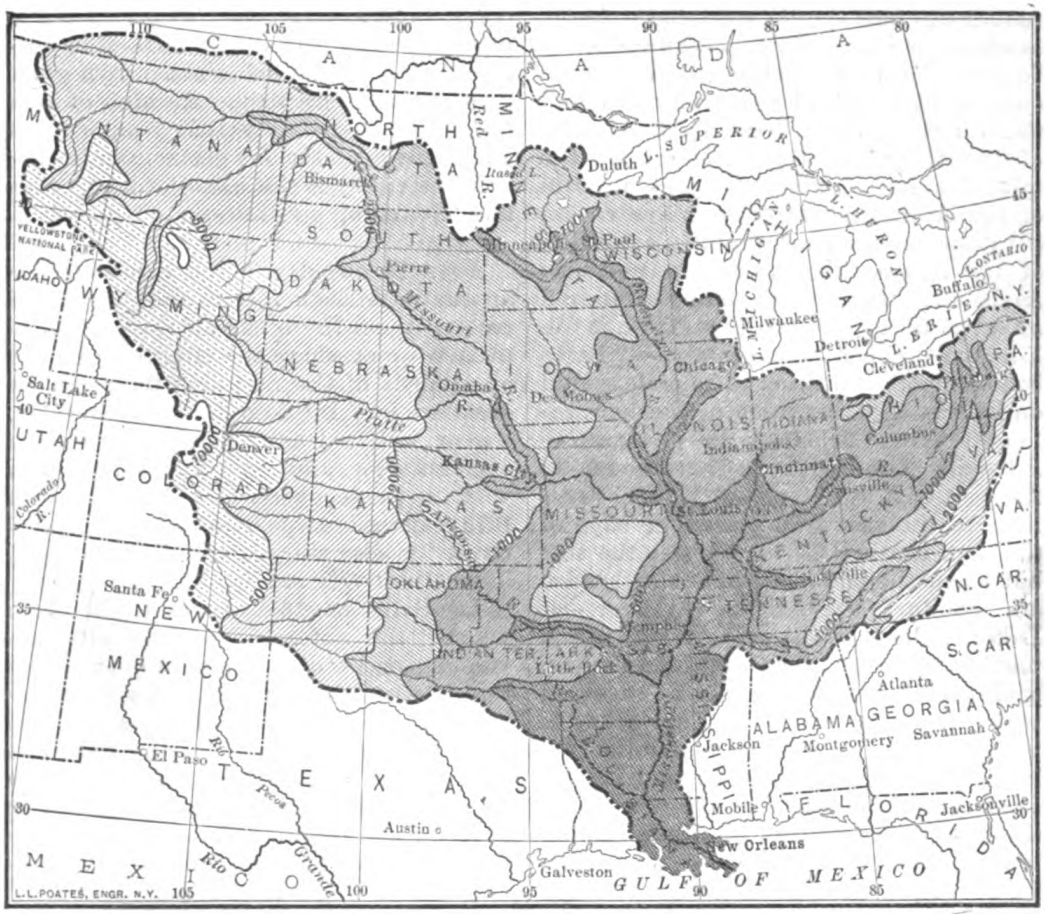
"They let him come half-way, and then—

"The poor little man was lyin', all blood, where he fell when I ran down. I lifted his head in my arms, but he only spoke once. 'Tell Lou,' he said."

"And Louisa?" I asked, presently.

"She lives in New Orleans. She's busy with charities. Oh, she's a good woman, and very strong—very strong. Even Miss Ann falls into her ways. Now Willy never would have fallen into her ways. I doubt," said Aunt Dody, shaking her head, "whether Willy ever would have been very different here. But he was a dear boy. And perhaps," she said, after a while, looking wistfully into the far gray evening, "he's like Colonel Dupree—he's doin' better elsewhere."

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THE FUTURE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

BY PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

"THERE can be no doubt that the French settlers in the Mississippi Valley will (without timely precaution) greatly effect both the Trade and Safety of these his Majesty's plantations." This warning, uttered by Governor Spotswood of Virginia in 1718, is perhaps the earliest statement of the intimate relation between coast and interior, and of the importance of the Mississippi Valley to Anglo-Saxon civilization; and after one hundred and eighty years the "trade and safety" of the United States are still powerfully "effected." As a land, as a long-contested region, and as the scene of a great immigration, the Mississippi Valley yields to no region in the world in interest, in romance, and in promise for the future. Here, if anywhere, is the real America—the field, the theatre, and the basis of the future civilization of the Western World. The history of the Mississippi Valley is the history of the United States; its future is the future of one of the most powerful of modern nations.

The word "valley" somehow suggests a narrow defile like the Hudson gorge or the cañon of the Colorado, but the conception of the Mississippi Valley is very different; as may be seen on the map on this page, it is a vast shallow shell, tilted up to the westward, and pouring out its

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waters through the delta at the extreme southern point. If we perambulate the border of this shell, the edges will be seen to fit into and sometimes to dominate the East, North, West, and Southwest of the United States. Starting at the salt inlets north of New Orleans, the rim of the basin runs through a low region till it strikes the southernmost extension of the Appalachian range, in northern Alabama; thence for many hundred miles, as far as western New York, it follows the chain of the mountains—"Backbone Ridge," as it used to be called—and on its way it passes some of the hardest-fought battle-fields of the civil war—Pittsburg Landing and Chattanooga to the west of it, Stanton and Winchester a little to the east. In places the edge of the shell is raised 6500 feet above the sea; but when the boundary has once headed and confined the Allegheny River—at Lake Chautauqua—it sweeps westward and northward around the Great Lakes, which it all but drains. West of Lake Superior, which it closely skirts, the line bends to the southward to give room for the Red River of the North, and beyond it rises steadily northwestward up the long slopes to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. These it follows — sometimes 14,000 feet above the sea — till the line runs into the upper Red River country; thence it descends to the coast, and reaches the Gulf again within 120 miles of the mouth of the Mississippi. The figure thus circumscribed bears a whimsical resemblance to an enormous spread eagle—its claws dug into the delta of the great river, its eastern wing somewhat withdrawn from the Atlantic coast, its western wing swung over far into British territory, and flapping lustily toward the Pacific Ocean.

From the rim of this vast hollow start streams which speedily join into the immense river system which finally converges into the Mississippi River. From the farthest source of the farthest tributary of the upper Missouri in the Canadian Rockies, following down the channel to the Gulf, the river is 4200 miles long; and upon about 5000 miles of waterway within the valley steamboats may navigate. The Mississippi is the great south-flowing stream of the world, and its valley is politically and commercially the most important; its area of 1,240,000 square miles is two-fifths of the whole continental area of the United States, and more than two-thirds of its arable surface. The Mississippi is not only a great river; it waters a temperate area of rich land, spread so freely that from end to end there is no serious obstacle to traffic; and the valley is the home of a vigorous and advancing civilization.

Even in our day, when explorers disappear in African forests and years after emerge upon the other side of the continent, we may share the stimulus and the excitement of the first discoverers of the great river. De Soto found it in 1542, "near half a league broad and sixteen fathoms deep, and very furious, and ran with a great current." Marquette in 1673 rejoiced to behold the celebrated river, "whose singularities," he says, "I have attentively studied."

La Salle in 1682 came to a reach where "the water is brackish; after advancing on we discovered an open sea, so that on the 9th of April, with all due solemnity, we performed the ceremony of planting the cross and raising the arms of France." Far was it from La Salle's thought that he was preparing an empire only for conquest by his country's greatest rival, and for occupation by the children of the Englishman.

Throughout Colonial history romance and adventure still hung about the great river and its tributaries. In 1699 came the first French settlers on the coast, and a few years later they founded a city known throughout the world, and named after their own beloved town of Orleans.

Seventy years later a wave of English settlement came rolling up above the crest of the Alleghenies, and began to flow into the country of the "Belle Rivière," the Ohio River, still beautiful where factories, mines, and coal-dust permit. Pioneer, surveyor, commander, and popular leader, came the young George Washington across the water-shed into the Mississippi Valley, the first English officer to be captured by the enemy in 1754, the last to leave the field after Braddock's defeat in 1755; and the brave and canny Virginian so much admired what he saw of the country that he acquired forty thousand acres upon the Little Kanawha and the Ohio. "What inducement have men to explore uninhabited wilds," said he, "but the prospect of getting good land?" Into the valley

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penetrated also Daniel Boone in 1769. "My wife and daughter," said he, "being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucke River." In 1803 to 1806, across the Mississippi Valley, all the way from Washington to the farthest wall of the Rocky Mountains, passed Lewis and Clarke, first of white men to find the road from the waters of the Mississippi to the waters of the Columbia. On August 12, 1805, they reached the point where one of the party bestrode the Missouri River, up which they had labored so many months, and just beyond was the long-sought western rim of the valley.

From the year 1715, when France and England went mad over a Mississippi bubble, down to the present time the Mississippi has been a household word throughout the civilized world. Ships of Marseilles, ships of Bordeaux, ships of Bremen, ships of Liverpool, set their course for the mouth of the Mississippi, that they may bring eager immigrants into the promised land; and the stolid peasant in Bohemia or Hungary lays down his guldens for a slip of pasteboard upon which are printed the talismanic words "New York—St. Louis—Kansas City—Denver." Into a land which a century ago had not a hundred thousand people has converged a stream of settlers from east, south, and north, heaping up activity and prosperity as the meteors are said to sustain the heat of the sun into which they fall.

When in 1790 Congress was discussing the question of a permanent seat of government, Mr. Vining of Delaware favored the lower Potomac:

> "From thence, it appears to me, the rays of government will most naturally diverge to the extremities of the Union. I declare that I look on the Western territory in an awful and striking point of view. To that region the unpolished sons of earth are flowing from all quarters—men to whom the protection of the laws and the controlling force of the government are equally necessary. From this great consideration I conclude that the banks of the Potomac are the proper station."

Mr. Vining was justified in looking upon the colonization of the West with uneasiness; for few parts of the earth have so heterogeneous a population; when he spoke, there were already within those territories the then numerous, fierce, and warlike Indians, numerous settlements of French people, and Spanish garrisons and colonists on the lower Mississippi; men of English race had already brought Kentucky and Tennessee almost to the point of Statehood; and negro slaves were to be found in most of the settlements, by their presence slowly preparing for the great catastrophe of the civil war.

In 1787 began the never-ceasing current of immigrants into the Mississippi Valley from the Eastern States: through the Mohawk Valley to the Western Reserve; through southern Pennsylvania to the Ohio; through Virginia to Kentucky and Tennessee — a steady procession of stalwart men and stout-hearted women; and still the same procession is in motion. About 1830 began the great western movement of foreign immigrants, which has grown till in 1890 there were 280,000 Germans in Wisconsin, 150,000 Irish in Illinois, 220,000 Scandinavians in Minnesota, 140,000 English-born in Michigan, and more than 400,000 Slavs in the Northwestern States together. In the State of Minnesota only one-fourth of the people in 1890 were born even of American parents. The foreign passer-by in the streets of Cincinnati or St. Louis or Kansas City may well say with the Jews of old time: "And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues."

These inflowing streams of immigration have combined with the rapid rate of natural increase to raise the population more rapidly than in any similar area in the world. In 1810 the dwellers in the Mississippi Valley numbered about 1,000,000, in 1850 they were 8,000,000, in 1890 about 28,000,000; to-day they are probably 35,000,000. Cincinnati was in 1830 already a flourishing town with some pretence to refined civilization; and fifty years ago the railway from the East had almost reached Chicago. Now half the population of the Union lives in the Mississippi Basin, and of this half about one-fourth lives in cities.

The population has not only been dis-

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tributed, it has been redistributed. From the earliest settlement to the present day there is to be found a race of men the birthplaces of whose children mark their temporary resting-places as they moved from State to State. Thus flowing back and forth, northward and southward, westward and eastward, pass the units of population, exchanging experiences, knocking off prejudices, and coming to a common understanding and a sympathy of man with man, which may ignore State boundaries, but kneads the people into a homogeneous nation.

The word "wealth" seems to carry with it a rattling of silver dollars and the crisp crackle of fresh coupon bonds, or at least the dark façades of towering buildings, and train-loads and steamer-cargoes of valuable goods. All these the Mississippi Valley has in plenty, and it had them all potentially before ever a bank opened its doors in the West or a locomotive whistle shrieked; for the accumulations have all come from the face of the land and the depths of the earth beneath. The first gift of the Almighty to this favored land was its soil — the rich lower slopes of the Alleghenies, the great timbered regions of the eastern and southern valley, and the inestimable prairie soil of the broad Western States.

Next in value comes the timber. Birkbeck saw in southern Ohio walnut-trees "almost seven feet in diameter, green and straight as an arrow," and thousands of white-oak trees "measuring fourteen or fifteen feet in circumference; every tree stands upright without a branch to the height of seventy or eighty feet." Most of these trees were burned where they were felled or were rolled into the streams to be rid of them; but they furnished comfortable homes for three generations of men, and some of the largest fortunes in the West have been sawed out of the forests on the upper Mississippi.

Below the surface of the ground lies the coal, which takes its revenge for its displacement by fouling the homes of the men who exploit it; the limestone, which tears from the ore that earthy part which prevents it from becoming iron; and much of the iron ore, from which comes the universal steel tree, yielding branches in every shape and for every purpose. Far to the west, in the heart of the Rockies, the mountains cover gold, silver, and the copper slave of the electric lamp.

The wealth that comes from above the ground is vastly greater than the mineral. A large part of the valley abounds in grazing regions and raises an immense hay crop. The great staple, corn, flourishes on almost every square mile of the valley. The wheat belt follows the line of the North-American ice-sheet; and farther south is the best and the largest cotton-field in the world, every year expanding in area and importance; while the Louisiana sugar-planter, when the sound of the grinding is low, ruminates upon the tariff.

In the single year 1895 the corn product of the United States (mostly raised in the Mississippi Valley) was more than 2,000,000,000 bushels; the wheat crop was 467,000,000 bushels; and the total value of the cereal crop was over $1,000,000,000.

To move these fruits of the earth and sky, the country is gridironed with railroads; and the rivers, which once were the usual highways, have now ceased even to be impediments to travel, for they are everywhere spanned with strong and expensive bridges. The farm buildings throughout the northern valley are, without doubt, the best houses for an agricultural population that the world has ever known; and the cities, however unkempt and grimy, give more comfort for the artisan and his family than can anywhere else be found.

Among a certain class of Americans there is a habit of wagging the head at the broad West, of accusing it of more devotion to hog and hominy than to the development and culture of the race. Until a few years ago this gibe had some foundation, for the first element in the untiring contest with nature was the taming of the wilderness, the housing of the settler, the clothing of children, and the preparation of a stock of food that might last until the next year. Roughhewn and often forbidding was the West of three-quarters of a century ago, and still more the Southwest. Can it be only sixty-four years ago that Featherstonehaugh, upon an Arkansas stream, saw his steamer boarded by a gang of passengers, including two officers of the regular army? "The effect produced on us was something like that which would be made upon passengers in a peaceful vessel

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forcibly boarded by pirates of the most desperate character, whose manners seemed to be what they aspired to imitate. Rushing into the cabin, all but red-hot with whiskey, they crowded round the stove, and excluded all the old passengers from it as much as if they had no right whatever to be in the cabin. Putting on a determined bullying air of doing what they pleased because they were in the majority, and armed with pistols and knives expressly made for cutting and stabbing, eight inches long and an inch and a half broad, noise, confusion, spitting, smoking, cursing and swearing drawn from the most remorseless pages of blasphemy, commenced and prevailed from the moment of this invasion." Until the railroads penetrated far into the West the Mississippi Valley was simply a broad frontier, with all the frontier tumult, coarseness, uproar, and also with all the alertness and vigor and self-confidence of an infant commonwealth.

Crude were the conditions of the Western settler. Take, as an example, an Indiana hunter in 1818: "The cabin in which he entertained us is the third building he has built within the last twelve months, and a very slender motive would place him in a fourth before the ensuing winter; he is incarcerated, shut 'from the common air,' buried in the depths of the boundless forest; the breeze of health never reaches these poor wanderers; the broad prospect of distant hills having faded away, the semblance of clouds never cheered their sight; they are tall and pale, like vegetables that grow in a vault pining for light."

Even the religious life half a century ago was crude and emotional. Peter Cartwright, the political rival of Abraham Lincoln, and a real intellectual and moral force, gives us a vivid picture of the home missionary's life at a time when all the clergy were practically home missionaries. Starting in 1816 as a travelling preacher, on a nominal allowance of "eighty dollars a year, and a few dollars over made as marriage fees"; preaching four hundred times a year, and receiving converts who "jumped from bench to bench, knocking the people against one another on the right and left, front and rear."

Education was long a crude affair, and a boy like Abraham Lincoln found "some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to stimulate ambition for education." The earliest university, Western Reserve, founded at Hudson, Ohio, to be a Western Yale, was for many years a small school, and in the class of 1840 there were but five graduates. But, just as great and beautiful cities have sprung from the prairies and in the midst of the forests, so out of these troublesome and ignorant conditions came a master of English style like Abraham Lincoln.

So far as intellectual appliances were concerned, the great West grew very slowly and from small beginnings. James Hall, in 1835, attempted to gather some of the traditions of the past into his *Sketches of the West*, and edited a magazine—*The Western Souvenir*—and about the same time Timothy Flint began to publish his *Western Monthly Review*. Newspapers there were in plenty. About 1830, in the little city of Cincinnati, regularly appeared the semi-weekly *Liberty Hall and the Cincinnati Gazette*, the *National Republican and Cincinnati Advertiser*, the weekly *Emporium* and *Independent Press*, and one daily, the *Commercial Advertiser*. To this day many parts of remote regions like Arkansas and the Mississippi lowlands are less civilized than the Ohio of seventy years ago. In reformatory and charitable institutions the Mississippi Valley has learned slowly. Our frontier great-grandfathers were frankly cruel—cruel to their children, cruel to their apprentices, cruel to the insane, cruel to the paupers, cruel to convicts, and cruel to slaves. The border fights and gougings of the West shocked foreign and Eastern travellers, and Fearon has preserved a handbill of 1818 describing an "extraordinary fight of *furious animals*" in New Orleans:

1*st Fight*—A strong Attakapas Bull, attacked and subdued by six of the strongest dogs in the country.

2*d Fight*—Six Bull-dogs against a Canadian Bear.

3*d Fight*—A beautiful Tiger against a black Bear.

4*th Fight*—Twelve dogs against a strong and furious Opelousas Bull.

The political effect of the Mississippi

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Valley upon the Union and its policy is a story yet to be written. The great slavery contest set North against South, and this obscured the normal coherence and weight of the central Western States. Perhaps the first evidence of the political influence of the valley was the intense desire of the people of the United States to occupy it; Rogers Clark in 1778 was a herald of national interest in the West. The earliest settlers on the headwaters of the Tennessee and the Cumberland instinctively saw that their highway was the Mississippi and their gateway was New Orleans; and the annexation of Louisiana was from the first as inevitable as the plunge of the waters over Niagara. It was not in human power to keep the eastern and the western banks of the Mississippi apart from each other; and in the cession of West Florida and Texas the edge of the great valley was rounded out and became a part of the United States. Thus the Mississippi Valley, from 1783 to 1845, was well accustomed to schemes of annexation; and perhaps for that reason the influence of Western sentiment has been in favor of the increase of the Union by taking territory on the Pacific and in outlying islands.

Several other great lines of public policy have been dominated, if not created, by the West. The first and second United States Banks were Eastern concerns, founded by Eastern and foreign capital, and the West instinctively disliked them both; hence Jackson, in his war upon the bank, was in a way a champion of the Mississippi Valley against the Atlantic coast, and to this day there is a feeling of rivalry, or rather of injury, in the minds of the people of the West against what they believe to be an undue advantage of Eastern capital, a feeling which is as yet too little understood or heeded by the older sections of the Union.

Internal improvements are a Western necessity, and the expenditure of national money upon roads and canals has always commended itself to the West. That the system of river and harbor improvement, neglected by Jefferson, disliked by Madison, vetoed by Monroe, frowned upon by Jackson, set back by Polk and Pierce and Buchanan, should nevertheless have become a permanent part of the national activities is a striking proof of the immense political force of the West. The protective tariff has also for many years owed its strength in the country to the Western vote; the attitude of Kentucky and Ohio made possible the tariffs of 1816, 1828, and 1832; and the revival of the protective system at the beginning of the civil war, and its continuance at the present day, have depended upon the votes of the great Northwestern agricultural States, as well as of manufacturing communities like Ohio and Illinois.

If there be one distinct American principle, it is that of political equality; and political equality is distinctly a Western and not an Eastern or a Southern idea. In none of the colonies was there manhood suffrage, in none of the early States was there an expectation that numbers would rule. It was on the frontier, the ever-advancing frontier, for many years identical with the West, that the principle became practical. That influence has spread eastward and modified the coast communities; but it is a Western conception; it affects France and makes headway in England; but it is even now stronger in the Mississippi Valley than in the direct offshoots of England—Canada and Australia.

This brief sketch of the historical conditions of the Mississippi Valley is necessary if we are to avoid mere guess and speculation in pointing out the probable future of the region. What is the likelihood that the population of the Mississippi Valley will continue to increase? Nowhere in the world are the conditions of subsistence more favorable, for the fertility of the soil and the variety of climate make possible an unequalled food-supply, which so far has sufficed not only for the people of the valley, but for their brethren on the sea-coast and for millions of Europeans. For many years to come this food-supply can be steadily increased, both by opening up hitherto untilled lands and by more intensive culture. In the similar Yang-tse-kiang and Hoang-ho valleys in China about three hundred millions of people live from an area about as large as the Mississippi Valley. When we compare means of transportation in China with those in the Mississippi Valley, when we see how easy it is in America to send a surplus from one district to supply a deficiency in another, when we consider the enormous credit

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facilities which enable the community to endure one or two, or even three, years of bad crops without starvation anywhere, there seems to be no reason why the Mississippi Valley may not some time contain a population of 350,000,000 comfortable people, or ten times its present number. The difficult problem is not to raise sufficient crops, but to keep upon the land a sufficient number of persons to till it; but the Mississippi Valley is the home of a most skilful system of machinery, which amplifies the labor of the farmer twenty-fold.

Certainly the West will always be able to clothe itself. Its immense cotton-fields already furnish hundreds of millions of yards of fabrics for men and women; its cattle ranges prepare for everybody a leathern carpet between the foot and the too-adherent soil; and if its sheep still shyly hold back from the encouragement of the wool schedules in the tariff, the West has always a surplus of food products and manufactured goods, with which it may buy its woollen clothing from other lands.

The problem of immigration is different. The free land which drew hundreds of thousands of Scandinavians, Germans, and Europeans to the Western prairies is no longer to be found. Relatively to the total population, the immigrants are already becoming fewer every year; and a generation hence, when the children of the Pole and Hungarian, the Italian, the Dane, the Greek, and the Armenian, have been fused in the crucible of the public schools, and shaped by the mutual hammering of playmates and friends, the population of the valley will be more distinctly American—not the old American descended almost wholly from English ancestors, but a vigorous, active, and probably open-minded composite American. The negro problem is serious in only half a dozen of the valley States, and does not hem in the future of the Mississippi Basin as it does that of the South Atlantic States.

The greatest checks to the rapid increase of national population in the history of the world have been famine, disease, and war. The days have passed when a Texan could curiously inquire: "What do these people in New York mean by talking about people starving to death? Doesn't any darned fool know enough to take his rifle and shoot a beef critter when he's hungry?" Yet, so far as we can look into the future, there will be bread and to spare for the children of this great household. Epidemics and disease may sweep through the country; since the days of La Salle fever and ague has been the bane of every community in the Mississippi Valley, except the one in which you happen to be living at the moment; but there has been no wide-sweeping epidemic in the West since the cholera year of 1832. The advance of medical science makes the Mississippi Valley reasonably safe from devastation by pestilence. As for war, the Mississippi Valley has now no enemies within the Union, and from invasion St. Louis is as safe as Nijni-Novgorod or Stanley Pool.

Hence the only probable check upon the rapid increase of population is one which has already made itself felt throughout the Union — the increasing difficulty of giving children a good start, and the consequent diminution of the size of families. Seventy years ago plenty of people in Ohio had twenty adult uncles and aunts, many of them married; and some young people could boast of a hundred first cousins. To-day, except among foreigners, a family of six is remarkable. This means a slower rate of increase. The Mississippi Valley has more than doubled its population in every twenty-five years during the last century. At that rate it would have 560,000,000 in the year 2000, but he would be a bold man who would predict a population of 200,000,000 in that year, for it would be almost as dense as Belgium or Holland.

If the present average scale of living continue, every doubling of the population will mean a doubling of available capital and wealth. But who can say whether the mechanical discoveries of the next century may not vastly increase the average wealth? and, on the other hand, who can say how far property may be concentrated in a few hands or combined in some kind of national socialism? The wealth of the Mississippi Valley in arable land already lies beneath the feet of the people, but the upper slopes on the Appalachian rim of the valley are still very little cultivated, though the Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia mountains are probably capable of supporting as abundant and as thriving a population as that of

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the Black Forest or the ranges of the Jura Mountains. In the lowlands exhausted soils, formerly allowed to go to ruin, are now restored by the wide-spreading use of fertilizers; and as population grows and land becomes more valuable, a stop will be put to the annihilation of soil through cutting off the timber and the consequent waste of the steep slopes thus exposed to running water. Everywhere a more intensive cultivation must come in. The day is past when twenty-five good crops of wheat can be raised from the same land except by rotation and skilful husbandry. The amazing heritage of wealth in the rich soil must be hoarded.

Timber, first a nuisance, then a source of profit, and now a declining industry, will again become a great wealth-producer when the hideous deforested areas on the upper waters of the Mississippi are intelligently restored to their tree-bearing function. As wood increases in value, houses of brick and stone will become usual as in other countries, yet five centuries hence there will still be standing well-preserved wooden houses of the present day.

As for the minerals, each succeeding generation shakes its head and predicts extinction. Twenty years ago the oil wells of the Allegheny River began to fail, yet now six times more oil is marketed every year than in those flush days. Heaps of slack mark the mouths of the old "coal banks" in Pennsylvania and central Ohio; but ever-widening coal-fields are opened up in Illinois, in the Indian Territory, in the Dakotas, and in Montana. Inexhaustible these deposits certainly are not, but from decade to decade arrive new applications and simplifications of power, and new ways of utilizing the full force imprisoned in the coal.

The abundance of God's gifts of fuel has brought about one of the weakest elements in Western character—the indifference to the filth and squalor of a smoke-laden atmosphere. The first condition of health and decency is cleanliness, and nobody can keep clean in any Western city. As a question of mere money-making and money-saving, the people of the Mississippi Valley show themselves incompetent and barbarous, for the extra profits from the unrestricted use of soft coal are more than counterbalanced by the expense of necessary renewals of soap, clothing, wall-paper, furniture, and paint, to say nothing of breathing the sulphur fumes and rubbing the grime into the countenances of the people and their children. Not always will factory chimneys spread their pall upon the sky. Most of us will live to see the Western cities supplied with gas piped from the mining regions, and supplied as we now supply water to every user.

The development of other minerals is beyond the reach of prediction. What we do know is that gold, silver, lead, and copper are extracted upon constantly more and more favorable terms as science, energy, and skill combine to make the old deposits more available and to discover new. The great problem here is not to discover mines, but to save for the common benefit the riches which nature has stored up and which individuals are appropriating.

One form of wealth, most obvious in other civilized countries, the Mississippi Valley as yet knows little of, for it has few good highways, though every variety may be found. The "Kentucky dirt road" wriggles down the side of a hill, as though a waterspout had burst at the top and carried down soil and rock in a confused channel; the deep-worn Southern track cuts into the red soil; the ribbon road lies on the Dakota prairie; the viscous winter slough of northern Ohio clay pulls off the horses' shoes; the stone pikes of Tennessee jolt the wayfarer; and the splendid macadam parkways of favored cities show what good roads may be. As yet the people of the Mississippi Valley do not dream of the comfort and profit possible from a system of roads always in order—good, hard, serviceable all the year round, well surveyed, and so engineered that the steep hills disappear. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent upon making city streets and country roads, and millions are spent every year, and yet there is no one single Western State that has a system of highways which would be tolerated in the smallest German principality, or in the frontier and almost barbarian regions of Herzegovina and Bosnia. The obstacle seems to be the cost of labor, or rather the assumption that road-making requires skilled labor. Perhaps the great problem of convict labor is to be solved by an intelligent system of road-construction adequate to the needs of a civilized people.

In the future, as at the present, the great wealth of the Mississippi Valley is

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certain to be centred in the cities, rich in accumulations of buildings and of stocks of goods, and rich also in the evidences of ownership of manufacturing and transporting corporations. Indeed, the genesis of these Western cities is already among the world's wonders: a house standing alone on the prairie; the station on a new railroad; the junction crossing of two railroads; a little manufacturing place upon which new railroads converge; a big bustling town full of life; a city with a beautiful residence quarter and a squalid, dust-ridden settlement down at the railroad stations; a great city with a union depot and a chamber of commerce, asking architects all over the world to compete on its buildings; a splendid city, a beehive of busy men and women, luxurious and magnificent, with imposing public buildings and boulevards and miles of comfortable homes.

Up to this time it must be owned that the Mississippi Valley has run rather to great cities than to notable communities. New Orleans is the one ancient city in the whole region. St. Louis and Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, Memphis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and Denver, are most of them still in the rough, everywhere edges showing, vacant lots gaping, unsightly earth banks furnishing ugliness to the eye and dust to the nostrils. And through most parts of the West the villages and country towns are much inferior to those of New England, New York, or northern Ohio in trimness and tidiness. Fifty years hence these cities will be more closed up, more trim and turf-edged, and some of them, notably Minneapolis, have already entered upon the construction of a wide-reaching system of parks, to be a beauty and a joy to later generations. When the population of the valley reaches 250,000,000, several of the present cities will have a population of from two to ten millions, and woe betide them if they do not now make provision for the health and enjoyment of later times!

When the Federalists in 1803 protested against the annexation of Louisiana, they were wise in their day and generation, for they were right in expecting that eventually the supremacy of the Atlantic coast States would disappear. In the Presidential election of 1828, the States of the Mississippi Valley had the balance of power, and threw it without hesitation for Andrew Jackson for President; and in the West soon after sprang up the effective Free Soil party, which gradually developed into the Republican party of 1856. The States of the Mississippi Valley now cast 215 electoral votes out of 444; the census of 1900 will give them a majority of the electors, as they already have almost a majority of Senators. Of course this political influence has never been concentrated, because of divisions between North and South and between political parties; but in the councils of public men in Washington the voice of the Western members is always powerful and often paramount.

Almost the only perfectly safe prediction about the Mississippi Valley is that it will never be politically disassociated from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The French sought to build up an inland empire, and the force of political gravity drew their realm toward the Atlantic settlements. Burr dreamed a dream of a Mississippi kingdom, and he could not convince even the shallow Wilkinson that it was possible. Jefferson Davis offered the alliance of the Southern Confederacy to the Northwest States, and they clave to their Eastern brethren. The East and West are no more politically separated from each other than Rhode Island from Connecticut, or Illinois from Iowa. The Appalachian Mountains have long ceased to be a physical barrier between East and West, and the two sections are dependent upon each other—the West has the food-supply; the East, the manufactories and seaports.

If the two sections were at this moment separate countries, the object of the statesmen in the East would be to open up unrestricted trade with the West, and the Mississippi Valley would strain every nerve to get a sea-front. The most enduring lesson of the civil war is that no State, or group of States, will ever be allowed to withdraw from its sisters without war. Indeed, many parts of the West are simply transplantations from the East; thus the Western Reserve of Ohio was for years a little Connecticut; Michigan has the New England town meeting; Massachusetts men abound in Minnesota, and New-Yorkers in Illinois and Nebraska. Rivalry between the two sections there will always be; divergence and disunion will never come. From the days when the Kentucky "broad-horn" boats were

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seized by the Spanish at New Orleans, down to the present era of barge transportation on a large scale from St. Louis to the Gulf, the Mississippi has been the common artery of the interior of the United States; but it has never superseded the old highways through the Mohawk and across the mountains of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia.

Nevertheless, the existence of a distinct and self-conscious section having seaports only on the Gulf does deeply affect the direction of national policy, especially in foreign relations. Our forefathers valiantly fought a valiant foe with the Indians, and our fathers measured their strength against each other in the civil war; but the Mississippi Valley is, and must henceforth be, a region of internal peace. A miners' riot, a little shooting of negroes at an election, a railroad strike, are the only opportunities for the use of force within the boundaries of the valley. Only when the enemies' gunboats find their way up the Mississippi, Ohio, and the Great Kanawha to West Virginia will the Mississippi Valley have to defend itself. Yet no one who has watched the trend of public opinion during the last few years can doubt that it is the fixed desire of the majority of people in the interior to extend the power and influence of the United States by annexation of territory and by a share in the world's diplomacy. It is not simply its sheltered position which leads to this feeling, for the West is ready to pour forth its sons for national defence, or even for national aggression; it is a desire that a great nation should have a great part in the world at large. In case of real war, the coast cities may have to pay the bill, but, for good or evil, the foreign policy of the United States appears to be in the hands of the people of the Mississippi Valley.

One of the most frequent criticisms of the West is that the people are more impressed by a big thing than by a good thing. Immensity, broad space, towering mountains, the vastness of the Mississippi, impress the imagination of the people; the greatest river in North America, the longest air-line in the world, the heaviest ten-wheel Mogul locomotive drawing the longest train of most heavily laden cars bursting with the biggest crop of wheat sold for the most money in the history of mankind—these are the staples of the journalist, the subject of conversation. The vice of megalomania is, however, not confined to Gulf-directed waters. Great, roaring New York, broad-spread Philadelphia, Boston of the Public Library, have also their own standards of what is grandest in the world; one might say of the West what was once remarked about a new university which made no secret of its advantages, "The trumpet is a pretty toy for children"; and the West might reply, with Dr. Sampson, "Yes, I am a vain man; but then I have good rizzon to be vain."

The biggest stock-yard in the world is important, and becomes more important as dinner-time approaches; but a little thoroughbred may be more valuable than a car-load of Indian ponies. In a country town of New Hampshire is a little open-air theatre constructed on the modest estate of the artist who designed it, by the friendly aid of neighbors; it is as much a work of art as the Washington Monument on the Potomac flats. The West appreciates the monument, but would think the theatre a plaything, and cannot quite understand that dimensions have nothing to do with beauty or comfort, or with success. The truth is that the West is just now in the condition of a great building solidly founded, well constructed, but still surrounded by stagings, the people as yet more interested in the height of the walls than in the beauty of a cornice or the humor of a gargoyle. What the West needs—and what the East needs, for that matter—is a proper scale of proportion, such as makes one Lincoln look larger than ten thousand aldermen.

The people of the West need no one to tell them that they are many, rich, powerful, prosperous, and advancing. What they do need, most of all, is that respect for trained expert opinion which is so difficult to secure for a democratic republic like ours; and a broader standard of distinction.

Pork, corn, wheat, cotton, sugar, steel rails, reapers, wagons, shelf hardware, and shingles will take care of themselves in the West. But will the Mississippi Valley take its place among the great intellectual communities of the world? Scoffers and philistines accuse the West of having got no farther than the Pacific-coast poet, who had plainly much ad-

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vanced in culture since he had begun by rhyming the name of the great German poet and dramatist with "teeth," and had reached the point where he made it rhyme with "boat." But if popular education, intelligence, and natural keenness make up civilization, the West is a highly civilized community; and there are many reasons for supposing that it has the conditions for a broader intellectual growth. First of all, it is freer than any other great area of the earth's surface from the trammels of an official religion; several of the coast colonies had established churches, but not one community in the Mississippi Valley except Louisiana. To be sure, as in other parts of the United States, there is an almost comical multiplication of sects. Doubtless it is wasteful to keep up a few struggling churches in a little town, but the right to think out one's own theology, or to select amidst various theologies, has in it elements of intellectual discipline; and from the earliest days the Western churches have been the principal centres of the intellectual life of the community.

Schools are not necessarily civilizers. The real standard of education in any community is the conduct of the average people, and in many parts of the West and South schools are still inchoate. There is a district in Kentucky where a teacher is known to have been employed who could neither read nor write; his function was to draw his district's share of the State school fund. There have been schools on the frontier in which the only pupils were the children of the one man who lived in the district, and the teacher was their mother, while the non-resident owners of real estate paid the school taxes. Although country schools are already weakening by the draining of the more likely people into the towns, the district schools in the West are probably as good as those in the remote parts of New England; and the great city systems are, upon the whole, superior to those of the East. The best organization of school government in the country is that of Cleveland, and the best system of buildings is probably that of Minneapolis. Chicago public schools are more efficient than those of Philadelphia or New York, and probably than those of Boston.

In secondary education the West has as good public high-schools as those of other parts of the country, though it has never developed a system of endowed academies in country towns, which still seem to furnish a special and much-desired training in New England. When it comes to universities, the average provision in the West is excellent, and most of the newer States have a general system of complete government education, for the State universities have direct relations with the public schools, and are superior in equipment and prestige to the denominational colleges. Two of the greatest and most famous Western universities, Chicago and Michigan, chance to lie just outside the rim of the Mississippi Valley, but the renowned universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Nebraska, and the steadily enlarging universities of Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, show a willingness to provide at the expense of the commonwealth an education of a thoroughness and advancement which cannot be had in any Eastern State except by the payment of considerable fees to endowed universities. Almost every branch of human learning is now taught thoroughly and practically somewhere between the Appalachians and the Rockies.

Two important tests of intellectuality, though not the only ones, are art and literature. The Rookwood pottery is one of the few indigenous Western arts known at home and abroad; and though there are several art-schools, there is no school of Western art, and no such school is likely; for painters are cosmopolitan; they must be educated where there are the best collections of notable pictures. The only claim which the West has well established to artistic distinction is in architecture. Fortunately Cleveland is not within the Mississippi Basin, and therefore the valley has not to weep for the confused heap of stone-cutting which has been set up there as a soldiers' monument; but most of the State of Ohio is in the Ohio Valley, and the Legislature forced that abomination upon the people of Cleveland against their will. But, on the other hand, the city of Pittsburg has the most beautiful and suitable county buildings in the country; while the city of Boston has one of the most dreadful county buildings. Certainly no such group of magnificent structures has ever been seen in America, outside of fabled Norumbega, as the Court of Honor at the Chicago Fair.

Western literature is made up partly of

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books written by Western people, and partly by books about the West. Of late years there has sprung up a generation of poets and novelists who find enduring themes in the breeziness of the frontier, the monotony of the farm, and the crudity of the workman's life. A very encouraging sign is the growth of a school of historical writers who have learned the romance of the Indian hunter and the French trapper, and who insist upon arousing the public to a sense of the importance in our national history of the development of the West.

The difficulty about intellectual life in the Mississippi Valley is not so much a lack of interest in the things of the mind as a lack of local traditions. Hence in some Southern cities of feeble intellectual opportunities we find a delightful and refined society of old-fashioned people who read Shakspere and Milton and Addison because that has for a hundred years been the right thing for respectable people to do. How can there be traditions in a city like Minneapolis, where not one adult in twenty was born in the place or perhaps in the State? The North and Northwest are now undergoing a tremendous social change through the renting of great farms to new-comers, while the owners live in villages or towns. This means that the children will not know "the old place," and the grandchildren will have not so much as a myth of the old oaken bucket. Even in old cities like Albany and Baltimore it is hard to build up a civic sentiment—a sense of gratitude to ancestors and responsibility to posterity. Perhaps as population becomes more stable this feeling will grow up in the West, but it is hard to realize the effect upon a community of such rapid changes of life that not one child in twenty will live in the house of his grandfather.

Of the continued material wealth of the Mississippi Valley there is no reason to doubt, and a political structure designed for small agricultural communities has somehow proved at least moderately successful for large States containing great cities. But for ages to come the principal output and wealth of the Mississippi Valley must be agricultural; and the greatest danger is a separation of interest between the tiller of the soil (allied, perhaps, with the workman at the forge) on the one side, and the capitalist and the professional and business man on the other side. At present the social forces are well balanced, and immigration has not brought the great dangers usually ascribed to it; but if the farms are to fall into the hands of a rent-paying peasantry, and the owners are not to live in the midst of that peasantry and to share their interests, as do the land-owners in European countries, then the Mississippi Valley may yet see social contests which will make the French Revolution seem mild. The two bases of the present happiness and prosperity of that great region are—first, the intelligence, honesty, and orderliness of the average man, and secondly, the belief that the farmer and the wage-earner get a fair share of the output.

TARENTELLE

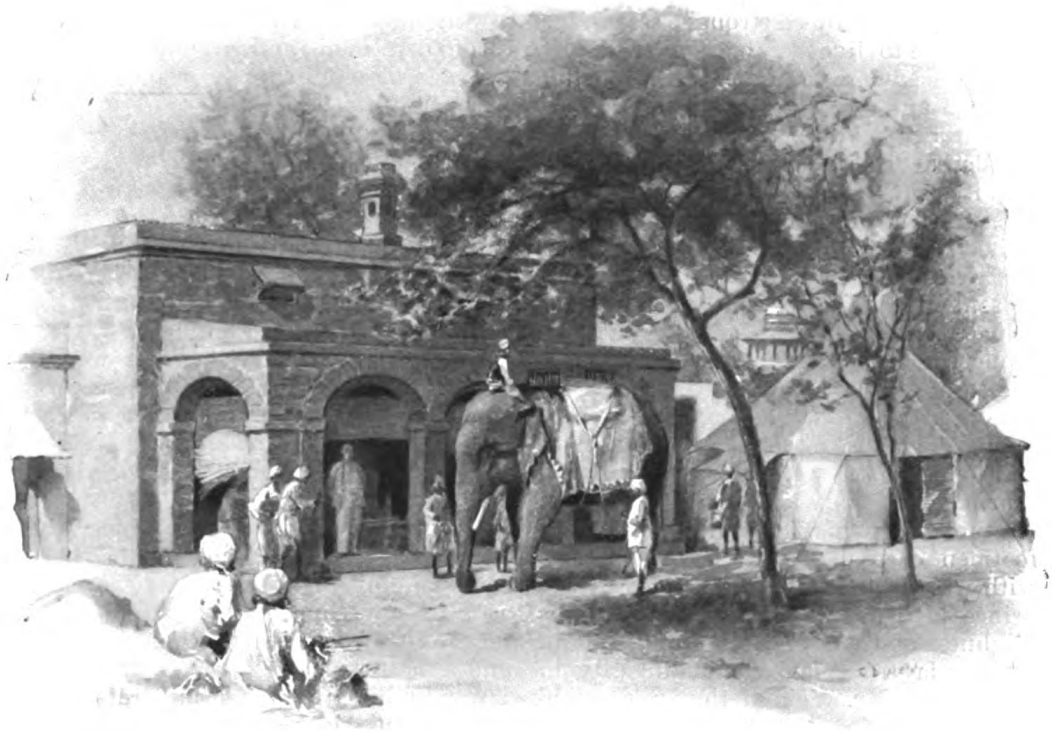
BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR

TRILL and twitter and leaves in a glitter, with a wind like wine blown through;
All the grove is afire with love on a wind all music and dew;
All the wood goes into my blood, and the world is drunken with you.

Wild of heart in the leaves apart with the merry maddening crew;
All my mood is awake with the wood gleaming green on the blue;
All the earth with a passion of mirth is alive and a rapture of you.

Song and sparkle and dance and darkle of a world all wonderful new;
Storm and splendor and wood-flutes tender blow to her bosom and woo.
Oh, I and love we are here in the grove and waiting for love and you!

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A Posting-Station.

THE TRUE FLAVOR OF THE ORIENT

BY JULIAN RALPH

IN one Indian city in which we were stopping we came back to our quarters to find that a Hindoo prince of the ruling family in a near-by native state had sent his cards by his secretary who was instructed to say that if we would do him the honor to call upon him, he would be pleased to send his carriage for us at four o'clock on the next afternoon.

The fact that royalty had thus begun to recognize our deserts at once stiffened the caution of my companion, Mr. Weldon. "We cannot be too particular," said he. "Unless this is an actual ruler, we can hardly afford to recognize him."

Wishing to avoid the trouble of determining the noble's standing, I affected to be excessively democratic. I said that since I admitted peddlers of every grade to my society, I would not be more particular with princes. In that way I shouldered off upon my friend the work of looking up this prince's antecedents. He proved not to have a throne among his personal effects, but the story which was told of him by the local gossips made him none the less interesting. Indeed, from a romantic or sentimental point of view, his story was worth half a dozen thrones, as those things go in India. Not a word of it may have been true, but, as we heard it, there were such half-hidden suggestions of daggers and cold poison, and there was such a pathetic picture of royalty in exile, that it was easier to write a romantic novel upon what was told to us than it would have been to sift the truth out of it. To begin with, the prince was immensely rich. Moreover, he was very popular among the people of his own land, where he had beautiful palaces, and all the means for surrounding himself with imposing state and glittering luxury. But the jealousy

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of the ruling prince and his suspicious nature made all this a stronger reason for our prince to live out of his reach. It was a case where the line between living at home and dying there was too thin to be pleasant to any but a man of reckless and daredevil nature.

With our curiosity thus whetted, we determined to honor the prince with a visit. There was some mistake about the carriage, and we went in a hired one, but presently met the grand landau of the prince rolling along, with that crunching sound which I imagine to be as delightful to the ear of what the shopkeepers call "carriage folk" as is the glitter of many diamonds to the senses of a society belle. It was a splendid equipage, with four men in gaudy livery on the box and on the outrigging behind. One of the footmen carried a great feather broom, with which he had been provided by the prince to keep the flies away from his Highness and whoever else might ride in the carriage. I had some difficulty in convincing Mr. Weldon that this ostentatious use of a fly-chaser in a carriage intended for us was not a carefully planned and deliberate insult. "His Highness has probably heard that Americans are peculiar," said I, "but we cannot expect him to know that our chief peculiarity is that no flies have ever been found on any American who has yet been caught, either in the wild or the domesticated state."

"Look!" I exclaimed, in order to distract his thoughts from this subject; "how fortunate it is that we should meet his Highness's carriage in this way! This gives us a view of ourselves as we would have looked to the populace had we been in the carriage, in which case we never could have fully realized what a sensation we were making."

We found the prince's abode to be simply a large bungalow, like scores of others near it in which Englishmen were living. The only external difference between it and its neighbors was that the fronts and gardens of the others were excessively neat and tidy, while those of his Highness were as excessively not so. Arrived at the front door, we saw into a drawing-room hung with large balls of colored glass, and lamps with enormous jewelled globes, strewn with rich rugs, and set with weird furniture in whimsical imitation of French chairs and tables. And through a side door we saw a kitchen literally swarming with barefooted men and women servants. An aged attendant in the prince's livery took in our cards, and we were shown into the drawing-room to await the coming of the prince. We especially noticed that upon one wall was a portrait of a stout native noble facing a painting of a dashing young man in rich raiment and with a jewelled dagger. There were also a board covered with ancient weapons, another bearing many miniatures, a sort of shallow cabinet or glass case containing diplomas won at cattle fairs, a painted palm-leaf fan, such as is used in Eastern pageants, and a king's banner or standard made of velvet and edged with gold embroidery.

In another moment the prince came in — a tall, slender, graceful, and handsome man of thirty-five. He was as fine as Dresden china in every line of his face and form, distinctly an aristocrat and a master among men. I was certain I saw in him the polish and refinement of a courtier veiling as with lace, yet not hiding, a fighting temper and a will of steel. He was dressed more richly and beautifully than any man I ever saw—as exquisitely as the most stylish Parisian woman. His small shallow turban, or round flat cap, was made of brocaded silk patterned with fine flowers in many soft colors. His coat, which fell halfway between his knees and his feet, was fitter to exhibit in a museum as an *objet de luxe* than to wear. It was a masterpiece of the choicest Indian workmanship — a garment of delicate blue silk sprayed with fine silver embroidery. Beneath this was a waistcoat of robin's-egg silk edged with gold and caught together with jewelled buttons. Under this, again, was a shirt of fine silk, having a cadet collar fastened with a gold button. His legs were muffled in white silk, and on his feet were dainty slippers of blue silk lightly embroidered with gold. With the easy manner of a man accustomed to a graceful part in life, he motioned me to a place by his side upon a sofa, and offered Mr. Weldon a chair in front of both of us. As I seated myself I looked at him again, narrowly, though without his perceiving it. He was at once a handsome, a kindly, and a fierce man, if the reader can understand the combination. He had large eyes, which were

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gentle, and even mirthful most of the time, but could become sharp and searching when he willed. His mouth was sensuous and strong. His chin was square. His movements were soft and swift as a tiger's. Here and there about the room his servants stood with their eyes on the floor and their hands folded in front of them. He had only sixty-five servants with him at the moment, but explained that he was only in town for a day or two. His manner towards his servants was easy and free; theirs towards him was watchful, deferential, and silent.



THE YOUNG PRINCE.

At first he spoke of his interest in America, his acquaintance with several of our countrymen, and his desire to see our great cities. He had been to Paris, and, like every one else, apparently, was going again in 1900. During these preliminaries to our acquaintance he seemed to speak English perfectly, and to be at ease in our company; but after a time mere conversation became more difficult with all of us, and he enlivened it by a strange procedure. Whatever we spoke of he tried to produce for our edification. He caused his great fan to be brandished, and his royal standard brought forward that we might have its gorgeous devices explained.

"Thousands have died in battle to keep that with my family," said he. "Princes and nobles have been slain while guarding it; but no matter—that must not fall into the hands of a foe."

When we spoke of certain rugs which we had admired in another place, he ordered brought to him the most splendid rugs I ever saw. They were state rugs, and one was green with a border of gold that must have weighed twenty pounds or more. The other was red with a similar border, so stiff and cumbrous that it did not seem made to walk upon. However, he sent for his stiff-soled, heavy-heeled ceremonial shoes, which were quite as richly crusted with gold, and walked about on the rugs, crushing the gold embroidery in a ruthless way. "It is of no consequence," he said, when I spoke of the damage he seemed to be doing; "those borders have to be renewed very frequently." He also most kindly sent for some of his sleeping-rugs, which were very like what we would call "down spreads," though nowhere else have I ever seen such costly embroidered silk used for so humble a purpose. He walked about on these also; and this reminded me of a story I had heard, of how a European visitor to his house once took a low-caste servant into the drawing-room with him. This man entered the door and stepped upon a carpet before the prince's attendants could prevent him. To the reader this may not seem very serious, but the prince viewed the matter differently. He had the carpet taken up and sent to a cleaner's, and the whole room turned out and disinfected.

His Highness informed us, with evident pride, that a son of his, who was then a boy at school, was betrothed to the daughter of a powerful prince, and that he, the father, was making a collection of a few gifts for his son to give to his bride. We might see them if we wished; they were in a cabinet in the room in which we sat. A servant brought the key of the cabinet; and the prince ex-

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"A LORDLY TENT TO OURSELVES."

plained that the valet was the last one of seven generations of a family whose head had always been trusted with the most precious of the valuables of the prince's ancestors. We no longer wondered at the trust reposed in the man; but, on the other hand, the cabinet was a gimcrack thing, made of thin wood and looking-glass, which a thief could have broken into with a penknife or a bit of wire.

When it was opened, what a sight met our eyes! We saw what Aladdin saw in the cave, and what Sindbad found in the barren valley wherein the roc set him down —what, in fact, is made most of in nearly all the best Oriental tales: a treasury of gold and silver and precious stones. If the reader does not mind, though it may read like a jeweller's catalogue, I will mention a few of the treasures we saw. They were heaped on shelves—on five broad, deep shelves, as I remember it. There were anklets of solid gold made of twisted links, and each

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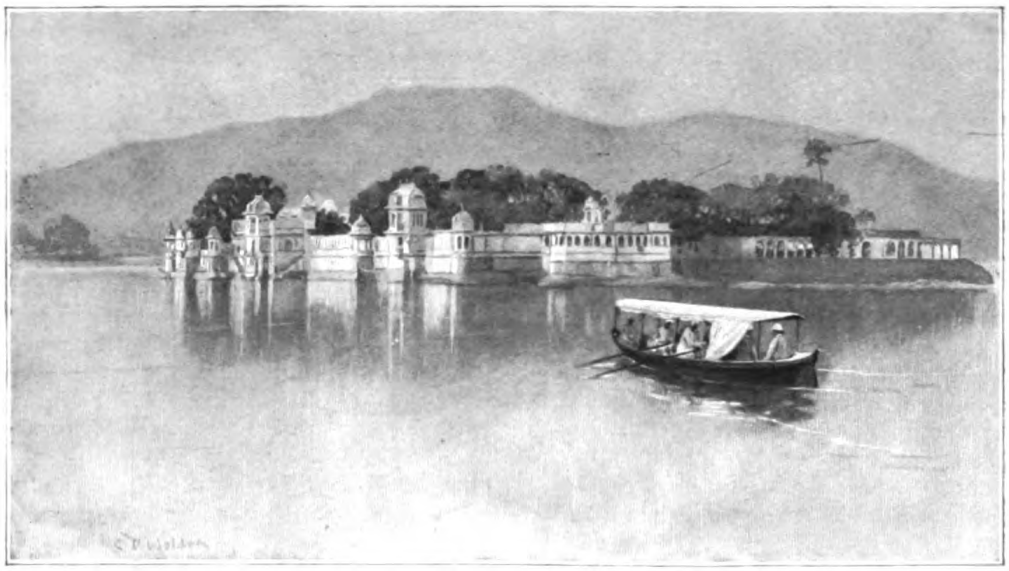
anklet of many pounds weight. There were other anklets of silver as thick as ships' hawsers. There were richly engraved bracelets of heavy solid gold, which his Highness took up in handfuls, giving me seventeen at once to hold in both my hands, because they made too big and heavy a mass for one hand. He gave as many more to Mr. Weldon for him to look at; and I recollect that one or the other of us dropped a few, at which the prince remarked that it was "no matter," and kicked them over to his valet for him to pick up. He showed us boxes of ear-rings, always six in a set, or three for each ear; and other boxes of nose-studs and nose-rings of the most beautiful workmanship; also a browband, or sort of half-coronet, of wondrously fine-carved gold, encrusted with jewels. I remember also a crystal goblet which was as fine as a jewel, and was encased in an arabesquerie of cut silver. There were finger-rings uncountable, it seemed, crowded with jewels of every sort that men and women prize, yet losing most of their splendor because they were sunk flat in the gold. Many heavy necklaces of gold, with large pendants of the same metal, set with jewels, were in the collection, and of ornaments of solid silver there were pounds upon pounds. There was on one shelf a box of unframed miniature paintings, and there were several very costly jewel-boxes of filigree silver, and of gold and silver carved ornately. Of ornaments and knickknacks unlike any with which we are familiar at home I cannot remember a tenth—perhaps not a hundredth part. One that I recollect was a peacock, another was a betel leaf; a figure of Krishna was a third, and of tiny elephants there were plenty—all of these figures being made of gold or silver. I remember some extraordinary dice which he showed us. Each was half the size of a stick of sealing-wax, and the dots were jewels, the dice themselves being made of ebony, of silver, and of marble. Studs like dainty flowerets, beautifully designed pins, and innumerable bangle-pendants I also see as I look back on that afternoon; but the display so surprised and dazzled both of us that when we were by ourselves and tried to recollect what we had seen it was like attempting to recall the tremulous movements of an aurora borealis, or the colors and strange plants one sees through a water-glass on the shores of the Bermudas.

We turned from this collection to see another, which the prince was making for a little daughter, who was younger than the son, and yet was to be married sooner; for it is, in the Hindoo mind, very wise to safeguard the purity of the race by making brides of children—and wives of them a little later in life. It was wonderful to compare this representative Indian's wealth of pride in his son with the poverty of his interest in his daughter, as shown in the two collections which occupied him. That which his little girl was to carry to her new home, in order to give her added value in her husband's eyes, was not even kept in the drawing-room or hidden from envious and hungry hands. A common kitchen china-cupboard served for this. Nearly all the gifts were articles for practical use, like jugs and basins, ewers and kettles, platters, and the like. All were of pure silver and of great weight, but plainly made. One gift that I thought peculiar was an elephant-prod—a lump of ten or a dozen pounds of silver fashioned into a hook and a point. The little princess was also to have a fine set of silver ornaments for her carriage harness, and many pounds of carved anklets, as well as of lesser ornaments and idols in silver, but the bulk of what she was to receive seemed to me designed for bedroom and kitchen service.

The prince made his pride in his son still more evident by giving to each of us a photograph of the little prince, which I prize as one of the most beautiful and interesting portraits I possess, so martial and haughty are the suggestions of the still chubby, juvenile face. A letter had just been received from the little lad at school, and this was read to us. I took rough notes of it in my memory, because it showed that in childhood a prince may be as boyish and ingenuous as any humbler lad. Further, the reader may gather from it something of how English rule and customs are affecting juvenile India. Here is what the little fellow wrote:

DEAR FATHER,—I am well, and I hope you are well. I won the bicycle race yesterday. I also won a running match. Mr. —— gave me the medal. He was introduced to me by Mr. ——. Please send me a large bicycle, for I am getting a big boy now. I also want an Arab pony. Please send me some tunes for

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A FAIRYLAND CASTLE.

my graphophone. Send twelve of our own country and six English tunes, and six spare ones. I hope you will go to the country soon.

I am your obedient son, —— ——.

The letter has one other marked peculiarity which is strictly Oriental. The reader may discover what it is by searching the document through for any, even the slightest, reference to the lad's mother, who, I do not doubt, was in the house we were visiting—hidden there as some of us try to hide the skeletons in our closets.

When we took our leave of the prince he apologized for being unprovided with chains of flowers to hang about our necks, according to the beautiful custom of his people. He said, with truth, that his secretary had been unable to report positively whether we were coming. However, in the absence of the ropes of jasmine with which we were often afterward to find ourselves bedecked, he honored us with chains which we prized more highly because they were far less perishable. These were strings of gilt foil fashioned in a manner most difficult to describe, yet very artistically. He also gave to each of us a cut-glass vial of rose-water, enclosed in a purse or bag of chamois leather, and bearing his cipher and motto. Thus he modified the ancient Indian custom of sprinkling attar of roses lavishly about them, as princes and monarchs do in one another's honor when their visits are closing. His Highness was "graciously pleased," as they say in England, to ask us to take tea with him on the following afternoon. We were informed that if we went it was more than probable that he would give each of us a ring bearing his seal, but our plans for moving onward were laid, and we were obliged to forego this great pleasure and compliment. We salute him from this distance, and assure him of our full appreciation of his courtesy.

When we reached Oudeypore the ruling prince was our host, though he was away on a hunting trip, and we never had the satisfaction of seeing and thanking him. This experience proved like another leaf from the *Arabian Nights*. Mr. Weldon and I drove up to the posting-house, or dâk bungalow, with no different expectations from those with which we had gone from one hotel to another in many another land. We found that though the bungalow was occupied, we could each have a lordly tent to ourselves. These proved to be tents within tents, so arranged that there was a broad enclosed passage all around each inner one. They were clean, and completely equipped with modern furniture. When our belongings had been taken in and unpacked, our babu said that the correct course for us to pursue was to write to the prime minister of the state, inform-

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ing him of our arrival, and acquainting him with our rank and importance, in order that proper honor might be paid to us. With some misgiving we did this, modestly confining our self-praise to a statement of the letters we bore from personages of real consequence. Straightway we found ourselves, within half an hour, waited upon by a native functionary, who desired to know how many days we thought of remaining, and at what hour of that especial day the prince's carriage should be sent to us. The prince's carriage! That we enjoyed, with two men on the box and two behind us, every day, and sometimes twice and thrice a day, but this proved only a small one among the many courtesies we received. We rode the prince's elephant as well, and his boats became as though they were ours whenever we made journeys on the lake, while of his splendid palaces, which gleamed against town and lake and hill as if each was a mammoth casket of carved ivory—of these, five in all were thrown open for our inspection.

Such a singular situation as that in which we found ourselves demands a note of explanation for the Western reader. To begin with, one cannot visit Oudeypore without being a guest of the Maharana, or ruler of the state of which it is the capital. This much any man may be, for there are no hotels, and the dâk bungalow which takes the place of one is maintained by the prince for the accommodation of all comers. The every-day tourist might receive no other consideration than to be allowed to stop at the bungalow, and pay the fixed and moderate prices established at such places throughout India for his board and lodging. We paid for our board, but nothing was asked for the carriages, boats, and elephants of which we made use, nor for the other distinguished attentions that were lavished upon us. Naturally we made presents to the Maharana's servants; and if this matter had been left to us, I doubt whether our national trait of giving too generously would have left us any better off than if we had paid for ordinary service. As it was, we were like putty in the hands of our faithful babu, who managed us and all our affairs, however great or small. He used to make us speeches upon the necessity for keeping up our rank, and the disgrace and scandal which would come of niggardly treatment of the prince's servants. These often very eloquent harangues he always terminated with a demand for about a quarter of what we had reckoned to be the least sum we could offer in the way of "tips" for the various services rendered to us.

With our babu as a living hand-book and guide to the customs of India, we rolled along in royalty's landau, sandwiched in impressively between the monarch's liveried servitors. We lolled upon the cushions of the ruler's barges, and were rowed from fairyland castle to palace of delight. Mounting by the sovereign's own ladder to the back of his private elephant, we sat upon his billowy cushion and were carried to his mountain retreat, and even through its conventlike zenana, where the princess and the beauties of his court are housed in cavern-shaped creamy cells opening upon a carved, frescoed, and colonnaded court of ivory-toned marble, roofed, when we saw it, by an azure sky.

Mention of our babu recalls what I shall always distinguish in memory as the most remarkable of my Indian experiences. A night or two before starting for India I met Mr. George F. Starr, who was entertaining two Hindoo friends. When they heard that I was about to start for the land of their birth, they most generously offered to provide me with a few letters to friends of theirs in Bombay, Allahabad, Benares, Calcutta, and one or two other places.

"When you receive these letters," said one of the Hindoo gentlemen, impressively, "do not regard them as ordinary and merely polite letters of introduction. Whatever letters I give you will be commands to the persons to whom they are addressed, and will make you the master of each of them. Regard them as your servants, who will be bound to do whatever will increase your comfort."

I regarded this as an example of the ornate and exaggerated speech of an Oriental, and even when I received the letters I failed to find in them any hint of the amazing potency they possessed. I bundled them up with my clothing and gave them no further thought. In Bombay one day, Mr. Weldon, who was exceedingly puzzled by the mysteries of a Parsi lady's costume which he had purchased, asked me for these Hindoo letters. He said that the costume in question was

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like an ornamental bed-sheet, and that when he reached New York no model except possibly a kitchen table would be able to pose in it, so that if our Hindoo letters did not bring him a solution of how a Parsi maiden was able to make a complete street costume out of it, he would be obliged to leave the Parsis out of all his drawings. I gave him a letter to some one in that city, and he went off with it. Later in the day he reported that the Hindoo to whom he delivered the missive, who was a clerk in a business office, had most kindly and earnestly advised him to employ an intelligent English-speaking guide or companion for our journey over India. He had said that such boys or "bearers" as we were employing at the hotels and elsewhere spoke little English, and could give only the most unreliable information concerning the novel scenes and customs we would come upon: moreover, we could never know whether they were dealing honestly by us in paying bills and making purchases for us. He said that we could hire such a babu (or English-speaking Hindoo clerk) for one hundred or one hundred and twenty rupees a month—about seven or eight pounds, as I figured at the time. As we were already conscious of the dishonesty and general worthlessness of the bearers in our employ, this advice impressed us favorably, yet, for several reasons, we decided not to profit by it.



KARNIK, OUR BABU.

What was our surprise to find that on the next day, before this Hindoo had heard of our decision, we were presented with the best of all babus that we met in India, for no wages at all—and that this was our Hindoo friend himself, the giver of the good advice! He came with all his accustomed modesty and deferential manner and in his best suit of clothes, and declared himself our servant. His name was Karnik.

"I have read again," said he, "the letter which my master in London sent by your hand, and I find that I have no choice except to put myself wholly at your service. I did not notice that he wrote commanding me to see that you were comfortable and to look after you. However, now that I have read that, knowing it to be a command, I have put my business in other hands and have hastened to you. Command me as your servant wherever you go in India, for you are now my masters."

"You are too kind," I said. "But what is to be your charge for this?"

"I can accept no pay," he replied. "To do so would be to degrade my master in London and betray him. He would not have me take any pay or reward from his friends, and to do so would be to shame him in your eyes. No, I know you are generous, yet I can take nothing. To ask me to do differently is to suspect that I would dishonor my master."

The situation too closely resembled Oriental fiction to be credible, yet he was in earnest, and what he promised he ten times more than fulfilled. Before I left India I resolved to assist him to do for others on salary what he so ably performed for me without it, and I here gladly recommend him as a man of ster-

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ling honesty, of great intelligence, and so far above any of the professional bearers whom I saw as to make comparison impossible. Whether he will be tempted to take up this new calling, or to organize a corps of reputable guides, or to serve as an agent for making purchases on commission—all of which courses I recommended—I cannot say. But, in the knowledge that he will better his condition if he do either, I give his name and address: R. L. Karnik, care of the office of Watson's Esplanade Hotel, Bombay.

As Karnik came to us almost with the magic by which the smoke in a jar turns into a genie in the Arabian tales, so also did he touch our journey as with a wizard's wand. He made it a dream-trip—a latter-day voyage on a flying carpet—a trip without trouble, loss, mishap, or annoyance. A more strictly honest man than he was toward us I never saw. Not only did he reject every chance to earn a commission, but he fought to have the amount of such commissions deducted from every price which was set on whatever we were buying. He made himself so detested by the servant class wherever we went that in one dâk bungalow, in which we spent nearly a week, I seriously thought he might be murdered. I had thought I could not afford to pay eight pounds a month for such a man, but if I had paid that amount to Karnik, I would still have been a gainer by the bargain.

"Oh, pay them what they ask, and have done with them," I once or twice remarked when I saw him in the heart of a riot of angry natives.

"Pay them!" he would repeat, in surprise. "Why shall I pay them more than their due? You are my master, and I am bound to give you good service. Would it be serving you to yield to their demands? No; I should be serving them instead. It is my duty to see that your money is not squandered."

Sometimes he would turn to Mr. Weldon or me and say: "This dealer offers me ten per cent. commission if you buy. Now we shall oblige him to reduce his demand to that extent at least. Now that he has proclaimed himself dishonest, we shall know how to deal with him."

As my bearer I employed the worst scoundrel with whom I ever had close dealings anywhere in the world. Fancy his feelings when, with distrust of his own ears, he heard our babu refusing commissions and beating down moderate prices! It was the refinement of cruelty for us to look on and enjoy the sufferings of the wretch. He squirmed; he groaned; at times he almost cried. Now and then he would be unable to resist temptation, and he would appeal to us to repose confidence in some villanous trader who, he would assure us, was as honest as his goods were cheap. Then Karnik would turn fiercely upon him and say: "I have a mind to kick you. How dare you degrade your master in your own eyes by trying to make him appear a fool? For whom are you working—for this fox of a peddler, or for the man who buys your food and pays for your journeying?" To sum up, by one astonishing example, the extent and value of his services, I need only say to any reader who knows India that he succeeded in buying silver jewelry for us at the price of one-sixteenth above the weight of the ornaments in coin. To put it in the Indian vernacular, he paid one anna in the rupee for workmanship. This success was confined to Oudeypore. He never did quite as well in any other city, and he only managed it there by making the dealer understand that no commissions would be demanded, and that if he brought the peculiar ornaments we wanted, we would buy of no one else in that place.

"He will cheat you yet," remarked several English friends. "These natives are all alike. When he has your entire confidence, he will make one stroke which will amount to more than all the little sums he has saved for you." Perhaps they were right. He might have cheated me—in the course of years. But he was slow about it; he had not begun up to the time I came away.

Between our babu and our letters, we were able to see a great deal which is thickly curtained from the average tourist in India; much also which very few Englishmen resident in that country are either invited or perhaps care to see. It was mainly a mercantile group to which these missives introduced us, but my new acquaintances were all prosperous men of excellent repute. I was made glad again and again to find myself seated as a favored guest of some merchant on the floor of his shop, while the neighboring shopkeepers and manufac-

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turers were sent for to bring their wares for my inspection. Many strange things I saw and learned as these traders came and played their queer parts in the singular game which Orientals play in arriving at fair terms when they buy or sell. In Benares, one day, I was looking at some goods, and noticed that a passer-by in the street stopped to look on while I priced and inspected the wares. From that he took to intruding in the talk that was going on between my native companions and the merchant. When I ordered the goods brought to the business-place of one of my acquaintances, I further observed that this busybody followed the man who carried the goods. Finally he took a vigorous part in the tireless chaffering which went on between my merchant friend and the owner of that which I desired to purchase. My friend succeeded in securing my prize for a much lower sum than I had been asked to pay, and the other merchant and the meddler went away. I learned afterwards that my friend was pursued through the streets and violently abused by this intruder, who vowed that he would beat him soundly because he had refused to make any allowance for the commission which the meddler wanted. I inquired into the case, and found that he was what is there called a "broker," but that his only occupation was to force himself into the middle of a bargain, as in this case, and to insist upon a share of the profits if a sale was effected in his presence. My Hindoo friends told me that there are scores of these "brokers" in Benares, as there always have been, and that they terrorize the respectable traders. No way to curb their enterprise or destroy their calling appears to suggest itself to their victims.

In one place I was made acquainted with the gentle taste and effect of the sweet, aromatically prepared tobacco which the natives smoke in hubble-bubbles and in smaller pipes which are in reality little charcoal-stoves. At another time I tried their more seductive preparation of the dainty betel leaf, which, in a very broad way, may be likened to our chewing-tobacco. Its votaries stain the streets of every Indian town with its blood-red juice. Powerful and poor alike agree in pronouncing it wholesome and a vigorous tonic, and I found that it does sharpen one's appetite to a fine edge.

My letters also brought me in friendly touch with public and professional men and others of wealth and leisure. They showed me whatever was worth seeing around them, and patiently explained the things I did not at first understand. They made a great deal of showing me the interior of one of their mansions, but what I did not see was the principal part of the experience. If the reader can imagine a burglar being escorted by the officers of a safe-deposit company through their vaults he will get a true notion of what I saw of Hindoo home life on that occasion. Still, it was a wonderful thing to be taken into such a house, even blindfolded. These new friends paid me great respect, and would have heaped hospitality upon me had I permitted it. As I observed the "open sesame" effect of the presentation of each letter, I turned to the two or three I still retained and read them. I hoped to discover what witchcraft lay beneath their candid-seeming lines. I failed to find the key to the magic by which they could have been made to surround me with friends as the rubbing of a ring used to do for the heroes of older stories of the East. The reader may read one of these letters, and share their mystery with me. It is precisely like the one which caused a man to leave his business and follow me from sea to sea.

MY DEAR ——,—It gives me great pleasure indeed to introduce to you our worthy friends, Mr. Julian Ralph and his friend, who are travelling all over the famous towns and places in India for that widely famous and admirable journal *Harper's Magazine*. The first one is the celebrated writer and journalist of good repute all over the world, and his friend is the well-renowned artist whose pictures and sketches are well known all over the world.

These American friends of ours are specially retained by *Harper's Magazine* to enlighten the West by the realistic descriptions and full illustrations of their travels in the East. You will kindly look after their comforts and requirements in every possible way, and any service done to them will greatly oblige

Yours Very Sincerely,

(Signed) —— ——

One day I asked a Hindoo for the secret which was hidden in these missives, and which gave them the power to turn busy and proud men from their paths to show such favors to strangers, and especially to ones of our complexion, which may be admired for the governing qualities that

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go with it, yet is not admitted freely to Indian circles and society.

"The secret," said he, "is simply that the man who sent those letters addressed them to personal friends. In one case it was a servant to whom he wrote, in another it was a partner, but the others were to old friends."

"And is friendship so quick and warm a tie with all Hindoos?" I inquired. "Do all your countrymen treat it as if it were a sacred cause, as this man's friends appear to?"

"Yes, I hope that is true of all of us," he said, with surprise. "I believe it to be so. Friendship is a holy thing. It binds us to heavy obligations. We must do our utmost for every friend, of course. And is it not the same with you Americans?"

"THE TREE OF LIFE"

BY FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON

I.

"IN what am I doing wrong?" said Miss Hathaway. "She does not amuse her husband; I do. It is nowadays a crime not to amuse your husband."

"It used, in my time, to be a crime to amuse some one else's," retorted Mrs. Dale, and there was silence between them.

"She is very pretty," began Miss Hathaway again, "and I—I am only passable. Look at her eyes! They are twice the size of mine, and it is not my fault if she keeps them half shut most of the time." She looked at Mrs. Dale to answer this argument.

"Let him alone," came the response. "Snub him a little. It won't take much; he doesn't care a piece of his little finger for you; and I don't like to have a woman come to my house to pay me a visit and have her made uncomfortable."

"She isn't uncomfortable; she likes it; I dare say she likes it," urged Miss Hathaway. "Ask her what she thinks of me, and she'll tell you I am a very nice, obliging girl."

"Who kindly engages her husband in conversation twelve hours out of the twenty-four." Mrs. Dale got up and looked down at her cousin. "I have done my duty," she said. "I have told you that I thought you were doing a reprehensible and heartless thing, and if you choose to persevere, it is your fault and Alaric Rexford's," and turning, walked away.

Miss Hathaway sat in the autumn sunshine on the grass. There were red leaves fluttering down upon her, and above the tree from which they came stretched a great arch of deep blue sky; the air was clear and fresh. She looked about her discontentedly, however.

"People are so exacting and overdrawn—and emotional," she said, aloud. "I was doing no harm; but now—" She frowned—a very rare occurrence.

It was the shape of her eyes that you liked, the turn of her lip, the way her face lighted when she laughed. It wasn't possible to call her stunning or tremendous, and when you were asked what she looked like, you had nothing to say; but you could talk to her for hours on end, and left her reluctantly. The facts about her were that her hair was brown and dark and waved back from her forehead, that her eyes were gray, and that she was rather smaller than the average woman—none of which mattered. She did matter at times very much.

She leaned back against the tree and looked up through its nearly bare branches to the sky beyond.

"Cousin Ellen is absurd," she said, "ridiculous. She is old-fashioned; she thinks every one is in love with every one else; she does not understand that one may like a man's company without undermining his morals. Besides, Alaric Rexford cannot be harmed or improved by such as I am. He is a complete fact, the product of another civilization, and it is much more likely that he should trouble my peace of mind than I his. Though, as a matter of fact—" She dropped her eyes, and looking down at her hands clasped in her lap, smiled a very confident and secure smile.

"Probably," she added, again aloud, "Mrs. Rexford likes him as he is—not a knight of the Round Table, but, oh, such

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good company! One must take people as they are; one cannot expect one person to mingle the joys of Cardinal Newman and the Earl of Rochester," and feeling that the last word had been said, Miss Hathaway rolled lightly over on the turf, and resting her head on her arms, listened to the murmur of the breeze in the high grass that grew near by.

Silence! How warm the splintered sunlight felt! How good it would be to be an animal—a hare or a squirrel—and have no cares, and plenty of nuts to crack—and perhaps an apple! But in winter! She shivered, and sitting up, saw a man coming toward her. Her peace of mind quite restored, she welcomed him in friendly fashion. She did not speak; she smiled, which always suggests that one has a great deal to say, but will take one's time to say it. She was never too ready, but gave you the feeling of having something held in reserve—she was, in fact, quite a clever young person.

The man who stood a moment looking down at her was an Englishman, who proclaimed himself. His clothes were faithful to his nation and type, made of some rough light stuff, and with that peculiar look of a natural husk that the Briton enjoys in his outer garments as no other men have yet done.

"You don't look human," he said. "You look as though you would turn into a little brown wood creature and scamper off through the grass—but don't do it."

"I certainly shall not; I wouldn't trust your sportsman's instinct; you would throw a stone at me, and carry me home and have me cooked for dinner."

Rexford dropped down beside her; he looked at her and laughed. "I think it very likely," he said, "your little bones would crunch delightfully."

Miss Hathaway shrugged her shoulders. "You are two removes from a wild beast," she said—"a panther or a jaguar, or some other big, strong, cruel creature. That is why you affect yellow suits of clothes. You don't know it, but it is reversion to type."

"Granted that I started from an animal originally," retorted Rexford, "you have to account for my mind and my soul—or do you doubt the existence of both?"

The girl looked at him. "Your mind," she said, slowly—"yes, you have a mind; a panther couldn't play chess, I suppose; he might be ingenious, but he could hardly be mathematical. Your soul—I really can't pronounce a judgment on the existence of a thing I have seen no indication of."

Rexford gave a short amused laugh. "Honest," he said, "at least; but yet you associate freely with me. Are you not afraid to rouse the sleeping—jaguar?"

"Not a bit," she said, coolly; "one is not afraid of people except for one reason—when one likes them too much."

He folded his arms, and sitting cross-legged before her, regarded her curiously. "I see; and you are sure you like me—too little?"

Her eyes met his. "I like you," she said, "just about that much;" and holding up her slight little finger, she measured off a small portion of the first joint with her thumb.

Rexford caught her hand and looked gravely into her eyes.

"That will do to begin with," he said, and released her fingers. She had miscalculated; a thrill ran through her and showed itself in a sudden blush—a deep red blush. Their eyes met again.

"Score one for me," said Rexford, watching the bright color fade; "and yet one for you too, Madam Lion-tamer—it is such a lovely weapon."

He turned from her, and picking up a leaf, laid it on his knee and smoothed its glossy red surface. "I wonder how the leaves do it?" he said. "It's a bully way to die—turn very beautiful all in a moment, and then float off down the air."

Miss Hathaway shook her head. "There is no good way to die; don't let us talk of it. You who are full of rapid, pulsing life, how can you even"—

"May I join you?" said a voice, and under the branches stood a tall, graceful young woman; she looked first at one and then at the other. "You looked so comfortable and happy," she said, slowly, "that I thought I would come and be—comfortable and happy too." She sat down on the grass, and closing the sunshade she had held over her head in lieu of a hat, she began rolling it up. "Mrs. Dale says we are to have a dance; did she tell you?" She looked at Miss Hathaway, and then at Rexford.

"I think she did"—it was the girl who

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answered her—"but she said not to build my hopes on it as the music was uncertain, and music is important." She laughed.

"Rather!" said Mrs. Rexford, and smiled, showing possibilities of youth and gayety, which her usual indifferent, indolent glance and speech did not betray.

Rexford drew a pipe from his pocket, and making a mute gesture to ask permission from both women, lighted it. "What you people see in dancing," he began, between puffs of smoke, "I can't for the life of me make out. That sort of exercise is all very well in a gymnasium; but in the evening, dressed in one's best, in a hot room!" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I love it," said Mrs. Rexford. "I would go miles for a waltz."

"Would you — would you really?" questioned Miss Hathaway. "How funny!"

"May I ask why it is funny?" Mrs. Rexford turned her blue eyes full on Miss Hathaway, who met them with a certain constraint.

"Only—only because one does not associate you with violence and—exertion."

It was a lame answer, but the other woman made the best of it. "What a lazy creature I must be!" she said, and laughed a little. "A reputation established in a week! Here, however, is Mr. Hamilton, whom, never having heard these accusations, I may entrap into asking me to dance before you tell him my failings." She rose as she spoke and addressed the young man who approached them. "Evan," she said, "Miss Hathaway thinks I am too lazy to dance; won't you promise to ask me this evening? You know of old that I have at least the good-will to." She smiled at him that lovely smile of hers. Something in her voice struck on Rexford's ear; leaning on his elbow, he looked up at her.

She was beautiful, with a regularity of feature that made animation not to be expected—hardly desired, unless you found her, as Miss Hathaway had always done, sleepy-eyed, irresponsive, leisurely to the point of weariness. This morning the girl found it difficult to place her new conflicting impressions; but, looking at Hamilton, she felt a pang to see him gazing so intently at this beautiful young woman—not, to tell the truth, because she liked Hamilton so well, but just because there was in her something akin to the dog in Æsop's famous fable.

There were greetings, some laughter, the new-comer engaged Mrs. Rexford's first dances, and then something was happening which left Miss Hathaway breathless—he was walking off with Mrs. Rexford, and not toward the house. And she had thought him a promising cavalier of her own! She looked after them.

Rexford, closing his teeth comfortably on his pipe, leaned on his elbow and watched her. She had not been equal to that little talk *à trois*, this pretty creature of many resources; to include his wife had been beyond her; and now—she looked a little baffled. He was amused.

"You haven't got him properly trained," he said.

She was too wise to let her chagrin appear long in the eyes of this man, whom, of the two, she found infinitely more to her taste.

"I don't undertake to train Indians," she retorted, gayly. "And, at any rate, Mrs. Rexford in that mood would have no trouble in enlisting a regiment, much less a man."

Rexford looked after the retreating figures. "He does look like a red man," he said, slowly; "but what a splendid frame!—a back like a steel board—"

"And feelings made of the best wrought iron." She made a gesture of distaste. "He has a sort of fascination, with eyes like coals, that bronze cheek and straight black hair, and I wouldn't offend him for the world—I'd be afraid to; but like him—hardly!"

"Nonsense; women are like men: a little danger is the thing that tells. Now you would break a bone, Miss Hathaway, to get a genuine declaration from Hamilton—confess it!" and he leaned forward and looked into her eyes, with a laugh in his own.

She met his look unflinchingly. "Since you know me so well," she said, "tell me what I would break to get one from you, Mr. Rexford," and for one moment there was silence.

"Time's up!" cried the girl, springing to her feet; "and who's afraid now?" and she started toward the house, with Rexford following.

II.

It was a mild afternoon; a soft haze had spread over the clear sky of the morning,

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and the air breathed upon you with a deprecating sweetness.

Mrs. Rexford walked up over a little hill, and then down into a wood, whose trees were, some of them, brilliant with the changing foliage, some bare, and some still clinging to their green. It was Hamilton who accompanied her, and they walked with that air of leisure that comes usually from long acquaintance.

She looked about her. "I love the autumn," she said; "I do not find it melancholy, only so beautiful that it makes one feel too much. Its beauty is more passionate than that of summer."

"That is the sense of coming death," answered Hamilton. "In saying that, you admit the thing you would deny."

"But I don't admit it at all." She stopped and faced him. "Winter isn't death—it's life—gorgeous, brilliant life, dazzling and invigorating."

"To people with eyes like yours, cut out of blue arctic ice, perhaps it is," he responded, "but most of us feel it to be the end of things and a foretaste of dissolution."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Your blood must have cooled since I knew you, Evan," she answered.

"Cooled?" he repeated. "Chilled—frozen, rather;" and there was silence.

"How long is it?" went on the young man. "Two years and six months and eight days—I have a very vivid memory, Mary."

She looked ahead of her, remembering the days of which he spoke. "What have you been doing?" she asked. "What has played a part in your life—People, Work, Money?"

"My uncle died—you knew that—and left me plenty of the last-named commodity; he had consulted the devil, and decided t was the quickest way to ruin his affectionate nephew, so, having disliked me all his life, he did me an ill turn in leaving it."

She turned to him with an expression of such gentleness, such understanding, that he stopped in his walk to wonder how he had lived without her all this time.

"You have spent it foolishly, been idle, Evan? You always said you would travel."

"I did"—he moved on again; "I have knocked about, hardening and coarsening my nature ever since. How is that for a confession, Mary? It was your doing, you know."

She turned to him, and laying her hand lightly on his shoulder, looked straight into his eyes. "That is not true," she said.

"Quite false, I admit." Hamilton's face had changed as he saw the pain in her eyes. "You would have made any other man good beyond his fellows, who had known you as I did and loved you as I did, but I was the exception; I chose to go wrong just to spite myself. If for one moment you had ever loved me—perhaps— However, let us forget me and my selfish woes for a while and talk of other things, as we used to. You are just as beautiful, Mary—do you know it? My Heaven, how beautiful you are!"

She walked on; his last words were so familiar as to be merely friendly—he had always talked like that.

"I looked in the glass this morning," she said, "and thought I was passably good-looking, but so uninteresting, with my everlasting blue eyes and my tedious—"

"Mary! Mary!" he interrupted, half laughing, half in earnest; "don't blaspheme."

"I admit," she went on, lightly, "that the shapes of the things are correct, but so—so monotonous; I am always the same, day in and day out—I never change. It is so dull for every one."

"I am glad of that," answered the young man, eagerly, "if that means you haven't many lovers and admirers, Mary, for then I shall count as some one to you; I shall have a place."

"You are talking nonsense, Evan," she answered him, a line gathering between her brows. "Lovers! Admirers! I am married—had you forgotten that?"

"Does that preclude other men than your husband from thinking you beautiful, thinking you worth pleasing—thinking you—" He stopped.

She hesitated. "I don't mean to be absurd," she said, gently. "I like to be admired—of course I like it very much. But if you love any one, to squander your—yourself on other people is a sort of betrayal of Love. Do you know what I mean?" The color had mounted to her cheek. "One does not get things for nothing in this world—if a man is to hang about you and be attached to your train, he must be paid in some sort of coin—

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that is the world, Evan; and I—I still have beliefs and ideals."

"You—you have the scent of the Garden of Eden still hanging about you." His eyes flashed. "I remember it now—this cooler, purer air, this glow the earth has—a certain trembling grace in every flower I look at, in every leaf! Ah, Mary, Mary, why do you unlock the gates of heaven to pass in yourself alone? Must I always catch only a whiff of the perfumed air—see only a vista amid the trees—" He caught her hand in his with a passion so filled with reverence that she could not mistake him or believe he had mistaken her. She drew away her fingers and laid them on his coat sleeve.

"You wouldn't like me, my dear," she said, "if I lost what there is of good in me. Do you know that you have helped me to believe in love; that you are one of the pillars of my faith?" She smiled at him, and he looked into her eyes in a sort of frenzy of helpless allegiance.

"A sorry reed I should be to lean on!" he cried. "Don't trust me; I should worship you were you changed into a witch of evil. Could you not love a fallen idol, Mary?"

She turned from him and looked before her to think her answer out. "Yes, I could love one"—the words came slowly—"and suffer a pang each time my eyes rested on him;" and turning, it was of other things they talked as they walked home.

III.

The music came, and Mrs. Dale's guests assembled in some number, and it being a very informal affair, they took possession of the entire place. They danced in the hall which ran through the house, and in the various rooms opening off they scattered themselves to talk. Some, more hardy than others, braved the autumn evening air, and sat on the wide terrace that led to the gardens, or wandered in the grounds, and it was altogether a night of much gayety and merriment.

After two or three dances Miss Hathaway disappeared, and if you had wanted to find her you would have had to search lengthily. She would have been discovered at last with a white silk shawl over her head, resting her arms on the wide wooden top to the balustrade that surrounded the terrace, a scarlet cloak falling over her shoulders. The crisp soft air only gave her a sense of exhilaration; and Rexford, sitting beside her, also leaning his arms on the balustrade and looking down into the garden below, had no hat on his fair short hair, no coat over his dress suit. They looked very contented and happy—and why not? It was a case of devil take the hindmost, thought Mrs. Dale, angrily, as she swept past them and back into the house, and she was generally right in her judgments. Rexford cared not a sou for Miss Hathaway; and she—she never cared very much for any one or anything but her own good pleasure and the person who ministered to it at the moment.

But the duel was not as fair as it looked. In the first place, Rexford had no vanity to be wounded; secondly, he was amusing himself according to the code of his class and time in the set of people from whom he came; and then—then, curiously enough, quite reconcilable amid those people in that country of his, he had yet another point of vantage—he loved another woman.

It is always possible that a woman without a heart may yet suffer; and when you have said vanity, you have not said it all. There is that strange unreasonable thing called fancy. When once you have acquired a fancy for a man like Rexford, it is not easily gotten rid of.

"I ought not to stay any longer," Miss Hathaway was saying, "or Cousin Ellen will be angry. You are a dangerous married man—did you know it?"

"Unquestionably I am married," retorted Rexford, "but am I to be forbidden all amusement for that reason? I don't bite or kick. What does dangerous mean?"

"It means—it means—"

"You evidently don't know, and so I'll tell you. It means that you and I are very happy and cheerful while sitting out here, instead of being bored and dull. That's what it means; and such being the case, I hope to be dangerous for some years to come."

"Very well, then," answered Miss Hathaway, "I will stay, but you must be particularly charming, so that I can forget what a wrong thing I am doing."

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply, "forget it. Why, how little you know yourself! You prefer to do wrong things; so do I; we suit each other admirably in that respect. However, to re-

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turn to our travels. I have been in ten countries to your five. Look at that! How much more I know and wiser I am, to be sure!"

She looked down, as he did, into the garden below, with every now and then a glance into the eyes that turned to meet hers.

"That is only a matter of years," she answered. "When I am as old as you are, I shall know a great deal more. You have ten years' start of me."

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"By exercising my wits. I know my own age, and I guess yours. Thirty-five —is that it?"

He smiled with the grimness that real lovers of life feel as they count their years.

"You have been kind to me," he said. "I was thirty-eight in the summer—the 10th of August, if you would like the date. I know it because, many years ago, I came of age on that day, and the old Squire made an occasion of it."

"At twenty-one you must have been a handful."

Miss Hathaway spread an end of her shawl on the balustrade, and divided it into sections.

"I suppose you did the usual things, including breaking the heart of the parson's daughter?"

Rexford laughed. "He hadn't any daughter, and the only heart I broke was my own, when I sprained my wrist and couldn't row on the 'varsity. Women were charming but very incidental then. I fell in love, of course, but it wasn't a very serious matter, and I fell out again."

"Yes." She spoke almost seriously. "Yes, you would manage your side of it very prettily, no doubt, but how about the lady?"

Rexford shrugged his shoulders. "Women are quite as capable of taking care of themselves as men are, and nothing like as susceptible. I was forgotten with the greatest ease by all my various flames, and we went on our ways rejoicing."

She plaited three little strands together. "I see. That is the sort of thing one says. It isn't at all true, nor has it the merit of originality, but it is according to the habit of men. How refreshing it would be to hear what really happens sometimes!"

He leaned a little toward her. "Excellent," he said. "And you begin. Tell the truth about some one whose heart you have broken. How you did it and what he said—also how sorry you were to part with him."

She looked up at him; there was a softness in her eyes which might have bewildered some men; it gave Rexford a keen pleasure, subtler than that he experienced in hunting, but as evanescent.

"No," she said, "I won't do that. You don't think very well of my principles, anyhow. You think I am a trifling sort of person, with no anchor to windward. Confess it. And yet what is life for but to enjoy?"

He was very near her; she was very lovely. She was tempting him, and he was conscious of it. Without any mental process he decided that he lost little, and gained—well, something worth having. She-- Oh, that was another matter, her loss and gain; besides, the world does not stand still for a kiss, and the Jesuits say, "Once is never," and so Rexford kissed her. There was a moment, and then the spell that lies in such an instant was broken. Rexford drew gently back from the red lips that had met his, and straightening his shoulders, looked down in the garden below; and as he looked he became aware of two people walking toward them down one of the garden paths. He felt a sense of irritation; it was just possible he had been seen; and then as they drew nearer a sudden pang shot through him. Was not that Mary? Mary, and Hamilton beside her. His brows drew together in a line so black that Miss Hathaway followed his gaze, and so saw the couple coming toward them.

They were near, then just below; and as they turned into a path that led them away, Mary looked up at the two people who leaned upon the balustrade above. It was at Rexford she looked; he caught the glance of her eyes, and it flashed upon him like a sudden light—"On ne badine pas avec l'amour." Where did that stupid Frenchman get his phrase? Perhaps, perhaps—he leaned farther over, her name upon his lips, but it remained unspoken; he felt a light hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Hamilton will not thank you if you speak to Mrs. Rexford," said Miss Hathaway; and getting up, she drew her shawl about her. "Oof! it's chilly," she

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went on, "and I think a dance will do me good. Come in and wait while I take a turn, and then let us have some supper;" and she dropped her hand again upon his arm as he stood up beside her.

"Supper is an excellent idea," said Rexford. "What would a party be without it?" And crossing the terrace, they entered the long hall together.

IV.

It seemed that every one was in high spirits that evening. Mrs. Dale, casting an inspecting eye at Mrs. Rexford as she stood at the end of the dining-room in a bay-window, whose red curtains, drawn behind her, threw her fair head in high relief, saw that she was laughing as Miss Hathaway entered on Rexford's arm—laughing merrily, her head thrown back, showing her white throat, her beautiful lips parted. Mrs. Dale also remarked the brilliant color and glance of Hamilton's dark face, and failing to make it all out, washed her hands of them.

"The air is too electrical for me," she grumbled, inwardly; "but if they can all play the same game, I no longer have any responsibility;" and she turned away to attend to the welfare of some other guests.

"There!" Hamilton was saying. "Listen! That is my favorite waltz. Leave your supper and let us have a turn. Why not? Surely you are not attached to that particular plate of chicken. Put it down; I can get you another."

"If you like," was her answer. "We used to dance that, Evan, didn't we? It sounds familiar."

"I tell you," he murmured, as they slid into the dance on the smooth marquetry of the hall—"I tell you that it is my favorite waltz. Do you suppose it could be one I had not danced with you? Are you ignorant of every rule of love, Mary?"

"Don't," she said, very low, but with a note of meaning that silenced him—"don't."

They were a sight worth seeing. The power of his tall frame gave him a swinging step that her beauty and height added grace to, and some people stood in the doorway to watch them. Miss Hathaway, whose seat had been established there, glanced up at Rexford as he handed her a plate and glass.

"Look at Mrs. Rexford," she said, "turning poor Mr. Hamilton's head completely! Why don't you interfere?"

Foolish Miss Hathaway! She had mistaken her man. He leaned against the door near her, gazing with admirable calm upon the dancers a moment, then turned to the girl beside him.

"Shall I?" he said. "Perhaps it would be only common humanity to spare him. I will act on your suggestion." And before she had done more than feel an inkling of her folly, he had crossed the room to where Hamilton and Mary had come to a standstill.

"Mary," he said, "I can't waltz as Hamilton does; it is a great gift—I confess it—and it is denied me; but he has had his share of your society to-night; let me have my innings. Come out in the cool garden for a while. Will you come?"

He stood before her and waited.

Hamilton stared at him. He understood it all so well, and though he disliked this man, for the moment he felt the force and charm of his nature. He has done wrong; he confesses it; and the frankness, the completeness of his surrender would satisfy any woman. He looked from him to Mrs. Rexford.

She met Rexford's eyes, her own shining like stars.

"Thank you—no," she said; "I was in the garden, Alaric."

He hesitated—then, "I saw you," he said—"with Hamilton. I was with Miss Hathaway on the terrace. Will you not come with me, Mary? I am tired of all these people."

Hamilton, standing there with her hand upon his arm, felt a shock of mingled admiration and wonder. He could not have done it like that; he could never have done it with another man to hear. It was so direct; so open; could she withstand it? He tried gently to withdraw, but she held his arm with her fingers.

"I will finish my dance," she said. "I do not care to go outside again, thank you," and she turned from Rexford. "Let us go on," she added to Evan, and they glided again into the waltz.

Rexford looked after them a moment, then, turning, walked through the rooms to where a French window stood open, and so passed out of sight.

The music had ceased; and Hamilton, looking down at the fair face near his shoulder, saw a deep flush on her cheek.

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"Come this way," he said, and leading her through the door Rexford had taken, he drew her across the terrace and so to a seat apart. No one remained outside; they were alone.

She sank down on the chair, her hands clasped in her lap; he dragged a bench near her, and sitting so, looked straight into her face. They were silent.

How beautiful the night was!

Hamilton felt a passion of ecstasy possess him. She was close to him; she was unhappy, and he could convince her that he at least loved her as she should be loved; and when one is suffering from a pang like hers— His train of thought broke suddenly. Suffering; yes, suffering was the word. His keen instincts gave full meaning to those bright, miserable eyes of hers; the bitter look in them struck sharply home. Was it right that she should suffer in this way? She loved Rexford, and did he no longer love her? Hamilton knew the answer to that now. But Mary? He had said she lived in the Garden of Eden, and it was true, but she must leave it and inhabit the earth—not such a bad place, after all; one could be very happy with Mary in some contented valley—with Mary, yes. The current of his thoughts changed again. Once again to tell her how he loved her, he leaned toward her.

"Mary," he said.

She was sitting with one hand on each arm of her chair, looking before her into the garden; she did not hear him.

"My God!" said Hamilton, but under his breath; and then he turned from her, and covering his face with his hands, he had a poignant sensation, such as the Inquisition could never have dealt; he passed through it, and coming out, came out another man. Dropping his hands at his sides, he looked at her again.

She was throwing from her, in her young and lovely ignorance, the desire of her heart, and he, even he, might give it back again. He felt old—as though he knew so many things. "Mary," he began again—it seemed a different word—"Mary, let me speak to you; let me break down the barriers for once and speak. I come in quite a new guise, my dear; you will hardly know me."

She looked at him; it took her a moment to drag herself from her own thoughts; then it struck her that he was being kind to her. She listened.

"You are making such a great mistake," he went on, slowly. "Do you know it?"

She hesitated. "Evan," she said, "you don't know—you—"

"Yes, I do know," he interrupted. "I know so much more than you will ever know. I know what a man feels sometimes with a woman like that. I know that you are suffering now because he has failed by a standard you have never told him the existence of. Mary"—he leaned toward her, his eyes shining—"Mary, you don't know what gradually drags from a man the ideal you are holding to now. It isn't just that you, who are never assailed by the thousand temptations of life, should expect us all to be as you are. When a man marries such a woman as you are, she should spend some of her soul in giving him an insight into her purity; she should make life over for him, as she can do—as she so seldom tries to. Have you told him that your very thoughts are sacred; told him how you would value such loyalty in him? Have you made him know that not your soul only, but your body is of fire amid the clay, and cannot endure the faults that other women brook?"

She looked at him, speechless.

He got up, and taking her hand in his, raised it to his lips. "Oh, the irony of it all!" he murmured, and turning away, he left her, and striding off through the garden, disappeared from sight.

She sat quite still; thoughts flowed over her like little waves; they cooled her brain. It was true and untrue, Hamilton's philosophy, but the truth that lay in it and above it and around it was that there must be compromise always—always—concession and compromise, compromise and concession.

A sudden memory burnt her eyes. Did many women have that to endure—that moment she had experienced as she walked toward the terrace where they sat? But then, how many women were there who had such as he to love and to be loved by? Was she unwilling to bear something for the joy of her love? And yet somewhere surely there was such a thing as a perfect love, without a pang, without a trial, without a shadow of turning. She started up, and holding out her arms to the night that seemed like a presence beside and above her, her eyes filled—filled and overflowed—a slow hard sob

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rent her, and she parted with the hope that she had cherished.

Sitting down again and resting her bare arms on the table near by, she gained back her self-control slowly, the tears still wet upon her cheek.

"Mary," said a voice near her. She raised her head, and felt a hand laid lightly on her shoulder. "Mary," he said again, "are you going to shut me out forever? I have had an hour the like of which—" He broke off, and slipping down on to the bench beside her, put out his hand—and she—forgave him.

THE WHITE MAN'S RULE IN SINGAPORE

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

Author of "The German Struggle for Liberty," "White Man's Africa," etc.

ABOUT noon of a beautiful broiling day in August, on the wharf of Singapore, I hailed two Chinamen. They were naked, barring a bit of bathing-trunks at the middle, and a conical bamboo thatch-work by way of shade hat. Their nakedness shocked no one in a place which seems on the map to be stumbling over the equator—where windows and bedsheets are unknown.

The two coolies picked up my little *Caribbee* and slipped her gently into the waters of the Malay Archipelago. I had reached the western gate to the Mongolian Far East—those mysterious seas where morality floats with a specific gravity vastly different from what it has in Puritan New England. "Remember the Sabbath day" is much more difficult to explain at Singapore than "Remember the *Maine*."

Some days before reaching Singapore, when my ship stopped to coal at Ceylon, I bought a sun-hat that looked like an inverted bath-tub. It was big enough to serve as a dinghy to *Caribbee*, and was at first a clumsy burden. I pretended that I did not feel the heat, that I was used to it. But I gave that up. My protests were met with a smile of pity, and I was told that if I wished to die young, the proper thing to do was to wear ordinary hats. And as I have long since given up the attempt to reform the world, I wore my massive head-gear and paddled out into the waters of Singapore, confident that whatever might be in store for me from tigers, typhoons, or other tropical plagues, I should not suffer sunstroke.

In parenthesis, let me advise all able-bodied travellers, be they men or women, never to go abroad without a canoe. The North German Lloyd Steamship Company in Southampton allowed *Caribbee* to travel as passengers' luggage, on deck at owner's risk, and thus at every port I had at my command a means of getting about in strange waters vastly superior to any public conveyance. I hear from canoeists that some steamship companies decline to take canoes, excepting at very high rates. In that case, let canoe associations unite in patronizing only such lines as are partial to canoes. My boat is only fourteen feet long and twenty-eight inches wide. Her draught is practically nil, and she weighs just sixty pounds. She can be tossed into a life-boat or tucked away behind a spar, and when anchor is dropped can be slipped down the gangway without any time lost.

Singapore has a most beautiful harbor. The entrance is between wooded bluffs, on which are pretty buildings and several batteries of first-class breech-loading sea-coast defence guns, not accessible to the photographer. It is all splendid canoeing-ground, for there are some seventy little islands close at hand, with ready shelter from sudden squalls. Our great steamer slipped into the port with so little room on either side that it seemed to me as though I could have tossed a biscuit ashore; it reminded me vaguely of some bits in the Inland Sea of Japan.

Let me confess, at the risk of incurring the contempt of the geographer, that I had been brought up to regard Singapore as a Malay place, and in no wise Chinese, for it is 1440 miles from Hong-kong, and in the midst of the territory identified with Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the

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Philippines. But I had not paddled far before I commenced to feel myself in China. Not the China of Peking, yet a seaport that was thoroughly Chinese. I passed the "Celestial" sampan, paddled by the same Chinaman that sculls the Yang-tse or the Pei-ho. Occasionally, to be sure, a Malay fisherman in his canoe passed me, but he seemed to be merely on a visit. It was a fresh-blowing day, and little white-caps danced about on top of the swell that broke upon the beach in front of the sea-wall. The boatmen, whose long cues were carefully coiled up out of the wind, took considerable interest in the doings of my craft, for there is a freemasonry afloat which breaks down the barriers of the most hardened customs prevailing ashore. John Chinaman is obviously improved by salt water—like the rest of us.

It is easy to realize the importance of this port after paddling several miles along the water-front of the place and finding the horizon perpetually blocked by a wall of ocean-going steamships carrying merchandise from every corner of the world.* There were Dutch, French, Austrian, Norwegian, Japanese, flags displayed. The only flag I missed very much was my own. I looked hard, but not a single American flag was to be seen amongst the crowded shipping.

The sampans of the Chinamen were crowding the roads, keeping up an active intercourse between land and the hundreds of junks and ships anchored in the offing. In these sampans the passengers were almost always Chinamen, who looked very much pleased with themselves—as they usually do when they are well treated. The whole water-side population seemed Chinese, and if I had not referred to statistical works on the subject, I should have concluded, from what met my eyes, that I was in China and not a British colony. After several miles of paddling, first in the sheltered inner harbor and then out through the open roadstead, I turned into the mouth of the Singapore River, where the first settlement was made, in 1819. It reminded me strongly of the entrance to the Grand Canal at Venice, and, by-the-way, the Chinaman sculls very much like a gondolier. Splendid commercial and governmental buildings distinguish this part of town; the impression produced on me was one of prosperous permanency. Massive stone walls formed the embankment, along which ran a broad smooth driveway. An iron suspension-bridge spanned the river here, and beyond it was a bit of smooth sward, about the size of the West Point Parade, which I found later crowded with perspiring colonists vigorously playing tennis, and otherwise proclaiming the wholesome Anglo-Saxon gospel of muscular Christianity, "Sweat and be saved!"

Up the Singapore River *Caribbee* threaded her way with caution. Those who have seen Henley during the boat-racing, or Broadway and Fulton Street in lower New York during business hours, can conceive the life afloat on the Singapore River. The Pasig River is to Manila what this stream is to Singapore. Junks were jammed so thickly together that I could readily have crossed the stream by springing from one to the other. There was a most bewildering shuttling in and out of slippery little sampans that dodged the heavier craft with a speed and dexterity recalling the hansom-cab of London. The men worked silently—naked athletes with earnest expressions playing at a game where the stakes were high, and where much appeared to depend upon moving without fouling a competitor. I missed the profanity and other noises usually associated with the bargee of Western civilization. The Oriental is silent in his anger, and equally so in his vengeance. The knife makes less noise than the revolver.

Not a white face did I see on the river, not a single white man's boat. It was all Chinese, with here and there a long native Malay canoe skimming along gracefully under the influence of half a dozen paddles.

Suddenly in this water life of Asiatic craft our attention was fixed by a native building which appeared to be a temple temporarily used as a boat-house, for from it protruded the nose of a cedar racing-shell. My curiosity was aroused; balancing my double-bladed paddle thoughtfully, I took stock of the probable membership of the Singapore Rowing Club. While I hesitated, a courtly

* The United States Treasury Department gives the trade of Singapore (April, 1898) as $210,000,000, consequently larger than that of all Japan ($195,000,000), or all the Dutch East Indies ($147,000,000). Only the Empire of China ($277,000,000) rivals this little British port in the total of its commerce.

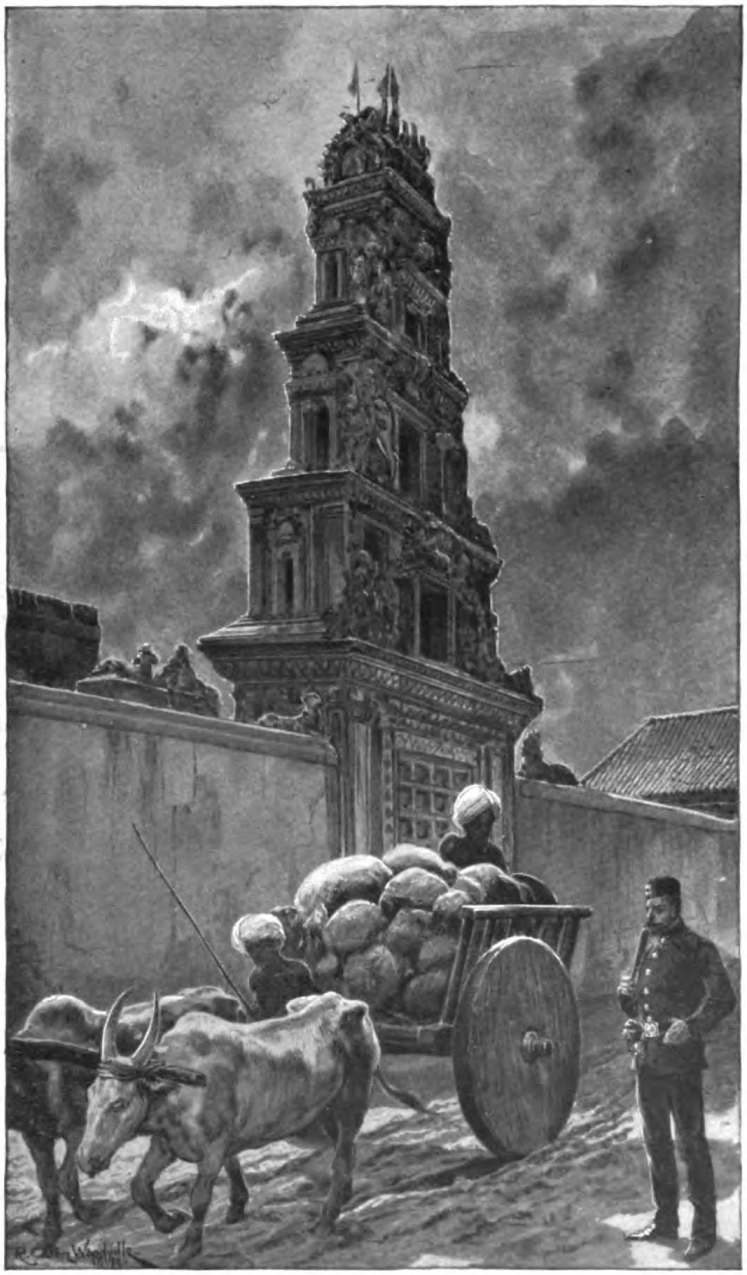
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BY THE CANALS, SINGAPORE.

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Oriental with a turban on his head and a flowing garment suggestive of clerical dignity strode gravely out of the building and approached the water's edge, scattering before him a fine white powder, which proved to be sand. There was something suggestive of religious rites in his movements, as if he were scattering incense before a water divinity, and that divinity *Caribbee*. He finished the ceremony by making me a reverential bow. Soon a second functionary and he bore from the temple a small wooden platform, which he reverently placed so that I could step ashore dry-shod.



AT A TEMPLE GATE, SINGAPORE.

Out I jumped, and without a word from me, my sacerdotal-looking friends raised the tiny boat gently in their arms and carried her to a soft spot on the floor, where she spent the night.

I attempted conversation with the grave wardens of this interesting place, but after exhausting such languages, living and dead, as I had at command, I made up my mind that amidst people so gifted with the capacity of anticipating human desires language was superfluous, and therefore I left my card for the secretary, and sallied forth into the town with the idea of reaching Government House.

The streets were crowded with little man-carriages—jinrikishas pulled by active Chinese coolies—much more beautiful wagons than those in Ceylon, and much better manned. Here are the real Japanese ones, all lacquered over with dragons and mermaids and Fujiyamas and pine-trees and storks. Then, too, these Chinese coolies are much stronger men than the

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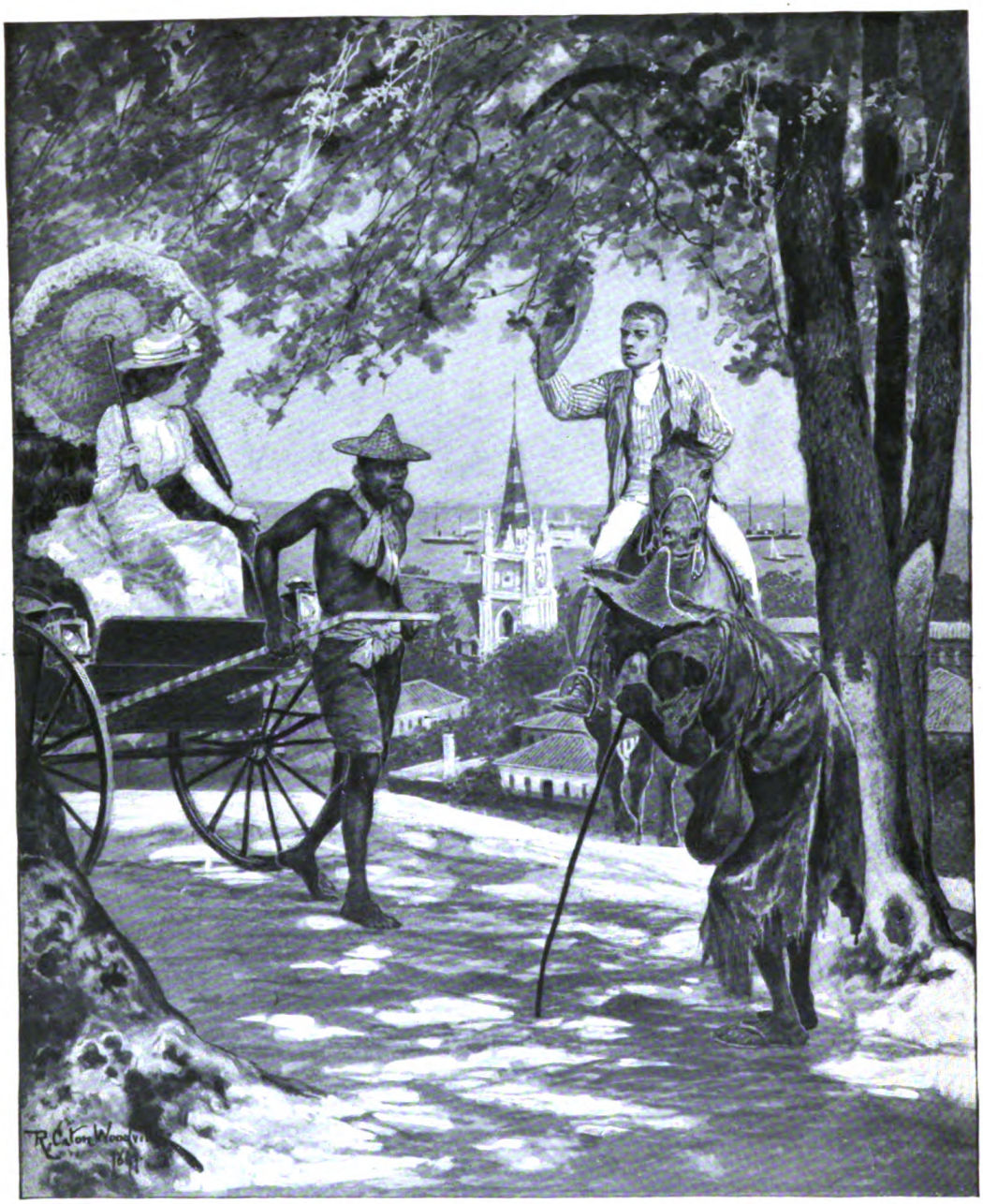
East-Indians, and they run along with greater speed. I walked along streets that seemed to belong to Canton or Teen-tsin, and to me the amazing feature of it was that all this should be at Singapore, a British crown colony of Malay origin. Here at least the Chinaman has proved his capacity for succeeding in pretty nearly every kind of commercial enterprise, and here alone he appears willing to make a display of his wealth with an ostentation rather offensive to traders less successful, particularly to white people who have lived in other colonies, where Chinamen are not granted equal rights with Europeans.

Towards evening I saw carriage after carriage driving on the main promenade fronting the sea, taking Chinamen for an airing. Not your ordinary carriage, but an equipage of most showy description, drawn by fiery little horses which are driven with the apparent desire of passing everything on the road. On the box I noted servants in livery that would have delighted a circus troupe. Coachman and footman were dressed alike, and sat up with a dignity worthy of the Lord Mayor's coach. Lolling back on the cushions would be a Chinaman, in native garb, his legs ostentatiously crossed, a cigarette between his fingers, and on his face a look of such self-conscious happiness as is seldom seen outside the nursery. In Singapore the wealthy Chinaman dresses in native garb, with the exception of the head-covering, which is European, mainly a soft white felt hat. I had seen nothing like this in San Francisco or Peking. It opened up a wholly new perspective on the subject of the Chinese in America. We have excluded him nominally because he refused to identify himself with the country where he earned his money; we complained that he made his little pile and then hurried home to spend it. We charged him with miserly habits, of adding nothing to the prosperity of the community in which he settled.



A CHINESE HOUSE, SINGAPORE.

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OUTSIDE THE TOWN, SINGAPORE.

Here in Singapore, 1440 miles from Hong-kong, are about 100,000 Chinamen, not only spending on their personal needs as much as the average European merchant, but exhibiting a taste for the display of wealth such as cannot fail to please any retail dealer. Indeed, the rich Chinese of Singapore show much more disposition to spend money on dress and costly living than Europeans.

A white merchant of the place, who was familiar with the Eastern Archipelago from Borneo to Manila, told me that the Chinese were steadily spreading themselves and acquiring power throughout this part of the world by reason of their thrift and capacity for business, and that their progress was impeded only by hostile legislation. In Java, the Dutch treat the Chinaman as they do the native Malay

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—as an inferior creature. Consequently the Chinaman finds there no temptation to display his wealth. In Singapore, on the contrary, the Chinaman is treated before the law like any other British subject, and consequently he finds this colony a congenial place for him to live in. Traders who had been accustomed to regard the Chinaman as an inferior being declared it outrageous that Chinamen should be allowed to ride in carriages and give their dust to white men. I suppose I should feel likewise if I had to take the Chinaman's dust; but since my lot is not cast in Singapore I can afford to ignore such details, and dwell with more satisfaction on the great general prosperity which has come in the Chinaman's wake.

This Chinese question is one we Americans cannot escape, legislate how we may. Though we forbid them ingress at New York and San Francisco, they land at Vancouver and drip over our northern frontier for the price of a week's washing. They are already a power in the West Indies, and though New Orleans may forbid their landing, it would take more than the frontier police of Russia to prevent their slipping across from Mexico. We cannot effectively exclude them if we would, and therefore is it the more important for us to study this question seriously as one that cannot be disposed of by an act of Congress.

We may find some comfort in reflecting that, however much we may denounce the Chinaman collectively, he is, individually, highly appreciated by the white man who employs him. He has many qualities akin to those which make the Jew disliked, if not dreaded, throughout the world; but whereas the Israelite shows aversion to manual labor, the Chinaman labors at handicraft with an energy and persistency truly extraordinary.

The British flag was hoisted over Singapore by the East India Company in 1819, eighty years ago. At that time Chinamen were unknown in the place, save on passing junks as sailors. At a time when colonial government meant almost universally a monopoly to be exploited, Singapore from the very outset was permitted to become a shining example of what free trade can do when fairly tried.

The British East India Company, quite unconsciously, laid the foundations of Singapore's prosperity by tolerating in that port a freedom of trade wholly unknown in other parts of the East Indies. Singapore was regarded as of no particular commercial value, though as an outpost towards the Dutch and Spanish East Indies it was deemed worth holding and fortifying. Calcutta was 1500 miles away, and this, in those sailing-ship days, meant that the Governor of Singapore ruled practically according to his own best judgment, for he was pretty well cut off from that mischievous form of guidance which the disrespectful refer to as official meddling.

Thus it came about that while Holland, Spain, France, and Portugal discouraged commerce by heavy port dues, and placed disabilities upon immigrants, Singapore, with an indifference which might readily pass for political genius, drew to itself a splendid harvest of population and trade. Starting as a mere jungle in 1819, already in 1824 the town numbered 12,000. In the next twenty years it more than trebled; and when Captain Semmes visited the port with the *Alabama* in 1864, he found a population of 91,000 and a trade representing £17,000,000. There were then eighteen American full-rigged ships in the harbor, for we must bear in mind that in those days the United States contested with England the carrying-trade of the Far East.

The Chinese have contributed a very large share to the growth of this colony in more ways than one. They come as coolies, selling themselves into bondage for a period of years, giving their bodies in mortgage for payment of their passage from Canton. On landing they are turned over to Chinese contractors who work plantations in the interior, and when their time of service has expired, if they have not been eaten by a tiger, they are free to seek other employment or go home. They generally drift towards the town of Singapore, and there find abundant field for their industry in handicrafts and commerce.

To-day the Chinamen in Singapore represent 100,000 out of a total population of 160,000 (census 1891). They are thus stronger numerically than the native Malays re-enforced by immigrants from British India. But strong as they are in numbers, these give but a faint idea of their relative strength in economic re-

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spects. Malays and Hindoos might disappear to-morrow, and the Straits Settlements would still flourish. On the other hand, it would be hard to measure the loss to the community if that population of pigtails were to dwindle. Legislators may argue to the satisfaction of their racial prejudices, but no arguments can alter the marvellous fact that Singapore, growing up in the midst of ancient island colonies, under the very noses of Batavia and Manila, welcomed the people and the products of all its rivals, and within the lifetime of one man took rank among the few great seaports of the world. More astonishing still is the fact that this great colonial triumph has been achieved without the firing of a single gun, without the shedding of one drop of blood. For two centuries and more has the history of colonial Holland and Spain been an unsightly record of native insurrection and bloody suppression. The Philippines and Java seem drenched with blood as we read in their annals about the white man's struggle for supremacy.

It is something for every Anglo-Saxon to recall with pride, that in the eighty years of Singapore history an English Governor, assisted by an English judge and a few dozen white policemen, has maintained justice between natives of diverging race and creed, and asserted the law without ever having recourse to military measures.

There was, to be sure, in 1854, a riot, but it was confined to the partisans of two rival Chinese provinces; and though it lasted a fortnight and resulted in some broken Chinese heads, it is noteworthy that not a single white policeman or soldier was injured. Yet, then as now, the natives were strong enough to drive the white man out of the island had they been so inclined. Not only have they not done so, but so far there is no evidence that such a movement would be popular in any native quarter. I have ventured upon this much of digression because in the Philippines problems are confronting the United States which in the past have taxed the resources of older and more military nations. But let us go on with our walk in quest of the Governor's palace.

After walking long enough for health at the equator, I picked out a smiling Chinese jinrikisha-man, and seated myself in his trap, with the remark that I wished to go to Government House. He appeared to accept my proposition with a smile, which I interpreted to be one of intelligence, and bolted down a broad, well-kept avenue crowded with Chinese shops and artisans making their wares in the open air. He threaded his way through a traffic made up partly of men carrying loads at the end of bamboo poles, and freight-wagons drawn by little bullocks. It seemed to me that these nice little soft-eyed animals were not treated here so kindly as in Ceylon, and did not look quite so happy. The Singapore driver holds in his hand the tail of the animal he is driving, which is distinctly derogatory to the dignity of an animal whose ancestors have been held sacred. It may be that the drivers whom I noted in Singapore used the tail merely by way of a bovine telephone wire, and exclusively for communications of an agreeable nature. But I suspect that tail-twisting plays at times a part.

My smiling Chinaman trotted down one crowded thoroughfare, and then turned and trotted down another, every now and then turning his head with an appearance of great satisfaction. This was all very well, but it was not Government House. Singapore appeared to be as big as Peking, after a while, though infinitely more clean. We passed a stretch of road that was being newly macadamized. The steam-roller was of the most approved English make. The watering-cart was drawn by little white bullocks, and driven by Malays with turbans. It seemed to take five Malays to do this driving. One roosted aloft on top of the barrel for the purpose of controlling the outgo of water. He seemed very proud of his appointment. Another native in a big turban roosted on the pole and controlled the little cattle. Evidently the man who drove was not allowed to control the water also. Then there was a man in thin brown legs and much turban who walked solemnly behind, enjoying a foot-bath on the Kneipp-cure plan. He was obviously a government functionary, though his exact sphere of usefulness I could not discover. He appeared to be something in the nature of a rear-guard. Then there was a fore-loper, or advance-guard, for the purpose of clearing the way. There appeared to be an idea that the little bullocks might suddenly go mad and

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rush ahead; at any rate, it gave congenial employment to one more native, and that was something. There was yet another, who bent down now and then to pick up a piece of stone or brush away some irregularity unseen by ordinary eyes. This outfit was a treat to me. It was solemn; it was full of self-consciousness; it was magnificently Oriental. Every man about that water-cart bore upon his chocolate-colored shoulders the full responsibilities of British prestige in the Far East. I have seen men in sublime moments. I have seen the red-capped station-master of Germany strut up and down his platform when an imperial train is about to arrive; but even that impressed me less than the watering-cart of Singapore with its municipal hierarchy of Malay ministers, each one earning perhaps two cents per day.

But all this brought me no nearer to Government House!

My patience at length gave out, and I asked my Chinaman if he knew where he was going. He only smiled. I said, with studied distinctness, "Government House." My reward was another smile. Then I said something else. He smiled again.

It began to dawn upon me that he had understood nothing from the outset, and that I was hopelessly lost for the time being. I began to be homesick, which is usually the sequel of helplessness.

But a kind providence sent an Englishman my way. He was driving a dog-cart. He told me that the Chinese jinrikisha-men were not supposed to know any English, that they started off and stopped only when you told them, they are not supposed to know one building from another, that when you wish to go to right or left, you indicate that by means of your foot or stick.

"But what about strangers like myself?" said I. "What if he had never stopped?"

"Well, it wouldn't have done much harm. You couldn't have got off the island; and besides, the jinrikisha-man has a right to take a rest after ten miles."

So I thanked my good Samaritan, after he had started me straight for the Governor's residence. On the way I calculated my chances of ever having found my way back, had I been carried off indefinitely by my energetic coolie. I was told subsequently that Singapore Island is twenty-five miles long by fourteen wide, and that the principal inhabitants, after Chinese, are snakes, alligators, and tigers.

Before I came to Singapore my notion about tigers was that they disappeared, like our buffalo, before advancing civilization. Here, however, on most trustworthy authority, it is apparently just otherwise—civilization attracts the wild beast. It has been officially established that when the colony was founded in 1819 no such thing as a tiger was known on the island, whereas now this enterprising animal destroys human life at the rate of one man per day for this island alone. It was for a long time a mystery how the first tiger arrived from the mainland, but in 1835 one was discovered choking to death in the fishing-nets off the shore facing the mainland, and in such a position as showed that he had been swimming towards Singapore. Since then others have been seen in the water, all making for Singapore, with the same object in view as the other immigrants—namely, to make a living. This tiger question has been the subject of Parliamentary investigations, and rewards have been offered to those who would abate the nuisance, but so far with little satisfactory result. Tigers and Chinese continue to increase; and some there are who think that there are worse things than tigers, seeing that his victims are Chinamen.

There seems little doubt that these savage beasts are not driven from the mainland by want of food alone, for game is abundant over there, much more so than in Singapore. The attraction to the tiger can be only one thing—human blood. For the gratification of his craving he invades a populous little island, where the odds against him would appear to be overwhelming, and speedy extermination almost certain.

So anomalous was all this to me that I subsequently sought information from a venerable official, who gave me a solution equally remarkable. According to this gentleman, the increase of tigers in Singapore is a direct result of the coolie trade and its inevitable abuses. There are plenty of humane regulations governing this traffic, but the Chinese evade them easily, so that in fact the trade in Chinese labor has about it more of cruelty than the old African slave trade; for when the negro was a chattel it was in the interest

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of the ship to bring him safe to market, but in the case of the Chinaman the junk-owner is no loser if part of his cargo dies on the way. When coolies arrive in Singapore they are smuggled away on to the plantations, and there set to work in the clearings fringed by jungle. Here the tiger lies in wait, and when the unfortunate man's back is turned, steals up, and with one spring smashes in his skull by a blow with a fore paw, fastens his teeth into the neck of the dead coolie, tosses him across his back, as a fox would a goose, and trots away with him into the thicket.

When that man is missed, the employer knows well what has happened, but it is his interest to keep others from knowing anything about it, lest his plantation acquire a bad reputation in the coolie-market. If the white authorities ask questions, they are told that the man ran away or died by some accident—anything but a tiger. As employers do not pay their coolies until they have worked out their contract time, of course they are as little concerned as the junk-owners regarding the fate of their men, and complete police supervision of this matter is extremely difficult where Chinamen are concerned.

If any comfort can be found in this reign of terror, it is that the tiger is a coward, like all his tribe, and that he has never been known to kill a man excepting from behind. The only remedy that will purge the island of this pest is to cut down the jungle completely. The next best thing is to construct broad roads throughout the island, and establish the largest possible number of outposts where travellers may at least find night quarters. Meanwhile the sportsman in search of the tiger can anticipate a warm welcome in Singapore from all classes of the population—to say nothing of the tigers.

At last, after bowling along over splendidly smooth broad roads, my Chinaman sped me into a beautiful park, with sward so fresh and velvety as to suggest the gardens of Oxford or Cambridge. A Chinaman was mowing as I passed. His pigtail wagged in unison with his scythe—an emblem of the new China—the pigtail swinging in the service of white government. That Chinaman who mowed the grass in front of the Singapore Government House, if he ever return to his country, will be a white man's missionary for the removal of native prejudice. At last I reached the Singapore Government House, a palace which stands on a magnificent height overlooking land and sea for many miles. The Governor, a healthy boating and tennis sort of a looking man, with honest blue eyes and a soldierly bearing, welcomed me and explained many things. He took me to the top of the roof at the risk of my neck, and made me feel that the White House at Washington could be tucked away into one wing of this palace and still leave lots of room for the Governor. It is a more impressive building than any at Potsdam, or even Versailles. It is vast, yet so beautifully proportioned that the general impression is pleasing. Before the door paced a white British soldier of the Lancashire regiment, dressed in a cool tropical uniform, with sun-helmet—such as our troops sadly lacked both in Manila and in Cuba. I could not help contrasting the uniform of this British sentry with the shamefully inadequate outfit given to our brave men, whose necessities were made the sport of corrupt contractors and politicians.

There are those, not merely in Germany, who tell me that England is "played out," that she is rotten, that she has had her day, that she cannot fight, that her empire will crumble at the first hard knock. This I believe less and less as I see more of the men who hold together the British Empire abroad. England still manages to give her colonies an administration that attracts men of capacity, of physical courage, and honesty. The Governor at Singapore was no exception. He carried in his manner and face the evidence of being a gentleman well trained by many years of military and civil employment to occupy the responsible post he held. He gave me the key to British success in colonial government—namely, pick your men carefully, promote them when they do well, pay them handsomely, and retire them on a pension when they become old. The Governor of Singapore has a palace to live in, has a handsome allowance for entertainment, and on top of it all a yearly salary of about $17,000 in gold. He may consider himself as receiving three times as much pay as an American ambassador to England. No wonder, then, that England attracts her best men

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into the public service. We also possess such men, but they rarely appear in office unless they are very rich. I did not meet a single American consul in the whole of the Far East whose salary enabled him to live decently, and scarcely one who enjoyed the confidence or even the respect of the best American merchants. Amongst English officials I found cordial sympathy for Admiral Dewey in Manila, and the belief was confidently expressed that the Philippine Islands could be easily governed if the United States sent out good men and gave them a good tenure of office with adequate salaries.

In Singapore the United States should own or lease a suitable building as a consular office. At present the American eagle is tacked up at the end of a hotel corridor. It seemed to me as though the natives would have more respect for the American flag if they could see it daily associated with some other building than the local hotel.

It was to this hotel, and to our consul, Mr. Spencer Pratt, that there came in June of 1898 a delegation of Philippine patriots — the first delegation ever sent from that people to a representative of the United States. They formally thanked our consul for his efforts in arranging for the return to Manila of General Aguinaldo, who had been living in Singapore. Mr. Pratt was therefore the first to call Admiral Dewey's attention to Aguinaldo's whereabouts. Between them the rebel chief was smuggled to Manila, but subsequent events gave little comfort to the United States in so far as this Philippine leader was concerned.

When the German Emperor wished to interest his Parliament in the German navy — that is to say, desired an extra big vote of money — he gave every German Congressman a free pass over the railway from Berlin to Kiel; entertained him handsomely on board specially chartered steamers during the festivities incident to the opening of the Baltic Canal; took him out to see the war-ships manœuvre; invited him to magnificent dinners, and let him have free champagne. It was a complete success. We must do something like it, minus champagne. We want our Congressmen to see how foreign nations run colonies, so that we may know how to manage our own. We want to know why Spain, Portugal, and France are losing their colonial grip all over the world, why Germany attracts no Germans to her possessions, and why England draws to her flag the trade of all nations. If it is true that trade follows the flag, Germany appears to be an exception, for her trade follows almost any other flag rather than her own. A million dollars a year might be well spent in giving Congressmen free trips to the Far East, and thus securing in Washington a legislative council made up of men who have seen how the world's commerce is carried on.

A German merchant established for many years in Hong-kong said to me, only a few hours ago:

"I am a German, and I love my country, yet I cannot conceive of a greater calamity to Germans in China than that Hong-kong should become the property of Germany. Under the English flag I have personal liberty equal to that of any Englishman. If the German flag should wave here to-morrow, I should move away."

This is pretty strong language for a German to use at this time, but it is language worth repeating, for it represents the attitude of the typical German merchant abroad as distinguished from the German in the pay of the government.

Another German fellow-passenger was a technical electrical engineer going to Kiau-chau as the representative of a great Berlin house. He had with him, as nominal travelling companion, a retired Prussian army officer. He was seeking concessions from the German authorities in China, and the ex-officer was taken along as a social partner merely, in order to get access to those in power. I learned soon that he represented, besides, not merely an American, but likewise electrical concerns in Paris and St. Petersburg.

The explanation he gave me was significant of the manner in which the common-sense of business men defeats the jingoism of military monarchs. "You see," said he, "our governments spend their time in making us hate one another and prepare for war. This sort of thing is bad for trade. Now my electrical concern in Berlin is part of one in America, France, and Russia. Suppose the Russian government call for bids for electric machinery; we know they will give it only to Russian subjects. Very

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good. Our *Russian* house bids for it. It is successful. It is working with our capital and machinery. It merely puts a Russian stamp on a German or American machine, and the government advertise it as a triumph for Russian industry. Some things are made better in America, some things better in Germany. We have a perfect understanding on this subject, and compensate one another in a variety of ways.

"For instance, the Spaniards want an electric plant. We bid for it—that is to say, we let our French house bid for it. It is really an American concern that bids and furnishes the best part of the machinery, but the Spaniard does not know this. He thinks he is dealing strictly with his French ally. We all share in the profit.

"In this way we propose to work Kiau-chau. We send this German officer to make the officials believe that this is a very patriotic enterprise, for we know that no American would be received there. Ultimately, however, much of the machinery will come from America, but by way of Berlin, and stamped with a German label.

"The Russians will deal only with their own people, and they look upon a commercial concession strictly from a political point of view. Other nations have very much the same short-sighted policy. Consequently we must humor them, and form our private international alliances in spite of the stupidity of our rulers. While Germany and America are talking of war, our firm in Berlin is giving pledges to its friends in New York to the effect that no clouds on the political horizon shall for a moment dim the good business understanding actuating us. We Germans are not such fools as our officials think we are, or as our official press makes us out to be."

For the benefit of those who have never visited the East by way of Suez, let me add a few personal impressions on the subject—gathered between London and Hong-kong. A pleasant feature of the German mail-steamers is the band of music recruited from the stewards in the second cabin. These play on deck after dinner, and afford an excellent opportunity to those who regard dancing as one of the most healthy of recreations. Our steamers might do worse than copy this excellent institution. Then, too, the Germans have a rule at sea which works very well. They do not allow the officers of their ships to lounge about amongst the passengers. The officers mess by themselves, and are presumed to have their hands full with their navigation duties. I have heard many complaints from English travellers that on British mail-steamers the officials spend too much time amusing themselves with the passengers, particularly with the women. I have heard Englishmen say they would never send their wives or daughters home from the East excepting on a German ship, and for this reason.

When the Sabbath day comes around (and between Southampton and Hong-kong there are six or seven Sundays), I, for one, miss very much the church service which plays so dignified a rôle in the Sunday aboard a British ship. The German captain honors the Sabbath merely by allowing the band to play a hymn tune in the passageway at about seven o'clock of the morning. For the rest of the day the band plays the usual secular or dance music, card-playing goes on as usual in the smoking-room—in short, nothing much is done to mark the fact that the ship is in the service of a Christian nation which officially takes much interest in the work of evangelizing China in general and Shan-tung in particular. As to the relative discipline on board German and English ships to the Far East, that is a question very difficult to discuss. Certainly no ships surpass the German in discipline, so far as the eye can judge of such things. From my own observation, I should say the Germans compared favorably with the English at sea. After all, the type of man that goes to sea from Hamburg or Bremen is not much different from the one from London or Liverpool, and the most important thing about a great steamship line is that the forces at work should be under thorough control and organization. Our German ship showed on all sides the result of constant attention to detail, of harmony between all grades of officers and men, to an extent certainly equal to what I have ever noted on board any English ship.

If I were called upon to organize a big steamship line to the East, I should seek a compromise between English, German, and Chinese methods. The firemen and stewards should be Chinese; the cooking

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and catering should be in the hands of Germans; the captain and crew might be English. Germans know how to manage hotels, restaurants, and musicians.

Perhaps the most happy feature of this German steamer is that we have on board a laundry worked by Chinese. It is a most excellent one, and turns out shirt fronts and ladies' muslins as nicely as could possibly be done in New York or London. The prices, too, are fair, so that one can now make a forty days' journey at sea and require no more linen than on a run across the Atlantic. This feature has not yet been adopted by the English lines. It is well worth a trial.

The German lines to the East have Chinese firemen, and a goodly number of Chinese servants as assistants in the kitchen and pantry departments, but they have not yet seen their way to employing them exclusively as stewards, as is the case on the line from Vancouver to Hong-kong. This German company would make the change, I am told, did they not fear a political demonstration on the part of the labor party in the German Reichstag. Indeed, it is strange that the Socialists permit Chinese firemen to take the places of white men on a subsidized German line.

Our captain speaks in the highest terms of the Chinese as firemen, and heartily wishes he could have all the stewards Chinese. He has at this moment three hundred Chinese passengers on deck going from Singapore to Hong-kong. He says he never has trouble with Chinamen. One does not know that they are aboard. They are scrupulously clean—infinitely more so than a corresponding number of white passengers—do not quarrel, do not talk loudly, do not cost the company anything excepting water. They cook their own food, bring their own matting and utensils, and ask only the privilege of stretching out over a hatchway. For the four or five days' run between Singapore and Hong-kong (1440 miles) they pay five dollars apiece, and the company makes money by the transaction.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

WHEN love is dead, draw thou the lattice close,
Shut out the world, with all its blare and din;
Rain down the petals of the faded rose,—
Lest pity enter in.

When love is dead, weave thou a checkered pall
Of broken promises and faith unkept;
For in the twilight, when the soft dews fall,
Thy heart shall know Love wept.

The bee shall drone his homely, humming note
Upon thine ear until thy day shall pass;
The wood bird shall reproach thee from the moat,
And things that throng the grass.

A little child shall look with wondering eye
Into thine own, and greet thy smile with tears;
A butterfly with ghostly wings shall die,
And haunt thee through the years.

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THE GIRL AT GLASER'S

BY EVELYN MOSSE LUDLUM

CHATA GLASER, stirring up baking-powder biscuit for supper, had brought her pan of flour and moulding-board into the front room of the parental adobe, so that she might establish easy communication with her brother Cad, aged fourteen, whom she had bribed to sit in the doorway and tell her what was happening outside.

"That *was* Domingo who crossed the flat a bit ago," drawled Cad, without looking round. "He's a-comin' back."

Chata watched from where she stood in the shadow, and was presently rewarded by seeing a horseman flash across a rectangle of the out-door sunlight. Domingo. She knew the tilt of his silver-trimmed sombrero and the carry of his fine shoulders.

Chata thumped the dough she was rolling with loud thumps before inquiring, indifferently,

"He ain't a-hitching up?"

"He's waitin' round, sure," said Cad.

Chata fell silent, but it was only to give her entire attention to business. When once her cookery was in the oven, she would have a few moments to herself.

Meanwhile other people were arriving, and Cad announced them all by name, Indians as well as Mexicans. Soon, whipping out of sight, Chata made herself heard in lively clankings of stove iron, and in an instant was beside her brother where he lounged on the door-sill.

The view thence of a huge inland cattle-ranch, dry with the long California summer and sternly shut in by desert mountains; of little-travelled roads leading by endless windings to regions rather than places—such loneliness and nakedness must have been appalling to some natures. But Chata, though seventeen years old, had never seen a town, and there were no sharp contrasts in her mind. She did not ask a livelier scene than that presented by her father's store on mail-days, twice a week. The store was of adobe like the house, and stood opposite it across the road, dwelling and store together being all there was of Glaser's.

"Wonder if Domingo's looking for a letter?" she hazarded.

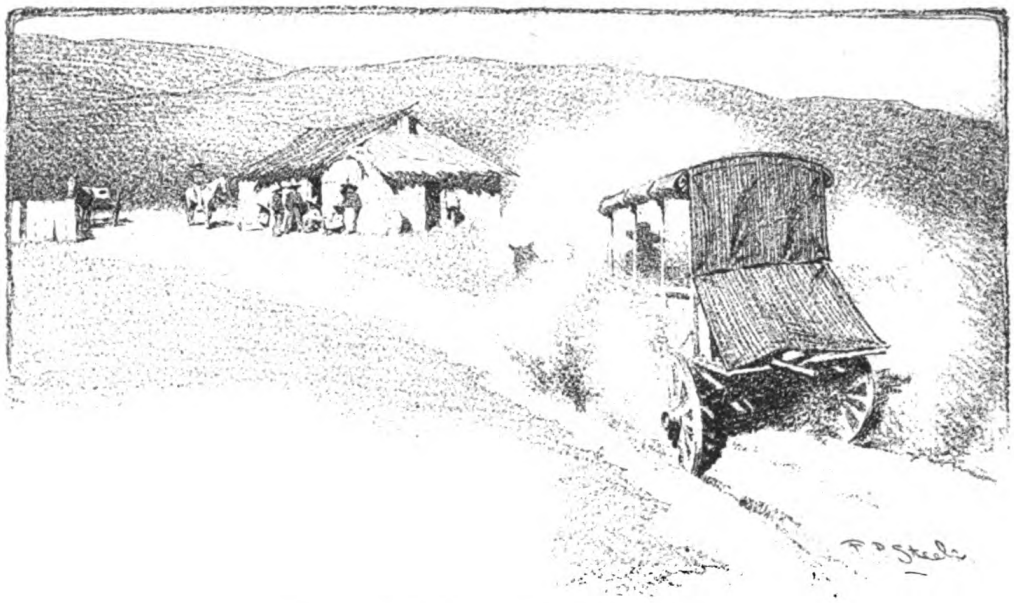
Cad was just starting off for the store, but he did turn and give her the knowing grin of a boy who finds he is beginning to see through a girl's tricks. So she wanted to make talk about the handsome half-breed, did she?

"Aw, ycu know!" he scoffed, with an accent of conveying the superfluous. "He's on'y just waitin' round to see folks."

The crowd at Glaser's may now have numbered a full dozen, Glaser himself being the only white man—a distinction, however, that was all but obliterated by his mode of life and long-continued association with the frontier. Some men lounged on boxes; one or two were still in their wagons. Domingo Brown alone—he was of Indian blood on his mother's side, but of a white father—showed himself on horseback, and therefore at his best. Under his careless pose what need to say there lurked a thrilling consciousness of the dwelling-house opposite? For like reason, and not really to relieve the tedium of waiting for the stage, he was even then daring Pepe, an Indian boy, to a trial of speed between their respective ponies. That bit of road between house and store had seen much horse-play time and again, but this race was not to be. A blur of dust lifted itself leisurely into view at a distance, beyond a tongue of rolling land; a great cloud of soldier-blackbirds rose on a thousand wings, swerved aside; and the stage was in sight.

There was nothing of gallant California tradition in this stage; no thundering in-speed with crack of whip and jovial voice of bandit-defying Jehu. An ancient surrey, beetle-slow in progress, sufficed for the mail, a small trade in parcels, and a large trade in gossip. Travel by that route there was practically none, and yet to-day there was actually a strange

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL AT GLASER'S.

face beside the well-known countenance of Celso, the driver.

The dusty trap drives up and stops in a dead silence. In a dead silence the flat-bowelled mail-pouch is thrown out. Glaser lets it lie unnoticed. He is watching the new arrival, who is vigorously mopping his face and whipping his garments with a large white handkerchief — sure indication of the city man: what few handkerchiefs Glaser carries in stock are brilliant orange and yellow. The stranger emerges from the thickest of the dust to show a keen bright face, pink and blond and sunny, and all the brighter in contrast with the stolid dark faces around him.

Celso the stage-driver, silently appealed to, makes a gesture toward Glaser, a stiff-whiskered small man with a repellent eye.

Glaser yields his hand to be shaken, but with a grunt. What he more than suspects is that Celso has got him in on the business of entertaining this chap, of putting him up, at least for the night: where else is there to go?

The stranger remains beautifully unimpressed by saturnine speculations.

"Now what I am looking for," he hastens to say, with great openness of heart and an equal trust in the tempting nature of his business, "is mines—to list 'em. Everything goes down in my good books, from a hundred-stamp mill to a white rag on an outcropping, only providing the 'color' is in sight, and enough of it." His eyes shoot sparkles of worldly wisdom into the somewhat bovine eyes of his auditors. "For I'll tell you what it is," and he doubles his chin upon the edge of his very high linen collar with an air of dignity, "I represent money."

"Dere ain't no mines here," says Glaser, his tones fairly crackling with dryness.

"Oh, come, you know!" scoffs Stannard, good-humoredly—he has given his name as Stannard; "you fellows in this country all have an interest in some 'find' or other"—and gathering a handful of cigars from various pockets of his attire, he offers them to Glaser for first pick, with the remark, "You put me up to-night, and to-morrow I'll begin looking round."

But Glaser pushes the cigars away with the back of his red-hairy hand. "I ain't putting nobody up," he declares, crossly. "I don't keep open house here. Dere is only my daughter to cook."

Unabashed by which rebuff, only amused by the unconscious cannibalism of the last sentence, Stannard winks—at Domingo, as it happens. But Domingo remains darkly impervious to any merely verbal jest, and Stannard addresses himself once more to Glaser:

"I know, you know, that you do put

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up the stage-driver. Whatever is good enough for him is good enough for me; crackers and cheese from the store and an arm-load of hay will do me the nicest kind."

Even Glaser thaws under the good-comradeship expressed in the speaker's manner as well as in his words.

"Vell," he grunts, ignoring the hay and crackers, "you go talk to Chata;" and dragging the mail-pouch after him, he disappears in the store.

The traveller lifts a mystified eyebrow on his audience. "And who, pray, is Chata?" Whereupon divers heads, wreathed in smoke of his providing, are ready to wag him solemnly toward the house opposite.

Stannard glances that way, and acknowledges his susceptibility to an eternal influence by slight yet eloquent perkings-up of his being. Chata is still in the doorway.



"CHATA ONLY SITS THRONED."

He crosses the road and opens a sagging gate under the darkly meditative gaze of Domingo, who, forgetting to smoke, only guards the glowing point of his cigar in the brown hollow of his hand.

But all that Stannard sees is Chata sitting alone on her door-stone under a magnificent grape-vine, whose lusty growth has everywhere burst through the sort of wooden awning, its support. He approaches her, hat in hand, with the suavity of a man on delightfully sure ground. Her father has consented that he should stay there all night if she—Miss Glaser—be willing.

What is his expectation—shyness; an effusion of welcome?

But Chata only sits throned, with a fine pervasive consciousness of being made the cynosure of many admiring glances, and lets Mr. Stannard wait a good minute, all pink and blond and smiling as he is.

"There ain't nothin' to hender you stayin'," she vouchsafes at last, "if you can put up with things;" and then, interrupting his hearty assurances on that point with a dryness hardly inferior to her father's, "Well, come in."

It did not seem to be in Chata any resentment at a stranger's intrusion. Her manner was sublimely neutral, indifferent.

Yet she might, indeed, have been reluctant to permit such a glance as Stannard's to take in the meagreness of her life in the old adobe—the wooden floor sagging and splintery; the comfortless hearth with its warped bricks; the careless frontier extravagance in sheath-knives and pistols displayed on the mantel; the scant, hide-seated chairs; the doors on every side standing wide, that outer one, which Chata had just vacated, to the inroads of dust and riffraff and predatory chickens and barefooted boys. The decorations on the dingy walls were perhaps worst of all—lurid calendars advertising a horse-liniment, tobacco, and axle-grease. Stannard even fancies that Chata presents the same high decorative note in her yellow dress, with a string of wax beads around her neck and a rattle-snake-skin belt around her waist.

The girl, with her red hair and clear dark skin, had beauty enough, though of an odd emotionless sort, to catch a masculine eye. Her figure, however, was not so

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fine as her face. It was only amateur dress-making, perhaps, but it looked very much as if that long back and proportionately hollow chest had been formed by too much dawdling on the door-stone, with nobody to see.

"It must be mighty hard on a young girl like you," Stannard ventured, "to live away out here, without any society."

"If you're meanin' folks," replied Chata, not resistently, but merely as stating a fact, "I see a heap. There are always the mail-days, and oncet in two or three months there is a ball up to the school-house."

Stannard promptly dropped his half-patronizing tone for one of conventional compliment:

"I hope there'll be a ball while I am in this part of the country. I would like a dance with you."

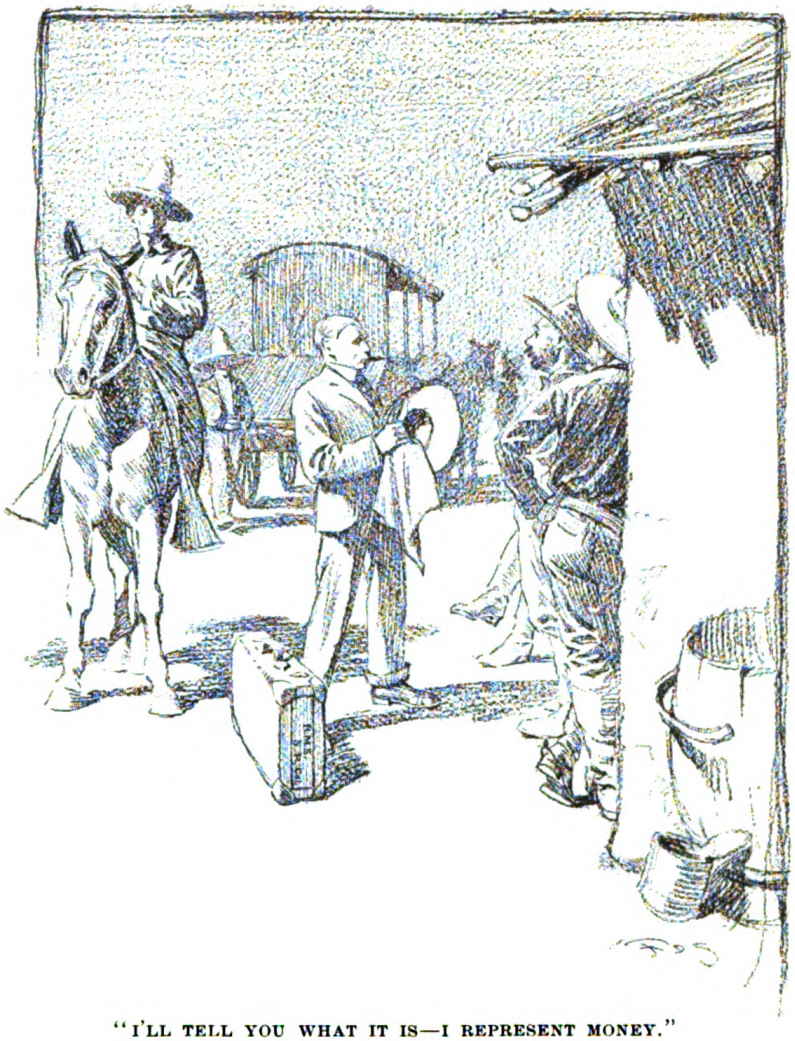
"'Twouldn't do you no good if there was a ball," she answered, with her air of imparting bottom facts. "I'm all took for the next—was before the last was over. Me and the school-teacher are the only ladies, and she is forty years old."

After a supper of beans and bacon, biscuit and coffee, Chata drew her guest aside to have a practical word with him.

"The boys has been sleepin' in the bed where you've got to sleep," she said. "Perhaps you'll mind?"

Stannard's air of always having had the best the world afforded was slightly clouded over. He looked at Chata inquiringly.

"I mean," she said, returning promptly to her native preference for calling a spade a spade, "there's no clean things for it."



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS—I REPRESENT MONEY."

And that was when Stannard thought ruefully of an arm-load of sweet-smelling hay.

Afterwards, however, he joined the stage-driver and Glaser in the store, and all discomforts seemed worth while. For Glaser, enjoying a fine cigar, mellowed under that influence, and gave the visitor all the information in his power, howbeit tinged with a dry pessimism that was characteristic.

"The mount'ins is vool of prospect-holes clear from here to Banner," he said, "and back again, and everybody's dying to sell till you come to naming a figger, and den—" he broke off with a contemptuous puff.

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"Bonanza prices, eh?" Stannard surmised.

Glaser nodded.

"And every tomfool of 'em so poor as he runs in debt for his beans and bacon! Dere's my brother-in-law—why," with a cynical twist of his features, "Rack Gliddings, he has a mine, too, the bigges' mine in the country"—a wry, interior smile here. "Gliddings, he has found the famous Pegleg—you're hearing of the Pegleg?—and much good it does him!"

"The Pegleg!" echoed Stannard, with a light laugh, mistaking the source of Glaser's cynical mirth. "Oh, a good many old prospectors have found the Pegleg, off and on!"

"Rack's got it fast enough," said Glaser, correcting him. "It ain't that. I've see the nuggets and coarse gold myself, and plenty of dem. He used to go down once in a while on the sly and dig, and come back and live like a lord, but the fellows got to folleyin' him, campin' on his trail, and he got scared, and he didn't go no more. But do you t'ink as he'll describe his location, or form a company to vork the mine, or even sell? No"—answering his last query with an air of hard disgust—"he won't even sell, or equivylent to it: he asks a cold half-million, cash, and his family livin' this two year off barley ground between stones, like so many Indians. Viskey is all he buyin' nowadays—on tick, over to Mexican Bob's."

A half-million, cash! But, then, if it were really the Pegleg! Golden shuttles began to weave to and fro in Stannard's head. The Midas touch could hardly be a myth, after all. But now to come face to face with this poor devil of a Gliddings—to tempt him—to triumph over him at very much less cost than half a million!

Glaser, keenly watching, must have seen the greed in Stannard's eyes. He put in a word of advice:

"But don't you go huntin' Gliddings up. Let him make the first move. You look round here for a few days, and he'll be hearin' of you."

And he ended by inviting Stannard to make Glaser's his headquarters indefinitely.

So it was settled, and the very next day queer old mountaineers began to find Stannard out, and to fill him full of marvellous stories—stories that they corroborated by exhibits of rock, and dingy papers that purported to be reports of assays. Sometimes, to while away the time of waiting for Gliddings, Stannard would go off on an all-day jaunt to look into some shaft or tunnel, and he always came back with a fresh sense of the humors of the country, the only drawback to his enjoyment being that he had no one with whom to share his good stories. Certainly not Glaser, nor the stage-driver, nor even Chata—Chata least of all. That young person took her life and surroundings, Stannard included, too soberly for any mirth about them. Under the sunshine of Stannard's evident approval, the old adobe soon assumed an air of unwonted thrift and cleanliness.

Her father and the boys, she told him with her usual candor, never had "minded things." Stannard was gratified. And, besides, Chata diverted him in a way she was quite unconscious of. Coming upon her suddenly one afternoon, he found her thrumming an old battered guitar, its strings pieced out by twine.

"You sing!" he cried.

Chata nodded assent across her instrument without ceasing her deep-toned humming.

"Alto?"

Chata shook her head in decided negative.

"Oh, soprano!"

But, to his surprise, Chata continued to shake her head.

"I on'y sing love-songs."

Stannard's eyes leaped with something more mischievous than satisfaction.

"I just been learned a new one before you came, by Mr. Rodriguez"—the stage-driver, though Stannard did not know his surname—"he hearing it over to the other end of the road."

"You'll sing it—for me?"

Now Chata meant to do just that, so his soft, pleading tone was quite unnecessary. She was already twanging some introductory arpeggios, and she began at once, with a serene air of conferring superlative delight. Her loud, drawling voice was of considerable range and of nerve-thrilling quality.

"Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay," sang Chata—"Love not, love not, for love will pass away." The moss of half a century had grown gray upon her

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new song. But Stannard must listen to more than that — her whole repertory, it seemed. For, without urging, she launched forth upon the ever-tender "Juanita"; and from that to "Maggie May" was but a change of key. She wound up with a Spanish song, whose primitive expression of passion she afterwards translated for her listener's behoof:

"Perdí la dicha
Y la esperanza
Cuando gozaba
De un amor incomprensible."

But after Chata had finished, it was Stannard's turn to display what he knew of new songs, and a barytone voice — rapture of its owner. Now began an altogether strange experience for Chata. Romance of a sort beyond her wildest dreams seeped through and through her as she heard herself wooed in the audacious verse and lilting measures of "Paradise Alley," "Lou'siana Lou," "Rosy O'Grady," and Heaven knows what besides. She listened until the frowning bowlder heaps that ringed Glaser's round seemed to melt together and waver mistily away. Soon she was going about her work singing a snatch here and a snatch there out of a whole headful of haunting melodies.

Very soon, too, there came a mail-day on which the customary gathering of men at the store was made aware of some change in Chata. She withheld her inspiring presence from the accustomed door-stone, while her voice could be heard ringing out from the house in the strenuous lyrical assertion that "Baby" was the name she loved—

"Sweeter than perfume of roses,
Softer than coo of a dove."



"'HE IS A FOOL,' SAID DOMINGO."

Domingo had dismounted from his horse, and was hanging around in hopes of catching a glimpse, at least, of Chata; but that song, with its tantalizing suggestions of a new influence at work in her life, was about to drive him to horse and away, when at last —at last!—a brilliant print dress freshly "done up" dazzled upon his vision.

Yet Chata was not settling herself in the doorway; she was walking toward the fence. A glance invited him to come over. He went at once, awkward with haste, yet his heart so shone through him that not his fine eyes only, but even his dark skin seemed radiant.

"I heard you singing," he began, eager to plunge into conversation, and speaking in Spanish, as always to Chata, for it was her tongue on her mother's side.

But Chata answered in English. Yes, that was one of her new songs. "I've been learned so many."

Domingo understood, and the light went out of him. The pupils of his eyes grew fixed and sombre.

Chata laughed. "Me an' Mr. Stannard sing together 'most every day."

Domingo's gaze went off from her face; he could no longer meet her eyes, the wrath in him was so fierce. His nostrils flared as if he had been running.

Chata's nature expanded under these evidences of deep emotion.

"Mr. Stannard is so awful smart," she drawled, with gay insolence. "He is educated so fine."

"He is a fool," said Domingo, moving his red lips with great precision to form the unwonted English words.

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Chata was in no wise daunted. "You ought to come in some time and hear his beau-ti-ful voice!"

To such an invitation at such a moment Domingo had no reply but in action. He turned on his heel, crossed the road, flung leg over horse, and went galloping madly off across the plain, without a backward glance.

Chata looked after him as far as she could see his flapping neckerchief, her young head cocked, her lips curled up deliciously at the corners.

Miles away from Glaser's at that very moment, perhaps, Stannard was thinking of Chata—and of divers other matters—with a self-complacency not to be outdone by hers.

He had left Glaser's on the morning before for a seventeen-mile drive by the nearest "cut-off" to Rack Gliddings's usual rendezvous. By certain information he knew that the owner of the Pegleg would be there, and in an expectant frame of mind, seeing that rumor had pictured Stannard everywhere as "a little tow-head feller with millions back of him."

The place of meeting was the nearest store from Glaser's. Stannard discovered it first from the top of a great billow of land, one of many billows rising eastward to a rugged "divide." Seen from that distance the squat adobe looked no bigger than a dog-house, perched as it was on the edge of an appalling wilderness of brush and rock. Approaching nearer, Stannard could see much the same sort of crowd, dark and listless, with which he had become familiar on mail-days at Glaser's, awaiting his arrival. Gliddings must be among them, and Gliddings, he knew, was a white man, but in those uniformly swarthy faces it was difficult—impossible—at a glance to detect the merely sun-browned from those who were browned by nature's deeper chemistries. To mistake an Indian for a Mexican, a Mexican for a white man, would not work harm, but there was danger in the reverse order. Stannard resolved not to commit himself. His blue, clear eyes, that had missed no point, good or bad, of Chata's make-up, and that could hide laughing criticism under bold admiration, now swept all observers with a genial openness.

"I am looking for a Mr. Rack Gliddings," he said.

His glance may have rested for a fraction of a second upon a man who was supporting his frame in an upright position by fitting shoulder and thigh to the wall.

"T'other's him," said this personage, turning a thumb in the proper direction. Whereat a tall figure in a faded canvas coat, his black hair hanging in tangled locks over his shoulders, rose from a box, solemnly shook hands with Stannard, and solemnly sat down again. Not a word about the great object of their meeting.

"I will pique the old party," thought Stannard, and he turned to the general company and got off much the same announcement with which he had edified Glaser's on the evening of his arrival there:

"What I'm after, boys, is mines. Everything goes down in my good books, only providing the color is in sight," and so on.

Here the word was magical. Grimy hands went down deep into pockets and brought up many and divers bits of rock, which, in turn, were eagerly spat on and polished with coat sleeves, in order that glittering particles might disclose themselves to Stannard's view.

Mexican Bob, who kept the store, would alone have engaged "the little tow-head feller with millions behind him" for a week's excursions to various mining properties. But, standing in the midst of the crowd, Stannard felt himself firmly pulled aside, and there was Rack Gliddings face to face with him, solemnly warning him.

"You fight shy of Bob," he whispered, lying confidentially, and driving his fictions home with a hand that patted Stannard's breast. "Greasers won't never sell for no figger. Soon 's you'd bite, he'd be up two naughts. You see how it is: these sort o' fellers round here lives in hopes so long their idees gets magnificenter every day. The most Bob would do would be to bondage—"

"Eh?" interrupted Stannard; and then, enlightened, "Oh, you mean he would bond."

"Jest what I said, *hombre*," returned Gliddings, a sombre dislike of word-sticklers glassing his deep-sunken eyes. "You might git Bob to bondage, but he'll never sell. Now I've got a mine out there on the desert"—and he launched into a history of his wonderful find:

"I'd always heard talk of how people were looking for something up near the

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Riverside county-line, so I wasn't thinkin' of the Pegleg at all one day, tramping it across the desert by the old trail through the San Felipe. Besides, I was on the homestretch, and sick o' prospecting for one while; still, habit had strong a-holt of me, and I caught myself picking up stuff as I went along; and that is how, just a-top of a mound, I found myself examining something queer and black I'd got off the surface of the ground. It had a heft to it like gold, and that set me to scratching the earth; and six inches down, sir, I came upon the real article in coarse grains and shining nuggets. I filled my pockets, an' then I stood up and took a good look around me, and all at once it came over me what I'd found. Everything tallied to a hair with that old story of Pegleg Smith in '37. There was the San Felipe Pass, and here was I a-top of the middle one of the three little hills I'd heard tell about for years and years."

Stannard slept that night rolled in a blanket on Mexican Bob's counter, and in the morning, before any one else was stirring, he and Gliddings slipped away.

"The boys has follered me time and again," Gliddings said, as they rode off in Stannard's two-wheeled trap. "They set a Indian on me once: he never come back."

The owner of the Pegleg looked grim enough in the gray early light with a pistol on his thigh and a sentinel gleam in his eyes.

They struck off through the brush and rocks by a mere wood road, twined in and out of grisly foot-hills, and stopped at a prospector's cabin, the very soul and centre of a tremendous loneliness, got some breakfast, transferred their food and tools from the cart to the back of a small ragged burro, and set off in true miner's style.

As they trudged along, Gliddings broke the vast silence with a story of how he had once been done out of a fine quartz location by a swindling partner. The mine had since enriched its owners. As Gliddings declared, the old rascal who had swindled him "could sign his check for ten figgers any day."

The foot-hills grew into mountains. The mountains grew savage, mere bastions of rock. The weird drouth of the desert soughed through every wind-gap. Gliddings looked morose, brooding. Sometimes he wheeled about suddenly in his tracks and stared back of him; then to the tramp again.

"I've took 'hornings' from hundreds o' stringers and ledges all over this bedeviled country," he said. "I've tramped and parched for months on a stretch, reduced down to sidewinder rattlers for meat and juice o' the bitter cactus for drink; I've fought sand and heat and Indians and the desert-craze, and at last I've got hold o' something which I don't mean to let nobody skin the first cream of but me. If I'd try to work the claim myself, I'd be murdered inside o' a month; if I took in a pardner, he'd rob me; and as for selling—well, I say better never sell; better die a millionaire o' hope than to die a cheated dog. Say now," and he turned his swarthy, suspicious face upon Stannard, "what's your proposition? What option do you want? Who 're you going to send out to expert the thing? How soon am I going to see the color of actual coin?"

Stannard could not answer all these questions in a breath; he really did not know how to answer them; but he was sure of one thing: Gliddings must somehow be gotten into a more amiable frame of mind.

It was first in order, he said, for him to see the mine, and then what was to hinder Mr. Gliddings and himself from talking the whole thing over sociably and coming to some agreement? The mine was his; everything was in his hands.

Gliddings shook his long, unkempt locks. "No knowing," was all he allowed to escape him of inward and gloomy suggestions.

Stannard bethought him of whiling away the time and enlivening his companion by singing, but in the act of craning his throat for the "Always be a Miss, always be a Miss," of *Princess Bonnie*, another idea struck him—a topic of conversation that, beautifully aloof from questions of mines and options, could not fail to be entertaining to any masculine mind. It was Chata whom he thought of—Chata, the only young girl with white blood in her veins for thirty miles around; Chata, who he had understood for the first time at Bob's last night was the day-star of every male firmament from Banner to Temecula; Chata, whom he had won with a song, a glance, a twirl of his mustache. He would not

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actually boast of her, but he felt impelled to speak of her.

"She is a peach," he now owned to Gliddings, with a self-gratulatory accent.

"There 'ain't been much else talked about over to Bob's," Gliddings affirmed, accepting Stannard's proffer of a fresh theme, "but how you are setting up to her. Some of the boys feels pretty sore about it."

"She's a queen," said Stannard, giving that peculiar turn to the word which indicates a slang term.

But Gliddings solemnly translated, finding deep satisfaction in a frontier equivalent: "She's a nugget as big as your fist."

"And such an ingenuous creature!" broke out Stannard, from an inner spring of enjoyment.

His racy sense of comprehending all men and things, which had carried him along thus far through life, must have been blinded to a surprised pricking up of Gliddings's head. For he chuckled fatuously. On the instant Gliddings was standing stock-still, glaring at him, a hand on his pistol.

"What the eternal do you mean," cried Gliddings, "by calling that young lady a name?"

"A name?" stammered the other.

"Ingenerous creature was what you said."

"Oh!"—relieved. "I said *ingenuous*, Mr. Gliddings."

"And what I saying you said!" exclaimed Gliddings, with an oath. "I 'ain't liked your tone, anyhow, a good piece back. Now see here, you low-down coyote, you, do you think I'm going to have my niece by marriage called a name right in front of my face?"

His niece—Chata! Good Heavens! Glaser had said something about brother-in-law, but it had quite slipped Stannard's mind. The two men were so unlike—Gliddings a Missourian, Glaser a German. It was Mexican wives that played the mischief! For mischief there was. Stannard saw a sight fit to curdle the fresh color of his cheeks. Gliddings had pulled his pistol on him.



"YOU'LL EAT THEM WORDS OR YOU'LL EAT LEAD PUDDING."

"What I saying you said!" reiterated the infuriated old prospector. "You'll eat them words or you'll eat lead pudding."

A picked quarrel, by heaven! to keep him from ever seeing the Pegleg! Was that glittering dream really vanished into thin air?

There was the pistol, and there was Gliddings behind it.

"If I have said anything to offend you," he began, meeting the danger with some show of firmness, "why—of course, Mr. Gliddings, I—"

"And you'll do a heap sight more!"

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snarled Gliddings. "You'll repent you ever tried it on. I'm a-going to clip an ear off of you. I'm a-going to mark you for life." He meant it. "One—two—" he counted, his eyes glittering with excitement.

Stannard's brain worked automatically, but it was hard to command the rusty hinges of his voice.

"Oh, I say, Gliddings!"—he tried to laugh, but croaked instead.

Gliddings counted on.

"You don't understand. A man can't really mean to make fun of the girl he wants to marry."

Gliddings's count stopped. His pistol went mechanically out of sight, and he thrust forward a none-too-cleanly hand. Stannard grasped it firmly, and stood a long minute doing his full part in a slow, fraternal pump-handle movement.

The mere bliss of retaining all his members flowed from everywhere into Stannard's spirit; but then he recollected the mine.

"Shall we go on, Mr. Gliddings?"

Gliddings seemed to be ruminating.

"I was reckonin' on your marrying into the family, like, when I agreed to let you in on this big proposition."

"That's square enough," said Stannard, fast recovering his belief in himself. "Though of course Miss Glaser.... might or might not—"

"Oh, she might not, eh?" echoed Gliddings. "Well, we'll see about that. I'm not going to have any slip-up on this deal."

Stannard's heart went down into his boots—an awful premonition of what was coming.

"Afore we go any further, we'll just turn tail and acrost country to Glaser's and find out. You might put off proposing, you know," with a cackling laugh, "after you buy the Pegleg."

It was meant for a joke, but to Stannard the saying looked like a gleam of malevolent insight. He dared not risk exciting Gliddings's suspicion by any excuse or plea for delay.

Within an hour they had reversed the order of their going, had restored the burro to its owner's cabin and its pack to the cart, and were jogging, all too swiftly, by "cut-offs" known to Gliddings, straight across the plain.

Gliddings had the reins and did all the talking. Stannard was silent, gloomy, chewing the cud of bitterness. A hundred times he had pranked it gayly with the maiden heart in town, but in the back country, it seemed, he was to meet his Waterloo. Of course Chata Glaser would jump at him, and he a man to whom bachelorhood was the most delightful estate in the world.

So he was brought, more dead than alive, to Glaser's, some two hours after Domingo had ridden away with his air of going forever.

Some accident must have delayed the stage. The front of the store was still fringed by the usual waiting crowd. A hope that Glaser might be at supper and the dreaded interview with Chata delayed died in Stannard's breast.

Gliddings hitched at the fence, not at the store. Chata was singing loud, within the house, a lay of Stannard's teaching:

"She was the daughter
Of officer Porter,
My charming Kit-ty."

In one listener's ears the foolish strain sounded tragical.

"I'll tell you right here," Gliddings approached Stannard closely to say, with confidential touch of palm, patting Stannard's vest, "I never have hankered to see my niece throw herself on no Mexican or Indian. Domingo Brown!" He spat out the name in huge disgust before preceding his companion in-doors.

Chata was sitting all alone, her torso curled around the guitar on which she was improvising an accompaniment to her song. Their entrance happened in the very middle of a note long-drawn through several purely tentative chords.

Gliddings spoke up at once and right to the point, with all his personal weight and dignity.

"Chata, here's a young man as has something very particular to say to you."

Chata did stop singing, but though her head went up alertly, she kept on mechanically picking at the strings. Stannard was waiting his inevitable turn to speak, his chin solemnly doubled, his erstwhile candid eyes filmed with a sombre gloom.

"Miss Glaser," he began, as soon as Chata looked at him, "I—I happened to mention to—" He cleared his husky throat, and rushed to the point with a cool desperation. "All I need to ask, Chata, is whether you care enough for me to—to—well, to marry me?"

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Chata had laid her guitar across her lap, leaning her elbows upon it, her chin being supported in both palms. She remained wholly lost an instant in mastering the situation.

"Of course," she presently let fall, "I knowed you was a-courting me, Mr. Stannard." Stannard gulped with a dry throat. "And I reckoned you'd propose soon 's you got ready. But"—swiftly turning her glance on Gliddings, and speaking with the high scorn of a free feminine spirit—"whoever's gone and made it any of your say so, Uncle Rack?"

She rose then, her guitar swinging in one hand, and stood up tall in her pink gown and pride of many lovers.

"And I'll let you know, Uncle Rack," she continued, "just here, that this is one of them times you're hearing of, when three is a terrible crowd."

Then Stannard tasted the satisfaction of seeing the man with the gun, his late formidable master, wilt down under a shaft of dry youthful sarcasm and go slinking off.

For an instant the young man's whole nature moved toward the girl there in genuine admiration.

"You're great, Chata!"

But Chata waved off his impulsive approach, and uttered herself in a strange mixture of womanly insight and childish ignorance:

"Something's gone and took the feelin's out of you. Yet you was dead in earnest singing to me. What did Uncle Rack do? You ain't a bit the same. A girl knows the difference."

Stannard opened his lips to protest, but she would not listen. She seemed all at once to understand the vital discrepancy between the town that says so much more than it means and the country that means so much more than it ever can say.

"I've just got to be liked clear down to the ground," insisted Chata, gravely. "And," with an inflection which particularized as eloquently as names, "there's aplenty does."

Her meaning was clear, if her grammar was not, and Stannard accepted it as final. If he did not want her, still less did she want him—a fact which secretly astounded him.

And the Pegleg? He went out to look for Gliddings, and found that the old prospector had borrowed a horse and had ridden away, leaving no message. He carried the news to Chata in real consternation. But that clear-eyed young woman gave him her opinion on the whole matter without fear or rhetoric:

"If Uncle Rack hadn't quarrelled with you about me, he would of about something, sure. Or say he actually showing you his big mine, he'd of repented, and shot you out there on the desert to keep you quiet."

And Stannard believed her.

MORAL VALUE OF HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION

BY JOHN DUNCAN QUACKENBOS

OUT of the recent general interest in the results of psychological research has sprung a special concern in hypnotism, particularly with reference to its value as a therapeutic agent. Not only has suggestion been proved effective in the treatment of functional disorders of digestion, absorption, and circulation; of nervous conditions represented by hysteria, hystero-epilepsy, chorea, insomnia, and neurasthenia; even of diseases characterized by severe pain, like sciatica, locomotor ataxia, tuberculosis, and cancer—but it has recently assumed importance as an appropriate instrumentality for effecting character change in cases of moral obliquity, as well as for developing and exalting mind power. During the past year the writer has measurably tested the availability of hypnotic suggestion as a means of removing criminal impulses and substituting conscience sensitiveness for moral anæsthesia among young criminals and castaways; and he has reached conclusions which must be gratifying to all who are working or wishing for the intellectual, ethical, and spiritual elevation of humanity. The value of post-hypnotic and auto suggestion for the cure of crime and for the correction of certain phases of perverted mentality no longer admits of question.

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Hypnosis, or hypnotic sleep, implies a mind condition in which the mental action of a sensitive subject is under the control of an operator who has induced the state. It is characterized by insensibility to extraneous sounds or retinal images, and to ordinary impressions of sense organs, but by quickened perception of sensations pictured by the hypnotist.

The phenomena of hypnotism are scientifically explicable on the supposition of a double self or duplex personality, each self having a distinct state of consciousness. One of these states is called the primary consciousness, and for want of a better definition it may be explained as the self-luminousness of the objective mind, the inner light in which all the actions of the waking mind are made visible to that mind. The other, called the secondary consciousness, holds those mental procedures of which, objectively, we know nothing—all automatic actions. Each human being is thus an individual with two distinct phases of existence, a combination of two personalities which do not shade into each other—the personality by which he is known to his associates, which takes cognizance of the outside world and consciously carries on the ordinary business of life; and a deeper, more subtle personality, which science has demonstrated to be capable of acting independently of a physical environment; which, as the image of God, intuitively perceives, and which the writer believes will assume relief after death as the essence of the *pneuma*, or spirit.

Through hypnotization, this subliminal or submerged self, which spontaneously asserts itself in the natural somnambulistic state, is brought into active control.

The superiority of hypnotism as an instrumentality for exalting human character, over the conventional methods of instructing, reforming, and persuading to meritorious action, is as unique as it is startling. The moralist and preacher address the self that is not in control, the flesh-entangled, hesitating, easily tempted and entrapped objective self; hence their appeals are so often futile. The suggestionist invokes the deeper subliminal self, invests it with control, and seldom fails to effect the desired purpose.

Human beings are hypnotizable by other human beings between whom and themselves exists a peculiar sympathy or harmonious relationship known as rapport. Various methods of inducing hypnosis are practised, all having in view the fixation of the attention upon some monotonous stimulus of the eye or ear, as sedative music, or a bright object like the nickel-plated point-protector of a lead-pencil, a transparent crystal, a stud in the shirt bosom, or the eyes of the operator.* In certain instances such a procedure may be profitably supplemented by light passes, or by holding firmly the hand of the patient, by pressing it against the forehead of the operator, or by contact of foreheads, while the whole force of one's personality is concentrated in an effort to overcome any automatic resistance to hypnotization.

The technic adopted by me is as follows: After talking sympathetically with the subject, sometimes for an hour or two, in regard to the failing which he wishes removed, thoroughly acquainting myself with his dominant propensities or controlling thoughts, and, above all, securing his confidence, I ask him to assume a comfortable reclining position on a lounge, and then, while continuing a soothing conversation, I manage, in a way determined by the circumstances of the case, to concentrate his attention upon a suspended diamond or on a carnelian seal, set in an old-fashioned gold pencil which I happened upon among my heirlooms. The Cambay stone is held in such a position within the natural focus of the eyes as to compel an exaggerated convergence of the axes of the balls, coupled with an upward gaze. Such unusual exercise of the ocular muscles soon tires them out; the retinal areas involved are rapidly fatigued by the deep redness and brilliancy of the carnelian; and simultaneously an appeal is made to the imagination of the patient, who is told that he is looking at my sleepy stone that has never failed to induce slumber, and he is urged to think of nothing, to renounce the very intention of renouncing mental effort, and to give himself up to me with perfect confidence in the purity of my motives, and

* Perfumes also have hypnotic power; the odor of May blossoms, of new-mown hay, of balm-of-Gilead firs, unquestionably contributes to the induction of mental placidness, and so to mental surrender. The same may be said of certain colors, although the colors that possess hypnotic influence vary with the personality impressed. Pinks of low chroma seem to have the widest range of applicability.

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in my ability to remove or modify his moral disorder. Under these conditions the eyeballs soon become fixed, a vacant stare replaces the usual intelligent look, and the eyelids begin to close and reopen spasmodically. At this stage the suggestion is given that refreshing sleep is about to ensue; and in a few moments a prolonged breath is taken, the lids close with a slow, regular movement, deep inspirations follow, and I know that I have secured direct and effective communication with the deeper personality of my subject.

It is not necessary, in order to insure the beneficial effects of hypnotism, to carry the subject into the deeper somnambulic stage characterized by intellectual alertness and apparently purposive acts, and by absence of reaction to sense impressions. The conversion of a hypnotized patient into a somnambule is always to be deprecated. In the first stage of deep hypnotic sleep the subliminal self unhesitatingly accepts every emphatic statement of the hypnotizer; but even where somnolism is not complete and a state of semi-consciousness exists, suggestions are acquiesced in by the patient. Lethargy is by no means essential to success.

Usually from two to fifteen minutes are occupied in establishing somnolism; but there are refractory cases that require from one to two hours of intense mental effort on the part of the physician. Children readily come into rapport, and, as a rule, are easily impressed. Sufferers from acute nervous depression, watchful or suspicious patients, and persons under the influence of a stimulant are difficult subjects. Tea, coffee, or whiskey before a treatment is an obstacle to its success; and the simultaneous pursuit of any other means of cure splinters the faith of the subject, so that he secures benefit from neither.

There is no memory in the hypnotic state of the affairs of every-day life; nor, after awaking, of what has taken place during the hypnosis; but in a subsequent hypnotic condition the occurrences of the first hypnotism are recalled. Subjects who have not been lethargic will sometimes insist that they have consciously heard the suggestions. When asked to repeat them, such persons usually fail. They should never be argued with on the subject, but told that, even if they did hear the suggestions, good is coming from the treatment—which is true. It is essential to divert their attention from the occurrences of the séance. Extremely neurotic persons, to whom the suggestions are at first consciously audible, become, as a rule, more and more somnolent with each subsequent trial. Patients who have been profoundly lethargic often declare that they have not been asleep at all. In normal sleep there is, after awaking, an ill-defined consciousness of the passage of time; in hypnosis there is none.

Suggestions out of harmony with opportunities, the possibilities of a career, common-sense, or religious convictions, are unlikely to be fulfilled. Fortunately for the protection of society, the power of suggestions for evil-doing is limited, while their influence for good is without horizon. Whereas it is comparatively easy to restrain a kleptomaniac, it is hardly possible to make an honest person steal through post-hypnotic suggestion. On the other hand, criminal suggestions to an evilly disposed subject would naturally lead to criminal acts along the line of least resistance.

Finally, the success of hypno-science methods depends largely on the desire of the subject to be cured, and his faith in the power of the suggestionist selected. Given these, and the battle is more than half won. As a rule, there is no hope of securing the consent of a patient while the controlling passion is in paroxysm. But in the subsequent reactionary stage appeal may often successfully be made to the regrets, fears, self-respect, or higher instincts of the unfortunate, and acquiescence thus secured.

Hypnotic treatment is frequently re-enforced by what is called auto-suggestion. It is a psychological fact that the subjective mind of a given individual is as amenable to suggestion by his own objective mind as by the objective mind of an outside person or a spiritual intelligence. Suggestion by an objective consciousness to its own subliminal self is known as auto-suggestion.

It is my practice, where the circumstances of the case will permit, and such re-enforcement seems advisable, to supplement the treatment described above with auto-hypnotization. The state of mental abstraction called reverie, immediately preceding natural sleep, has been

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found exceedingly appropriate for treatment by this kind of suggestibility; and I advise my patients, as they are about yielding to slumber, to say to themselves that they will no longer be slaves of the dominant idea or of the vice which is wrecking their lives. Lapse into sleep with such a thought paramount all but equivalents suggestion by a hypnotist. When, for instance, a tobacco, alcohol, or drug slave presents himself for treatment, actuated with a sincere desire to escape from the bondage of his evil habit, he is recommended to conceive himself free as he is falling to sleep, and directed to think determinedly in such lines as these: "Whiskey is unnecessary to my physical welfare; it is injuring my health and my brain powers. I do not need it. I shall no longer use it to enable me to accomplish work in excess of what is reasonable. I am done with dependence on its stimulating effects. I shall stand on my own resources hereafter, utilizing such units of force as are supplied by the assimilation of natural food. I will cease to draw on the reserve fund of my vitality." Addiction to the use of alcohol is curable through this channel alone, although complete reform may not be so immediate as in the case of hypnotization by an outsider. Auto-suggestion, however, will be found a most useful adjuvant in many cases where hypnotism is deemed advisable; and it should be explained to the objective self of an adult patient seeking a cure.

That an objective consciousness can suggest so forcefully to its own subjective consciousness as to be itself swayed reflexly by that subjective consciousness which it has itself impressed, and in the one line of its impression, is a most marvellous fact of mind. Auto-suggestion is the great psychological miracle, and few realize the part it plays in the drama of life. It accounts for much self-deception and self-elation; it regulates the number of births among intellectual people; it renders immune from diseases, and perpetuates diseased states; it has changed non-contagious into contagious maladies; it is lord of the realm of habit; it lays bare the secret of influence—the influence of what is seen and heard, of things unsaid, of things undone; it explains the accomplishment of seemingly impossible feats; it is the channel through which genius finds expression; and it may be contended, with no small show of reason, that the subliminal self of a Stratford butcher's apprentice, under the spell of an objective suggestion inspired in his boyhood by the pageants of Coventry, created the deathless plays of Shakspere.

Post-hypnotic suggestion has been successfully used by the writer for the eradication of criminal traits hereditary and acquired, as well as in the treatment of cigarette addiction, alcoholic intemperance, speech defects, intellectual dulness, low or misdirected intelligence, amnesia, sex perversions, dangerous delusions, and wilfulness, disobedience, and falsehood in children.

In the case of young cigarette-smokers a disgust for tobacco is easily produced, sometimes so strong that after the first treatment the patient will almost entirely forego its use. The drink habit is equally amenable to treatment by hypnotic suggestion; in fact, some of the popular cures are in reality mere suggestion cures, there being no specific virtue in the drugs administered.

Habitual drinkers do not, as a rule, wish to be cured. They enjoy indulgence in alcoholic fluids and the false pleasures that attend it; and about ninety per cent. of them, women as well as men, resent the approaches of those who desire to save them. Sometimes, when no other form of appeal is effective, they may be frightened into a realization of the fact that constant use of alcoholic stimulants will result in organic changes in the liver, kidneys, and brain, or by lowering the general powers of resistance, and at the same time irritating the bronchial tubes and the lungs, through which the alcohol is in part eliminated, markedly predisposes to pneumonia and tubercular consumption.* Then they desire to correct the habit, but cannot of themselves; the craving equivalents a mania. Under these circumstances it is comparatively easy to persuade a patient to accept treatment, and a rescue may be effected in a week's time.

There are cases where the drink, tobacco, or morphine habit has become so ingrained that the early promise of post-hypnotic suggestion is gradually brought to naught by continual returns, seemingly inexplicable, of the uncontrollable craving. The automatic mind struggles

* Seventy per cent. of pneumonia patients use alcohol immoderately.

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in vain for mastery of a habit which has not only evolved into a second nature, but is forever converting an unnatural appetite into a fiery passion. Suggestion in such an event should be supplemented by appropriate drugs, and in some instances by discipline. In the insanity of extravagant drinking and of chronic nicotine poisoning suggestive treatment may sometimes be delayed with advantage until after the compulsory reduction or withdrawal of the artificial stimulant. Patients who, to rid themselves temporarily of the importunity of relatives, accept an institutional life, but with mental reservation as to their habits at the termination of the period of treatment, are proper subjects for suggestion while *in sanatorio*. "The tongue has taken the oath, but the mind is unsworn." Under such circumstances, with the craving in lull, the subliminal self may be successfully impressed.

Functional disorders of utterance, like stammering, stuttering, lisping, and temporary loss of speech from nervous shock, are appropriate conditions for hypnotic treatment. Inability to connect consonants with succeeding vowels in the attempt to pronounce words—uncontrollable, spasmodic repetition of the initial sounds of the words it is desired to utter —is known as stuttering, and is the most common of all speech defects. There is no error in articulation, but distinct spasms of the muscles of phonation give rise to disjointed utterances. Speech characterized by involuntary pauses and imperfect articulation is called stammering. A stammerer experiences difficulty in uttering individual sounds; a stutterer, in making syllabic combinations. The person who stammers is perplexed to utter anything, and describes the retarded words as sticking in his throat. Over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages was long ago recognized as a cause of "stammering tongues" as well as of "staggering feet." The person who stutters produces sounds, even if they are not the ones he desires to produce, and frequently has recourse to other words than those he vainly attempts to utter.

Confusion, diffidence, timidity, and a hysterical nature are active causes of stuttering, which is increased by mental excitement until it becomes painfully embarrassing. Stammering, on the contrary, particularly if it be due to irregular contractions of the diaphragm, often disappears under the stress of emotional agitation or exhilaration. A stammering patient tells me that in cultivating a new acquaintance she is able to disguise for a while, under the novel conditions, her mortifying weakness.

Both stammering and stuttering are affections of over-strained, under-nourished, and anæmic children, boys being more susceptible than girls in the proportion of four to one. Both argue some defect in the central nervous system, and both are classed among the physical stigmata of degeneration. The contour of skull and the dejected expression in many stutterers suggest the degenerate. Extreme mental depression not uncommonly accompanies these defects, and some patients confess to me the continual presence of suicidal thoughts. In many adults auto-suggestion is unquestionably the cause. Repeated objective experiences of failure to enunciate fix deeply in the subliminal self, by cumulative impression, an idea of the difficulty or impossibility of enunciating. The subliminal self so impressed transmits the suggestion to the objective self, and the fatal habit becomes confirmed.

These two functional speech defects, particularly if they represent contracted habits, result from mimicry or association with others who stutter or stammer, are subject to intermissions, or are due to nervousness, expectation of failure, watchfulness for the dreaded letters or words, are remediable by hypnotism. The treatment consists in establishing the patient's confidence in his ability to utter, first a few, and gradually all perplexing syllables or consonants. Relatives and friends should be warned against ridiculing the unfortunate, as objective moral influences play an important rôle among the agencies of cure.

A delusion is a fixed misconception, a mental deception or error. If permanent, it becomes a pathological inaccuracy of judgment, and equivalents insanity. Thus there are delusions of the sane and delusions of the insane. The former are removable by hypnotic suggestion, as are also imperative ideas which are recognized as morbid by the subject, but cannot be suppressed by effort of will. Delusions take the form of homicidal and suicidal impulses, of remorse for supposed unpardonable sins, of

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morbid fears or apprehensions, of unlawful infatuations, of hauntings by phantoms, persecutors, vile words, and preposterous notions.

Delusions and dominant ideas are commonly associated with the condition known as neurasthenia—a depraved state of the nervous system caused by malnutrition of the nerve and brain elements.

No doubt the commonest cause of the cell-exhaustion and consequent impoverishment of nerve force that explain nervous prostration—the cause of the cause of neurasthenia—is the intemperate exercise of the intellectual faculties and the excessive indulgence of the emotions and passions. Emotional unrest is a far more prolific cause than over-work dissociated from irritation and anxiety. The greater number of neurasthenics are unmarried persons, the operative causes in single men being the excitements connected with various excesses and with gambling; in single women, the harassing struggle for bread.

In some ill-understood manner, all such abuses and irregularities produce cell-degenerating toxines not apparent to the microscope or appreciable by chemical analysis. Whatever by prolonged or excessive action enfeebles the system must exhaust the cell bodies faster than they can reproduce themselves. A sufficient amount of nutritive material is not floated to the centres of abnormal cell activity to compensate for the extra demand made upon them, nor are the waste products removed as speedily as is consistent with health and safety. The mind grows weak and irritable, morbid fears take possession of it, hallucinations and delusions are enthroned, because the brain cells are deficient in healthy lecithin—their normal phosphorus-bearing substance—and hence lack capacity for estimating at their true worth fugitive impressions and symptoms.

There is a distinct line of demarcation between neurasthenic insanity and permanent mental disease or defect. A neurasthenic patient can be argued into the admission that his fears or imperative ideas are without foundation, and are to a certain extent controllable, although he may not be able to dispel them. An insane patient accepts his delusion as a reality, and cannot be persuaded that it is baseless. The former, if properly dealt with, may in the great majority of cases be restored to healthy mentation, and made a useful and happy member of society again. But if not treated with expedition and judgment, mere neurasthenic delusions are likely to become fixed insane delusions.

The natural tendency of the sufferer from neurasthenia to unfold his case to every one who can be induced to listen to his story indicates the treatment that is natural. The depressed mind is but asking for sympathy and hopeful assurances, which, if repeated sufficiently often, act as does hypnotic suggestion in capturing the subliminal self. The desired cure is thus effected through mental action. For this reason a neurasthenic craves frequent interviews with his physician; he instinctively seeks the nervous re-enforcement that encouraging constructions of his symptoms and reiterated promises of recovery impart through the medium of suggestion. Association with well persons is thus an important feature in the treatment of neurasthenia. The ordinary invalid should never be placed in a sanatorium or treated as an inmate of an institution, but he should keep in touch with normal life; and, above all, he should be surrounded by cheerful company—under the influence of friends, preferably not members of his family, who are capable of using judgment in dispensing their good offices.

A delusion may sometimes be removed by a single hypnotization. In September, 1898, I was consulted by a lady who was tormented by the constant thought that she was going to be insane. Although there were positively no symptoms of insanity, and no reasons whatever for its occurrence, the patient could not be convinced that her suspicions were unfounded. She was accordingly hypnotized and told emphatically that she was not insane, could not become insane, but was entering upon the happiest period of her married life; and she was assured that she would find a pleasure in existence that she had not known before. From that day to this the delusion has never returned.

Other persons that have been referred to me for treatment suffered from delusions of having committed the unpardonable sin, homicidal and suicidal monomanias, convictions of inability to perform simple acts like boarding a street

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car or reaching after a desired object, apparently due to a severance of connection between motor impulses and the channels of discharge. Among my patients have been persons, apparently well, who could not cross the threshold and go out into the street, who could not wash and dress themselves, who were the victims of imaginary love-affairs, who could not fulfil literary contracts, because of inhibitory influences difficult to explain from a physiological stand-point. The subject is often aware that the imperative notions are morbid, that he is the dupe of delusions, but he cannot control them. He may be of amiable disposition and yet be haunted with an impulse to pick up a hatchet and kill somebody. I have such a case at present. The patient, who contracted the diseased inclination from reading of a similar case in a newspaper, recognizes the wrongness of it, and is able to resist it, but it has so far taken possession of his mind as to render him unable to discharge his duties as bookkeeper. This is not insanity; it is likely to be the portion of any one whose brain organs are overworked, and are hence pathologically impressible. Nothing but suggestion can immediately remove such an impulse and restore happiness to a crushed life.

Something akin to this, a not infrequent accompaniment of nervous prostration, is the hearing of voices that bid the commission of horrifying acts. In vain the possessed mind strives to throw off the delusion; drugs are of no avail; madness or suicide impends.

In certain forms of amnesia, or loss of memory, things which the objective self appears absolutely to have forgotten may be recalled by the suggestible subpersonal self, and flashed upon the waking consciousness through the instrumentality of suggestion. Sudden failure of memory, loss of the consciousness of personal identity, may result from nervous shock, severe illness, or extrinsic poisons. A lady was brought to my office in June, 1899, suffering from acute melancholia and apparently absolute loss of memory, as the result of a crushing humiliation. She did not know who she was; she failed to recognize her children, husband, and friends, and could not call them by name. She took no interest in anything, and explained her condition by stating that when she awaked in the morning it seemed as if all her faculties did not awake. Suggestions were given to this patient that she would and did know herself and her children, that she would return to her home and call them by name that afternoon, and that her interest in her surroundings would be revived. On awakening her I handed her a carnation, which she accepted with a smile, carried to her nose, and admired conspicuously. She told me who she was, called her children by name that very day, and began to busy herself about household duties. Lapsed experiences and lost self-recognition are thus recoverable by suggestive treatment.

Amnesia has many causes. When permanent it marks degeneration of the brain or congenital cerebral insufficiency, and it is often an accompaniment of senile dementia. The writer has been asked whether such dementia with its impending amnesia can be aborted by suggestion.

A lady upward of sixty presented herself in the autumn of 1899 oppressed with fears that her old age, like that of her mother, deceased at eighty-four, would be characterized by senile dementia, which she knew to be hereditary, with its attendant lessened mentality, failure of memory, impairment of judgment and moral feeling. Her mind had so long and so constantly fed upon such thoughts that her automatic self had accepted the suggestion. Indecision was marked, mother-wit was out-at-elbows, interpretation of duty was abnormal. The patient asked that her mind might be put in control of those organic changes in the brain that cause progressive mental enfeeblement. Her desire, as she expressed it, was to "die with dignity"; and the perplexity which she unwittingly proposed to me for disentanglement was: How far can a mental attitude govern the physical health of the brain in extreme age, and predispose to a death by euthanasia so pleasantly alluded to by the Psalmist in his injunction to "mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace"? Is arterio sclerosis (thickening of the arterial coats), which induces the fault of brain-nutrition, controllable by the subliminal self? This subject was reduced to a condition of hypnosis, which she described as a state of partial consciousness accompanied by a feeling that her body was a pile of velvet. The suggestion was communicated that she would not die by inches,

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would not grow old an object of pity or ridicule; that the arterial channels in the substance of the brain would not be reduced in diameter, nor would the blood currents grow weaker with advancing age, hence there would be no failure of brain-nutrition, and she would, in consequence, retain possession of her faculties and enjoy to the last the love and respect of those about her. These suggestions were given at the request of the patient, a phenomenally intelligent woman, and they will be repeated as many times per annum as opportunity offers. In the intervals the same thoughts will be daily self-suggested. If the subliminal self can be made to regulate the vital processes that are taking place daily in the living body, the peristaltic action of the intestines, the digestive functions, the storing of fat in the celluloadipose structures, circulation, innervation, ovulation —who will designate the limit of control?

Thieves desirous of reform, and kleptomaniacs, especially if young or appreciative of the seriousness of their abnormal propensity, are curable by hypnotic suggestion. Kleptomania, or mania for pilfering, is true moral insanity. Kleptomaniacs are impelled by an irresistible impulse to steal, without reference to any use they may make of the stolen articles. They are often persons of wealth, with means at their disposal to gratify every whim. This moral disease more commonly afflicts women, and, according to some observers, assumes the nature of hysterical paroxysms which it is impossible for the victim to control. It is occasionally an accompaniment of nervous depression, and is unquestionably hereditary. Some kleptomaniacs are attended with imperative voices that bid them appropriate the property of others. A kleptomaniac, though perfectly sane in every other direction, fails to recognize the gravity of his weakness; he impulsively steals, and is not morally responsible. A thief deliberately steals, and is morally responsible. The distinction between the two is sometimes difficult to draw, and depends largely on the mental condition of the subject and the neurotic history of his family, considered in connection with the character and value of the articles purloined and the circumstances of the stealer.

In every case of kleptomania that has come under my observation the propensity to lie has been associated with the impulse to steal. It would seem naturally impossible for these subjects to tell the truth; and where heredity can be traced it will usually be found that the parent who has transmitted the mania is a double offender.

Finally, ungovernable abuses, as uncontrollable either by child or adult as rubeola or typhoid fever, may be checked, and patients diverted from sexual manias which no appeal to self-respect, fear of physical or mental ruin, conscience, faith, or love, and which no use of drugs can subdue. In the victims of such abuses the will is stricken with impotency, all power of resistance is destroyed, and unless the unfortunate subject can obtain outside psychic aid through suggestion, he ultimately finds his way into the asylum, the prison, or the suicide's grave.

Hypnotism, like every other agent for good, has its abuses and its limitations.

Inasmuch as hypnotic suggestion is many times as efficient an agency as objective religious exhortation for elevating character, or as any conceivable combination of passion and allurement for depraving it, society should be adequately guarded against its practice by irresponsible or unprincipled persons.

LABOR

BY ARTHUR J. STRINGER

WAR not on him!—*his* dread artillery
Doth lie in idle arm and rusting tool;
And lo! he sets his ruthless legions free
When once he lets his sullen anvils cool!

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THE DIVIDED HEART

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

IT was some time in the spring when I encountered Bentley. At least I remember that they were putting out the flowers in the beds in Madison Square and in the small parterres before the great hotel farther up the Avenue. I had not seen him for some time, though I had heard of his engagement to Miss Guinevere Robinson, and I hastened forward to congratulate him.

"How are you?" he said, with evident constraint. "Yes, yes," he added. "I know—they all think that I am to be congratulated."

I saw at once that there was something wrong, for his round, rosy face did not have its accustomed smile, and his rather high voice was low and despondent.

Now I am one of those who always maintain that one should take an interest in a man for something besides even his money, and in spite of his considerable fortune, I have always had a sincere regard for Bentley. I can see the man beyond the millions, and if I did spend those very pleasant months in his yacht not more than a year or two ago, why, I had almost forgotten it, so that no one can accuse me of speaking interestedly when I say that he was a very good fellow.

"Come into the club," he said. "It's only a block, and we can talk more comfortably."

And until we were seated in the long window we did not, indeed, exchange a word. Even then I did not speak, for I saw that he had something on his mind, and I was afraid of making an unfortunate beginning.

"I know every one thinks I am to be congratulated," he repeated, gloomily, "but there never was a more miserable dog. I say," he went on, "I'm glad that I met you. I know every one says that you always do things from 'policy,' but, hang it, I know that you're good-natured enough to be sorry for a fellow when he's in a fix. And I'm like that chap — what's his name? — that had a sword hanging over his head."

"Damocles," I suggested.

"I've no doubt," he went on. "Well, you know I adore Guinevere, and I am sure that within the next twenty-four hours I shall get word from her breaking our engagement."

I uttered an appropriate exclamation.

"And naturally," he concluded, in a tone of resignation, "I couldn't feel worse about it."

"Can't anything be done?"

"Nothing," he replied, helplessly. "It's this way—"

Just then I chanced to look up, and saw Uncle Horace approaching. He made his way slowly through the room, frowning slightly as he saw that his favorite place at the window was already occupied.

"The devil!" exclaimed Bentley, starting up.

"No; only Uncle Horace," I murmured.

"But they say," cried Bentley, "that he has helped no end of people out of no end of scrapes. But it's impossible; he couldn't do anything for me."

"As you were going to tell me," I suggested, "it wouldn't do any harm to let him hear what you have to say too."

"Well," said Bentley; then rising, as Uncle Horace approached, he added, "Won't you take this place?" I saw that Uncle Horace was in two minds. He always liked it when the younger men treated him with deference, but still was inclined to resent the implication that he was of an age that made such deference proper. However, the bright spring morning had evidently put him in a good humor, and he sat down amicably enough.

"I was going," continued Bentley, "to tell Jim about the difficulty in which I find myself, and he suggested that we should ask you to listen also—though I cannot feel that I have any right to intrude my troubles upon your attention."

"My dear boy," said Uncle Horace, "didn't I know your father? And if I can be of any service—"

"But that's just the difficulty—you can't; no one can," interrupted Bentley.

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I saw that this piqued Uncle Horace a little, and when he spoke again it was with some slight acerbity.

"Oh, well," he said, "I have nothing to do, and if you should care to tell me—"

"It's about my engagement," said Bentley, quite unable to hold in any longer.

"With Miss — Robinson?" suggested Uncle Horace, mildly.

"Yes," groaned Bentley, "only it won't be an engagement for long — even if there isn't a message on the way to tell me it's off now."

"A charming young woman," commented my uncle.

"Don't I know that?" said Bentley. "And don't I love her madly? And am I not perfectly wretched? Oh, it was all my fault! I don't mind admitting that at the start, and I'd tell her so if it would do any good — if, on the other hand, it wouldn't be likely to do a lot of harm— though, to be sure, all the fish is in the fire as it is, and things couldn't be worse. I suppose that I am weak."

He gazed from one to the other of us, but as his appeal was addressed directly to neither of us, we each left the duty of answering to the other, with the result that there was no audible response.

"Oh, well, I know it, and it all happened coming across just now. I'm always particularly well on shipboard, and remember how dull it is. There was a girl — an awfully pretty girl — who was, I'd been given to understand, in London engaged to another fellow."

"It's a little complicated," said Uncle Horace, blandly; "but then, real life always is."

"She didn't speak to me of her engagement," continued Bentley, "so I thought I wouldn't say anything to her about mine."

"You naturally felt," said my uncle, serenely, "that when a confidence was not reposed voluntarily, it would be unfitting to force one in return."

"Y-e-s," said Bentley, looking suspiciously at Uncle Horace; "as I tell you, neither of us said anything — and, well, though I loved Guinevere all the time, there were moments in the moonlight— At last, though, it was evident that Phœbe seemed to consider herself engaged to me. Then I discovered that she and her Englishman had had a row, and that she had been telling me the truth all the time."

"While you hadn't," said my uncle.

Bentley glared at Uncle Horace as fiercely as the naturally amiable expression of his countenance would permit.

"Oh," Uncle Horace hastened to assure him, "I merely refer to your— reticence, of course;" and he added, sweetly, "for you did suppress the truth, didn't you?"

"I suppose I did," said Bentley. "But the worst of it was that she told every one she knew in the ship. It seemed as if she wanted it to be known—in fact, she did— wanted the Englishman to hear of it—for the night before we landed she confessed that she had only taken me out of pique —and as much as said she didn't care a hang for me. And there I was."

"Still—" began my uncle.

"Don't you see," continued Bentley, "as soon as we were on shore it was all over town. Of course I went at once to see Guinevere, and she hadn't heard then; but she has by now, and I'm expecting my dismissal hourly."

"Why don't you go and tell her that you loved her all the time?"

"She wouldn't believe it," said Bentley, and from his tone I judged that his respect for my uncle's wisdom was falling perceptibly. "She isn't that kind of a girl. She'd just think that I'd had some trouble with the other, and was trying to win her back again."

"And you haven't done anything?" asked my uncle.

"Yes," answered Bentley, wearily, drawing two envelopes from his pocket. "It's all up, I know, but before I go away to hide my head in some South Sea island, or somewhere, I thought I'd better make a clean sweep of it. There's nothing like having things all clean and clear and understood."

"No," said my uncle, thoughtfully, "there isn't, is there?"

"I've written these two letters," said Bentley, drawing the contents from the two envelopes, which he threw on an empty chair. "One's to Guinevere, telling her that I have always adored her, that I do now, and that if I go away it is with a broken heart, to drag out the miserable remnant of a useless life. And it's the truth."

"I see," said my uncle, nodding his head.

"But she won't believe it," added Bentley. "And then I wrote this other to Phœbe, telling her exactly how it was."

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"Not such an easy letter to write," said my uncle.

"It was deuced hard," admitted Bentley. "And I'll be hanged if I can tell whether it's commendable or just caddish—but she's as much as told me she didn't care a rap about me—though I didn't say anything about that, but just told her that it had all been a mistake, and that I loved Guinevere, and that all had better be forgotten. Here," said Bentley, throwing the notes on the chair with the envelopes. "You might look at them."

"No," said my uncle, taking up the missives and merely glancing at the pages, "I don't think that is necessary. I've no doubt that what you've said is all right."

And he threw the letters back upon the cushion with the envelopes.

"Really," he continued, "I can understand that you should feel distressed."

"And it was all so useless," exclaimed Bentley, desperately. "I might have saved myself all this so easily. That's the maddening part of it. Though, hang it! there's no doubt but the girl did lead me on — did it, of course, because she wanted the other fellow to think that she didn't care. I can see it all now," he said, brushing his hand through his hair. "And you don't think there is any chance for me?"

"I don't go so far as that," replied my uncle, judicially.

"I knew you couldn't do anything," said Bentley. "But it's been very good of you to listen to me."

"As I told you, this narrative has interested me exceedingly. And if I can say nothing at present, why, you must put it down not to lack of interest, but to the exceptional character of the case."

Bentley, to whom my uncle's fame was well known, looked at him with some surprise, and I will confess that I was astonished to hear Uncle Horace so readily acknowledge his inability to cope with the situation, and so willingly admit defeat.

"I will think of the matter," he said, putting the notes into the envelopes and handing them back to Bentley. "For the present, I don't see anything better then to send these, as you intended."

Bentley took the notes and rang for a servant.

"I've left word at my place that any things are to be sent to me, and if anything comes here, why, I'll get it at once. I'll just wait, though to-morrow I don't know whether it will be Paris or Patagonia."

"Oh, well, sir," said Uncle Horace, a little pompously, as he rose, "never put off until to-morrow anything you can do to-day, except worry—and put that off until next week, if you can."

I rose at the same time, and together we passed, without a word, through the hall into the street. Indeed, neither of us spoke until we had advanced several blocks up the avenue, and then I only broke the silence that had fallen on us because my attention happened to be attracted by a face at the window of a passing brougham.

"There she is!" I exclaimed, I think with some excitement.

Uncle Horace's eyes followed my glance.

"Miss Robinson," he said.

But the brougham drew up at the curb, only a few paces in front of us, and by the time the young girl that it contained had opened the door and got out, we were by her side. Uncle Horace stepped briskly up to her, and I followed him more slowly.

"Ah," exclaimed my uncle, "I think we must be going into the same place."

And looking up, he indicated the broad windows of the shop of a great picture-dealer.

"Sundermann's," he continued. "I was just going to look at a portrait."

It was evident to me, from a certain impatient turn of the girl's head, that she resented our appearance, and only too clearly wished to be left alone.

"Oh," she exclaimed, doubtfully, "I was only going to see about something I am having framed, and—and I am in a great hurry."

"At least," said my uncle, suavely, "we can walk up the steps together."

As I fell behind I noticed that her cheeks were pale, and that her whole face had a tired and anxious expression. She appeared very restless, and even excited, while in her evident absorption I doubt if she had noticed me.

"Ye gods!" I half muttered to myself, "can it be that she really cares about the fellow as much as this?"

Then the door slowly closed behind us, and passing through a room or two we found ourselves in the silent, deserted

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gallery. There was a certain muffled quiet that is always perceptible in such places, and the sudden cessation from the noise and bustle of the street I think affected all of us. At least the girl seemed suddenly to lose her reserve of controlled containment and sank into a chair. For a moment I thought she was going to cry, but I was mistaken.

"Oh," she said, looking piteously at Uncle Horace, "I only came out because I was so restless, and I didn't want to see any one, but now I'm glad you are here. I might as well begin by telling you," she added, with the deep seriousness of youth—that tragedy in her tone that is only possible at the age when everything seems a finality. "My engagement is broken."

"My dear young lady!" exclaimed my uncle.

"You know I told you the first when I was engaged," she went on. "And I want to tell you now that it is all over—forever."

I don't think that even yet she was conscious that I was in the room, so I withdrew discreetly to a slightly greater distance.

"Oh, come, come!" said my uncle. "I know all about it. Indeed, I've just been talking with the young man, and he's awfully cut up; and indeed he assures me that—ah—his feelings are unchanged—assured me in the strongest language."

"Never!" she said, firmly. "I can't believe him, and I won't. He has told you to try to influence me; but you can't; no one can. I can only try to forget all about it."

"But it's a mistake," remonstrated my uncle, as I thought very weakly, and indeed it seemed to me that in the management of the whole affair he was not displaying his usual ability.

"No, no!" exclaimed the girl. "How do I know that he may not want to go on—just because she has done as she has, and her engagement to Sir John is announced?"

"I doubt if he knows about it," urged Uncle Horace, "and I assure you he loves you—has always loved you."

"I can't believe it," said the girl, recovering. "You see, nothing can prove to me that she hadn't his whole heart. I never can be sure now, and it's no use."

"He—ah—has written a letter to you," murmured Uncle Horace, gently.

"He has?" she said, suddenly. "But why? There's nothing he can say to me that can make me believe, and— Oh, it's cruel!"

"Believe me, I am sincerely sorry," said my uncle, with what seemed to me absolute callousness, for by now the girl's white face and agitated tones had worked upon my sympathies. "But, my dear young lady, take my word for it that you are distressing yourself quite needlessly."

The girl flashed on him a look of indignation.

"In a moment you will tell me," she said, scornfully, "that in a short time I sha'n't think of this."

"I will even go so far as to say that," agreed my uncle.

"Oh!" she cried; "and I thought that you were so sympathetic; and when I told you that I was engaged, you were so nice about it; and I always thought—though I was only a little girl to you—that I was a friend, and that you took an interest in me!"

"But believe me, I do," said my uncle, with a half-twinkle in his eye that seemed to me at that moment nothing short of brutal.

"Oh, I can't believe it any more," she said. "I can't believe anybody or anything any more. I am going home."

"It might be the best thing to do," murmured Uncle Horace.

"Oh," said the girl, as she dragged herself out of the room, "I am so disappointed in you!"

I really felt highly indignant with Uncle Horace. His apparent insensibility was wholly incomprehensible, and when we were alone, I turned to him in astonishment.

"Why didn't you make her believe that he was really true to her, in spite of his divided heart?" I said, indignantly.

"Quite useless," replied my uncle, calmly. "Nothing I could say would have convinced her."

"But she is really suffering," I said.

"So I perceive," he remarked.

"And you're not going to do anything?"

"No, I'm not going to do anything," he replied. "But I assure you that you will be surprised to find how soon her grief will be forgotten."

"Now," I said, hotly, "she doesn't impress me that way at all. Of course she's

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young, but she seems to me like a girl with a heart, though, hang it, how she can care so much for a fellow like Bentley I don't see."

"Titania," remarked my uncle, "is an eternal type, and as you go on in life nothing will surprise you so much as to see the man a very nice woman will love; yourself, of course, excepted."

When, later in the afternoon, I again entered the club, the sight of Bentley still sitting in the window was an annoyance, for his aspect showed only too plainly that no hope had come to brighten the prospect for him.

"Hello!" I said.

"Hello!" he replied, gloomily. "What's the time?"

"Half past four," I answered.

"I haven't heard a word," he continued, "and I haven't moved. Hang it, I had an idea that your uncle might do something; but, I say, I don't mind telling you I think he's something of a fraud."

I murmured some reply in which the words "most surprising," "something of a cul-de-sac," "perhaps not sufficiently urgent or important," were alone audible.

"Not sufficiently important!" exclaimed Bentley, starting up. "Why, man, it's my life's happiness!"

Just then a servant entered the room and approached, bearing a note. Bentley seized it with feverish haste, but when he had it in his hand he paused, irresolute.

"It's the end," he said, looking at the envelope. "Well," he added, "better have it over."

And he tore through the paper with his fingers.

At first the expression of dull despair that had settled on his face was unbroken, but gradually I saw a new light in his eyes — a dawning look of amazement spread across his countenance.

"What's this?" he muttered, and then read on.

By this time I was almost as excited as he was, and felt like snatching the paper from his hand to see the words written on it.

At length he finished.

"Whew!" he whistled, looking up as a paper fluttered down to the floor from the folds of the sheet which he had been reading.

"Well, I am a surprised pup!"

"What is it?" I exclaimed, unable to restrain myself any longer.

"It's everything!" he cried, taking a few steps of a dance that would have won for him fame and money on any stage. "It's all right. That old cock of an uncle of yours has fixed it, while we have been abusing him all the time."

"But—how—how?" I exclaimed.

"Read that," he said, handing me the note; and then, not being able to wait until I had glanced through the few words that it contained, he went on: "In the simplest way in the world. You can imagine the first sentence staggered me: 'Dear Mr. Bentley.' I thought it was all up then. But you see what's next: 'It is clear there has been some mistake, and I hasten to return to you the inclosed note that was clearly not meant for me.'"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, weakly.

"Don't you see? The old boy merely changed the notes, and Guinevere got the one to the other girl, saying that it was all over, and that we must both look at it as a 'pleasant episode' and nothing more, for my heart was given to another, and, well, every cursed thing that was so hard to write. And of course, seeing it was a note meant for the other girl, she believed all of it—and it's all right—right!" he cried, slapping me on the shoulder.

"Ah!" I murmured, drawing away from him.

"Of course she writes the beginning of the note formally enough; but don't you see this down at the end? 'Sam dear, I shall be at home at five, as always.'" He suddenly started. "Nearly five now. I'll just have time to get there!" And he rushed from the room, almost upsetting, in his flight, an elderly gentleman who was just entering.

It was my uncle Horace.

"You—you"—I began, shaking my finger at him—"you benevolent old humbug!"

"Of course I wasn't absolutely sure how it would work," he said.

"But was it quite right?" I objected.

"The end justifies the means," he replied.

"Does it always?" I commented.

"Well," Uncle Horace admitted, "of course that depends on how mean it is!"

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THE RAILROAD AND THE PEOPLE

A NEW EDUCATIONAL POLICY NOW OPERATING IN THE WEST

BY THEODORE DREISER

WHEN the term "soulless corporation" was first coined, it was used to describe the nature of those largest of the then existing commercial organizations, the railroads. They were declared to be all that the dictionary of iniquity involves—dark, sinister, dishonest associations which robbed the people "right and left," as the old phrase put it, and gave nothing in return. They were, as the public press continually averred, bribe-givers, land-grabbers, political corruptionists, hard-fisted extortionists, thieves — in short, everything that an offended and an outraged opposition could invent or devise in the way of descriptive phraseology. To-day the application of the term has broadened considerably, but the railroads are not by any means exempt. By the masses of the people they are still viewed with suspicion, and everything which they undertake to do is thought to be the evidence of a scheme whereby the people are to be worsted, and the railroad strengthened in its position of opulent despotism.

That so much accusation and opposition has some basis in fact we may well believe, and yet not injure the subject of the present discussion. If we were to assume that all that has ever been said concerning railroads is absolutely true, the fact that a new policy had been adopted by some roads, looking to a cordial and sympathetic relationship with their public, would be all the more remarkable. For if the public has had nothing save greed and rapacity to expect of its railroads, the sight of the latter adopting a reasonable business policy, whereby they seek to educate and make prosperous the public in order that they in turn may be prosperous, is one which, if not inspiring, is at least optimistic. No corporation is soulless, whatever else may be thought of it, which helps all others in helping itself. The philosophy involved in this statement is the enlivening breath of the latest and most successful railroad policy, now being generally adopted.

Like many another good idea, this policy originated in the West, and it is there that it is to be found in its most advanced practical form. There the general freight agent of a road is an official of educational importance. He has associated with him as many as a hundred assistants, who carry out the work of instructing and educating the people in the knowledge that makes for prosperity. He has under him a horticultural agent, who in turn has assistants. There is a poultry agent, a superintendent of dairies, a land inspector, a travelling commercial agent, buyers, salesmen, and so forth, all with assistants, and all working under the direction of the general freight agent.

Through this department the railroads are doing a remarkably broad educational work—not only of inspecting the land, but of educating the farmers and merchants, and helping them to become wiser and more successful. They give lectures on soil-nutrition and vegetable-growing, explain conditions and trade shipments, teach poultry-raising and cattle-feeding, organize creameries for the manufacture of cheese and butter, and explain new business methods to merchants who are slow and ignorant in the matter of conducting their affairs. On two roads there is a poultry department, which buys for cash of all farmers along the route, running poultry-cars, which are scheduled for certain stations on certain days, with cash buyers in charge. On three other roads there are travelling agents who go over the line three times a year, stop at every station, and visit every merchant in the town and every farmer of merchant proclivities in the country. These men make plain the attitude of the railroad toward the citizen, inquire after the state of his business, ask him what his difficulties are, and what, if anything, can be done to strengthen and

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improve his situation. Lastly, there is a department of sales agents under the general freight agent, which, by individuals, represents the road in the great cities. These latter study the markets, look after incoming shipments, and work for the interests of the merchants and farmers along the line of the road by finding a market for their product. The reward for the road for all this is nothing more than an increased freight and passenger traffic, which flows from and to a successful community.

It has been seven years since the first of the roads to adopt the new policy began to reach out and study the social condition of its public, but since then the idea has spread rapidly, until to-day there is scarcely a road west of Chicago and St. Louis that is not doing more or less educational work among its public. The original movement was dictated by the fact that along great stretches of the line of one road were vacant tracts of land which were excellent for farming purposes, but which were somehow generally ignored. The road decided to make this region profitable to itself by calling attention to its merits and inducing farmers and merchants to settle there. The aid of the United States Department of Agriculture was called in. The ground was tested, and its specific qualities advertised. After that educational pamphlets were prepared, and agents of the road sent into various populous sections of the country to induce individuals to come and take up residence there. At the same time it was decided that it would be of little use to induce settlement and then leave the settlers to get along as best they could, so a policy of instruction and assistance was inaugurated. The road undertook to organize enterprises which should utilize the natural resources and production of the country and put ready money into the hands of the farmers. As a result, it found that it would need to discover markets for the goods manufactured, or it would lose much of the advantage of its labor, and thus came about the present policy, which is nothing if not broad. Its success has stimulated imitation to such an extent that nearly all roads have some one of the many features of the first road in operation, and several have all of them. So general has the feeling among railroad men become that the new policy is the more natural and more profitable one, that a certain general manager felt called upon to apologize for the backwardness of his road by explaining that the general freight agent was of the old school of thought and not suited for the place.

Another understood the new policy so well that he readily formulated the attitude of his road toward its public, saying:

"To reach the man who is trying to do something is our object. The man with energy is our friend. I am not talking now about the man who has fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. He can take care of himself. I refer to the man who has little or nothing, but who wants to have something; the man who is ambitious and willing to work. Such men need encouragement, and they will get it if they are a part of our public. We have found that if we are to be prosperous our people must be prosperous, and so the welfare of every single individual in our territory becomes our welfare. That is business."

"But," I asked, "can a railroad deal with all of the individual members of its public?"

"Yes and no. It can deal with a great many individually. With more it deals collectively, but the result is the same. The individual is benefited. As, for instance, if a railroad gives a series of lectures on tomato-growing, it might be said to be dealing collectively with its public, and yet every farmer might have the benefit of personal counsel with the lecturer. Our aim is to reach the individuals, whether we do it collectively or not."

A railroad paying for lectures on tomato-growing! Shades of Mark Hopkins and Jay Gould!

"And why not?" said the general freight agent of another, a large Southwestern line which reaches Texas and New Mexico. "If the land is good for growing tomatoes, the farmers ought to be instructed. We have found that our road would be a great deal better if the farmers used their land for the purposes for which it is best fitted. If they do that, their crops are larger. It is our business to instruct them in the matter of soils and crops, and aid them in finding a market."

The instruction of farmers in the matter of soils and crops certainly has been anything but the function of a railroad in

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the past, and yet to-day we are told that it is good business. The agent for the inspection of land now makes it his business to discover just what the nature of the soil along the line of the railroad is, and what can be grown upon it. In this labor he has the co-operation not only of the national, but the State agricultural bureaus of the State through which his line travels. The government is only too anxious to spread information on this subject among the people, and gladly furnishes reports upon the nature of soils anywhere in the United States when requested. It also willingly analyzes specimens of soil and conducts agricultural experiments.

The knowledge thus gathered is used by the road in several ways. In the first place, in discovering what certain soils are good for, it picks out the thing which is least grown and is in greatest demand. The general freight agent will say to his horticultural agent:

"I see by this report here that the land around Denison, Texas, is good for tomato-raising. Tomatoes are in great demand now and bring good prices. Why couldn't we induce the farmers down there to go into the tomato business? It would be a great thing for that section."

The horticultural agent immediately takes the reports concerning the land about Denison and sends an agent into the country. Meetings of the farmers are called, and the nature of the land and the profit of tomato-growing explained.

"Now," says the horticultural agent, "you gentlemen are raising wheat on your land, and getting, say, sixty cents a bushel, if the market is fair. If not, you get less, or hold your wheat and wait for your money. Now this land about here has been tested, not only by the State, but by the United States Agricultural Department, and it is found that it is much better adapted to the growing of tomatoes. It will do a great deal better planted in tomatoes than it will in wheat. Besides, our agents in other places inform us that tomatoes, such as you can raise here early in the season, will command a dollar a crate. Allowing for the freightage and the cost of the packing-cases, which we will secure for you at the lowest possible rates, you still have forty cents on the crate. An acre of this ground will yield, say, a hundred and twenty crates at forty cents. Figure for yourselves, gentlemen. Only remember the railroad guarantees you your market. You are not, as in the case of wheat, competing with a million other growers in your own country. You have something out of which you should make fifteen per cent. more on the acre easily."

The result of such lectures and conferences is that, with the aid and advice of the agent, the whole region is turned to tomato-growing. The general freight department keeps track of the progress of the crop. Through its representatives in the large and medium-sized cities it finds out where a number of car-loads of tomatoes will command a high market-rate. The local agent confers with the wholesale produce merchants, and contracts with them to deliver so many crates at a given time. The result is that the crop of the section is readily marketed and the region about Denison improved. The farmers, having slightly more ready money, indulge in farm or personal improvements, with the result that the whole district about Denison is enlivened and trade increased. The railroad profits in every way, not only by the new supplies that are shipped in to meet an aroused demand, but by the travel of the man who has a few cents more to expend on car fare in looking after his interests or visiting his friends.

The above is no hypothetical case, but an actual recorded occurrence. The region affected was that which lies sixty miles east and west of Trinity, Texas. The general freight agent who engineered this successful local enterprise said:

"We study the market question before we go into any region with any such proposition. We want our farmers to succeed, not fail. They will avoid an uncertainty as quickly as you will. Those tomatoes are shipped to all the Northern markets. We move them in car-loads only. We have people in the cities who are practical commission men, who have not only knowledge of the commission business, but also have knowledge of the trade. After we have secured the information as to where the tomatoes will be available, our horticultural agent, on the ground with the farmers, helps them decide where they will ship."

Such a tale may not only be recorded of tomatoes. The same general freight agent remarked:

"In addition to that success, our horti-

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cultural department is encouraging some sections, where the soil is adapted to it, to plant early cabbage. We want the farmers to make the best use of their land. Half the time they don't know; the other half they can't do anything because they have no way of reaching a market. With our knowledge of markets we can easily encourage them. Why, just the other day one of my men was in here, and I said to him, 'I want you to stop at every single station in Missouri; go out and see the farmers, and see what you can do with the development of the potato business.' We find that the soil along the Missouri River is particularly adapted to raising potatoes. Now I warrant you that our farmers along the Missouri will make more money out of potatoes in a year or two than they ever have made out of their other crops. We will show them how."

In looking over the Missouri Labor Commissioners' map, one finds that in 1898 there were 70,081,267 surplus pounds of poultry shipped out of the State, an increase of 18,267,743 over 1897. In the same year 4,081,833 pounds of butter were exported, an increase of 162,866 pounds over 1897; and in the matter of eggs, 33,935,325 dozen were shipped, showing a substantial increase over previous years. Those figures tell an interesting story of the new railroad policy now in force, and the growth can be directly traced to the policy in question.

The dairy or creamery business, which involves the production of butter and eggs, has been energetically promoted by two great roads leading out of St. Louis, and encouraged in a moderate way by several others. This fact is attested by the presence in the State of twoscore or more of flourishing creameries, scattered throughout the counties, which were organized and built by the railroads, though the latter do not hold a single share of stock in any of them. The original idea was suggested, the meetings called, the money raised, and the buildings erected under the supervision of one or the other agent of the several general freight departments of the roads. Even the machinery was purchased in every case for the farmers by the railroad agent, and the method of conducting a dairy taught by another representative of the road free of charge, and all to make the county prosperous, in order that the railroad might be prosperous.

In this connection, the following letter, which was the beginning of one railroad's work of establishing creameries, explains itself. It was sent out some two years ago, since which time the work has broadened considerably:

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *November 7, 1899.*

DEAR SIR,—With the view of developing the milk and dairy business along our line, and with the idea of determining whether or not such a business could be developed if the proper train service was established, I wish you would canvass the situation contiguous to your station, and let me know how many people you can interest in this business, and the number of cows each of them would be willing to keep and supply milk for shipping or creamery purposes.

The stations on the St. Louis Division are close enough to this market, if the people along the line will furnish volume to justify our putting forth every possible effort to develop this traffic. It would mean the bringing of a great deal more money into the community than can possibly be obtained by ordinary farming, and if we can lend assistance to the encouragement and development of this class of traffic, the results will be not only beneficial to the people along our line, but also to the railroad.

This is a matter that we desire you give your personal attention to, in the way of making a thorough and complete canvass; and when this is made, give us a full and complete report of the situation, at the earliest practicable date, with names of those who will supply milk, and the number of cows they will keep.

The good effect of the initiative action of the railroad in this matter is difficult to understand fully unless the territory is visited in person. These prosperous creamery plants would scarcely have been started by the farmers themselves. It takes thorough knowledge of dairy control to make butter and cheese, and after the same is made, only a broad understanding of the market conditions throughout the country will make it profitable. Very few farmers possess this knowledge, and yet the stockholders in these enterprises are all farmers. The railroads have been instruments in getting them together, of instructing them in the matter of manufacture and markets, and of developing that confidence which would cause them to invest their money. This last has been no easy matter in a region where suspicion of a railroad's motives and opposition to corporations are exceedingly common.

The officer in charge of the department

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of dairy promotion and control is invariably a gentleman who has had practical as well as scientific training in the matter which he promotes. He is a man who is in thorough sympathy with the movement which the government has inaugurated, of educating the farmer, and avails himself of every document and paper relating to wiser and more economical farm methods. When he takes the field, it is with the set purpose of instructing the farmer concerning things of which he knows little or nothing, and a better understanding of which will make him more successful.

One such agent will enter a backward county, accompanied, as a rule, by some representative of the State Dairy Association, and will begin a campaign of practical education. He will visit the leading farmers, explain to them the advantage of some manufacturing plant of this sort which would use up the surplus dairy products of the farm and bring money into the community. He will then ask their co-operation, post notices of a meeting, and by his individual efforts get out as many as fifty farmers at least. Before these collectively he will again lay the proposition, with a clear statement of the railroad's interest in the matter, and its willingness to aid, to the end that the plant may be most economically established, a proper market assured, and a reasonable degree of profit guaranteed. When this is done, a proof of good faith is not wanting in the way of the free services of an employé of the company, who shall stay on the ground, supervise the erection of the building and the instalment of machinery. He is also left to run the plant until a representative selected by the stockholders is sufficiently instructed to conduct the plant alone.

These dairies consume from 3000 to 5000 pounds of milk a day, and yield fifty stockholders from fifteen to forty dollars, according to the number of cows maintained. The best markets for the product are readily indicated by the road which offers facilities for shipment which are, to say the least, encouraging.

"Why do you interest yourself in this phase of industry?" was asked of the general freight agent of one of the foremost roads of the West.

"Because," he returned, "it is a business which is close to the welfare of the farmer. The creamery business gives the farmer ready money, and it gives it to him regularly once a month. They have a system in these co-operative creameries which looks to the collection of the money monthly for the product, and disburses it as regularly through the man in charge. In some cases, however, they have a manager who is a butter-maker, sometimes a combination butter and cheese maker. We find that these creameries are splendid things for some counties where no high-priced vegetable can be grown abundantly. Some of our poor territory has been exceedingly improved by the introduction of these creameries. A ready market for milk, such as a creamery is, induces a farmer to keep cows. The latter are valuable in another way, as fertilizers, and so the crops of the district increase in value. By a roundabout process we profit more than you would imagine."

"Do you get all the freight business of these creameries?"

"Not always. As a matter of fact, the business we get from these small creameries does not amount to anything. In some cases we do not get anything directly. The entire business may go by express. But the community prospers, and we prosper with it. The farmer, with ready money, buys more goods, with the result suggested."

"How many dairies has your road been instrumental in organizing?"

"Some fifteen, in all. We organized the dairies at Leeton, Montrose, Rockville, St. Paul (Missouri), Parsons, Americus, Dunlap, Burlington, and so on; but I do not remember all the names."

"Do they ship dairy products only to the big cities which you reach?"

"Oh no. To the best market they can find. We undertake to advise them in this matter upon request. We have agents in all of the large cities, who study the markets. Some of the business goes to Texas, some to St. Louis, some to Kansas City. It depends largely on the demand at the various points."

The same methods hold in regard to the poultry business, which has been similarly developed. The railroads have been exceedingly successful in this work, and have spread considerable information concerning it among their public. Not only have they advised, but their agents have taken hold of several small enter-

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prises of this kind and personally conducted them, in order to show the owners new ways and better markets. One road, traversing the West out of St. Louis, in order to stimulate interest in this field and to bring ready money into the territory, has undertaken the collection and sale of poultry on its own account, running poultry-cars over the road, buying for cash at the various stations, and finding its own market in the large cities of the country. The method in this case is for the agent to go over the road every week or ten days and paste up notices on the depot bulletin-board, announcing that on such a day the poultry-car of the Great National will be at this station, and will buy all poultry brought forward, at eight or ten cents per pound, cash. This affords a market which is a most excellent thing for many farmers, and aids wonderfully in building up a prosperous community.

This policy is one which reaches every enterprise and every individual in its territory, where possible. The man who has a small flour-mill, doing a business of, say, four hundred barrels a year, is some morning confronted by a representative of the railroad, who makes inquiry after his welfare.

"You have a plant here of how large a capacity?"

"Eight hundred barrels."

"And you do a business of how much?"

"Four hundred barrels."

"Could you buy wheat about here for four hundred extra barrels at a reasonable figure?"

The probabilities are that he could.

"Will you send us an itemized statement of the best you can do on four hundred barrels, to be delivered within six months? Send us a sample of the flour, and we will see what we can do."

The company has a telegraph arrangement whereby the transmission of ten words cost but a cent, or less. It communicates with its agents at the large cities throughout the country:

"What can you do with four hundred barrels of flour, or any fraction thereof, XX grade, $3 80 per barrel, delivered at the lowest figure?"

The local agent in New York uses his telephone to consult with the local commission merchants. He finds a place for sixty barrels delivered on a certain date. Another agent, in Chicago, wires that he can use a hundred barrels. The Pittsburg representative can accommodate seventy-five barrels at a price which leaves a fair margin for freightages.

"Start your mill," advises the railroad company, "and deliver us four hundred barrels in the order of time specified below."

The man who has a farm or a small business is made to feel that he can call on the local agent and get advice and aid which will be valuable to him. If he is a farmer, he may sometimes have something for which there is no local market—a surplus of vegetables or fruit, which will rot on his hands. Such a man can call on the local agent, lay the matter before him, and receive all the aid that the road can give him. For instance, a farmer in Crawford County, at the close of the last fruit season, had a lot of fifty barrels of apples, which were worth nothing locally, and which were about to spoil. He visited the local agent and explained the case. The latter informed the general office by telegraph. From there the representatives of the road in the several cities were called up:

"What can you do with a lot of fifty barrels of apples for immediate delivery?"

One city quoted fifty cents a barrel; another, sixty-five; another, eighty. In this particular instance the New York agent wired that he could get ninety-five cents per barrel, and the apples were at once shipped to that city, bringing the farmer an agreeable sum of money for something which would otherwise have been a dead loss.

The old idea that railroads could concern themselves solely with their own advancement and draw upon the energy of every one else without making any adequate return still holds in many quarters, but the tide is turning. There are railroads and railroads, but the majority of the more successful ones have inaugurated this policy.

"If we can make it clear to our public why we do as we do," said one railroad official, "without overdrawing the results to them or underestimating the benefits to ourselves, we are never in doubt of the effect. Suspicion of the motives, especially when honest, is one of the most injurious elements a railroad has to contend with."

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THE CUBAN CACTUS

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

PERHAPS the most peculiar figure among the United States troops convened in Santiago in the year of our Lord 1899 was Major Prout. Certainly there was no figure more unusual, judged by accepted standards of manly measurement, and according to the testimony of his brother officers, there never was and there never could be such another "queer-looking piece of work." They feared him always, and loved and hated him alternately, according to whether the last shafts of his favorite ammunition had struck home or in the breast of a comrade. He was gaunt, large-featured, heavy-browed, and from his huge legs up bent forward until his mighty hind quarters resembled nothing so much as those of the patient elephant; and while on the surface nothing seemed farther removed from this weighty personality than idle jests, yet as meat and drink to the common herd, so were practical jokes to the Major. No sense of reverence, no duty to humanity or a brother officer, seemed able to restrain his appetite when the scent of a possible jest blew his way. When, therefore, the Major was seen standing with his big eyes dreamy, and (as his brother officers were wont to describe him) resting on his hind legs with a gentle swaying motion of the body conducive to thought, there was a general scattering of forces, from the commanding officer down, it being understood by these signs that the lightning was gathering, and none desired to be the one struck for the edification of the rest of the mess. There was rarely any possibility whatever of concealing a scar made by the Major's lightning, nor was that lightning always a harmless heat electricity.

One young officer of the regiment there was who should have been protected by his confidence if by nothing else. When all others fled the Major's proximity, he alone seemed to know no fear of danger, and indeed appeared to grasp and welcome these opportunities for uninterrupted intercourse. The fact was that he whom the gods would kill they madden first, and this young officer was madly in love with the Major's niece, left behind in America with the Major's wife. Next to being with the rose is to be near him who has lived with roses. Far enough removed from roses seemed Major Prout, and yet solely for the reason contained in the above proverb did young Captain Leeper hang about the Major, dogging his footsteps opportunely and inopportunely with a dangerous assiduity. Many a good jest—or what might have become a good jest—had he spoiled for the Major by speaking to that gentleman when, wrapped in swaying meditation, he was just at that point which all inventors know, when a dim and hazy possibility is becoming a defined substance. This had happened so often it was no surprise that on the day that this brief story opens it chanced again, or rather it so nearly chanced that the Major felt he had a right to utterly lose his patience, this even though the offender was a suitor for his niece's hand of whom he cordially approved, with the sharp incentive of Mrs. Major's having sworn a solemn oath that one military man in the family was already too many, and that therefore this match should never take place. Before the young people were parted by the call to arms, the Major had schemed to the full capacity of his scheming old brain to bring them together, and since their separation he had continued to fan the flame by patient listening to the rhapsodies of a lover. But really to-day, when he had been brought to a sudden stand in the shade of a pillar, and held motionless, gazing with all the force of his prominent eyes at a dead rat lying in the sun, its unusually long, thin, and hairy tail suggesting to him the germ of a thought too supremely delightful, it was too much to be roused to earth by—

"Major, I have had a letter from her at last!"

"The deuce you have!" said the Major, with abstracted testiness. Not moving a muscle apparently, he was yet able to stare resentfully at the young man. His prominent eyes seemed capable of watching all surrounding objects, as a frog sees without moving its orbs.

"More than that," went on the maddened one, oblivious of the murder in his companion's gaze, "I have a month's leave, and now that she has written, I shall take the chance and go home to see her. I'll try to get some kind of a definite promise before I come back. I think my greatest trouble is going to be with Mrs. Prout. Can't you suggest any way that I can do to propitiate her? Major! How can you handle that thing! What *are* you about?"

The Major had leaned forward suddenly, and stretching out his long arm, scooped in the dead rat by the tail.

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"What are you going to do with that?" asked Captain Leeper, retreating a step. But the Major vouchsafed no reply whatever. His face wore a look of infantile repose. In curious contrast to his thoughtful, worried manner a few moments before, his air, as he contemplated the pendent rodent, was as replete with satisfaction as is a cat's when anticipating a diet of cream. Stepping aside to a low wall that ran close by, with a careful hand he dropped the rat's body down behind the stone coping until only the tapering tail, to which he still held firmly, was visible above the wall. This he regarded with his head tilted now on one side, now on the other; then, as if overcome by a sudden and complete satisfaction, he burst into a huge laugh that shook his great sides, and almost lost him the rat by the loosening of his grasp upon its appendage. Sobered by the chance, the Major drew his prize into safety, and started off up the street, still solemnly clinging to the rat. With no one else in the world would young Captain Leeper, who was perhaps a trifle squeamish, have walked through the streets of Santiago accompanied by a swinging Santiago rat. Though he carefully selected that side of the Major where the rat was not, and rapidly changed his position each time the Major shifted the hand in which he held the rat's tail (which he did oftener than it seemed quite needful), Captain Leeper still manfully stuck to his companion, one side or the other, listening eagerly for his words of wisdom.

"Yes," said the Major, in his big, generous voice, his good-nature entirely restored, "that's a good notion. Propitiate the old lady, eh? Ha! ha! That's a good notion. I'll tell you what to do. Take her a Cuban cactus, and you'll tickle her to death. Next to being crazy about me, she's crazy about flowers, particularly cacti. I've got one now I was going to send her. I was standing there wondering how on earth I could get it to her when you came up. I'll let you have it. No, no; you needn't thank me. That's all right. That's all right. I'll pack it, and fetch it to you on board the transport when it's ready to start. No thanks, sir; it's a pleasure to me."

"Louisa," said Mrs. Prout, looking out at her niece from under her glasses, which was her own peculiar way of looking at near objects—"Louisa, what ails you to-day?"

"Nothing, aunt; nothing at all," returned Louisa, hurriedly.

She was a light-haired, dark-eyed, pretty, lively, yet timid-looking girl. At her aunt's words she returned with a flustered air to the sewing which she had let dreamily fall into her lap.

"For pity's sake!" expostulated Mrs. Prout, not so much in impatience as in wonder. "Look at your thread! It's a good yard long if it's an inch. You'd have to run back and forth into the next lot to work with that, child. You know how to sew. What ails you?"

"I—I didn't realize how long my thread was, Aunt Prout," stammered Louisa, looking helplessly at her needle with its flowing train; yet she had already taken a number of arm's-length stitches with it, as her aunt had observed. Mrs. Prout tilted back her head, and again looked out in her rather alarming manner from under her glasses.

"I suppose you think I don't know what you have hidden in your lap, Louisa. I do. Don't try to hide anything from me, child. In the first place, with my eyesight, it's absurd to try to; and in the second place, it isn't moral. So long as your uncle's away, and I stand *in loco parentis*, it's like hiding things from your parents."

"I was— I didn't mean to, aunt," stammered poor Louisa, fishing up a square pale blue envelope from the recesses of her lap. "I have been trying to tell you all the morning, but I couldn't seem to find the opening."

"Well, I shouldn't think it needed a herald to announce a letter received from Captain Leeper. It doesn't seem a matter of much moment to me, one way or the other. I declare I never saw anything so absurd as the fuss this town is making over that young man! So well as I can make out, he hasn't done a thing but travel to Cuba and back again. I did that myself one winter, some ten years back, to cure me of a bad cold, but I don't seem to remember any such turnout of the townsfolk to receive me. Humph! Actually, when he came into church Sunday I distinctly detected a general impulse to rise, checked only by the cooler heads in the congregation. Another week of this and it 'll take a shoe-horn to get that young man's head into his hat. Perfectly absurd! What is that? What did you say?"

Poor Louisa had not spoken a word, but she now immediately seized the opportunity presented. There is a strange determination and a wonderful courage that seems born in the breast of the most timid maiden when a defence of certain rights is in question. To the evident astonishment of her aunt, Louisa spoke with spirit:

"I don't think you are at all fair, aunt. Captain Leeper is the first one who has come back, and I think it is very natural for them to be interested in him. And as for your going to Cuba ten years ago—why, it's quite different from going now, and going as a soldier!"

Mrs. Prout had laid down her sewing and sat gazing at her niece, with her face wrinkled and her mouth twisted, either by a laugh to which she would not give way or by displeasure—Louisa was not sure which.

"Heighty-tighty!" she said. "All this fuss about the head of a mouse! If there were anything else to think of here, no one would bother a pin over the young man. Why on earth your uncle left us quartered here in this stupid little post-town I'm sure I don't know."

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"But, aunt," expostulated Louisa, "you know you arranged it all yourself! You told him you wouldn't leave your flowers, now they were all well started, and you wouldn't go to a city hotel this time. I heard you say it. Don't you remember you said you were tired of eating at hotels out of 'canary-bird bath-tubs'?"

"So I did," said Mrs. Prout, pleasantly, not above being flattered at the repeating of her own jokes. "So I did. After all, while your uncle's with me he is a very thoughtful, considerate, dutiful husband, and I've nothing to complain of. When he's away I hear from him through the bank now and then, and what he does and what he doesn't do I wash my hands of. One thing I know. If he dutifully wears out the knees of his trousers in devout exercises at home with me, doubtless he wears out the seats with an equal conscientiousness backsliding in his absences. That's being married, my child. If you take my advice you'll stay right along here with your uncle and me, and, above all, don't ever marry in the army."

"But, aunt—" Louisa was animated this morning by a new boldness. Perhaps the blue letter which she held tightly in her hand gave her courage. "You didn't do so, Aunt Prout. You have been married twice, and both times in the army."

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Prout, calmly, "I know it. The more fool I, and the more reason I shouldn't let you be a fool. I was always exceedingly weak in such matters. I never had but two offers in my life, and I accepted both of them. If you have anything on your mind to say to me this morning, child, I wish you'd say it, and stop opening your mouth and shutting it like that. It makes me horribly nervous."

"It isn't on my mind. It's here in my hand," admitted Louisa, with a gasp. "Would you like to read this, Aunt Prout?" She held out the envelope to her aunt, who took it delicately in the ends of her fingers. The color of the paper was a light blue, a trifle too light, and the paper was a little too heavy and smooth. Mrs. Prout lifted the envelope gingerly to her nose.

"It's not scented!" said Louisa, indignantly.

"No?" said Mrs. Prout, handing the letter back as if it possessed no interest whatever for her. "I thought it might be, from the looks of it. What does the young man want?"

Louisa drew out the letter from the envelope and held it open under her aunt's nose, but the obstinate old lady turned her eyes away—or seemed to do so.

"I haven't the slightest interest in it," she said. "I've seen enough of those in my life. No, I won't read a word of it—not a word. My child, despairing is not usually spelt 'dis,' and



HE ENTERED THE PARLOR CARRYING THE BOX.

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eternally has two 'l's.' Take it away, I tell you. Didn't I say I wouldn't read it? Also the plural of cactus is cacti. What's that?" With a sudden and entire change of bearing she stretched out her hand, and grasping the letter of which she "would not read a word," devoured the whole of its contents from beginning to end — her eyes snapping, her mouth aquiver with eagerness.

"What! 'A fine Cuban cactus—very rare—difficult to obtain—will call and bring it to the house if Mrs. Prout desires to have it.' Desire it! Does the man think I am a fool? I don't desire it. I'm 'bliged to have it, and he knows it, the wretch!"

She paused, and then with an effort towards recovered composure picked up her sewing again. Her voice trembled, but she forced herself to speak in her usual dry manner as she handed the letter back to her niece.

"Well, child, of all the *putile* efforts at diplomacy I ever met with, that letter takes the prize."

"I don't—don't quite understand you, aunt. Do you want him to come and bring the cactus, or not? And please, I know what futile means and I know what puerile means, but indeed I don't know what *putile* means."

"It means both," said Mrs. Prout, with the same forced calm, but there was a subdued excitement in her manner. Her mouth still twitched; her fingers trembled as she plied her needle.

"As to the Cuban cactus and its bearer," she said, with an indifference but ill assumed—"if that's what you mean—you can use your own judgment in the matter. I wash my hands of any responsibility in any of the affair."

And yet it was as a direct result of this ablution on the part of Mrs. Prout that Captain Leeper arrived at Mrs. Prout's cottage that same night with a large square wooden box carefully carried in his arms. He did not leave the heavy box outside in the hallway, and later return for it with that dignity and elegance which he might have employed, but with a caution that was perhaps pardonable, and which proved eminently successful, he entered the parlor carrying the box held before him as a kind of earth-work between him and possible attack. To do Mrs. Prout justice, she tried to be exceedingly polite, but in spite of her manifest effort she was not, nor was any one else, quite sure that she accorded to Captain Leeper any personal greeting whatever. The general effect was as of a trembling mother snatching to her bosom a lost child brought back to her in the arms of a stranger. The cactus itself was not visible, so closely and carefully was it protected, and while Captain Leeper, with his eyes fixed on a figure in the background, was still eagerly explaining to Mrs. Prout how twice daily he had watered the treasure through the holes bored in the top of the wooden crate, he found that he and that figure in the background were alone in the room together. Mrs. Prout had vanished upstairs with the cactus in her bosom, leaving Captain Leeper with his arms still outstretched, but empty. Under these circumstances— But, with the cactus and Mrs. Prout, let us discreetly retire.

It is possible that Mrs. Prout might not have seen her way clear to celebrating the announcement of her niece's engagement to Captain Leeper by giving an entertainment to his townspeople and such of his army friends as were left at the deserted post, but there was the cactus, and that settled the matter. True, the plant was but a wee thing, not more than four inches high, but there were several other horto-maniacs in her circle of acquaintances, and a new specimen of cactus was a new specimen, and, as such, a triumph over all others and a prize worthy of exhibition. Indeed, on the night of the entertainment it would have been difficult for a stranger to decide to whom the affair was really given, for the honors were easy between the engaged couple and the cactus. Louisa stood blushing by her aunt's left side, to be sure, receiving the guests with her; and behind her, as a kind of background of support, stood Captain Leeper; but to the right of Mrs. Prout, on a high lacquered gold table, stood the cactus, and to it, swelling with pride but with an air of well-bred carelessness, she introduced each guest in passing. Sometimes the introduction of the cactus preceded the mention of Louisa, but, to do Mrs. Prout justice, she did not once omit a final introduction of Louisa's name.

This was Captain Leeper's first view of the historic cactus. The Major had brought it to him crated exactly as it was when he himself handed it over to Mrs. Prout's tender care, and until this evening Mrs. Prout had fostered the plant in her own bedroom, where, in a sunny window, she ministered day and night to the young and feeble of her favorites. It was all Captain Leeper could do to restrain a great laugh when his astonished eyes fell upon the plant. Set high, as on a gold altar in the face of the multitude, its outlandish name printed on a neat card thrust into the side of the pot, both name and card much larger than the plant itself, the cactus stuck up straight from the middle of the earth in the pot, supported by soft worsted threads that bound its length to a slender stick. It was a thin, tapering, weak, and limp personality, and to Captain Leeper's irreverent eyes the treasure resembled nothing so much as— The laughter died suddenly out of his heart as a horrible thought rushed into his brain. No! It wasn't imaginable! It couldn't be! Nothing so hideous was possible, and yet— With a growing doubt in his mind, which made his hair bristle on his head, he forced himself to stand behind his *fiancée* and Mrs. Prout and smile and smile on all comers, while Mrs. Prout continued to introduce the cactus and the

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young couple with what she bravely struggled to make an alternate partiality.

"Yes. It's a Mamillaria Rodentaria Antillium Margaritæ. Captain Leeper brought it to me himself all the way in his own hands. So kind of him! Yes. Exceedingly rare and valuable. Yes. I needn't tell you our little bit of family news, I suppose. Louisa—fair exchange no robbery. Ha! ha! You can imagine how I value it. Yes. Eh? What? Droopy? No, no. It's very healthy and strong. Well, yes; perhaps it has wilted a little, but constant care and watering will make that all right. What could you expect after such a journey and the transplanting? So young, so tender! Odor? Yes, I think it has or will have, and you know the cacti sometimes have. Something rather faint yet pungent you detect? Not disagreeable—not to me, at least."

"Louisa," murmured Captain Leeper, in an agonized whisper, "I must see you alone at once! Get away from these people as soon as you can, and meet me in the conservatory."

The response to such a summons, it is needless to say, was not long delayed. Louisa, trembling and white of face, soon followed her lover, and found him striding up and down the narrow conservatory at the back of the house.

"Louisa!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, as she entered. Grasping her hand, he drew her into the deepest recesses of the flower-stand, from behind which, as he whispered a few distracted words in her ear, came the response of an equally distracted but smothered shriek from Louisa.

"Don't! don't!" pleaded Captain Leeper. "I may be mistaken. But as I recall his face when he brought me the pot, I'm afraid— I remember now he was laughing until his face was purple, and every hair on his head seemed to be turning back, he gasped so. He had to sit down on the deck rail and drink a glass of water before he could give me his directions and tell me its cursed name. The last I saw of him he was sitting on a post of the pier, laughing until he almost fell off into the water. He was always laughing at something, so I didn't think much about it at the time. I never supposed— Heavens! Can't you get those people out of the room and let me make sure?"

"There's a night-blooming cereus out in the yard," said resourceful Louisa. "I'll whisper to aunt to take every one out to see it. Then you can be alone in the parlor with the—the—Ugh! Oh, if it is what you think it is, what shall we do?"

"In that case there is but one thing in the world for us to do," said Captain Leeper, firmly, and as he spoke he took Louisa as firmly in his arms.

"Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't possibly!" she exclaimed, after a moment's breathless listening to more of his whispers. But Captain Leeper, if for once in his life, was resolute. He continued to whisper until Louisa's remonstrances grew so faint as to be easily construed into assents. Then he left her, and with set face and stealthy step sought the pantry shelf where he knew Mrs. Prout kept her gardening implements. From among these he selected a sharp-pointed trowel, and ten minutes later he was alone in the drawing-room, cleared of the other guests by Louisa's machinations. Captain Leeper, trowel in hand, stealthily approached the pot. As his unwilling gaze fell upon the slender plant he shuddered. Any certainty was better than this suspense. Captain Leeper plunged his trowel deep into the pot.

The next morning Mrs. Prout rose early and went down to visit the cactus. There on the gold table stood the pot just where she had left it, but her horrified eyes saw only a mound of earth heaped up on the stick in the centre to the height which the cactus had reached. On the top of this mound of earth lay a letter addressed to Mrs. Prout, which that lady grasped and opened:

"DEAR AUNT PROUT,—I don't know what you will say. I don't know what you will do! I have run away with, and by the time you get this shall be married to, Captain Leeper. There wasn't any other way out of this terrible trouble, or we wouldn't have done this. You wouldn't have ever believed my husband didn't do it, and he says he couldn't have blamed you for anything you said or did, but for all that, we couldn't be separated by a—Oh, aunt, how shall I ever tell you what has happened? Just as soon as you get this, please trust me and do what I say with *no* investigation. Send for a man, and have him take this Cuban cactus, pot and all, and bury it deep in a hole in the back of the garden and sod it over. If you can't bring yourself to do this on my word alone, then, dear, dear aunt, just try to remember exactly how the wretched thing looked, and then try to realize what other thing it looked most like! Remember it was long and thin and gray, and it had a mangy kind of hair on it, and remember how uncle loves a joke! When I think of your watering *that* twice a day, and tying it up to a stick! As I stop to read over my letter, as far as I have written it, I'm half afraid you won't understand a word of it, and I suppose you really ought to know the truth. But, oh dear! I don't know how to tell you! Do you remember what uncle used to say when you and I, once in a long time, used to try, and never succeeded, in playing a return joke on him? He used to say: 'No, girls. No, you don't. You can't catch me. I can always smell a—' Oh, aunt, this was one! I can't write the word; but now I think you'll know. There's nothing more to say, except that we will be your devoted and sorrowful and repentant (though he wasn't to blame)

NEPHEW AND NIECE."

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HE KNEW THE KIND.

"TELL me a story, papa."
"What kind of a story shall I tell you, little man?"
"Tell me an antidote."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

WHO dat knockin' at de do'?
Why, Ike Johnson—yes, fu' sho!
Come in, Ike. I's mighty glad
You come down. I thought you's mad
At me 'bout de othah night,
An' was stayin' 'way fu' spite.
Say, now, was you mad fu' true
When I kin' o' laughed at you?
  Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

'Tain't no use a-lookin' sad,
An' a-mekin' out you's mad;
Ef you's gwine to be so glum,
Wondah why you evah come.
I don't lak nobidy 'roun'
Dat jes shet dey mouf an' frown,—
Oh, now, man, don't act a dunce!
Cain't you talk? I tol' you once,
  Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Wha'd you come hyeah fu' to-night?
Bidy'd think yo' haid ain't right.
I's done all dat I kin do,—
Dressed perticler, jes fu' you;
Reckon I'd 'a' bettah wo'
My ol' ragged calico.
Aftah all de pains I's took,
Cain't you tell me how I look?
  Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Bless my soul! I 'mos' fu'got
Tellin' you 'bout Tildy Scott.
Don' you know, come Thu'sday night,
She gwine ma'y Lucius White?
Miss Lize say I allus wuh
Heap sight laklier 'n huh;
An' she'll git me somep'n' new,
Ef I wants to ma'y too.
  Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

I could ma'y in a week,
Ef de man I wants 'ud speak.
Tildy's presents 'll be fine,
But dey wouldn't ekal mine.
Him what gits me fu' a wife
'Ll be proud, you bet yo' life.
I's had offers; some 'ain't quit;
But I hasn't ma'ied yit!
  Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Ike, I loves you,—yes, I does;
You's my choice, and allus was.
Laughin' at you ain't no harm.—
Go 'way, darky, whah's yo' arm?
Hug me closer—dah, dat's right!
Wasn't you a awful sight,
Havin' me to baig you so?
Now ax whut you want to know,—
  Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f!

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FEBRUARY.

Snowy February lingers;
Rubber-booted cranks appear,
Blowing on their frozen fingers
As they whack the crimson sphere.

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AN UNIMPORTANT POINT.

In a certain Kansaw county, where prohibition was rampant, the grand jury, after having examined sundry citizens without material result, at length cast their net over one Klawback, a moss-grown but shrewd old fellow.

Did Mr. Klawback know of any violations of the prohibitory law? Waal, yes; Mr. Klawback, after raking around his memory, reckoned he did, and after being directed to say on, explained that he himself had purchased a quantity of liquor some two months before from a man in a neighboring hamlet in the same county, which liquor, the speaker earnestly averred, with a reminiscent smack of his lips, was the best that he had had the pleasure of putting into his head for many moons—it had burnt the throat right out of him. The essential facts of his testimony were duly recorded, the indictment triumphantly made out, and the constable sent for to apprehend the purveyor of the vile stuff, when the ingenuous Mr. Klawback bethought himself of something.

"Waal, now, gen'lemen," he drawled, "I don't know as it makes any pertickler difference, but I sorter forgot to tell you that the inickertous scoundrel that sold me that whiskey died early yesterday mornin'."

PATRIOTISM AND ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

A man named Millikan for many years infested a certain small Iowa town. Millikan's chief bid for fame was the ingenuity of his excuses for not paying his debts. His business, when he condescended to have any, was always that of selling-agent for something—lightning-rods, porous plasters, fruit trees, sewing-machines, head-stones, or other commodities—and if he had ever put half the skill and energy into his work that he did into his manufacture of excuses for non-payment, he would have prospered. Millikan never objected to being dunned—in fact, he often went to his creditors and "dunned himself," as the saying is. But he was always armed with an excuse of dazzling beauty. Usually he had had the money—indeed, had started for his creditor's house with it—but had lost it in some way. Frequently he was robbed. If a bank closed its doors anywhere within fifty miles, Millikan had money in that bank. If a man absconded, that man owed Millikan. If there was a fire, it destroyed Millikan's possessions. If there was a rumor of a European war, it depreciated Millikan's holdings and reduced his working capital.

Millikan had long owed Dr. Bates a bill of twenty dollars. The doctor had about given up hope of ever getting it, and had settled down to a philosophical enjoyment of the man's excuses.

He had promised solemnly, however, to pay it on July 4, having a large sum coming to him on the 3d for a consignment of apple-trees. The doctor's hopes revived somewhat. Bright and early on the morning of the 4th Millikan rang his creditor's bell furiously. But the doctor found his face the picture of woe.

"Doc, I promised to pay you to-day," began the caller.

"You did, Millikan."

"Well, I'm sorry, Doc, but I can't do it. Blow the luck!"

"What's the matter this time?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, Doc, the darnedest hardest luck you ever heard tell of. You know how absent-minded I am, Doc, and how patriotic—them are two of my strong p'ints. Well, Doc, I was driving into town late last night with that money—an even two hundred—in my pocket, right in a roll, when the boys called me over to the square and wanted me to help 'em celebrate by shooting off that old brass cannon at midnight. Well, I went, and on the tenth round I was a-loading her, and we ran out of wadding, and what do you think I done, Doc, in my excitement, but yank out that roll of bills and ram 'em into that cannon and touch 'er off before I thought; and there went two hundred dollars' worth of clear, hard-earned cash all blowed to flinders! Doc, I'm sorrier than you be. But I'll have it for you by the 1st of August, sure."

A SAFEGUARD.

Imperialism no doubt appeals to many people of an imaginative turn of mind, and there are even some hard-headed students of political development who consider it the manifest destiny of the United States.

The pomp and circumstance of an empire would no doubt satisfy our national craving for the spectacular, even though it would offend grievously all the honest people who believe in Jeffersonian simplicity.

But in spite of all the rhapsodizing and theorizing that have been done during the last few months—that have seen so much territorial expansion—imperialism is still a very remote possibility, and for a very good and sufficient reason, as the following anecdote will show:

At the time when the war with Spain had been brought to a successful close, and the country was ringing with talk of expansion and imperialism, a number of statesmen were discussing the future of the country over their cigars in Washington. At last one enthusiast exclaimed, addressing himself to the most prominent member of the group,

"In my opinion we are drifting directly towards imperialism, and you, sir, should be the first emperor."

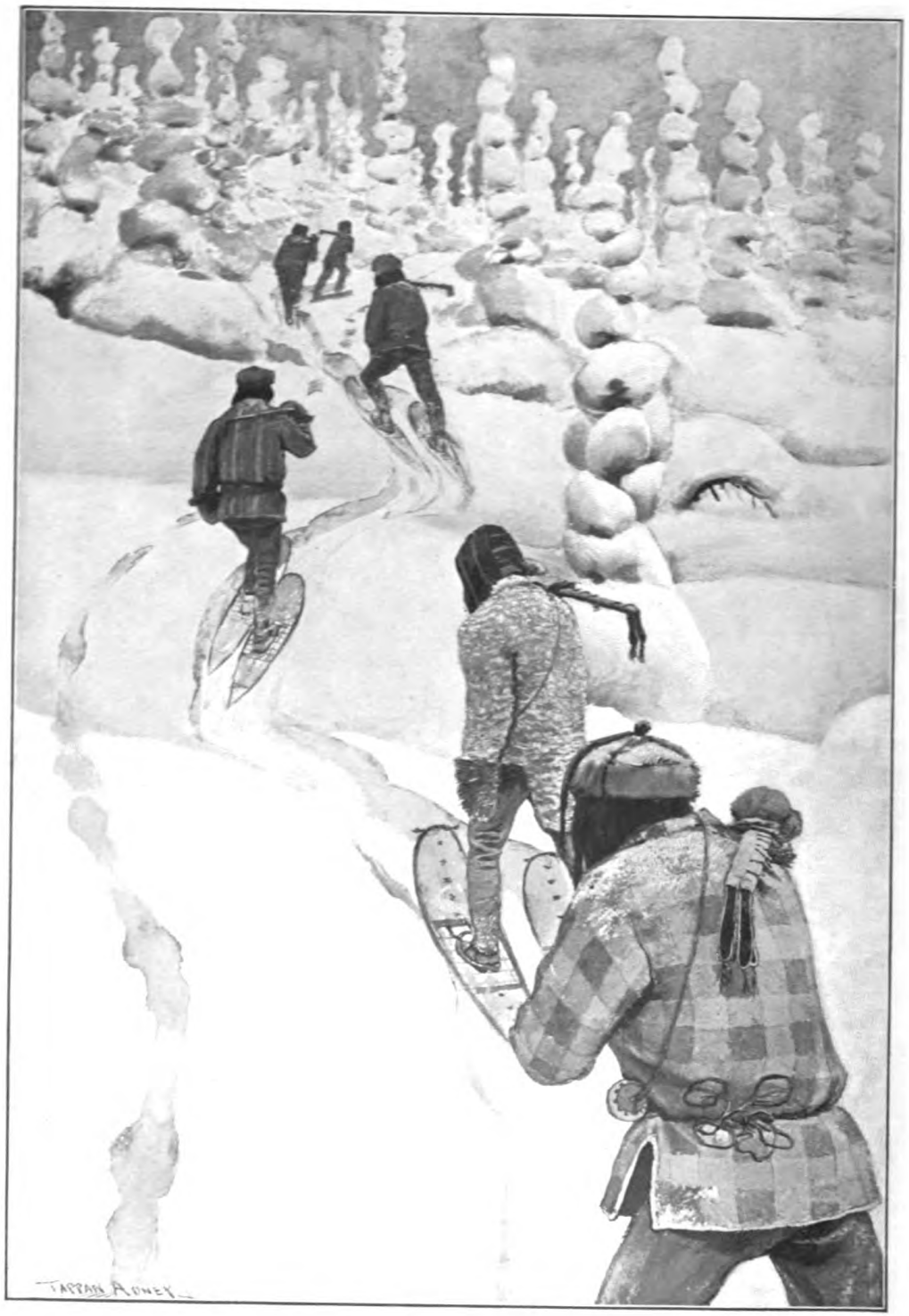
"Not if I know it," drawled the great man. "I am not fool enough to want to be the first emperor of a nation of such good shots."

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MOOSE HUNTING

With the TRO-CHU-TIN





THE Tro-chu-tin are better known as "Klondike Indians." Their village, numbering sixty or seventy souls, was located at the mouth of the Klondike River until white men discovered gold on Bonanza Creek and crowded them away to its present site on the Yukon, two miles below the town of Dawson. One morning early in January three Indians sought an interview with Captain Hansen, agent of the Alaska Commercial Company—"Isaac," the chief; "Silas," a "smart" young man; and "John," a former chief and medicine-doctor, or *shuman*. Silas, having been interpreter for the traders, spoke middling English; Isaac, worse; the old man, none at all. On this occasion Isaac was spokesman. Said he:

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"First time, Jack McQuesten all same Injun papa; Yukon Injun all same her children. Just nup, McQuesten he gone; A. C. Company all same Injun papa; her children hungry." The meaning of this was that the Alaska Commercial Company, from the time when it received the lease of the Seal Islands and came into a practical monopoly of the fur trade of Alaska, had exercised through its various agents, one of whom had been Jack McQuesten, a paternal care over the native tribes, by directing their hunts and feeding them when fish, moose, or caribou were scarce or difficult to obtain. As the Indians had been accustomed during the quarter of a century before the discovery of the Klondike to appeal for aid in time of hunger to McQuesten, it now seemed proper to lay before the visible representative of the company at Dawson the fact that they were on the verge of starvation. This condition was not exceptional. The salmon in the Yukon are abundant; the moose nowhere on the North-American Continent are so large as on the rivers entering the Yukon, or more plentiful; and the Barren Ground caribou, or wild-reindeer, run in bands often numbering thousands; but nowhere does an Indian exert himself until the last pound of "grub" is gone.

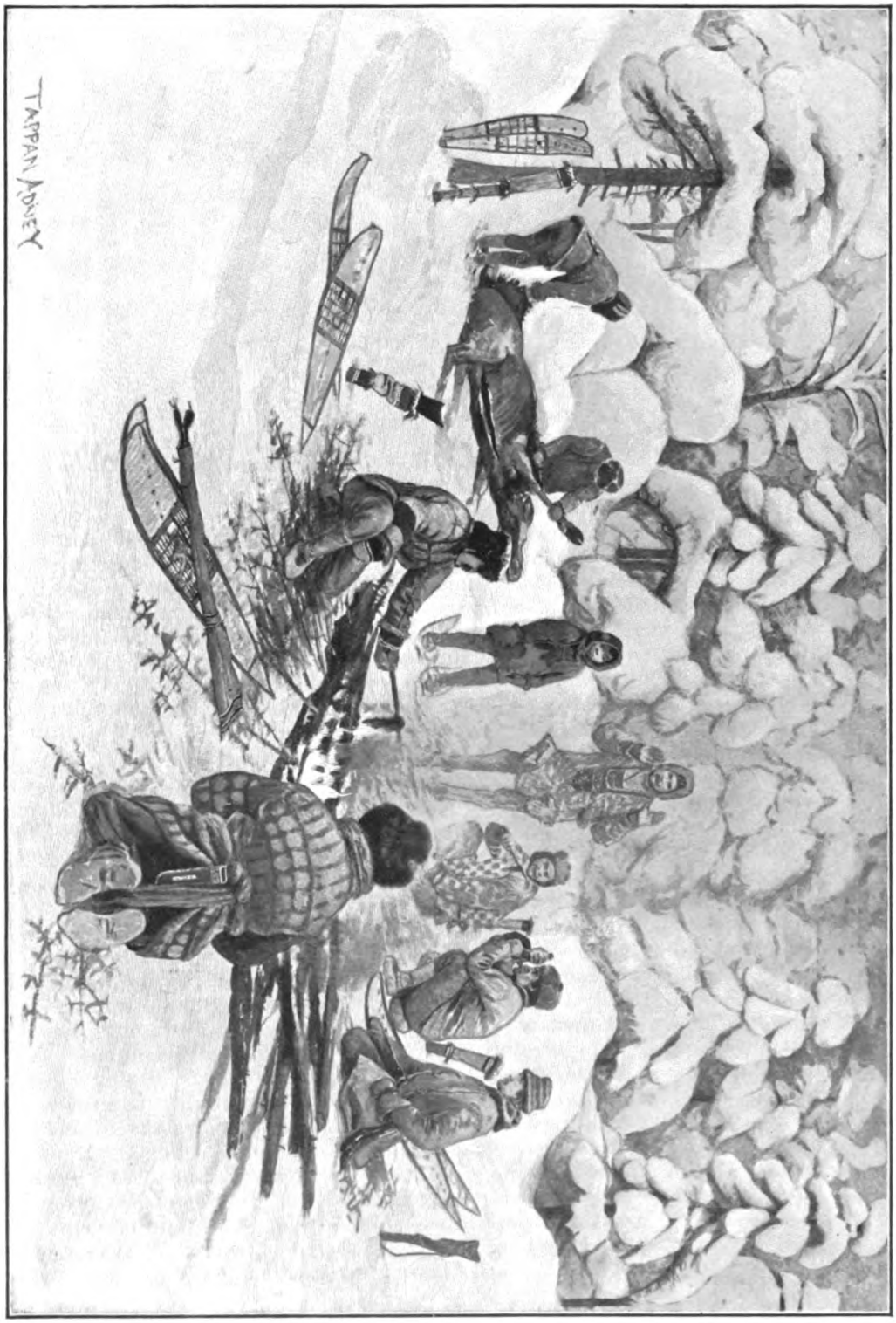


Captain Hansen told them in reply that it was true that the "A. C." Company now was "all same Jack McQuesten," but times had changed. It was no longer necessary that they should consider how much fur there was on the beaver's back, but how much *meat* on the moose's bones. He had no food for them, nor for the white men (it is still fresh in mind that starvation stared us all in the face that winter). They must hunt the moose and bring the meat to the white men, and then, but not until then, could he give them food from the store.

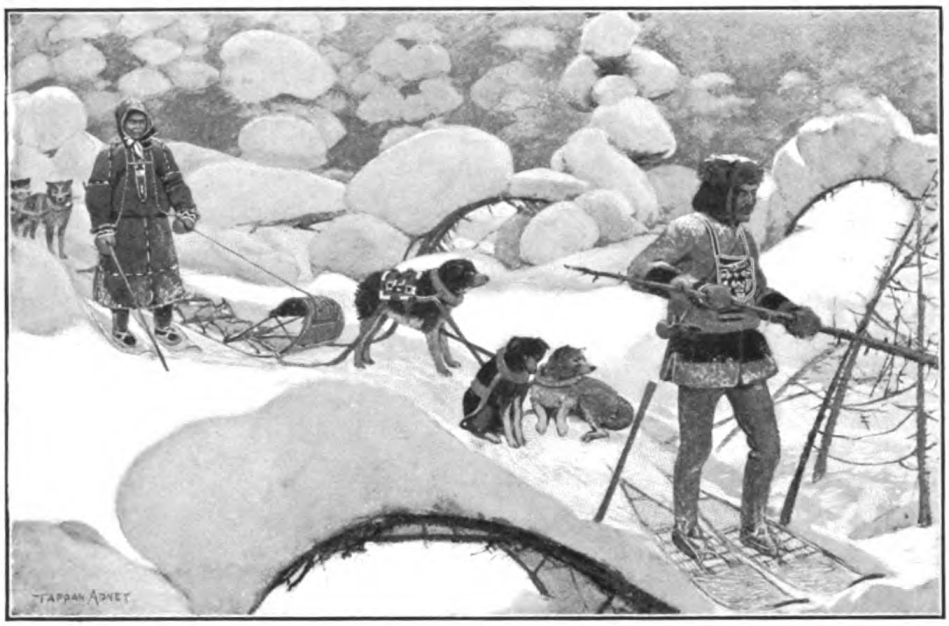
Several days after the above conversation a friend introduced me, in the street at Dawson, to a tall, rather angular individual, dressed in a black fur cap of peculiar design, a coat of gorgeous "upholstery"-patterned Mackinaw blanket, "store" trousers further encased in leggings of the same fancy material as the coat, moose-hide moccasins with pointed toes and bright scarlet tops. A pair of large caribou-skin mittens hung from his neck by a thick plaited green and white worsted cord, and he was further protected from the dry arctic cold by a knit yarn scarf wrapped once around his neck, the ends being tied behind his back out of the way. In features he was a North-American Indian,



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though of the Northern interior "Woods" Indian type; light brown in color, with prominent cheek-bones, a strong chin, aquiline nose, a large mouth with a stringy black mustache that drooped at the ends, and a flashing eye, that gave the impression both of mastery and shrewdness. Although he carried himself with conscious self-respect, Isaac, as I saw him that first time and during our subsequent "partnership," would have presented a droll appearance anywhere save in the busy street of a Northern mining-camp, where every other man wore a shirtlike "parka," and other articles of native dress appropriate to the place and season.

After an effusive greeting and vigorous hand-shaking, Isaac readily assented to my proposition to accompany the village on the hunt; first, however, warily inquiring whether I could snowshoe, and then saying that I should bring along two sacks of flour, five pounds of tea, I do not know how much sugar—in fact, a quarter of a year's outfit, including a tent and the usual miner's sheet-iron stove! Isaac's handling of English was atrocious and unique, while of course my knowledge of his own language was nil; but by much repetition, aided by gestures, I gathered that the hunt would last until the sun rose high above the horizon—three months later; that he expected me to "grub-stake" him with provisions, which he would repay out of the first moose he killed; that the hind quarters belonged to the hunter who shot the moose, the rest to the village; that he and I were "pudnas" (partners), and would give each other a fore shoulder; and when the smoke inside the "skin house" made his eyes "too much sick," he would come into my tent. The time, however, being more than I could spare for such an adventure, I cut down the grub-list, and further resolved that if I could not live in the "skin houses" exactly like one of them, not to go at all.

On the 13th of January the sleepy miners' camp was startled by a wild, screaming, howling cavalcade of Indians—men, women, boys, girls, and babies—and dogs of all degrees of leanness, the dogs hauling birch toboggans, on which were piled smoke-browned house-poles, skins, and blankets, with



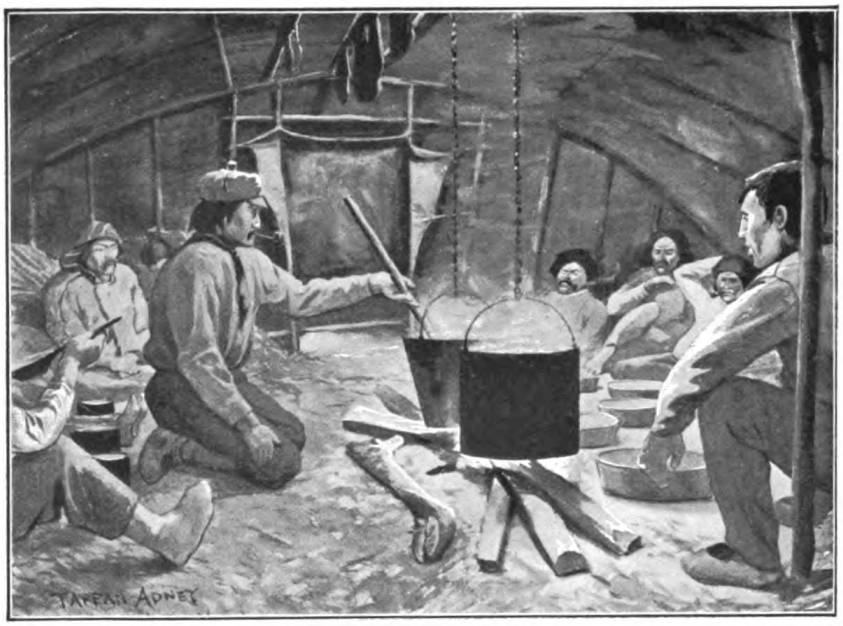
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babies and pups, the women driving the dogs, and nearly every man hauling a Yukon miner's sled (Isaac had explained that nearly all the dogs had been sold to the miners). The procession, a quarter of a mile long, numbering forty or fifty people and as many dogs, turned up a smooth trail on the frozen surface of the Klondike, the dogs, poor things, howling dismally as the women with shrill voices and long sticks urged them on. Two miles from the Yukon, above the mouth of the Bonanza Creek, the head of the caravan stopped, and Isaac marked the place for the camp at the edge of the river, alongside a dense grove of spruce-trees. As we turned off the smooth miners' trail every person old enough to walk slipped into snow-shoes, as the snow was about two feet deep. The women took long-handled wooden shovels and removed the snow off the ground an elliptical space eighteen feet long by twelve feet wide, banking it all around two feet high. While some covered the exposed river gravel with green spruce boughs and kindled a fire in the centre, others cut sticks three to five feet long and set them upright a foot apart in the bank of snow, the long way of the intended house, leaving an opening at one side two feet wide for the door. The house-poles, an inch thick and ten or twelve feet long, whittled out of spruce and previously bent and seasoned into the form of a curve, were then set up in the snow at the ends of the camp to the number of sixteen or twenty, their upper ends pointing toward the middle in the form of a dome ten feet high. These were strengthened by two arched cross-poles underneath, the ends of which were lashed to the side-stakes with withes of willow twigs thawed out and made pliant over the fire. Over this comparatively stiff frame-work next was drawn a covering of caribou-skin, tanned with the hair on, made in two sections, and shaped and sewed together to fit the dome. The two sections, comprising forty skins, completely covered the house, except in the middle, where a large hole was left for the smoke to escape, and at the doorway, over which was hung a piece of blanket. The toboggans with the balance of the loads were hoisted upon pole scaffolds



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each side of the house, out of reach of the dogs, who looked and acted as if ready to devour anything from a moccasin to a rawhide toboggan-lashing. Not until the house was done and enough wood stacked before the door to last until morning did any one stop for a moment. In a climate where the temperature remains not higher than thirty degrees below zero, and occasionally drops to fifty or sixty below, it is dangerous to dally, as white men are prone to do under the same conditions.

In our little village there were seven lodges. In the chief's house were nine persons and eleven dogs, divided into two households, each having a side of the fire to itself. On ours were Isaac, his wife, Eliza, with a nursing boy less than a year old, myself, and three native dogs—Chicken (child), Gagul (broken-leg), and John ; also a tawny "white man's dog," Beaber, taken to board, a small black native pup, and an extremely miserable short-haired white man's pup, wrapped in a blanket to keep from freezing, and weighing just fourteen pounds by Isaac's spring scales. On the other side were a middle-aged, stockily built man known as "Billy," or "the missionary's man," and his wife, with two girls respectively about eight and ten years of age, and a boy of the same uncertain age, four large native dogs, and two pups. The human occupants kneeled or reclined before the fire, which was ingeniously built to throw the heat in two directions and to draw well, notwithstanding which latter, I soon discovered that it was often necessary to lie close to the ground, and when the smoke became too thick, to lift the lower edge of the skin covering. We cooked a loaf of baking-powder bread in a frying-pan. A scrap of bacon and a cup of tea completed our meal. The Indians were really near starvation. Isaac himself had the only sack of flour in the village. Each family had its own cooking outfit,





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consisting of a frying-pan, a tin milk-pan, a tin dish-pan, several tin cups and plates, and a small tin pail for boiling tea, and a larger one, holding two or three gallons, for making soup and boiling meat and washing the children's under-garments.

The following morning before daybreak word was given, "All go." Toboggans were rattled off of caches, and houses taken down and loaded as swiftly as they had been set up. We made ten miles, part way on a miners' trail, the rest on snow-shoes, and camped exactly as before. It was still dark when all hands were awakened, the stars were shining brightly, the white aurora flashed feebly in the northern sky, the black domes of the village were dimly outlined against the snow and the black wall of spruce, and a few sparks and thin smoke were rising from the early fires. Isaac went outside and began to declaim in a loud voice. He spoke not in the smooth, melodious tongue of the Eastern Indian, but slowly and deliberately, in short, crisp, incisive monosyllables. When he was done, he informed me in broken English that we were to hunt on the left-hand side of the river. He buckled on his belt full of "forty-five-seventy" cartridges, and went outside.

Some time afterwards a young man who was warming himself by our fire asked me if I "go hunt moose." Ducking out of the narrow door, and seizing rifle and snow-shoes off the cache, I fell into a trail along with two shadowy figures, with rifles over their shoulders. In half an hour it was light enough to see that my companions were a boy of about twelve, with a large repeating-rifle, and the old *shuman*, John, dressed in a coat of bright orange blanket and nether garments of caribou-skin. He carried a single-barrelled shot-gun in a caribou-leather case handsomely embroidered with beads and red cloth, and a sort of pouch made of black cloth, richly beaded, for holding bullets and caps, hung on his breast, while a leather-covered powder-horn hung at his side. After we had walked seven miles, the river valley, in increasing light, was seen to be several miles across, the white frozen stream winding between low flat banks covered with a growth of scrubby spruce, beyond which rose evenly sloping mountains covered sparsely with small spruce, birch, and cottonwoods. The trail made by several snow-shoes ahead of us turned abruptly to the left. The boy and I turned into the spruce. The old man kept on alone, and we saw no more of him.

We reached the hill and were quite on the crest of the first ridge when the toe of one of my snow-shoes broke off. Motioning Indian fashion for the boy to go ahead, he disappeared among the snow-laden trees, leaving me to limp slowly on. It was just twelve o'clock by the watch when I heard a rifle-shot, followed quickly by another. The next thing I was in a moose's feeding-ground, and saw snow-shoe tracks running hither and thither among the bowed-down birches, in evident pursuit. Plunging on the moose's trail, down the back side of a little hill, I had not gone two hundred yards before I saw smoke among the evergreens, and the familiar





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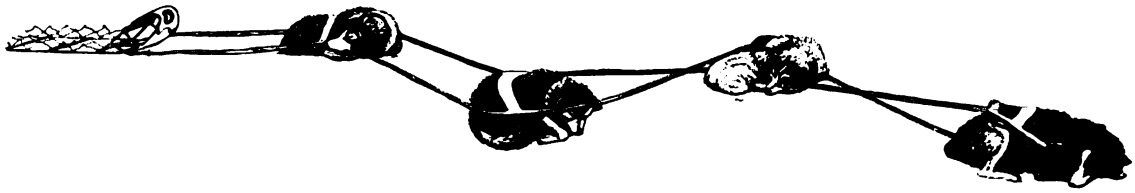
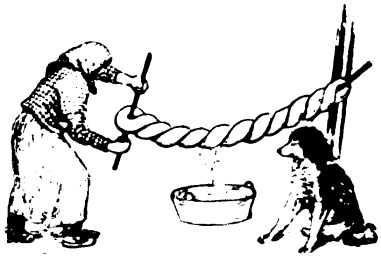


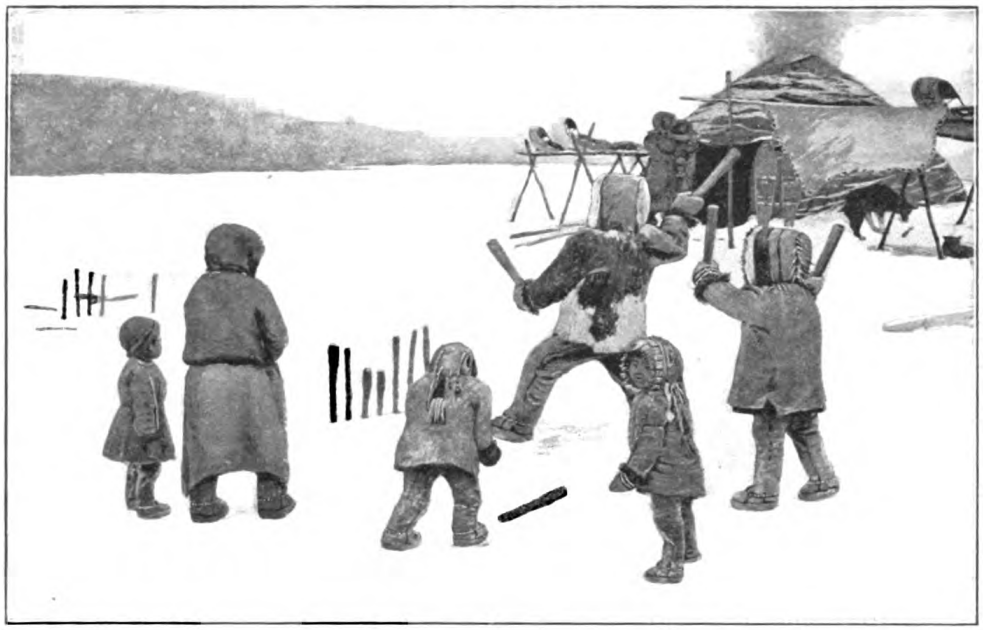
figure of Isaac and several others around a long fire, and two others near by skinning a large moose which lay in the snow. It was a gory sight—the white snow splashed with the blood, the Indians in variegated red, yellow, and green blanket coats, holding portions of the moose's vitals in the flames on sticks, and greedily licking up the fat that dripped into the snow. They were all smiling and happy. They had made the fire without axes, simply breaking off dead limbs with their hands. The two Indians soon had the moose skinned, and proceeded to separate part from part, using only their hunting-knives. After cutting off a chunk of ten to fifteen pounds of meat for each person present, the rest of the meat was covered with snow, and the smaller pieces were wrapped in spruce boughs and made into a pack, a braided rawhide cord, which each carried, being used as a sling. At just one o'clock each of us shouldered a pack, and we started back single file, reaching camp at dark, having travelled about eighteen miles. On the way we passed another moose, which an Indian was skinning. That accounted for the second shot. That night the old *shuman* and Billy, who had gone off separately, returned, each with a piece of moose, making thus *four* moose for the first day's hunt.

No wonder every one was happy! Even the dogs, who had been having nothing but a thin soup of boiled salmon-heads, took a new lease of existence. Our moose was a fat cow. The moose are still too plentiful for the Indians to stop to consider the ultimate consequence of killing cows at this season, when they are heavy with young. Indeed, they much prefer the cow to the bull. "Mull [bull] moose," said Isaac, "too much tup [tough]; cow moose plenty fat; *he* all right." He would eat the cow moose himself, and sell the bull moose to the miners.

The following day we moved camp seven miles, and the morning after that a man went ahead with an axe and cleared a trail for the women and toboggans, who hauled the meat into camp, where it was taken into the several houses and laid over poles at the side of the house, so as to be guarded from the dogs. The hides were brought in-doors, and women at once set to work dressing them. The hair was shaved off; then the skin was turned over, and all the sinew and meat adhering was removed by means of a sort of chisel made of a moose's shin-bone; and finally scraped, a work requiring a whole day of incessant and tiresome labor. The skin was now washed in a pan of hot water, and then wrung dry with the help of a stick as a tourniquet. After which the edges were incised for subsequent lacing into a frame, and then hung out-doors over a pole. The tanning, with a "soup" of liver and brains, is done the next summer. After which the skin is smoked, and made into moccasins, gold-sacks, etc. The various portions of the moose were divided among the village. One family got a head, another a slab of ribs, another the fore shoulders. The shin-bones were roasted and cracked for



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the marrow; the ears, although nothing but cartilage, were roasted and chewed up; the rubberlike "muffle," or nose, and every particle of flesh, fat, or gristle that could be scraped from head or hoofs, were disposed of. Even the stomach was emptied of its contents and boiled and eaten; but the very choicest delicacy was the unborn moose, which was suspended by a string around the neck and toasted over the fire. With plenty of meat, the village was in no hurry to move. There were no regular meals now. Whenever one wanted anything to eat, he cut off a piece of meat and threw it into a frying-pan. In our house some one was cooking about all the time. No one cared for salt: it is a civilized habit they have not yet acquired. Moose meat answers all requirements of nature, and one can live on it alone.

The killing of a fat cow moose is celebrated by a feast. Our first was prepared by Isaac. Two or three of the largest tin pails were brought into the house, and an Indian selected by the chief as cook filled them with water from an ice-hole in the river, and hung them over the fire, with all sorts of odds and ends of meat and bone. While the meat was cooking, the hunters gathered inside to the number of twenty-three, lying on their backs with their feet to the fire, completely filling the little room. They laughed, talked, smoked, until about noon, when the cook brought out a large wooden spoon, and skimming the pure grease off the top of the kettles, passed it around the circle. Each took a sip at the fiery-hot, saltless tallow, apparently regardless of considerable moose-hair and wood-ashes. When the meat was done, a number of milk-pans and plates were partly filled, each one's share being apportioned according to the size of his family.

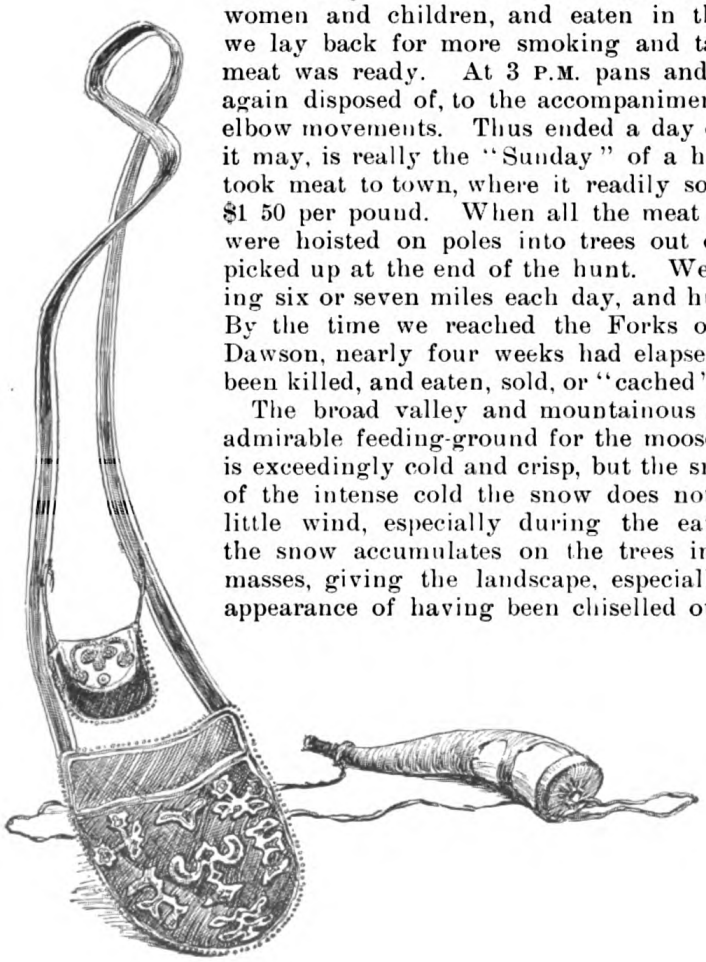
Considerable merriment was caused by Isaac, ever fond of a joke, who inquired how much of my allowance I was going to give to a certain fat, greasy, very muscular, dusky young lady in another lodge, whom they seemed



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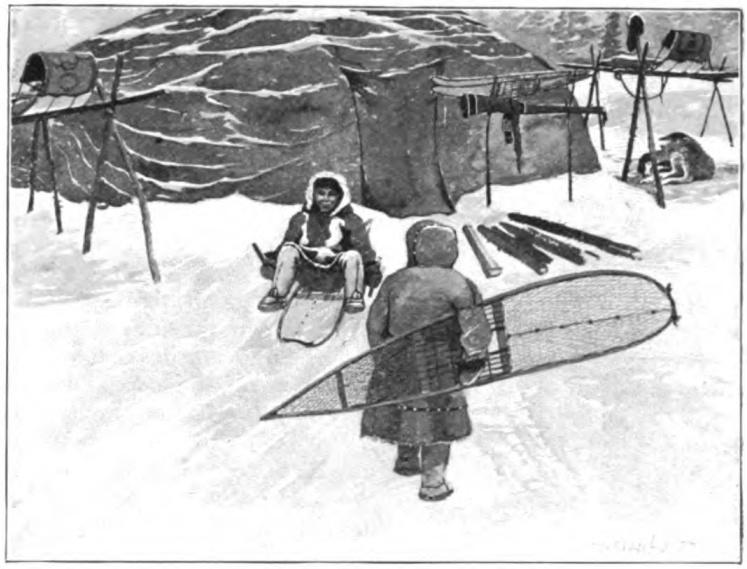


to have had picked out for me as a "partner," in case I remained in the country. Isaac hastened to explain, however: "Injun no fool; just laugh." A cup or kettle of tea was set before each person, and all hands sat up and pitched in with hunting-knives and fingers. Now I learned the way to eat meat: people who eat nothing but meat surely ought to know the way. You grasp the bone, or roll of fat, tightly in the left hand, and seize the other end firmly in the teeth. Then with the hunting-knife, dagger fashion, in the other hand, keeping both elbows well out, and lifting the lips away so that no accident may happen by a slip of the knife, you bring the keen edge squarely downward, severing as much as you wish for a mouthful. Never have I seen so much energy thrown into eating. Whatever was left in the pans was handed out to the women and children, and eaten in their respective houses. Then we lay back for more smoking and talking until another batch of meat was ready. At 3 P.M. pans and plates were again filled, and again disposed of, to the accompaniment of the same fierce arm and elbow movements. Thus ended a day of feasting, which, come when it may, is really the "Sunday" of a hunting people. Several sleds took meat to town, where it readily sold to the miners for $1 25 to $1 50 per pound. When all the meat had been cared for, the hides were hoisted on poles into trees out of reach of wolverenes, to be picked up at the end of the hunt. We journeyed leisurely on, making six or seven miles each day, and hunting both sides of the river. By the time we reached the Forks of Klondike, forty miles from Dawson, nearly four weeks had elapsed; just thirty-two moose had been killed, and eaten, sold, or "cached" until the final homeward trip.



The broad valley and mountainous banks of the Klondike are an admirable feeding-ground for the moose. The temperature in winter is exceedingly cold and crisp, but the snowfall is light, and by reason of the intense cold the snow does not settle or pack. There is so little wind, especially during the early part of the winter, that the snow accumulates on the trees in strange and often fantastic masses, giving the landscape, especially on the mountain-tops, the appearance of having been chiselled out of pure white marble. On

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account of its lightness, the snow is no impediment to the long-legged, gaunt moose, which is not obliged to "yard," as in southern deep-snow regions, but wanders at will from valley to mountain-top in search of the tender twigs of willow, white birch, and cottonwood. The Indians surround the moose in its feeding-ground, and as it runs, one or more of them is tolerably sure of a quick shot. Their skill with the modern repeating-rifle is remarkable, especially in view of the fact that comparatively few years ago they had no guns at all, but stalked and killed the moose with bow and arrow alone. The "old-time" way of hunting the caribou was for a band of Indians, number of sometimes fifty and more, to surround the unsuspecting herd and run in upon them at a given signal. The frightened animals were easily shot down, and sometimes out of a herd of several hundred not a single one escaped. Billy, who asserted that he himself had killed moose with a bow and arrow, preferred to leave the round-up and hunt alone. Three of the moose that fell to his rifle he shot through the head as they lay in their beds in the snow.



Not many years ago the Tro-chu-tin dressed entirely in the skins of animals. The sable, mink, otter, and beaver of the Yukon are of great fineness and value, the sable especially being considered second only to the Russian sable. In exchange for furs, they received from the traders guns, ammunition, tea, tobacco, sugar, flour; also extremely thick blankets, which often weigh twelve pounds, and are made expressly for the Northern trade. Out of these, as well as of fancy cottons and bright flannels, they made garments that have now to some extent supplanted the old. The younger men affect a bright Mackinaw coat that vies with the spectrum in brilliancy and variety of color. One fellow was the proud possessor of a coat striped in brown, pink, yellow, blue, and green; and another of a coat checked in large squares of pink, green, blue, yellow, and lilac. With these are worn blanket trousers stuffed into the tops of moccasins. The old men, who cling tenaciously to old customs, wear a garment, comprising trousers and moccasins in one, made of caribou-skin, with the hair inside. These are worn next the skin. One old man wore, in addition, a "parka," or shirt, made of white rabbit-skins cut into strips and plaited, leaving openings through which one could thrust the fingers; and yet in the coldest weather he wore positively nothing else, except a blanket hood and mittens of rabbit-skin. The mittens are generally made of caribou-skin, with the hair inside, and are very warm. The women, when in-doors, wear a dress of light cloth fashioned on civilized lines, but when travelling they don either a blanket coat over a shortish skirt of the same, or a voluminous over-dress of caribou-skin, having a hood, which upon occasion may be hauled over the head, but in which commonly reposes the baby. The women's head-gear is invariably a large fancy silk or cotton kerchief knotted under the chin. The skin dress reaches half-

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way from the knees to the ground, deer-skin legging-moccasins protecting the lower extremities. The little girls wear garments similar to their mothers, while the boys wear a shirt of caribou-skin, with fur outside, made with a hood for pulling over the head. Their legs are encased in diminutive skin trousers with feet, while the mittens of the very smallest children are sewed fast to their sleeves. When a small boy gets ready to go out-doors, he lies on his back and sticks his legs into the air, while the mother draws on his "pants."

The children, dressed in their warm thick furs, have as happy a time as children anywhere. Most of their play is out-of-doors, where they make play-houses in imitation of the large ones, and roll about in the snow like little polar bears. Sometimes they take papa's snow-shoes and slide down some little bank, but they did not use the toboggans for that purpose. A favorite game was "kli-so-kot," or "throwing-the-stick." A row of five or six small stakes is set up in the hard-packed snow of the village street, and another row thirty or forty feet distant. Each contestant provides himself with two clubs, and taking turns, they throw these at first one, then the other, of the group of upright stakes, the one who knocks down the greatest number of stakes being the winner. Although these Indian children are so tough, they are great cry-babies. One of the things the women particularly wanted to know was whether white babies cried very much. Isaac's "hope of posterity" was a fearful nuisance. He was crying about a third of the time. Not a regular cry, but a nasal, monotonous drone, punctuated at intervals by three or four inward catches of the breath. He would keep this up for perhaps half an hour without the slightest diminution, until humored or petted. Often Billy's boy would imitate him, with the result only of increasing and prolonging the distressful performance. I rarely saw a child punished, and never one whipped.

The grown people in their own amusements were as simple-minded as the children. They had learned what a camera was, but they had never seen any one make pictures "by hand." I drew everything I saw, and it amused them to recognize the various members of the village and the different dogs. They never tired looking at the sheets and passing them around the circle, screaming with laughter as they recognized some person or dog. I was given the name "picture-man." Some of the old men and women objected to having their pictures made, but it was more from fear of ridicule than superstition. Isaac himself had objections to "hand pictures" of himself, as he called them. He asked me privately, as a favor, not to make any. "Machine picture, *he* all right." He evidently thought it did not befit the dignity of chief to become an object of even harmless merriment.

The dogs are a feature of every Northwest Indian village. Ours were a ragged, wolfish, scrawny, poor, miserable lot, the best, with few exceptions, having been sold to the miners for twenty times what they were worth a few years ago. That dogs could be treated so and live, or not fly in desperation at the throats of their human, or inhuman, owners, was a constant wonder to me. Like wolves, they are able to go for days at a time with next to nothing to eat. Even when we were revelling in moose-meat the dogs received only what no one could eat, namely, bones, gristle, the scrapings of the moose-hides, and whatever else they could pick up. A "Siwash" dog, under such conditions, grows up a natural thief. He is proud of it. I have watched one sit blinking before the fire, apparently oblivious of everything but the warmth, but when a morsel of food fell to the ground, like a flash he would cut it out, and if it proved sizable,



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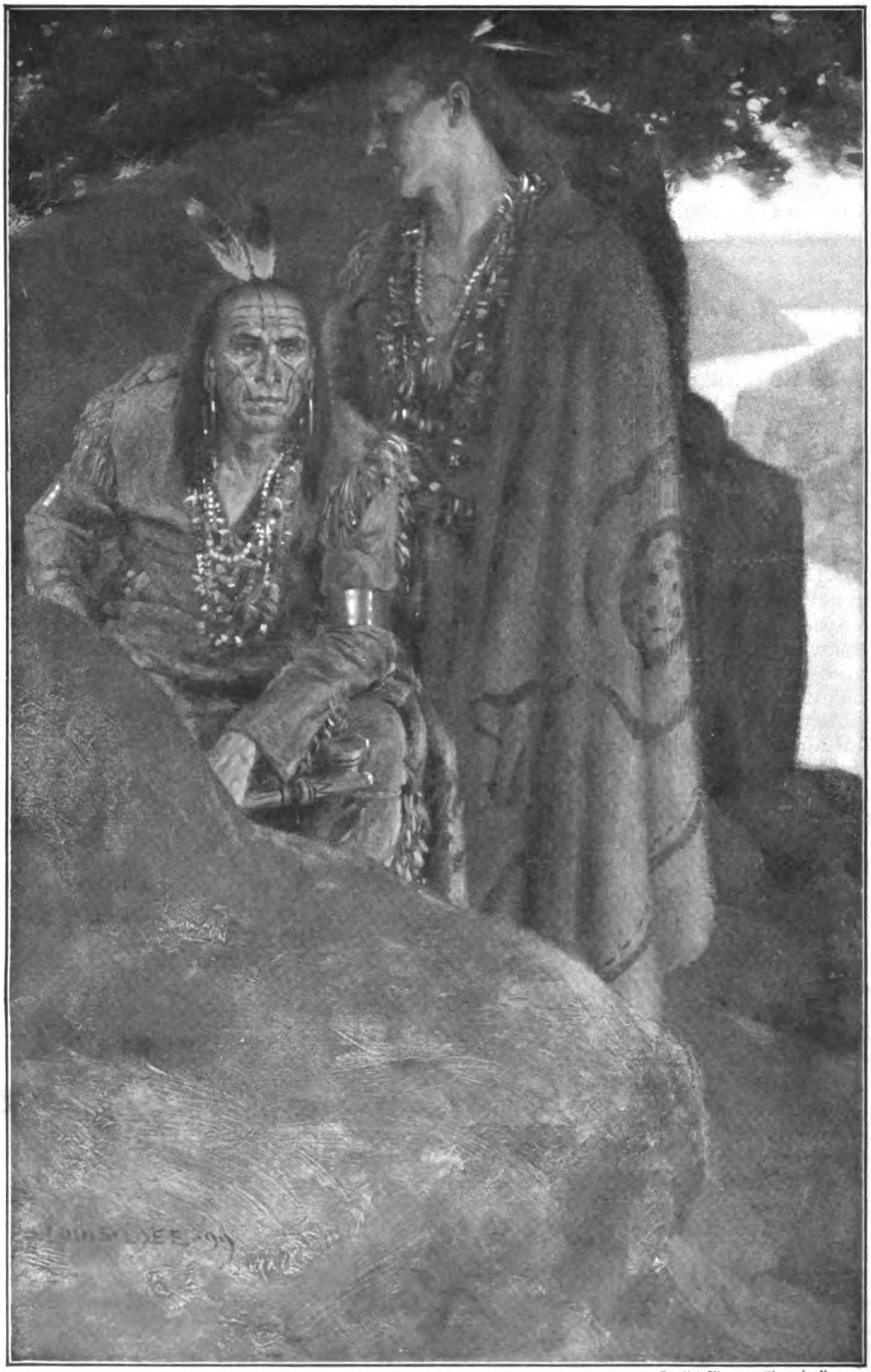
he would spring for the door, yelling to the sound of a stream of whacks of the poker-stick. One time he failed to locate the coveted morsel, which had been thrown to a puppy. As the woman laid the stout stick soundly over his back the dog yelled as if he was being murdered, but he would not run, and between the yelps I saw him, with an agonized expression that was ludicrous in spite of the cruelty, trying with his eye to find the meat. At length he found it and made for the door. I have seen a little pup, by nature kind and playful as a kitten, beaten with the fire-poker by a child a year old.

Another time I undertook to deliver, with a toboggan and one dog, a shoulder of meat Isaac had sold to a miner on Hunker Creek. I asked Isaac's wife what I should take to feed the dog. She replied, nonchalantly, "Nawthin'." "But," I replied, "I may be gone two days. What shall I take?" "Nawthin'." Sometimes they go to the other extreme. "Patsy" could not stand "Siwash" dog-fare, and grew steadily thinner. Isaac had set great store by the pup, for which he had paid, I believe, two dollars, and was expecting in the course of a year to get two hundred dollars for him from some miner. The dog was now so weak he could barely stand. In the distribution of shreds from a moose-hide, Patsy's leanness attracted the notice of an Indian woman. She tried to see how much he could hold, so she filled him up. He grew as big around as a stove-pipe, and the hair, not being very thick anyhow, his sides had much the same shiny appearance. He still looked up for more, and finally got so full he could not lift himself, which amused us all.

Soon after the first day's hunt Isaac had conveyed word to me that one or two of the Indians were nervous about my hunting with them in the bunch, lest when the moose ran I should shoot an Indian instead of the moose. He stated that although he himself did not share that fear, he thought it best I should hunt alone in future, as they now had few Indians, and could not afford to lose any. It was a rather hard compliment, but as the camp life of the people themselves was so interesting, it really mattered little whether I hunted at all. At the Forks we remained upwards of a week, the Indians securing in that time twelve more moose. Here I made long excursions, in some cases ten miles from camp, hunting alone on the sides and tops of the high mountains. But in the first place I had misjudged the ease with which a moose could be picked up; in the next place I was not acquainted with the country, nor was I able to learn from the Indians' well-meant directions just what ground they were hunting over. So that at the end of a week of the hardest and most persistent hunting of which I was capable I found myself without a moose to call my own.

One day after an unusually long tramp, wherein I had resolved to get beyond the snow-shoe tracks of the Indians, I had remained overnight at a new miner's cabin, returning to camp next day. Being unable to dry the perspiration and frost from my clothes thoroughly as by the direct blaze of the skin house, a cold set in that took a sudden and serious turn. I followed the Indians another stage up the "North Fork," but realizing the danger, I started back, and leaving the sled behind, succeeded in reaching a miner's cabin, where for six days I lay unable to eat or sleep. Isaac and his people had cared for me as one of themselves, but now their solicitude, expressed in language I could not understand, but in looks that left no doubt, could be of no assistance. Isaac reported in Dawson: "Picture-man too much sick. Mebbe two days he all right, mebbe two days he dead." My partner came after me with a basket-sleigh and four stout dogs. Meanwhile I was up and on my way home, and passed him in a bend of the Klondike River. The Indians killed in all about eighty moose and sixty-five caribou, much of which they sold to the miners in Dawson, as Captain Dansen advised them, and invested the proceeds in finery and repeating-rifles.

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See "A Victor at Chungke."

"THEY WERE WONT TO SADLY TALK OF THEM."

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A VICTOR AT CHUNGKE

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

AT Tennessee Town, on the Tennessee River, there used to be a great chungke-yard. It was laid off in a wide rectangular area nine hundred feet long, level as a floor, and covered with fine white sand. The ancient, curiously shaped chungke-stones, fashioned with much labor from the hardest rock, worn smooth from immemorial use, kept with the strictest care, exempt by law from burial with the effects of the dead, were the property of this Cherokee town, and no more to be removed thence than the council-house, the great rotunda at one side of the "beloved square," built upon a mound in the centre of the village.

Surely no spot could seem more felicitously chosen for the favorite Indian game. The ground rose about the chungke-yard like the walls of an amphitheatre, on every side save the slope toward the "beloved square" and the river, furnishing an ideal position of vantage for spectators were they even more numerous than the hundreds of Cherokees of all ages that had gathered on the steep acclivities to overlook the game—some disposed beneath the spreading trees, others basking in the sun on the bare ledgy spaces, others still, precariously perched on clifty promontories beetling out from the sharp ascent. Above all, Chilhowee Mountain, aflare with the scarlet glow of its autumnal woods, touched the blue sky. The river, of a kindred blue, with a transient steely change under the shadow of a cloud, showed flashes of white foam, for the winds were rushing down from the Great Smoky Mountains, which were revealed for an instant in a clear hard azure against the pearl-tinted horizon — then again only a mirage, an illusion, a dream of stupendous ranges in the shimmering mist.

In the idle, sylvan, tribal life of that date, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, it might seem that there was scant duty recognized, imposing serious occupation, to debar the population of Tennessee Town from witnessing the long-drawn game, which was continued sometimes half the day by the same hardy young warriors, indefatigable despite the hot sun and the tense exercise, straining every muscle. A few old women, their minds intent upon the preparation of dinner, a few of the very young children, relishing their own pottering devices as of a finer flavor of sport, a few old men, like other old men elsewhere, with thoughts of the past so vivid that the present could show but a pallid aspect—these were absent, and were not missed. For the most part, however, the little dwellings were vacant. The usual groups of loungers had deserted the public buildings, which consisted of a bark-and-log house of three rooms, or divisions, at each angle of the "beloved square," and in which were transacted the business affairs of the community—one, painted red, was the "war-cabin," whence arms, ammunition, etc., were distributed, the divisions implying distinctions as to rank among the warriors; another, painted white, was devoted to the priestcraft of the "beloved men"—head men of note, conjurers, and prophets; the cabin of the aged councillors faced the setting sun, as an intimation that their wars were ended and their day done; and in the fourth cabin met the "second men," as the traders called the subordinate authorities who conducted municipal affairs, so to speak—the community labor of raising houses, and laying off and planting with maize and pompions the common fields to be tilled by the women, "who fret at the very shadow of a crow," writes an old trader. All these cabins were now still and silent in the sun. The dome-shaped town-house, of a different style of architecture, plastered within and without with red clay, placed high on the artificial mound, and reached by an ascent of stairs which were cut in regular gradations in the earth, lacked its strange religious ceremonies, its secret colloguing council of chiefs with the two princes of the town, its visitors of distinction, ambassadors from other towns or Indian na-

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tions, its wreaths of tobacco sent forth from diplomatically smoked pipes, its strategic "talks," its exchange of symbolic belts and strings of wampum and of swans' wings—white, or painted red and black, as peace hovered or war impended—and other paraphernalia of the savage government. Even the trading-house showed a closed door, and the trader himself, his pipe in his mouth, smoked with no latent significance, but merely to garner its nicotian solace, sat with a group of the elder braves and watched the barbaric sport with an interest as keen as if he had been born and bred an Indian instead of in the far-away dales of Devonshire. Nay, he bet on the chances of the game with the reckless nerve of the Cherokee, always the perfect presentment of the gambler, despite the thrift which characterized his transactions at the trading-house, where he was wont to drive a close bargain, and look with the discerning scrupulousness of an expert into the values of the dressing of a deer-skin offered in barter. But the one was pleasure, and the other business. The deer-skins which he was wearing himself were of phenomenal softness and beauty of finish, for the spare, dapper man was arrayed like the Indians, in fringed buck-skin shirt and leggings; but he was experiencing a vague sentiment of contempt for his attire. He had been recently wearing a garb of good camlet-cloth and hose and a bravely cocked hat, for he was just returned from a journey to Charlestown, five hundred miles distant, where he had made a considerable stay, and his muscles and attitude were still adjusted to the pride of preferment and the consciousness of being unwontedly smart. Indeed, his pack-train, laden with powder and fire-arms, beads and cloth, cutlery and paints, for his traffic with the Indians under the license which he held from the British government, had but come in the previous day, and he had still the pulses of civilization beating in his veins.

For this reason, perhaps, as he sat, one elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, his sharp, commercially keen face softened by a thought not akin to trade, his eyes were darkened as he gazed at one of the contestants with a doubt that had little connection with the odds which he had offered. He was troubled by a vague regret and a speculation of restless futility, for it concerned a future so unusual that no detail could be predicted from the resources of the present. And yet this sentiment was without the poignancy of personal grief—it was only a vicarious interest that animated him. For himself, despite the flattering, smooth reminiscence of the camlet-cloth yet lingering in the nerves of his finger-tips, the recent relapse into English speech, the interval spent once more among the stir of streets and shops, splendid indeed to an unwonted gaze, the commercial validities, which he so heartily appreciated, of the warehouses, and crowded wharves, and laden merchantmen swinging at anchor in the great harbor, he was satisfied. He was possessed by that extraordinary renunciation of civilization which now and again was manifested by white men thrown among the Cherokee tribe—sometimes, as in his instance, a trader, advanced in years, "his pile made," as we would say nowadays, the world before him where to choose a home; sometimes a deserter from the British or French military forces, according to the faction which the shifting Cherokees affected at the time; more than once a captive, spared for some whim, set at liberty, free to go where he would—all deliberately and of choice cast their lot among the Cherokees; lived and died with the treacherous race. Whether the wild sylvan life had some peculiarly irresistible attraction; whether the world beyond held for them responsibilities and laborious vocations and irksome ties which they would fain evade; whether they fell under the bewitchment of "Herbert's Spring," named from an early commissioner of Indian affairs, after drinking whereof one could not quit the region of the Great Smoky Mountains, but remained in that enchanted country for seven years, fascinated, lapsed in perfect content—it is impossible to say. There is a tradition that when the attraction of the world would begin to reassert its subtle reminiscent forces, these renegades of civilization were wont to repair anew to this fountain to quaff again of the ancient delirium and to revive its potent spell. Abram Varney had no such necessity in his own case; he only doubted the values of his choice as fitted for another.

Apart from this reflection, it was natural that his eyes should follow the con-

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testant whom he had backed for a winner to the tune of more silver bangles, and "ear-bobs," and strings of "roanoke," and gunpowder, and red and white paint, than he was minded to lightly lose. He had laid his wagers with a keen calculation of the relative endowments of the players, their dexterity, their experience, their endurance. He was not influenced by any pride of race in the fact that his champion was also a white man, who, indeed, carried a good share of the favor of the spectators.

A strange object was this champion, at once pathetic and splendid. No muscular development could have been finer, no athletic grace more pronounced than his physique displayed. The wild life and training of the woods and the savage wars had brought out all the constitutional endurance and inherited strength of his stanch English father and his hardy Scotch mother. Murdered they both had been in a frontier massacre, and as a boy of ten years of age, his life spared in some freak of the moment, he had been conveyed hither to Tennessee Town, exhorted to forget, adopted into the tribe, brought up with their peculiar kindness in the rearing of children, taught all the sylvan arts, and trained to the stern duties of war by the great chief Clo-go-ittah himself. The youth had had his baptism of fire in the ceaseless wars which the Cherokees waged against the other Indian tribes. He had already won the "warrior's crown" and his "war-name," a title conferred only upon the bravest of the brave. He was now Otasite, the "Man-killer" of Tennessee Town. He was just twenty years of age, and Abram Varney, gazing at him, wondered what the people in Charlestown would think of him could they see him. For a few days, a week, perhaps, the trader would refer all his thoughts to this civilized standard.

Tall, alert as an Indian, supple too, but heavier and more muscular, Otasite was instantly to be distinguished by his build from among the other young men, although, like the Indians, he wore a garb of dressed deer-skin. His face, albeit no stranger to the use of their pigments and unguents, still showed fair and freckled. His hair bore no resemblance to their lank black locks; of an auburn hue and resolutely curling, it defied the tonsure to which it had been for years subjected, coming out crisp and ringleted close to his head where it was designed to be bald, and on the top, where the "war-lock" was permitted to grow, it floated backward in two long tangled red curls that gave the lie direct to the Indian similitude affected by the two surmounting tips of eagle feathers. He was arrayed in much splendor, according to aboriginal standards; the fringed seams of his hunting shirt and leggings, fashioned of fine white dressed doe-skin, as pliable as "Canton silk crape," were hung with fawns' trotters; his moccasins were white and streaked with parti-colored paint; he had a curious prickly belt of wolves' teeth, which intimated his moral courage as well as sylvan prowess, for the slaying of these beasts was esteemed unlucky, and shooting at them calculated to spoil the aim of a gun; many glancing, glittering strings of "roanoke" swung around his neck.

Nothing could have been finer, athletically considered, than his attitude at this moment of the trader's speculative observation. The heavy chungke-stone, of a wedgelike shape, had been hurled with a tremendous fling along the smooth sandy stretch of the yard; his competitor, Wyejah, a sinewy, powerful young brave, his buck-skin garb steeped in some red dye that gave him the look when at full speed of the first flying leaf of the falling season, his ears split and barbarically distended on wire hoops and hung with silver rings, his moccasins scarlet, and cardinal wings in his black hair, had just sent his heavy lance, twelve feet long, skimming through the air; then Otasite, running swiftly but lightly abreast with him, launched his own long lance with such force and nicety of aim that its point struck the end of Wyejah's spear, still in flight in mid-air, deflecting its direction, and sending it far afield from the chungke-stone which it was designed in falling to touch. This fine cast counted one point in the game, which is of eleven points, and the Indian braves among the spectators howled like civilized young men at a horse-race.

The sport was very keen, the contest being exceedingly close, for Wyejah had long needed only one additional point to make him a winner, and when Otasite had failed to score he had also failed. The swift motion, the graceful agility, the smiling face of Otasite—for it was

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a matter of the extremest exaction in the Indian games that however strenuous the exertion and tense the strain upon the nerves and grievous the mischances of the sport, the utmost placidity of manner and temper must be preserved throughout—all appealed freshly to the trader, although it was a long-accustomed sight.

"Many a man in Charlestown—a well-to-do man" (applying the commercial standard of value)—"would be glad to have such a son," he muttered, a trifle dismayed at the perverse incongruities of fate. "He would have sent the boy to school. If there was money enough he would have sent him to England—and none too good for him!"

The shadows of the two players, all foreshortened by the approach of noontide, bobbed about in dwarfish caricature along the smooth sandy stretch. The great chungke-pole, an obelisk forty feet high planted on a low mound in the centre of the chungke-yard, and with a target at its summit used for trials of skill in marksmanship, cast a diminished simulacrum on the ground at its base scarcely larger than the chungke-lances. Now and again these heavy projectiles flew through the air, impelled with an incredible force and a skill so accurate that it seemed impossible that both contestants should not excel. There was a moment, however, when Otasite might have made the decisive point to score eleven had not the chungke-stone slipped from the hand of Wyejah as he cast it, falling only a few yards distant. Otasite's lance, flung instantly, shot far beyond that missile, for which, had the stone been properly thrown, he should have aimed. Wyejah, disconcerted and shaken by the mischance, launching his lance at haphazard, almost mechanically, struck by obvious accident the flying lance of his adversary, deflecting its course—the decisive cast, for which he had striven so long in vain, and which was now merely fortuitous.

The crowds of Indian gamblers, with much money and goods at hazard upon the event, some, indeed, having staked the clothes upon their backs, the rifles and powder for their winter hunt that should furnish them with food, were at once in a clamor of discussion as to the fair adjustment of the throw in the score. The backers of Wyejah claimed the accidental hit as genuine and closing the game. The backers of Otasite protested that it could not be thus held, since Wyejah's defective cast of the chungke-stone debarred their champion from the possibility of first scoring the eleventh point, which chance was his by right, it being his turn to play; they met the argument cavilling at Otasite's lack of aim by the counter-argument that one does not aim at a flying object where it is at the moment, but with an intuitive calculation of distance and speed where it will be when reached by the projectile hurled after it, illustrating cleverly by the example of shooting with bow and arrow at a bird on the wing.

Otasite and Wyejah both preserved an appearance of joyous indifference. With their lances poised high in the right hand they were together running swiftly up the long alley again to the starting-point, Otasite commenting on the evident lack of intention in Wyejah's lucky cast with a loud, jocosely satiric cry, "*Hala! Hala!*" (signifying "You are too many for me!")

"Lord! how the boy does yell!" Abram Varney exclaimed, a smile pervading the wrinkles wrought about his eyes by much pondering on the problems of the Indian trade, feeling incongruously a sort of elation in the fellow's noisy shouts, which echoed blatantly from the rocky banks of the Tennessee River, and with reduced arrogance and in softer tones from the cliffs of towering Chilhowee.

A sympathetic sentiment glowed in the dark eyes of an Indian chief on the slope hard by, no other than the great Clo-go-it-tah. He was fast aging now; the difficulties of diplomacy constantly increasing in view of individual aggressions and encroachments of the Carolina colonists on the east, and the ever-specious wiles and suave allurements of the French on the west, to win the Cherokees from their British alliance; the impossibility in the gentle patriarchal method of the Cherokee government of controlling the wild young men of the nation, who, as Atta-Kulla-Kulla said, "often acted like madmen rather than people of sense" (and it is respectfully submitted that this peculiarity has been observed in other young men elsewhere); the prophetic vision doubtless of the eventual crushing of his people in the collisions of the great international struggle for the possession

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of this country, although the Cherokees were still a powerful tribe despite the depopulating shock of the small-pox, in the year 1738, which reduced their number almost one-half—all brought those tokens of time to the face of Clo-go-ittah, and bowed his straight back, and set an unwonted quiver in the nerves of his old hand that had been firm in his heyday, and strong, and crafty, and cruelly bloody. But his face now was all softened with pleasure, and the pride it expressed was almost tender.

"When my brother the Governor of South Carolina," he said, majestically, speaking in the Cherokee tongue but for the English names (he pronounced the title "Goweno"), "offered to take some Cherokee youths to train in his schools and make scholars of them, I thanked him with affection, for his thought was kind. But I told him that if he would send some of his Carolina youths to the Cherokee nation to be trained, we would make *men* of them!"

His blanket, curiously woven of feathers and wild hemp, requiring years of labor in its intricate manufacture, fell away from one gaunt arm as he lifted it to point with a kingly gesture at the young white man as the illustration of his training; every muscle of strength was on parade in the splendid pose of hurling the great chungke-spear through the air, as Otasite thus passed the interval while waiting the decision of the umpire of the game. Then, with a laugh, oddly blent of affection and pride, Clo-go-ittah took his way down the slope and toward the council-house: the council sat there much in these days of 1753, clouded with smoke and perplexity.

Judging by this specimen of the training of his academy, as it were, Clo-go-ittah had the best of his brother the "Goweno" of South Carolina. It was not, however, merely in muscle that the young captive excelled. As Abram Varney thought of certain sterling manly traits of the highest type which this poor waif had developed here in this incongruous environment, one might suppose from the sheer force of heredity, he shook his head silently, and his eyes clouded, the pulses of Charlestown still beating in his veins. For he was wont to leave for months the treasures of his trading-house, not merely a matter of trinkets and beads, but powder, lead, and fire-arms, sufficient for accoutring an expedition for the "war-path," and great store of cloths, cutlery, paints, in the charge of this valiant gamester of chungke, stanch alike against friend and foe, as safely as if its wealth were beneath his own eye. So insecure had become the Cherokee allegiance to the government that it was impossible now under its uncertain protection to retain white men here in his employ as agents and under-traders, or, indeed, those whose interest and profits amounted to an ownership in a share of the stock. The earlier traders in neighboring towns one by one had gone, affecting a base several hundred miles nearer the white settlements. Some had shifted altogether from the nation, and secured a post among the Chickasaws, who were indubitably loyal to the British. While their withdrawal added to Varney's profits—for each trader was allowed to hold at this time a license only for two Indian towns, it being before the date of the issuance of general licenses, and the custom which they had relinquished, the barter with the Cherokees for deer-skins, now came from long distances, drawn as by a magnet to his trading-house at Tennessee Town—it had resulted in his isolation, and for years he had been perhaps the only British subject west of the Great Smoky Mountains. He had no fear of the Cherokees, however—not even should the political sky, always somewhat overcast, become yet more lowering. He had long been accustomed to these Indians, and he felt that he had fast friends among them. His sane mercantile judgment appraised and appreciated the added opportunities of his peculiar position, which he would not lightly throw away, and the development of Otasite's incongruous commercial values not only removed the possibility of loss during his absence, but added to his facilities in enabling him to secure the fidelity of Indians as packmen, hitherto impracticable, but now rendered to Otasite as one of the tribe. He had recognized with satisfaction, mingled with amusement, national traits in the boy, who, despite his Indian training, would not, like them, barter strings of wampum measuring "from elbow to wrist" without regard to the relative length of arm. Yet he had none of the Indian deceit and treachery. He was blunt, sincere, and bold. His alertness in computation gave Varney

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genuine pleasure, although they wrangled much as to his method, for he used the Cherokee numeration, and it set the trader's mercantile teeth on edge to hear twenty called "*tahre skoeh*"—two tens.

"And why not?" Otasite would demand, full of faith in his own teaching. "The Chickasaw will say '*pokoole toogalo*'—ten twos"—and he would smile superior. This was his world, and these his standards—the Cherokees and the Chickasaws.

He was not to be easily influenced or turned save by some spontaneous acquiescence of his own mind, and Varney found himself counting "*skoeh chooke kaiere*" (the old one's hundred) before he ever induced Otasite to say instead "one thousand."

The boy even ventured on censorship in his turn. "You say 'Cherokee*s*' and 'Chickasaw*s*' when you speak of the Tsullakee and the Chickasaw; why don't you then say the English-*es* and the French-*es*?" For the plural designation of these tribes was a colonial invention.

His bull-dog tenacity, his orderly instincts, his providence, so contrary to the methods of the wasteful Indian, his pottering industry, his indomitable energy and perseverance—all were so national that in days gone past Varney used now and again to clap him on the shoulder with a loud careless vaunt, "British to the marrow!"

A fact, doubtless—and all of a sudden it had begun to seem a very serious fact. So very serious, indeed, that the old trader did not notice the crisis in the chungke-yard, the increasing excitement in the crowds of spectators, the clamors presently when the game was declared a draw and the bets off, the stir of the departing groups. It was silence at last that smote upon his senses with the effect of interruption which the continuance of sound had not been able to compass. He drew himself up with a perplexed sigh, and looked drearily over the expanse of the river. Its long glittering reaches were vacant, a rare circumstance, for the Cherokees of that date were almost amphibious in habit, revelling in the many lovely streams of their mountain country; on the banks their towns were situated, and this fact doubtless contributed to the neatness of their habitations and personal cleanliness, to which the travellers of those times bear a surprised testimony. The light upon the water was aslant now from a westering sun, and glittering on the snowy breasts of a cluster of swans drifting, dreaming perhaps, on the current. The scarlet boughs on the summit of Chilhowee were motionless against the azure zenith. Not even the vaguest tissue of mist now lingered about the majestic domes of the Great Smoky Mountains, painted clearly and accurately in fine and minute detail in soft dense velvet blues against the hard polished mineral blue of the horizon. The atmosphere was so exquisitely luminous and pellucid that it might have seemed a fit medium to dispel uncertainty in other than merely material subjects of contemplation. Nevertheless he did not see his way clearly, and when he came within view of his trading-house he paused as abruptly as if he had found his path blocked by an obstacle.

There, seated on the step of the closed door which boasted the only lock and key in Tennessee Town, or for the matter of that in all the stretch of the Cherokee country west of the Great Smoky Range, was Otasite, the incongruity of his auburn curls and his Indian head-dress seeming a trifle more pronounced than usual, since it had been for a time an unfamiliar sight. He was awaiting the coming of the trader, and was singing meanwhile in a loud and cheerful voice, "Drink with me a cup of wine," a ditty which he had heard in his half-forgotten childhood. The robust full tones gave no token of the draught made upon his endurance by the heavy exercise of the day, but he seemed a bit languid from the heat, and his doe-skin shirt was thrown open at the throat, showing his broad white chest, and in its centre the barbarous blue discolorations of the "warrior's marks." These disfigurements, made by the puncturing of the flesh with gars' teeth and inserting in the wound paint and pitch, indelible testimonials to his deeds of courage and prowess, Otasite valued as he did naught else on earth, and he would have parted with his right hand as readily. The first had been bestowed upon him after he had gone, a mighty gun-man, against the Muscogees. The others he had won in the course of a long, furious, and stubborn contest of the tribe with the Chickasaws, who were always the bravest of the brave, and now reduced by their own valor in their many

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wars from ten thousand fighting-men to a few hundred. He had attained the "warrior's crown" when he had shown their kindred Choctaws, and the senior sub-tribe of both, the Chockomaws, a cruelty as fierce and a craft as keen as their own. And now he was looking at Abram Varney with kindly English eyes and an expression about the brow, heavily freckled, that almost smote the tears from the elder man. The trader knew from long experience what was coming, but suddenly he had begun to regard it differently. Always upon the end of each journey from Charlestown he had been met here within a day or two by Otasite on the same mission. The long years as they passed had wrought only external changes since, as a slender wistful boy of eleven years, heart-sick, homeless, forlorn, friendless, save for his Indian captors, likely, indeed, to forget all language but theirs, he had first come with his question—always in English, always with a faltering eyelash and a deprecatory lowered voice, "Did you hear anything in Charlestown of any people named 'Queetlee'?"

This was the distorted version of his father's name that Clo-go-ittah had preserved. As to the child himself, his memory had perhaps been shaken by the events of that terrible night of massacre, which he only realized as a frightful awakening from sleep to smoke, flames, screams, the ear-splitting crack of rifle-shots at close quarters, the shock of a sudden hurt—and then, after an interval of unconsciousness, a transition to a new world of strange habitudes that grew speedily familiar, and of unexpected kindness that became dear to a frank, affectionate heart; or perhaps in the isolations of the backwoods life he had never heard his father addressed by his surname by a stranger; he was called "Jan" by his wife, and her name was "Eelin," and this Otasite knew, and this was all he knew, save that he himself also had been called "Jan."

"They don't want you, my buck, or they would have been after you," the trader used to reply, being harder, perhaps, when he was younger. Besides, he honestly thought the cadaverous brat, all legs, like a growing colt, and skinny arms, was better off here in the free woodland life which he himself considered no hardship, and affected long after necessity or interest had dictated his environment. The little lad was safe in the care of the powerful chief Clo-go-ittah, who had adopted him, and who was a man of great force and interest, and of a large experience, having, indeed, been of the delegation of Cherokees who had visited King George in London in 1730. Why should the child seek a home among his own people, unwelcome doubtless, to eat the meagre crust of charity, or serve as an overworked drudge somewhere on the precarious frontier? The trader did not greatly deplore the lack of religious training, for in the remote settlements this was often still an unaccustomed luxury, albeit some thirty years had now gone by since Sir Francis Nicholson, as royal Governor, although himself described as "a profane, passionate, headstrong man, bred a soldier," as if the last fact were an excuse for the former, declared that no colony could flourish without a wider diffusion of the gospel and education, and forthwith ordered spiritual drill, so to speak, in the way of preaching and schooling, contributing largely to the furtherance of these laudable objects, "spending liberally all his salary and perquisites of office"—for which generous trait of character an early and straitlaced historian is obviously of the opinion that General Nicholson should have been suffered to swear in peace and, as it were, in the odor of sanctity.

More than once, when in Charlestown, Varney, notwithstanding his persuasions on the subject, had been minded to inquire concerning the "Queetlees," who he understood from Clo-go-ittah had come originally from Cumberland in England. With his mercantile cronies he had canvassed the question whether the queer, evidently distorted name could have been "Peattie"—for the Cherokees always substituted "Q" for "P," as the latter letter they could not pronounce—and after this transient consideration the matter would drop.

As the child, running about the Indian village with his new-found playmates, grew robust and merry-hearted, and happiness, confidence, and strength brought their embellishing influence to the expression of his dark agate-gray eyes and straightened the nervous droop from his thin little shoulders, the trader noticed casually once or twice how comely the brat had become, and he experienced a

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fleeting, half-ridiculing pity for his mother—how the woman would have resented and resisted the persistent shearing and shaving of those silken, loosely twining red curls! Then he thought of her no more. But when the child had come to man's estate, when he was encased in a net-work of muscle like elastic steel wires, when stature and strength had made him alike formidable and splendid, when the development of his temperament illustrated virtues so stanch that they seemed the complement of his physical endowment and a part of his resolute personality, the old trader thought of the boy's father, and thought of him daily—how the sturdy Cumberland yeoman would have rejoiced in so stalwart a son! Thus, with this vague bond of sympathy with a man whom he had never seen, never known, so long ago, so cruelly dead, this intuitive divination of his paternal sentiment, Varney's fatherly attitude grew more definite daily and became accustomed, and he was jealous of the influence of Clo-go-ittah, who in turn was jealous of him.

Now as Varney stood in the dusky trading-house among the kegs and bags and bales of goods, the high peak of the interior of the roof lost in the lofty shadows, he felt that he had been much in default in long-past years, and he experienced a very definite pang of conscience as Otasite swung suddenly around a stack of arms, a new rifle in his hand, the lock and pan of which he had been keenly examining.

He lifted his eyes suddenly with that long-lashed, dreary look of his childhood.

"Did you hear of the Queetlees in Charlestown?" he asked.

"It is *you* who should seek your kindred, Jan Queetlee!" Varney said, impulsively, calling him by his unaccustomed English name. "It is *you* who should go to Charlestown to find the Queetlees!"

Otasite's face showed suddenly the unwonted expression of fear. He recoiled abruptly, and Abram Varney was sensible of a deep depression. It was as he had thought. The wish for restoration to those of his name and his kindred which had animated the boy's earlier years had now dwindled to a mere abstract sentiment of loyalty as of clanship, but was devoid of expectation, of intention. All the members of his immediate family had perished in the massacre, and he had been trained to regard this as of the fortunes of war, cherishing no personal antagonism, as elsewhere among civilized people reconciliations are frequent between the victors and the friends of the slain in battle. Moreover, he was not brought close to it. The participators in the affray were of the distant Ayrate settlements of the tribe southeast of the mountains and not individualized. The Indians of Tennessee Town, which was then one of the most remote of the Cherokee villages of the Ottare division, and this perhaps was the reason it was selected as his home, were not concerned in the foray, nor were any others of the Overhill towns. Thus he had grown up without the thirst for vengeance, which showed how little the methods of his Cherokee environment had influenced his heart. And truly the far-away Queetlees, if any such were cognizant of his existence, had troubled themselves nothing about it, and had infinitely less claim on his gratitude and filial affection than Clo-go-ittah. They had left him to be as a waif, a slave. He had been reared as a son, nursed and tended, fed and fostered, bedecked in splendor, armed in costly and formidable wise, given command and station, carefully trained in all that the Indian knew.

"Clo-go-ittah would never consent!" he said at last.

Abram Varney afterward wondered why he should then have had a vision—oh, so futile, so fleeting, so fantastic!—of the twenty, the forty, nay, the sixty years that this man, so munificently endowed by nature, might pass here among the grotesque, uncouth barbarities of the savage Cherokee, while his heritage—his religion, the religion into which he was born of Christian parents, his name and nation, his tongue and station, his opportunity—doubtless some fair, valid, valuable future—all lay there to the eastward but scant five hundred miles away on the Carolina coast. He said as much, and the retort came succinctly, "You live here!"

Otasite's English speech was as simple as a child's, but he thought as diplomatically as Clo-go-ittah himself, whom he esteemed the greatest man in all the world, and he could argue in the strategic Cherokee method. Nevertheless, to give him full sway, that everything possible

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might be said in contravention of the proposition, the old trader lapsed into the Indian speech, that was indeed from long usage like a mother-tongue to them both. He staid here, he said, from choice, it was true, but for the sake of the trade that gave him wealth, and with wealth he could return to the colonies at any time, and go whither he would in all the world. But Otasite was restricted; he had no goods for trade, no adequate capital to invest; he could only return to the colonies while young, to work, to make a way, to secure betimes a place appropriate to his riper years. Even this could not be done without great difficulty—witness how many settlers came empty-handed to barely exist in the backwoods and wrest a reluctant living from the wilderness—and it could not be done at all without friends. Now he, Abram Varney, was prepared to stand his friend; Otasite could take a place in the service of the company, in the main depot of the trade at Charlestown. His knowledge of the details of the business, of which Abram Varney's long absences had given him experience; of the needs of the Cherokee nation; of the ever-continued efforts of the French traders, by means of the access to the Overhill towns afforded by the Cherokee and Tennessee rivers, despite the great distance from their settlements on the Mississippi, to insinuate their supplies at lower prices, in the teeth of the Cherokee treaty with the British monopolizing such traffic, and bring down profits—all would have a special and recognized value and be appreciated by his mercantile associates, who would further the young man's advancement. Thence he could at his leisure make inquiries concerning his father's family, and doubtless in the course of time be restored to his kindred.

Otasite listened throughout with the courteous air of deliberation which his Indian training required him to accord to any discourse, without interruption, however unwelcome or trivial it might be esteemed. Then, smiling slowly, he shook his head.

"You cannot be serious," he said. "It would break old Clo-go-ittah's heart, who has been like a father to me."

Abram Varney too had the British bulldog tenacity. "What will you do, then," he asked, slowly and significantly, "when Clo-go-ittah takes up arms against the government? Will you fight men of your own blood?"

He was re-enforced in this argument by the habit of thought of the Indians—the absolute absence of tribal dissensions, of internecine strife, so marked among the Cherokees: here no man's hand was lifted against his brother.

Jan Queetlee palpably winced. Come what might, he could never fight for the Cherokees against the British — his father's people, his mother's people—no more than he could fight for the British against his adopted tribe—the Cherokee —and he the "Man-killer!"

"They will fight each other," said Varney, weightily, "and the day is not far—the day is not far!"

For in 1753 the cumulative discontents of the tribe were near the crisis, earnestly fostered by the French on the western boundaries, that vast domain then known as Louisiana, toward whose siren voice the Cherokees had ever lent a willing ear. The building by the British government, two or three years later, of those great defensive works, Fort Prince George and Fort Loudon, situated respectively at the eastern and western extremities of the Cherokee territory, mounted with cannon and garrisoned by British forces, served to hold them in check and quieted them for a time, but only for a time. Jan Queetlee, by reason of his close association with the chiefs, knew far more than Varney dreamed of the bitterness roused in the hearts of the Indians by the friction with the government, the aggressions of individual colonists, the infringements of their privileges in the treaty, and in opposition the influence of the ever-seductive suavity of the French.

As with a sudden hurt, Jan Queetlee cried out with a poignant voice against the government and its patent unfaith, striking his clinched fist so heavily on the head of a keg of powder that the stout fibres of the wood burst beneath the passionate blow, and in a moment he was covered with the flying particles of the black dust. Explosive it was, Varney remembered, and lest there should be a candle or a pipe lighted here, he did not wait for the return of one of the brawny packmen to remove it to a cave beneath the trading-house, which he utilized for storage as a cellar, but addressed himself to the job. Jan Queetlee silently assisted, his face darker, more lowering with the

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thought in his mind than with the smears of the powder.

Varney remembered this afterward, and that he himself, diverted by the accident from the trend of his argument, had launched out in a tirade against the government as they worked together, the young Briton's energy, industry, and persistence so at variance with the aspect of his tufted topknot of feathers on his auburn curls, and the big blue warrior's marks on his broad white chest. For Varney too had his grievances against the powers that were; but his woes were personal. He vehemently condemned the reconciliation which the government had effected between the Muscogees and the Cherokees, for although there were more deer-skins to be had for export when the Indian hunters were at pacific leisure, Varney had considered the recent war between these tribes an admirable vent for gunpowder and its profitable sale; and since the savages must always be killing, it was manifestly best for all concerned that they should kill each other. He could not sufficiently deride the happy illustration which the Governor had given them (in his fatuity, Varney thought) of the values of peace and concord. In the presence of the two delegations the mediating Governor had taken an arrow and shown them with what ease it could be broken; then how impossible he found it to break a quiverful of arrows, thus demonstrating the strength in union. Varney argued that the Indians would readily perceive a further application of the principle and turn it to account, combining against the colonists. In the same spirit he animadverted upon a monopoly from which he was excluded in common with the traders in general, and which had been granted to a mercantile company seeking to establish posts among the Choctaws, and he freely imputed self-interested motives to the Governor in the matter. The enterprise, although favored by the government, obviously because, undertaken on a scale of phenomenal magnitude, it promised to dislodge the French and their long-established trade among the Choctaws, and bring that powerful tribe to a British allegiance, had finally proved a failure; and with a bitter joy in this fact he alternately contemned and pitied the government, because it could not wrest this valuable opportunity from the iron grasp of the "Mississippi Louisianians." He had, too, a censorious word for the French, commercially — called them "pedlars," celebrated their deceitful wiles, underrated the quality of their cloths, and inconsistently berated them for their low prices, finding a logical parity in all these matters in the errors of their religion, which they had so vainly and so zealously sought to instil into the unreceptive hearts of the unimpressionable Choctaw.

With the plethora of interest involved in these subjects, he was distracted from the theme that had earlier occupied his mind. It recurred no more to his thoughts until several days had passed. He chanced to be occupied with his new goods down in his cavern. It was illumined only from above; there was a trap-door in the floor of the trading-house, and thence a pale tempered light drifted down, scarcely convenient, but sufficient for his purposes. Once he noted a sudden shadow flicker across it. He experienced a momentary surprise, for having left no one in the building, and the door being locked, he imagined it could not be forced without noise enough to rouse him. Again the shadow flickered across the trap-door; then ensued a complete eclipse of the scant glimmer of light. There was a step upon the ladder which served as stairway—a man was descending. He felt a sudden constriction about his throat. He realized an impending crisis even before he noted that the door above had been closed, and that the ladder was now removed and laid upon the ground. He had an idea—he could see naught—that the unknown invisible man had seated himself on the ladder on the ground, where he remained motionless, silent, in anger, in grief, or some strange savage whim hardly possible for a civilized creature to divine.

The time that passed in this black nullity — he never could compute it — moments, doubtless, but it seemed hours, tried to the utmost the nerve of the entrapped trader, albeit inured by twenty years' experience to the capricious temper of the Cherokee Indians. He felt he could better endure the suspense could he but see his antagonist, identify him, and thus guess his purpose, and shape his own course from his knowledge of character. With some acquired savage instinct he too remained silent, null, passive; one might have thought him absent. Perhaps

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his quiescence, indeed, fostered some doubt of his presence here, for there was a quick rasping sound of flint on steel, the spunk was aglow, and then in the timorous flame of the kindling candle, taken from his own stores above, Varney recognized the face and figure of the stately and imperious old chief Clo-go-ittah. The next moment he remembered something far more pertinent. He called out in an agitated voice to the Indian to beware of the powder with which the place was largely stocked.

"I came for that," said Clo-go-ittah, slowly, and with unaccustomed fingers snuffing the wick as he had seen Varney perform the process, for the Indians used torches and fires of split cane for purposes of illumination.

"For God's sake what have I done?" cried the trader, in an agony of terror, desirous to bring his accusation to the point as early as might be and compass his release, thus forestalling the violent end of an explosion.

"What do the English always?—you have robbed me!" said Clo-go-ittah, the light strong on his fierce indignant features, his garb of fringed buck-skin, his many rich strings of the ivorylike wampum about his neck, his gayly bedecked and feathered head, and in shadowy wise revealing the rough walls of the cave, the boxes and bales of goods, the reserve stock, as it were, the stands of arms, and the kegs and bags of powder.

As Varney, half crouching on the ground, noted the latter in the dusk, he cried out precipitately, "Robbed you of what? My God! let us go up stairs. I'll give it back, whatever it is, twice over, fourfold! Don't swing the candle around that way, Clo-go-ittah! the powder will blow us and the whole trading-house into the Tennessee River."

Clo-go-ittah nodded acquiescence, his stately feathers on his head catching the light in the clare-obscure of the cavern. "That is why I came! Then the British government could demand no satisfaction for the life of the British subject—an accident—the old chief of Tennessee Town killed with him. And I should be avenged."

"For what? My God!" Varney had not before called upon the Lord for twenty years. To hold a diplomatic conversation with an enraged wild Indian, flourishing a lighted candle in a powder-magazine, is calculated to bring even the most self-sufficient and forgetful sinner to a sense of his dependence and helplessness. The lighted candle was a more subjugating weapon than a drawn sword. He had contemplated springing upon the stanch old warrior, although, despite the difference in age, he was no match for the Indian, in order to seek to extinguish it. He reflected, however, that in the struggle a flaring spark might cause the ignition of scattered particles of the powder about the floor, and thus precipitate the explosion which he shuddered to imagine. "For what? Clo-go-ittah," he asked again, in a soothing, smooth cadence, "for what, my comrade, my benefactor for years, my best-beloved friend—avenged on me for what? Let's go up stairs!"

The flicker of the wavering candle showed a smile of contempt on the face of the angry Indian for a moment, and admonished Varney that in view of the Cherokees' relish of the torture his manifestations of anxiety but prolonged his jeopardy. It brought, too, a fuller realization of the gravity of the situation, in that the Indian should so valiantly risk himself. He evidently intended to take the trader's life, but in such wise that no vengeance for his death should fall upon the Cherokee nation. Abram Varney summoned all his courage, which was not inconsiderable, and had been cultivated by the wild and uncertain conditions of his life. Assured that he could do naught to hasten his release, he awaited the event in a sort of stoical patience, dreading, however, every motion, every sound, the least stir setting his expectant nerves aquiver. Silence, quiescence, brought the disclosure earlier than he had feared.

"When I took the boy Jan Queetlee—why do I call him thus, instead of by the name he has earned for himself, the noble Otasite of Tennessee?"—the old chief began as deliberately, as disregardfully of the surroundings as if they were seated under the boughs of one of the giant oaks on the safe slopes of Chilhowee yonder—"when I took him from the braves who had attacked and overcome the Carolina stationers, I owed him no duty. He was puny, and ill, and white, and despised! You British say the Indian has no pity. A man's son or brother, or father or mother, has claims upon

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him. Otasite was naught to me, a mere *eeankke!*" (a captive). "I owed him no duty. My love was voluntary. I gave it a free gift, no duty! And he was little, and drooping, and meagre, and ill all the time! But he grew; soon no such boy in the Cherokee nation, soon hardly such a warrior in all the land—not even Otasite of Watauga, nor yet Otasite of Kiwassee; perhaps at his age Oconostota excelled" (Oconostota always was preeminently known as the "Great Warrior"). He paused to shake his head and meditate on difficult comparisons and instances of prowess. After an interval which, long enough, seemed to the trembling trader illimitable, he recommenced abruptly: "Says the Goweno long time ago to me, 'Is not there a white youth among you?' I say, 'He is content; he has no white friends, it seems — no money.' Says the Goweno to me, 'Ah, ah, we must look into this!' and says no more."

Clo-go-ittah flung back his head and laughed so long and so loud that every echo of the sarcastic guttural tones, striking back from the stone walls of the cavern, smote Varney with as definite a shock as a blow.

"And now," the Cherokee resumed, with a changed aspect and a pathetic cadence, "I am an old man, and I lean upon Otasite. My sons are all dead—one in the wars with the Muscogee and two slain by the Chickasaw. And the last he said to me, with his lingering latest breath, loath to go and leave me desolate, 'But you have an adopted son, you have the Otasite.' And now," his voice was firm again, "if I have him not, I go too, and you go. We go together."

"I will not advise him to quit the nation—never again!" cried Varney, suddenly enlightened, fervently repudiating his interference. "Since you disapprove, he shall not return to Carolina. He *cannot* go without me — my help; he could not find a place—a home. Bold and fine as he is here, he would be strange there; he knows naught of the ways of the colonists. He would be poor, despised, while here he has been like the first, the best. His pride could never stoop to a life like a slave's; his pride would break his heart. Let me undo the mischief I have wrought; let me unsay the unthinking, foolish words I have spoken."

It was perhaps with the faith that the artful trader could best turn the young fellow's mind back to its wonted content, as his crafty arguments had already so potently aroused this wild, new dissatisfaction, that Clo-go-ittah at last consented to liberate him for this essay, not without some cogent reminder that he would hold him responsible for its failure. And indeed in recanting his former urgency, when he sought out Otasite, Varney exerted himself to the utmost.

"You are satisfied here. You know the life. Like me, you love it. If I who can choose prefer it, why not you?"

But Otasite shook his head.

"When I talk to you of the colonies I speak as a man does of a dream. It is something true and something false. I add here and I let slip there to make out the connection, and give the symmetry of truth to the picture. But did I ever tell you how they love money in the colonies, how they cheat, and strive, and slave their lives away to add to their store; how they reverence and worship the wealth of others till it seems that a rich man can do no wrong—if he is rich enough? Did I ever tell you this? The poor, they are despised for being poor, and they are let to suffer. Here poverty is not permitted. If a man lose his dwelling by fire, the town builds him another house. You know this. If a man fail in his winter hunt, the others give of their abundance. Here one is rated by his personal worth. Here the deed is held to be fine, not the mere thing. Here you are valued as the great Otasite, and all men give you honor for your courage. There you are Jan Queetlee, a penniless clod, and all men despise you and pass you by."

But again Otasite shook his head.

It was no spurious flare of ambition, ineffectual, illusory; no discontented yearning for a different, a wider life that the trader's ill-advised words had roused. That sentiment of loyalty to the British government, which had never cared to claim Jan Queetlee as a subject, seemed bred in his bone and born in his blood. Perhaps it was the stuff of which long afterward the Tories were made. He could not lift his hand against this aloof, indifferent fetich. And yet take part against the Cherokees, whom he loved as they loved him! For with his facilities for understanding the

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trend of the politics of the day he could no longer blind himself to the approach of the war of the tribe with the British government, which, indeed, came within the decade. The sons of Clo-go-ittah, slain in the cruel wars with other Indians, had been to him like brothers, and in their loss he had felt his full and bitter share of the grief of a common household. Even yet he and Clo-go-ittah were wont to sadly talk of them with that painful elimination of their names, a mark of Indian reverence to the dead, substituting the euphemism "the one who is gone," and linger for hours over the fire at night or on the shady river-bank in sunlit afternoons, rehearsing their deeds and recalling their traits, and repeating their sayings with that blending of affectionate pride and sorrow that is the consolation of bereavement when time has somewhat softened its pangs and made memory so dear. And Clo-go-ittah had been like a father—it seemed to Jan Queetlee as if he had had no other father. He could not leave Clo-go-ittah, old, desolate, and alone. Yet the war was surely coming apace, as they both knew, a war which already tore his heart in sunder, in which he could only evade taking part against his own—his own of both factions—by going at once and going far. He could decide no such weighty matter.

At last he determined he would leave it to fate, to chance, showing how truly a gambler his Indian training had made him. He would stake the crisis on a game at chungke; if he won, he would go to Carolina, and take sides with neither faction; if he lost, he would cast his future part and lot with the Cherokee nation.

Varney, thoroughly uneasy, had come to feel a personal interest involved. If Otasite quitted the country, he felt his life would hardly be safe here, since the craft of Clo-go-ittah had drawn from the unsuspecting young fellow the details of the plan of removal to Charlestown which he had proposed. And yet he himself was averse to any change, unless it was indeed necessary. When put to the test he felt he would rather live in the Cherokee nation than anywhere else in all the world, and he valued his commerce with the tribe and his license from the government, under duly approved bond and security, to conduct that traffic in Tennessee Town and Tellico as naught else on earth. He discovered so earnest and genuine a desire to repair the damage of his ill-starred suggestion that Clo-go-ittah, showing his age in his haste and his tremulousness and excitement, disclosed to him in a flutter of triumphant glee that he had a spell to work that naught could withstand—a draught from Herbert's Spring to offer to Otasite. Thither some fifty miles he had despatched a runner for a jar of the magic water, and after drinking of it Otasite could not quit for seven years the Cherokee nation even if he would.

It was in the council-house that the mystic beverage was quaffed. There had been guests—head men from Great Tellico and Citico—during the afternoon, received in secret conclave, and now that their deliberations were concluded and they were gone, Otasite, not admitted to the council, being one of those warriors who did the fighting of the battles devised by the "beloved men," strolled into the deserted, domelike place. Its walls, plastered with red clay, were yet more ruddy for a cast of the westering sun. The building was large enough to accommodate several hundred people, and around the walls were cane seats, deftly constructed and artificially whitened, making, according to an old writer, "very genteel settees or couches." Tired with the stress of mental depression and anxiety as physical effort could not tame him, and vaguely prescient of evil, Otasite had flung himself down on one of these, which was spread with dressed panther-skins, his hands clasped under his head, his scalp-lock of two auburn curls dangling over them.

Through the tall narrow doorway the autumnal landscape was visible, blazing with all the fervors of summer; the mountains, however, were more softly blue, the sunlight of a richer glister; the river, now steel, now silver, now amber, reflected the atmosphere as a sensitive soul reflects the moods of those most dear; the forests, splendid with color, showed the lavish predominance of the rich reds characteristic of the Chilhowee woods; a dream-like haze over all added a vague ideality that made the scene like some fondest memory or a glamourous forecast.

"*Akoo-e-a!* summer yet!" said Clo-go-ittah, his eyes too on the scene, as he sat on a buffalo-rug in the centre of the floor drawing in the last sweet fragrant

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breaths from his long-stemmed pipe, curiously wrought of stone, for in the manufacture of these pipes the Cherokees of that day were said to excel all other Indians. The young Briton experienced no mawkish pang to note that it was ornamented at one end by a dangling scalp, the interior of the skin painted red for its preservation, and greatly treasured. He had, in fact, a pipe of his own with a scalp much like it. Indeed, his was a fine specimen, and it had been a feat to take it, for it had once covered a hot Chickasaw head.

"*Akoo-e-a!* the day is warm!" remarked Clo-go-ittah. He lifted his storied pipe, and with its long stem silently motioned to a young Indian woman, indicating a great jar of water. She quickly filled one of those quaint bowls, or cups, of the Cherokee manufacture, and advanced with it to Otasite; but the proffer was in the nature of an interruption to his troubled thoughts, and he irritably waved her away.

"I am displeased with you," said Clo-go-ittah, sternly, lifting his dark, deeply sunken eyes to where the "Man-killer" lay at full length on the cane settee. "You set me aside. You have no thoughts for me — no words. Yet you can talk when you go to the trading-house. You have words and to spare for the trader. You can drink with him. You can sing, 'Drink with me a cup of wine.'" He lifted his raucous old voice in ludicrous travesty of the favorite catch, for sometimes the two Britons, so incongruous in point of age, education, sentiment, and occupation, cemented their bond as compatriots by carousing together in a mild way.

But this ebullition of temper had naught of the ludicrous in Jan Queetlee's estimation. He was pierced to the heart.

"*Aketohta!*" (Father!) he cried, reproachfully. He had sprung to his feet, and stood looking down at the old chief, who would not look at him, but kept his eyes on the landscape without, now and then drawing a long lingering whiff from his pipe. "*Aketohta! I* have no thought for *you!*—who have alone taken thought for me! *I* have words for the trader and silence for *you!* You say keen things, and you know they are not true! You know that I had rather drink water with you than wine with him. I am not thirsty; but since it is you who offer it—" His expression changed; he broke into sudden pleasant laughter, and with a rollicking stave of the song, "Drink with me a cup of wine," he caught the bowl from the girl's hand and drained it at a draught.

"*Seohsta-quo!*" (Good!) cried Clo-go-ittah, visibly refreshed, as if his own thirst were vicariously slaked. But Otasite stood blankly staring, the bowl motionless in his hand. "It is good for wine to be old," he said, wonderingly, "but not water."

For his palate was accustomed to the exquisite sparkle and freshness of the mountain fountains, and this had come from far.

The crafty Clo-go-ittah stolidly repressed his delight, save for the glitter in his eyes fixed on the azure and crimson and silver landscape glimmering beyond the dusky portals of the terra-cotta walls. "*Nawohti! nawohti!*" (Rum!) he said, with an affectation of severity. "You drink too much of the trader's strong physic! You have no love now for the sweet, clear water." And he shook his head with the sophisticated reproof of a father of our times as he growled disaffectedly, "*Nawohti! nawohti!*"

Otasite nothing questioned the genuineness of this demonstration, for the Cherokee rulers, in common with those of other tribes, had long waged a vigorous opposition to the importation of strong drink into their country; indeed, as far back as 1704, when holding a solemn conference with Governor Daniel of North Carolina to form a general treaty of friendship, the chiefs of several tribes petitioned the government of the Lords Proprietors for a law, which was afterward enacted (and disregarded), forbidding any white man to sell or give rum to an Indian, and prescribing penalties for its infringement. It was not the first time that Otasite had heard unfavorably of the influences of "nawohti," which, by-the-way, with the Cherokees signified physic, as well as spirituous liquor, a synonymous definition which more sophisticated people have sought to apply. He was content that he and the old chief were once more in affectionate accord, and he did not seek to interpret the flash of triumph in Clo-go-ittah's face.

For seven years! for seven years! the

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white "Man-killer" could not, if he would, quit the Cherokee country. Well might the old chief's eyes glisten! The youth was like a son to his lonely age, and Otasite's prowess the pride of his life. And like others elsewhere he had softened as age came on, and loved the domestic fireside and the companionship about the hearth, hearing without participating in the hilarious talk of the young, and looking out at the world through the eyes of the new generation, undaunted, expectant, aglow with a spirit that had long ago smouldered in his own; for the fierce Indian at the last was but an old man.

Abram Varney, too, experienced a recurrence of ease. He had unwittingly imbibed much outlandish superstition in his residence among the Cherokees, and indeed other traders and settlers long believed in the enchaining fascination of Herbert's Spring, and drank or refrained as they would stay or go.

Otasite, however, was all unaware of the spell cast upon him when he came into the chungke-yard the next day, arrayed in his finest garb, the white dressed doe-skin glittering in the sun, his necklaces of beads, his belt of wolf fangs, his flying feet in their white moccasins—all catching the light with a differing effect of brilliancy.

Varney watched him as, with the two eagle feathers stiff and erect on his proud head, his two incongruous long auburn curls that did duty as a "war-lock" floating backward in the breeze, he ran so deftly, so swiftly, with so assured and so graceful a gait that the mere observation of such symmetrical motion was a pleasure. The trader had scarcely a pulse of anxiety. Indeed, disingenuously profiting by the tip afforded by Herbert's Spring, he was heavily backing Wyejah as a winner!

A windy day it was; the clouds raced through the sky, and their shadows skimming over the valleys and slopes challenged their speed. The Tennessee River was singing, singing! The mountains were as clearly and definitely blue as the heavens. That revelation of ranges on the far horizon unaccustomed to the view, only vouchsafed by some necromancy of the clarified autumnal air, never before seemed so distinct, so alluring — new lands, new hopes, new life they suggested. Wyejah's scarlet attire, its fringes tasselled with the spurs of the wild turkey, rendered his lithe figure strongly marked against these illusory, ethereal tints as he sped abreast with Otasite along the level sandy stretch of the chungke-yard. And how well he played! Varney realized this with a satisfaction as of having already won his wagers, many and large, for Otasite would leave the nation should he be victorious, and having drunk unwittingly of Herbert's Spring, he could not quit the Cherokee country, although he himself was still unaware of having quaffed of those mystic waters. Therefore defeat was obviously his portion. Whenever the trader thought anew of his secret knowledge of this fact he offered odds on Wyejah, and once more gazed at him with satisfaction—at the young warrior's face fiercely, eagerly smiling, his great flattened ears distended on their wire hoops, his dark eyes full of sombre brilliance. How well he played! and how hard the skill of his opponent pressed him! How accurate was the aim of the long lance of Otasite as he poised his weight on the supple tips of his white moccasins and hurled the missile through the air; how strong and firm his grasp that flung so far the great chungke-stone, skimming but not touching the sand; how tirelessly his long sinewy steps sped back and forth in the swift dashes up and down the great spaces of the chungke-yard; how faithfully he was doing his best, regardless of his own preference in the interests that he had adventured on the result! How like a Briton born it was, Abram Varney thought, for he alone knew of Otasite's resolution, and the significance of the game to him, that the boy could thus see fair play between the factions that warred within him for his future. He had staked the future on the event,—and suddenly it was the present!

A wild clamor of excitement, of applause, rose up from the throats of the crowd in the natural amphitheatre, clanging and clattering in long guttural cries, —all intensified by a relish of the unexpected, a joy in a new sensation, for Wyejah had never before been beaten, and Otasite was the victor at chungke.

Abram Varney felt his heart leap into his throat, then sink like lead; Clo-go-ittah, triumphant, knowing naught of the subtler significance of the contest,

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joyful, aglow with pride, rose up in his splendid feathered mantle, standing high on the slope, to sign to the boy his pleasure in the victory. The sunlight fell, glittering very white on the young fellow's doe-skin garb, his prickly belt of fangs, his bare chest with the blue warrior's marks, the curls of his auburn scalp-lock tossing in the wind. He had seemed hitherto stoical, unmoved by victory as he would have appeared in defeat; but Varney, eager to get at him, to combat his resolution, knew that he was stunned by the complications presented by this falling out of the event. He visibly faltered as his eye met the triumph and affection expressed in Clo-go-ittah's quivering old face. He could not respond to that gaze. He dropped on one knee suddenly, bending low, affecting to find something amiss with one of his moccasins.

Wyejah too could seem unmoved by victory, but indifference to defeat was more difficult to simulate. He had in the first moment of its realization felt the blood rush to his head; despite his strong nerve his hand trembled; the smile of placidity which it was a point of honor to preserve became a fixed grin. Several other young braves had come into the yard, and were idly tossing the lance at the great chungke-pole—as one of nowadays might pocket the billiard balls with a purposeless cue after a match was played. Wyejah too had carelessly cast his lance aslant; then he idly hurled the chungke-stone with a muscular fling along the spaces of the white sand. His nerve was shaken, his aim amiss, his great strength deflected. The heavy wedge-shaped stone skimmed along through the air above the stretch of sand, and striking the kneeling figure on the temple, the future of the victor at chungke became in one moment the past.

The trader could only have likened the scene that ensued to the moment of an earthquake or some other stupendous revulsion of nature. In the confusion, the wild cries, the swift running back and forth, the surging of crowds of figures into the chungke-yard that obliterated the wide blare of the sun on the white sand, he made good his escape. He knew enough of the trend of Cherokee thought to be prescient of the fate of the scape-goat. Clo-go-ittah in the first burst of grief he knew would blame himself that he should have tempted fate by the mystic draught from Herbert's Spring to hold here that bright young form for seven years longer. How sadly true!—for seven years Otasite would remain, and seven to that, and, alack, seven more, and forever! Soon, however, the natural impulses of the Indian's temper, intensified by long cultivation, would be reasserted. He would cast about for revenge, remembering the first suggestion of the departure of Otasite, and from whom it had emanated. But for the Carolina trader and his specious wiles, the old chief would argue, would Otasite have thought of forsaking his foster-nation, his adopted father, for the selfish, indifferent British, the "Goweno" at Charlestown, who cared for him nothing? The trader it was who had brought this calamity upon them, who had in effect, by the hand of another, administered the fatal draught. Seek for him!—drive him out!—wreak upon him the just, unappeasable vengeance of the forever bereaved!

The old trader had evinced an instinct in flight and concealment that an animal might envy. No secure hiding-place he selected, such as might be known or divined—a cave, the attic of his trading-house, the cellar beneath—all obvious, all instantly searched. Instead he slipped into a rift in the rocks along the river-bank. Myriads such crevices there were in the tilted strata—unheeded, unremarked, too strait and restricted to suggest the idea of refuge, too infinitely numerous for search. There, unable in the narrow compass to turn, even to shift a numbing muscle of his lean old body, in all the constraint of a standing posture, he was held in the flexure of the rock like some of their fossils, as unsuspected as a ganoid of the days of eld that had once been imprisoned thus in the sediment of seas that had long ebbed hence, or the fern vestiges of a later date finding a witness in the imprint in the stone of the symmetry of its fronds. He listened to the hue-and-cry for him; then to the sudden tramp of hoofs as a pursuing party went out to overtake him, presumably on his way to Charlestown, maintaining a very high rate of speed, for the Cherokees of that date had some "prodigious fine horses."

Straining his senses—all unnaturally alert—he distinguished, as the afternoon wore on, the details of the preparations

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for the barbarous sepulture of the young Briton. Now and then the cracking of rifle-shots betokened the shooting of his horses and cattle and all the living things among his possessions—a practice already in its decadence among the Cherokees, and later, influenced by the utilitarian methods of civilization, altogether abandoned. Swift steps here and there through the village intimated errands to gather all his choicest effects to be buried with him, for his future use. To this custom, it is said, and the great security of the fashioning of the sepulchres of the Cherokees, may be attributed the fact that little of their pottery, arms, beads, medals, the more indestructible of their personal possessions, can be found in this region where so lately they were a numerous people; for the effects of the dead, however valued, were never removed or the graves robbed, even by a savage enemy. The Indians rarely permitted the presence of an alien at the ceremonies of the interment of one of the tribe; but Varney in times past had seen and heard enough to realize, without any definite effort of the imagination, how Otasite, arrayed in his most gorgeous apparel, his beautiful English face painted vermilion, would be placed in a sitting posture in front of his house, and there in the sunlit afternoon remain for a space, looking in, as it were, at the open door. Presently sounded the wild lamentations and melancholy cadences of the funeral song; the tones rose successively from a deep bass to a tenor, then to a shrill treble, falling again to a full bass chorus, with the progression of the mystic syllables, "*Yah! Yo-he-wah! Yah! Yo-he-wah!*" (said to signify "Jehovah.") This announced that the funeral procession, bearing the body, was going thrice around the house of the dead, where he had lived in familiar happiness these many years, and beneath which he would rest in solemn silence in his deep, deep grave, covered in with heavy timbers and many layers of bark, and the stanch red clay, maintaining a sitting posture, and facing the east, while the domestic life of homely cheer would go on over his unheeding head, as he awaited the distant and universal resurrection of the body, in which the Indian religion inculcated a full and firm faith.

The sun went down, and through all the night sounded the plaints of grief. Late the moon rose, striking aslant on the melancholy Tennessee River, full of deep shadows and vaguely pathetic pallid glimmers. A wind sprang up for a time, then suddenly sank to silence and stillness. A frost fell with a keen icy chill. Mists gathered, and the day did not break—it seemed as if it might never dawn again; only a pallid visibility came gradually upon clouds that had enshrouded all the world. The earth and the sky were alike indistinguishable; the mountains were as valleys, the valleys as plains. One might scarcely make shift to see a hand before the face. Through this white pall, this cloud of nullity, came ever the dolorous chant, *Yo-he-ta-wah! Yo-he-ta-weh! Yo-he-ta-hah! Yo-he-ta-heh!* as in their grief and poignant bereavement the ignorant and barbarous Indians called upon the God who made them, and He who made them savages doubtless heard them.

Creeping out into the invisibility of the clouded day, Abram Varney had not great fear of detection. The mists that shielded him from view furthered still his flight, for his footsteps were hardly to be distinguished amidst the continual dripping of the moisture from the leaves of the dank autumnal woods. At night he knew the savages would be most on the alert. They would scarcely suspect his flight in the broad day. Moreover, their suspicions of his presence here were lulled; craftily enough he followed after the horsemen who fancied they were pursuing him—they would scarcely look for their quarry hard on their own heels. He experienced no sentiment but one of intense satisfaction when, as invisible as a spirit, he passed his own trading-house, and divined from the sounds within that the Indians were busy in sacking it, albeit a far greater financial loss than we of today are apt to imagine. For the Indian trade was a very considerable commerce, as the accounts of those times will show. The English and French governments did not disdain to compete for its monopoly with various nations of Indians, for the sake of gaining control of the savages thereby, in view of supplies furnished by the white traders vending these commodities and resident in the tribes, and its value was even sufficient to cast upon government officials, actually prime magistrates of colonies, the imputation of sordid and interested motives in its manage-

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ment, the phrase "family job" being funnily familiar in transactions so archaic, probably often ill-founded and malicious, but as virulent as if true.

Recollections of the items and values of his invoices, afflicting to Varney's commercial spirit, threaded his consciousness only when again safe in Charlestown. He reached that haven at last by the exercise of great good judgment. He realized that another party would presently be sent out when no news of capture came from the earlier pursuers; he divined that the probable direction which the second expedition would take was the Chickasaw path, for, being friendly to the British, that nation would naturally be thought of as a refuge to an Englishman in trouble with the Cherokees; therefore Varney, lest he be overtaken on the way, avoided with a great struggle the temptation, mustered all his courage, and adopting an unprecedented expedient, turned off to the country of the Muscogees. That tribe, always more or less inimical to the colonists, bloodthirsty, cruel, crafty, and but recently involved in a furious war against the Cherokees, were glad to thwart Clo-go-it-tah in any cherished scheme of revenge, and received the fugitive kindly. Although but for this fact his temerity in venturing among them would have cost him his life, they ministered to his needs with great hospitality, and forwarded him on his way to Charlestown, sending a strong guard with him as far as Long Cane settlement, a little above Ninety-Six.

Wyejah also made his escape. Appalled by the calamity of the accidental blow, he took sanctuary. In the supreme moment of excitement he flung himself into the Tennessee River, and while eagerly sought by the emissaries of Clo-go-it-tah in the woods, he swam to Choté, "beloved town," the city of refuge of the whole Cherokee nation, where the shedder of blood was exempt from vengeance. As years went by, however, either because of the death of Clo-go-ittah, or because time had so far softened the bereavement of the friends of Otasite that they were prevailed upon to accept the "satisfaction," the presents required even from an involuntary homicide, he was evidently freed from the restricted limits of the ever-sacred soil, for we find him among the delegation of warriors who went to Charlestown in 1759 to confer with Governor Lyttleton on the distracted state of the frontier, and being held as one of the hostages of that unlucky embassy, he perished in the massacre of the Cherokees by the garrison of Fort Prince George, after the treacherous murder of the commandant by the order of the Indian king, Oconostota.

Abram Varney never ventured back among "the Nation," as he called the Cherokees, as if they were the only nation on the earth. Now and again in their frequent councils with the Governor at Charlestown, rendered necessary by their ever-recurrent friction with the British government, he sought out members of the delegation for some news of his old friends, his old haunts. Not one of them would take his hand; not one would hear his voice; they looked beyond him, through him, as if he were the impalpable atmosphere, as if he did not exist.

It was a little thing—the displeasure of such men—mere savages—but it cut him to the heart. So long they had been his friends, his associates, as the chief furniture of the world.

He busied himself with the affairs of his firm at Charlestown, but for a time he was much changed, much cast down, for he had a sense of responsibility, and his conscience was involved, and although he had sought to do good he had only wrought harm, and irreparable harm. He grew old very fast, racked as he was by rheumatism, a continual reminder of the stern experiences of his flight. He had other reminders, but he grew garrulous at a much later date. Years intervened before he was wont to sit in front of the warehouse, with his stick between his knees, his hands clasped on the round knob at its top, his chin on his hands, and cheerily chirp of his days in "the Nation." The softening touch of time brought inevitably its glamours and its peace; his bleared old eyes, fixed on the water-line of the glittering harbor, beheld with pleasure, instead of the sea, the billowy reaches of that mighty main of mist-crested mountains known as the Great Smoky Range, and through all his talk, and continually through his mind, flitted the bright animated presence of the victor at chungke.

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"A KINGDOM FOR MICAJAH"

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

"SO you want your freedom, Micajah?"

The negro who had shambled up to the broad veranda dropped his eyes and shuffled uneasily, for there was a world of wonderment and kindliness in the master's tone.

"And this is the meaning of all the devilment I've heard of lately—all this talking among the negroes?"

"I reckon so, sar."

"At your age, Micajah, when you've been a self-respecting negro all your life, to go cutting up and making mischief among the other negroes because you want your freedom—that's a fine way to get it! Haven't you always gotten all you asked for? If you wanted freedom, why didn't you come and ask for it?"

The master lifted his glasses to his forehead and looked reproachfully into the queer black face before him.

"Didn't 'low, Ole Marse, as how you'd gib hit ter me," said the negro, humbly, but persistently.

Judge Naylor looked from the rose-twined piazza across the spacious lawn, under whose oaks his own father had romped, and beyond whose limits had joyously hunted with another Micajah, as small and as black as the one before him. *He* had never dreamed of freedom. Was this the innate craving of the human for something higher, or only a reflection of an external picture? The Judge resolved upon an experiment.

"You are mistaken," said the Judge, gravely, as he knocked the ash from his pipe. "I will give it to you. And what sort of freedom is it that you want, Micajah?"

The old slave scratched his head and swayed uncomfortably.

"Why, jes freedom, Ole Marse."

"What kind of freedom, Micajah? What is it that you want? Speak out, for I am going to give you your freedom for a whole month, and you shall have all that you want to go with it," added the Judge.

Uncle Cage gasped. The enormity of the idea was too much for him.

"And here were Ole Marse jes er-talkin' 'bout hit lack hit were er chaw er terbaccy—des es easy an' quiet lack," said Micajah, afterwards, in confidence.

"Well," queried the Judge, "what do you want as a free nigger, Micajah?"

Micajah scraped the dust with his foot; twice he made a little mound of it with his toes and twice smoothed it out.

"I don't wanter be no 'free nigger,' Ole Marse. I des wants freedom."

"Well, go on; don't be afraid; you shall have what you want."

Cage's eyes sparkled, and at last his tongue was loosened.

"I don' wanter work none, Ole Marse. I wants ter hear dat horn blow at five in de mornin', an' I wants ter git up, mad lack, an' holler outen de winder, 'You derned ole raskil, what you wake me up dis time er day fur?' Den I wants ter fling my boot-jack at him, an' go on back ter sleep, I does. Um, um—an' when de ole 'oman 'low, 'Cage, you git up an' make dat fire,' I wants ter 'low back ter her, 'I hain't er-makin' fires fur niggers,' an' I wants ter go back ter sleep, I does—fur, Ole Marse"—here Cage bent closer and almost whispered—"I wants my freedom fum de ole 'oman too, den, an' I don't want her ter git freedom, nohow."

"All right. Anything else to go with your freedom, Micajah?"

All timidity and sullenness were forgotten, and Micajah's face was radiant.

"I don' wanter hope do dat cl'arin', Ole Marse, down by de ribber, an' when de niggers is er-sweatin' an' er-workin', I wants ter be takin' er my ease. Um, um—an' I wants some close, white folks' close; an', Ole Marse, I wants er book lack you got in de house."

"A book? When did you learn to read, Micajah?"

"Lord! Ole Marse, ole Cage cain't read; he des want ter tote hit roun' lack you does."

"You shall have it," said the master, heartily. "Now what else?"

"I wants er little nigger, er little nigger, Ole Marse." Here Micajah scratched

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his head thoughtfully. "None er mine, ner none on dis side er de ribber, but er little nigger dat ain' know me 'fore I git freedom—dat ain' *see* me work. An' I wants dat little nigger ter foller me ever'whar I goes, er-totin' er palm-leaf fan, an' I wants him ter fan dese foots when I sets down er lays down, an' I wants ter holler at him when he ain' move fas' ernough, an' cuss him when he move too fas', but I wants him ter keep er-foll'in' wid de palm-leaf fan."

Micajah, from sheer ecstasy of contemplation, paused.

"But I don' wanter be no 'free nigger,' Ole Marse, lack Free Joe and Yaller Pete, 'case they hain't nuffin but des niggers, 'douten er marster, errer home, ner nuffin; dey don' eben know whar dey git dey nex' sumpen ter eat fum; but I des wants ter taste freedom."

"Very well, Micajah; you shall begin to taste it at once, and I hope that it will do you good. You need not go to the field to-morrow, and you can pick out your little negro from over the river this afternoon. Cindy will give you my old broadcloth—you can roll up the legs and sleeves if they are too long—and I will not forget the book; and, mind, if anybody asks you to do a lick of work for a whole month, you send them to me."

The plantation work went on smoothly without Micajah's presence, much to the disgust of Milly, his wife, who had been reprimanded more than once for berating Cage about his trifling ways. Micajah got his little nigger from over the river—one who had never seen him before, and who was as thoroughly abject and respectful as even Cage could wish; so the latter's joy knew no bounds, and he was rapidly demonstrating, to his master's great amusement, the close kinship of the tyrant and the slave.

Micajah's freedom was a matter of wonderment to the negroes as he looked upon them at their work for a moment with a supercilious air, and made some dignified remark, with his book held carelessly under his arm, "perzackly lack Ole Marse," Cage gleefully congratulated himself—for Cage was wonderfully changed, changed to befit his new condition; and as he turned, followed by the bearer of the palm-leaf fan, many were the envious glances cast.

Such ease, such glory, such a blended dream of shade, watermelons, and cob pipes smoked undisturbed, varied by the unspeakable delight of "cussin'" and yelling at the little negro!

But even this Arcadia had its shadow, for Cage had never had the ecstasy of flinging a boot-jack at his little slave. Boots and their accompaniment had been part of the requirements which his master had provided, with the promise that the jack could be flung if the boots were worn; but Cage had been an unshod child of nature, for in that equable climate a foot-covering at any season of the year was only a matter of effect, and the exquisite agony of the pegged cowskins was more than he could bear, even with his freedom; so, by her master's direction, boots and jack were carried triumphantly back to the plantation store by Milly, who was more than happy to thus pluck one feather from the wing of freedom.

Milly in these few days seriously questioned within herself the wisdom of Old Marse's experiment, for it had very much upset the domestic equilibrium; but Milly was a philosopher too, in a humble way, and under the existing circumstances she resolved to make an experiment also, the issue of which she was more certain of than Ole Marse was of his.

"Think I gwine hab Cage layin' roun' here in de shade er w'arin' er broadclorf ever' day—an' Ole Marse ain' do dat—an' er-settin' up he ole foots ter be fanned lack dey was sumpen, an' dey es big es all out-doo's, an' he er-pesterin' me 'bout he fried chicken fur dinner lack he were white—an' dey sen' hit ter him, too. My Lord! Um—Ole Marse done los' he head ter 'low dat; but I hain't los' mine, sho mun, and I gwine git eben wid Cage. Talkin' 'bout freedom dis an' freedom dat, an' erlowin' dat hit sumpen dat Milly cain't git. Um—if hit make er body es low-down an' es triflin' es Cage be, I lay I don' want hit!"

But it was glorious to be envied—a field-hand envied even by the house-negroes. So Micajah buried his bare feet in the dust when impressing a crowd, and rose in the dignity of his broadcloth. He was a king, though even for a day, and no ancestor by the far banks of the Congo ever ruled more royally.

He was abused behind his back, but the fruits of the earth were brought to

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his cabin. The horn blew in the morning, but Micajah turned over for another nap. Milly put the buttermilk on the table, but Cage had coffee from the big house; and at last freedom had grown so great that Micajah declared that Milly should stand while he was served—that a free man could not sit at table with a slave, even though she was his wife.

Then Milly rose in wrath, and laid two crossed sticks tied with hair in the chimney lock, but held her peace. Micajah shivered; ruefully he regretted his boldness, for the dignity of the free man could not overcome the superstition of the slave, and he had known Milly's work of old. Alas for Micajah! In the splendor of his broadcloth and the deliciousness of freedom he had forgotten to transfer his own hoodoo—it was even then reposing in the pocket of the discarded blue-check trousers—and Milly's charm would work!



"PERZACKLY LACK OLE MARSE."

The clearing down by the river was progressing. It was a kind of extra work, and a bran dance and barbecue had been promised in the Quarters when the task should be completed. So it was even pleasure, this sweating and hard labor, with the pot of gold, as it were, at the end; and with the "whoraw" in the Quarters attending each morning's departure, the spirit of habit even tempted Uncle Cage to join, for it was getting lonesome with nobody but the little nigger—not even Milly in the cabin to lord it over—and the laborers were too busy to listen to him if he went idle-handed to the clearing; but he was a free man, and freedom did not stoop to such without necessity.

But latterly the monarchy was not nearly so absolute as it had been; the negroes were not half so envious. Too much familiarity and boasting were breeding contempt, and though Milly was more than welcome among them, they looked at him askance whenever he sought to join in their recreations.

Growing bolder, they quizzed his little "nig" about him, to the former's utter demoralization, poking fun at the bare feet and broadcloth; and one of the smart house-negroes disrespectfully propounded a conundrum, in effect, "If all work

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an' no play make Cage er dull nigger, what do all play make him?" Milly's brother, a field hand, had actually shouted out, "A big fool nigger!" at which Cage and his fan-bearer walked away in dignified silence. But the fan-bearer was far from satisfactory; there was that in his manner which betokened sullenness rather than the awe with which he was at first infused; and though he habitually dodged, it was rather the fear of the missile than the man. There was even a symptom of rebellion, which Micajah, finding the arts of civilization deficient, promptly put down by threatening to hoodoo him with a 'gater. The imp was quelled for a few days, and during that time he spent all the spare moments when Cage was asleep in the careful examination of his legs and arms for the first indication of the 'gater, guardedly holding his breath to feel an internal or external wiggle; but as no signs appeared, he turned a pirouette on his great toe, and whispered to the watermelons in the patch that "Marse 'Cajah wa'n't nuffin but er nigger man, arter all."

But something had surely gone wrong with Micajah's fortunes. Was Milly's charm working? There it lay in the chimney lock, and Cage dared not touch it. "I knows she put hit dar fur me 'case I mek her so mad 'bout stan'in' when I eats, an' now she won' set down when I axes her; an' if hit air workin'—my Lord! den I'm done fur!" moaned Cage.

So the big-house coffee was not half as delicious as it had been, and Cage took to praising Milly's buttermilk, sharing her side meat, and courteously left her a piece of fried chicken on one occasion; but Milly would not touch it.

Then, after one sleepless night in which the crown of freedom pressed more heavily upon the monarch's brow, Micajah sought his master, leaving the bearer of the fan sobbing in the cabin from a reprimand more vigorous than pleasant. The Judge was preparing to ride, and he smiled upon the forlorn figure of Micajah.

"Well, Micajah," said he, flecking the head of a zinnia with his whip, "have you thought of something else to go with freedom?" Micajah studied his bare toes sheepishly, then covered them with dust.

"Naw, Ole Marse."

The Judge drew nearer. "Are you sick, Micajah?"

"Naw, Ole Marse."

"Then what do you want? Don't stand there all day like a dolt."

Micajah hesitated; something seemed to clog his throat, and he cleared it.

"I thought maybe, Ole Marse—I thought es how de time mought be up, an' I come ter gib up de freedom and de book."

"What? Are you tired already? Why, it is not half up. Go on and have a good time, Micajah."

Micajah looked crestfallen, and ambled off as the Judge rode away. "Er whole mont', an' hit hain't half up! Well, dar's dis erbout hit, dat's one comfort—dem niggers kin 'buse me lack dey pleases, an' dey gwine sweat an' groan fur dey fun; but dis freedom gwine ter fotch hit ter me lack I were white, ef I des set an' wait. Dey don' git tired er settin' an' waitin' fur hit ter come ter 'em, an' I des bardaciously gwine steddy some more white folks' ways 'sides totin' de book."

But the blissful contemplation ended as he neared his own cabin. In the doorway sat the fan-bearer, his tears having been wiped away by Cage's good dinner, which had arrived from the big house during the consultation with his master, and to which the imp had bountifully helped himself. Micajah's heart was sore, but he smothered his wrath until he had made his meal, while the fan-bearer, with a fragment of belief still in Micajah's powers, employed the time in feeling again for the incipient 'gater. Then Micajah rapped imperiously upon the table.

"You Amaziah!" The little negro dodged. "You infernal lazy black raskil, Amaziah!"

"Huh!" whimpered the boy.

"You lim' er Satan, you lizard-eyed nigger, don' you say 'huh' ter me! You git me er coal and light my pipe quick! Fill up dat pipe fust, you lazy purp! What you got holes in yo' head fur, hah? Um, um. Now git dat fan an' fan dese here foots twel I tells you ter quit. You heah me!"

The man of freedom was stretched at full length, with a wreath of smoke about his head, and his eyes closed to the world; the little black piece of misery was crouched beside him; and so daylight waned and the twilight came on; then the fan dropped from the bearer's hand; he was fast asleep, and so was Micajah.

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"GO ON AND HAVE A GOOD TIME, MICAJAH."

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"HE COLLARED HIS ASTONISHED LITTLE NIGGER."

There was great excitement on the plantation, for Susanne, the Madame's maid, was to marry Henry, Major Stone's man-in-waiting. Susanne had told the Judge of her desire, and, not wishing to sell Susanne, or to separate her from the husband of her choice, the Judge had promptly bought him for a good round sum. The Madame herself had looked to the details of Susanne's wedding-gown, for the Madame set great store by Susanne, and the ceremony was to be performed in the dining-room. Then afterwards would come the feast and dance in the Quarters until daylight, in which the inmates of every cabin, by invitation of the bride, might join.

Micajah's cabin felt the unwonted influence, and even the little fan-bearer was in a flutter about the wedding. Milly had been bidden; carefully she laid her small store of finery upon the bed, and was softly singing to herself before going to the field. Milly believed in feasting, though, unlike Micajah, who loved to scrape his foot to anybody's fiddle, she only believed in a certain kind of terpsichorean exercise, which she called "de 'ligious dance." Hers was only executed upon solemn occasions, or commemorated special emotions, but Milly was indulgent to the general fault in others.

These fair days of freedom were losing more and more of their beauty to Uncle Cage; the song of the mocking-bird was far less sweet, and even the crimson and black beauty of the watermelon had almost lost its lusciousness to the idle slave of freedom. But most of all the impudence of the jay-birds maddened him when they came to gather from the remnant of his meals.

Many an unpicked bone and half-finished biscuit was flung at them in the abundance, to be regretted in the after-time.

"I lay I gwine larn 'em," muttered Cage, as he resumed his solitary dinner after a vigorous onslaught, which was

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about the only exercise the monarch would allow himself; and the fact was that Uncle Cage might be suspected of a first-class case of dyspepsia, for the life of irregularity and idleness was telling hardly upon his astonished organs and his temper. "I lay I gwine larn 'em—er-eatin' er my vittles an' er-callin' me 'Cage! Cage!' des es pat, 'dout eben er handle ter hit, an' erlowin' 'He got hit! he got hit!' lack hit any business er thern ef I *is* got freedom. I lay I larn 'em!"

As he grew more and more irascible the negroes drew entirely away from him, even his chosen few, and freely let him know that they could get along without him. But now the crowning insult had been offered—he had not been bidden to the wedding. It was Milly's charm—he knew that it was Milly; the fact of his freedom could not alone have worked that change in his fellows; and Milly, finding her spouse exceedingly cross upon this particular morning, wisely refrained from any but necessary conversation.

Micajah was stung to the quick, and dwelt upon his sorrow. At a wedding he was in his own particular province, and everybody knew it—that was where it wounded. They had even invited Milly before his eyes, and the messenger had sarcastically "'lowed dat es Cage were erbove workin' wid common niggers, he reckoned he were erbove playin' an' eatin' wid 'em." And the little fan-bearer suffered that day, for Micajah's feet were very hot.

At last the momentous hour arrived, and there was much hurrying to and fro in the Quarters. Here and there Susanne was swishing her wedding-skirts and bandying saucy words with the older negroes, but she did not even pause at Micajah's cabin.

But Ole Marse would permit him to witness the ceremony with the house-negroes because of his freedom, an honor which was never shared by the field-hands, and Micajah was secretly glorying, though the glory would be short-lived, for there was the long night before him with its bedlam of joy let loose in the Quarters, and he was not to be of it.

So he stood in the doorway, a shiftless figure, an alien, as it were, for he was unused to the manner of the house-negroes and was abashed before them, and for the present he was not a field-hand, because of his freedom.

For a moment he lost himself; then the ceremony was over; Ole Mis' said something high and grand, and Ole Marse said something funny, and the little procession filed out.

The night was close and sultry, and as he sat alone in his cabin door, Micajah could hear the strains of fiddle and banjo—he was even near enough to hear the shuffling of feet. The fan-bearer was soundly snoring, after having sobbed himself to sleep, for Micajah had sternly declared "dat de slabe cain't go whar he marster hain't axed,—you heah me, Amaziah?"

As the night wore on, the fun waxed louder and louder, the spell was irresistible, and Uncle Cage was almost beside himself. He had never been left out before—and this was freedom!

At last the cake-walk was begun, and Micajah, forgetting his injured dignity, his position, and his broadcloth, slipped stealthily out to peep at the revellers through a chink; and there was Milly—his Milly—leading the walk with Cross-eyed Pete. Micajah dug his toes into the dust. Oh, how peacefully Milly smiled!

"Dat cross-eyed houn' is er-callin' me outen my name," he muttered.

His Milly laughed slyly—and this was freedom!

"How I ebber gwine make dat nigger know her place ergin?" he groaned. "I gwine git back an' know mine—dat I is. I gwine gib up dis fool freedom ef I libs ter see ter-morrer, sho I is; an' I gwine meet dem niggers on ekil groun's, an' I gwine split dat cross-eyed nigger inter kindlin' wood—sho I is—ef I libs. An' I gwine ter make de high an' mighty niggers ter-night ter eat dirt ter-morrer—dat I is—*you heah me!* I larn dat Milly ter laugh at her betters 'hine dey backs, ef I peels ever' hick'ry on de place—dat I is! O Lord, pity dis heah big fool nigger dat hain't got no mo' sense 'n ter lis'en ter de word er Satan, an' up an' ax Ole Marse fur dis heah freedom! I's done wid hit—I spits hit out. Des lemme git shet uv hit, an' I wouldn' wipe dese ole foots on hit!"

There was a movement at the door, and fearing detection, Uncle Cage slipped away to seek uneasy dreams.

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Through the long hot days the work had gone on cheerfully in the new land, and now it was so nearly accomplished that the frolic was joyfully discussed.

Micajah had all along secretly resolved that he would attend the frolic, with or without a welcome, on the ground of primeval right; but the negroes, informed by Milly, or more probably by the fan-bearer, who was a most untiring carrier of tales, openly resented his intention, and now passed his cabin without a recognition, sarcastic or otherwise.

Even the fan-bearer was growing unbearably sullen; no kick or cuff could bring him out of it; his biggest flow of words failed to intimidate, and Micajah felt that his position was perilous. He more than once approached his master, with the same result—he must wait until the time was up.

It wanted but four days more to the bran dance, and here was one whole miserable week of freedom, and, alas! his freedom from freedom would come too late to save the day, so he resolved to make one more effort, and shame-faced and miserable, Micajah once more sought his master.

The Judge knitted his brows forbiddingly.

"What is the matter, Micajah, that you want to give it up? Haven't you got all to go with it that you wanted?"

"Yas, Ole Marse."

"Then what the devil is the matter?"

"Ole Marse"—Micajah's voice was very low, and his humbleness was as the dust—"I done fotch back de book, an' I done fotch back de freedom. One hain't no betterer dan tuther ter er nigger. Dey bofe on 'em lies ter er nigger, an' hit hain't nuffin but miz'ry. Dey don' 'spec' me no mo'; dey don' lis'en ter me talk no mo'. Eben Milly, my ole 'oman—dat I gwine frail 'din er inch uv her life when I gits shet er freedom—done lay er spell on me: I kin feel hit in my bones. Eben de little nigger what tote de palm-leaf fan done talk sass ter me, an' I 'low I cain't stan' hit!"

His master smiled, then bit his mustache gravely.

"But, Micajah, you must command respect—command it, and you will get it."

"I done 'mand hit, Ole Marse," said Micajah, pitifully, "but I 'mands hit lack er nigger, er big fool nigger, an' hit hain't done no good. Gittin' freedom on de outside don' make freedom on de inside, Ole Marse. I's 'bleeged ter you, Ole Marse, 'deed I is, but I wants you ter take hit back. I's nuffin but er fool nigger, Ole Marse, an' 'fore Gord I hain't gwine cut up no mo'! I's got all I want 'dout freedom, an' I gwine be thankful fur hit!"

Micajah paused expectantly; there was a silence, which was broken by the master's firm voice.

"I am a man of my word, Micajah. I have promised you a month of freedom, and you have accepted it; I cannot take it back until the time is out. Stop your foolishness, and go and make the best of it." And Ole Marse rode away.

Micajah looked long and earnestly into the cloud of dust he left behind. The condition was desperate; something must be done.

Between the gate and the Quarters he collared his astonished little nigger with no uncertain gesture, and led him across the field towards the river, and when Micajah returned he was alone. Spying the palm-leaf fan, the emblem of his freedom and his misery, on the floor of the cabin, where it had dropped from the hand of the rebellious Amaziah, he silently tore it into shreds and tossed them from him with a contemptuous grunt.

That night a theft was committed on the plantation—a very small one, it is true, but made memorable because it was the very night that Micajah sent the little negro home. Such a thing was almost unheard-of, and the overseer, a black Hercules, was very indignant.

The next night a similar depredation was discovered, and the negroes were at fever-heat. "Reckon Ole Marse 'bout ter lose he min', ter set still an' see things ergwine on diserway an' hain't raise his han'; but I gwine raise mine, sho mun!" declared the overseer.

So a cordon of guards was formed, with regular reliefs, and the night-watch began. But the midnight wore away, the stars winked out, and the last guard slept peacefully before the rising sun, and no marauder had disturbed the stillness of the smoke-house. But something had happened. The house, the Quarters, the very air, was full of it. A runaway nigger had been caught on Major Stone's plantation, was caught stealing, and was even now being carried in handcuffs to the court-house to await his owner.

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The summer season was dull enough in the little village which had the honor of being the county-seat, and the passing of the Judge's carriage was of sufficient moment to attract a knot of idlers. So, too, the little court-room was filled with the same material, even before the Judge had leisurely alighted, after his usual custom; for, as the negroes said, "Eben de toot er Gabrul moughten pester Old Marse; he gwine 'bout he business, an' hain't gwine herry fur nobody!"

The runaway was secreted in an inner chamber; nobody had even seen him, and speculation ran high; but the Judge, in the most exasperating manner possible, calmly disposed of some minor matters, leisurely joking his constituents, as was his wont, utterly oblivious of the throng of eager faces.

At last every joke had been turned and every paper signed, when the Judge relapsed into sternness.

"Bring in the prisoner!"

The mysterious door opened, and Major Stone preceded the little procession, stroking his beard in a peculiar manner, but as grave as a chief mourner.

"I've got a good one on him now," he whispered to Attorney Allen as he passed up the aisle.

Then followed the culprit, his crossed wrists in the little steel cuffs, his head bent low upon his breast. There was something painfully familiar in the figure. The now soiled and torn broadcloth, even upon its spare ebon rack, still held the Judge's outline in its creases. Ludicrously pitiful the picture, and the crowd swayed and murmured.

The Judge rose to his feet. He was thinking of green fields and boyish days, of the clear brook beyond the pasture, of the pair of honest black feet that had timed their pace to his.

"Micajah!"

There was a world of pathos in the tone. It mattered not if the whole of his little world was there to hear it—attorneys, clients, negroes, and all.

"I's comin', Ole Marse!" The pitiful wail rang through the court-room, and the old slave, oblivious of any other presence, fell prone at his master's feet.

"Take de cuss offen me, Ole Marse, an' lemme die, fur dat freedom hit ride me lack er hant, an' let loose de debil in ole Cage! Take hit back, Old Marse, fur I got er whole week er dat mizerbul freedom lef', an' you wouldn' take hit back! Dat what mek me brek in yo' smoke-house fur, an'—oh Lord! I's er mizerbul sinnin' nigger, all on ercount er dis heah freedom; an' you nebber sont de oberseer ter whup me; but I were willin'—de Lord He know how willin' I were—if I mought git shet er dis heah freedom!"

There was a pause, broken by Micajah's sobs.

"Tell it all, Micajah," said the Judge.

"Dat what I taken Marse Harry Stone's tuckeys fur. I ain' want dem tuckeys, Old Marse—dey done tied out dar en de fiel' now—but I wants ter git shet er dis heah freedom! I hain't nuffin but des er po' fool nigger, Ole Marse. I hain't gwine ter ax fur nuffin ebber no mo'—nuffin but sumpen ter eat, an' mighty little er dat! You knows what's de bestes' fur me, Old Marse, an' you knows I hain't fitten ter breave de bref er life! Kill me, Ole Marse, kill me; but 'fore you does hit take de cuss er freedom offen my soul!"

A sudden gust must have blown dust in the Judge's eyes, for he winked them hard, then blew his nose vociferously.

A whispered consultation was held with Major Stone.

"That's entirely satisfactory to me, Judge"—the Major was smiling.

"The case is dismissed!" roared the Judge.

FAITHFULNESS

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

BEHIND wind-driven clouds the backward moon
May seem to flee. But no!
His course is steadfast. Mid life's hurrying ills
Thy heart be even so.

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THE PROBLEM OF ASIA

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

I.

IN order to efficiency of action, whether in personal or in corporate life, we have to recognize the coincident necessities of taking long views and of confining ourselves to short ones. The two ideas, although in contradiction logically, are in practice and in effect complementary, as are the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the universe; unless both are present, something is wanting to the due balance of judgment and of decision. This is, indeed, but one of many illustrations that the philosophy of life is best expressed in paradox. It is by frank acceptance of contrary truths, embracing both without effort to blend them, that we can best direct our course, as individuals or as nations, to successful issues. Thus it is again that only by a minute mastery of details can a solid foundation be laid upon which to build opinion; yet unless details are thrust aside, and reflection fastens upon the leading features only of a problem of conduct, it is difficult, if not impossible, clearly to perceive the mutual relations of the parts and their proportions to the whole, upon a just sense of which depends correctness of appreciation, with consequent discretion of action.

Beyond all other movement, beyond all corporate or even national experience, the progress of the world illustrates the necessities and the uncertainties with which thought has to contend, and under the stress of which it must develop into policy and assert itself in conduct. This is, of course, an inevitable result of enlargement of scale, and the world movement presents action upon the greatest of all scales. There is vastly more of detail and of surprise, of the complicated and of the unexpected. Every nation or race deals with its own problems—those of its internal and of its external life; but the fortune of each exerts a specific influence upon the general outcome. Not only are those influences very diverse in themselves, but they cause incessant change in the relations of the parts to each other and to the whole. Relative importance and the nature of that importance are subject to continual fluctuation. Enmities succeed to friendships; strength declines to weakness; accident, as men call it, in a moment and amid universal astonishment reverses conditions. Still, although liable at any moment to see hopes overthrown, combinations frustrated, and even the solidest foundations giving under their feet, nations and their rulers must take account of existing tendencies, argue from the present to the future, estimate the relative weight of contemporary factors, and from them forecast the probable issue, although it seem to lie beyond the horizon of their own generation; for in their day they are the guardians of posterity, and may not shirk their trust. They must, in short, take long views, and upon them in due measure act as opportunity permits; yet withal the uncertainties, both of calculations and of events, are so great, the difficulties of prediction and of speculation so obvious, that they are compelled to treat the situation of each moment in the light of immediate necessities, to take short views, to look primarily to their feet and to the next step, endeavoring only, if they may, that this be in the general direction which their practical sagacity has indicated as the far goal of the nation's good.

It would be an interesting study, but one quite apart from the object of this paper, to trace the genesis and evolution in the American people of the impulse towards expansion which has recently taken so decisive a stride. To do this adequately would involve the consideration of a volume of details, in order to extricate from them the leading features which characterize and demonstrate the vital sequence in the several stages of advance. The treatment of the matter, however, would be very imperfect if it failed clearly to recognize and to state that it is but one phase of a sentiment that has swept over the whole civilized European world within the last few decades, salient evi-

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dences of which are found in the advance of Russia in Asia, in the division of Africa, in the colonial ambitions of France and of Germany, in the naval growth of the latter, in the development of Japan, and in the British idea of Imperial Federation, now fast assuming concrete shape in practical combined action in South Africa. Every great state has borne its part in this common movement, the significance of which cannot be ignored. We may not know whence it comes nor whither it goes, but there it is. We see it and we hear it, and our own share in it has already radically changed our relations towards foreign states and races. Whatever its future, a future it clearly has, to read which men must lift up their hearts and strain their eyes, while at the same time they neglect not the present, but do with their might that which their hand at the moment finds to do.

A study of a particular phase of this possible future, as it appears to one man, is the object of this present paper. Before, however, proceeding with such consideration, it may be interesting, and not inappropriate, to note in briefest outline how singularly the long view and the short view have received illustration in the recent course of events. The intrinsic importance of Cuba, of the West Indies in general, and of the Isthmus of Panama, to the political, commercial, and military interests of the United States, was long ago perceived. To illustrate this by detailed account, from the words and actions of public men, would require an article—rather, perhaps, a volume—by itself; but it is easy to note, rising above the sea of incidental details, of diplomatic negotiations and governmental recommendations, a few landmarks, such as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the attempt under Grant's administration to annex Santo Domingo, the abortive negotiations for the purchase of the Danish islands, our treaty with Colombia guaranteeing the transit of the Isthmus railway. Solicitude, which traced its origin to the early years of the century, increased to conviction as the expansion of the country emphasized the consciousness of a probable destiny. Deadened temporarily by the outbreak of the civil war, which it antedated by generations, it revived immediately upon its conclusion —the insistence upon the French withdrawal from Mexico being a first-fruits of quickened life. For the moment the long view had yielded to the imperious demands of the short; but, the emergency over, the nation again lifted its eyes and looked afar.

Meantime events had progressed and continued to progress. New factors had entered into the conditions, while the bearing and importance of old factors were seen more clearly and forcibly, for time had brought them out of the haze of distant speculation, and nearer to the decisive moment of action. The school of thought that looked to expansion became more incisive and outspoken, its ideas increasing in scope and in definiteness of expression. The long view, raising its vision gradually above the Antilles and the Isthmus, as these drew more into the foreground, saw beyond them the Pacific, Hawaii, and the beginning of momentous issues in China and Japan. There insight again was baffled; unless it may be claimed, as evidence of a wider range, that the country and the exponents of expansion, in common with the world at large, had at last aroused to consciousness of the determining influence of sea power upon the history of the world. Sea power, however, is but the handmaid of expansion, its begetter and preserver; it is not itself expansion, nor did the advocates of the latter foresee room for advance beyond the Pacific. Their vision reached not past Hawaii, which also, as touching the United States, they regarded from the point of view of defence rather than as a stepping-stone to any farther influence in the world. So far as came under the observation of the writer—and his interest in the matter dated back several years—the expansionists themselves, up to the war with Spain, were dominated by the purely defensive ideas inherited from the earlier days of our national existence. The Antilles, Cuba, the Isthmus, and Hawaii were up to that time simply outposts — positions — where it was increasingly evident that influences might be established dangerous to the United States as she then was. Such influences must be forestalled; if not by immediate action, at least by a definite policy.

It was to such a state of mind that the war with Spain came; and the result has the special interest of showing the almost instantaneous readiness with which a seed of thought germinates when it

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falls upon mental soil prepared already to receive it. Reflection and discussion, voice and pen, platform and press, had broken up the fallow ground left untilled by the generations which succeeded the fathers of the republic. Habit had familiarized men's minds with the idea of national power spreading beyond the bounds of this continent, and with the reasons that made it advisable, if not imperative. Though staggered for an instant by a proposition so entirely unexpected and novel as Asiatic dominion, the long view had done its work of preparation; and the short view, the action necessary at the minute, imposed primarily and inevitably by the circumstances of the instant, found no serious difficulty of acceptance, so far as concerned the annexation of the Philippines —the widest sweep, in space, of our national extension.

We have for the time being quite sufficient to occupy our activities in accommodating ourselves to these new conditions, and in organizing our duties under them. But while this is true as touching immediate action, it is not necessarily, nor equally, true as regards thought, directed upon the future. After a brief rest in contemplation of the present, effort must be resumed, not merely to note existing conditions, but to appreciate the tendencies involved in them—history in embryo —the issue of which will hereafter concern us or our descendants. Events of recent years have substantially changed the political relations of states, and thereby have imposed such a study of these as shall give point and direction to that long view of the distant future which, uncertain though it be in its calculations, and liable to sudden disconcertment, is nevertheless essential, if sagacious and continuous guidance is to be given to the course of a nation. Such study will require an intelligent and sustained resolution; for, with the possible exception of the Monroe doctrine, the people of the United States have been by long habit indifferent to the subject of external policies. They have been so not only as the result of our particular circumstances of isolation, but by deliberate intention, inherited from a day when such abstinence was better justified than now, and depended upon a well-known, though misunderstood, warning of Washington against entangling alliances. Under changed conditions of the world, from the influence of which we cannot escape, it is imperative to arouse to the necessity of conscious effort, in order to recognize and to understand broad external problems, not merely as matters of general information or of speculative interest, but as questions in which we ourselves have, or may have, the gravest direct concern, as affecting ourselves or our children.

It is by such long views that is developed the readiness of decision, in unexpected conjunctures of international politics, which corresponds to presence of mind in common life; for ordinarily presence of mind means preparedness of mind, through previous reflection upon possible contingencies. The need of such readiness—of sustained apprehension of actual and of probable future conditions —receives the clearest demonstration from our recent experience. What more sudden or less expected, what, in a word, more illustrative of a short view resulting in decisive action, taken at a moment's notice, can be adduced than that a war begun with Spain about Cuba should result in tendering us the position of an Asiatic Power, with the consequent responsibilities and opportunities? Evidently a mind prepared by deliberation upon contemporary occurrences and tendencies is no mean equipment for prompt decision in such a case. It is in no wise a disconnected incident that the United States has been suddenly drawn out of her traditional attitude of apartness from the struggle of European states, and had a new element forced into her polity. The war with Spain has been but one of several events, nearly simultaneous, which have compelled mankind to fix their attention upon eastern Asia, and to realize that conditions there have so changed as to compel a readjustment of ideas, as well as of national policies and affiliations. Nothing is more calculated to impress the mind with the seriousness of the impending problems than the known fact that Japan, which less than three years ago notified our government of her disinclination to our annexation of Hawaii, now with satisfaction sees us in possession of the Philippines.

The altered conditions in the East have doubtless resulted—as did American expansion—from certain preparative antecedents, less obvious at the time of their occurrence, and which therefore then es-

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caped particular notice; but the incidents that have signalized the change have been compacted into a very few years. Hence they possess the attribute of suddenness, which naturally entails for a time a lack of precise comprehension, with the necessary consequence of vagueness in opinion. Nevertheless, there they are; matters of grave international moment to those older nationalities, from whom heretofore we have held ourselves sedulously aloof. Side by side with them is our own acceptance of the Philippines, an act which we could not rightly avoid, and which carries with it opportunity. Opportunity, however, can never be severed from responsibility; for, whether utilized or neglected, a decision, positive or negative, is made, which cannot be dissociated from the imputation of moral right or wrong, of intellectual mistake or of wisdom.

It may be well here to consider for a moment the charge, now often made, that by the acceptance of the Philippines, and, still more, by any further use of the opportunities they may give us, we abandon the Monroe doctrine. The argument, if it can be allowed that name, derives such force as it has from appeal to prejudice; a word which, although it has an invidious association, does not necessarily imply more than opinion already formed, and which, if resting on solid basis, is entitled to full respect, unless, and until, it refuses to face new conditions. The Monroe doctrine, however, commits us only to a national policy, which may be comprehensively summarized as an avowed purpose to resist the extension of the European system to the American continents. As a just counterweight to this pretension, which rests in no wise upon international law, but upon our own interests as we understand them, we have adopted, as a rule of action, abstention from interference—even by suggestion, and much more by act—in questions purely European.

Of these complementary positions, neither the one nor the other possesses any legal standing, any binding force, of compact or of precedent. We are at liberty to abandon either at once, without incurring any just imputation of unlawful action. Regarded, however, purely as a matter of policy, and as such accepted as wise, by what process of reasoning is it to be established that either the one rule or the other bars us, on the ground of consistency, from asserting what we think our rights in Asia? In its inception the Monroe doctrine was, I suppose, a recognition of the familiar maxim of statesmen that geographical propinquity is a source of trouble between nations, which we, being favored by natural isolation, proposed to avert; and to this proposition the determination to keep clear of questions internal to Europe was an inevitable corollary. We took advantage, in short, of an opportunity extended to us by fortunate conditions to assure our national quiet. But there are provinces other than geographical in which the interests of nations approach and mingle, and in those we have never been deterred by the Monroe doctrine from acting as our duties or our interests demanded. It has never, that I know, been seriously wished to compass our ends by the acquisition of European territory, for it would be neither expedient nor justifiable, even if possible, to unsettle conditions the permanency of which is the secure evolution of centuries of racial and national history; but we have had no scruples of justice or of expediency as to extension of territory in this hemisphere, where no such final adjustments had been reached. Now in Asia we are confronted at this moment by questions in which our interests will probably be largely involved. There is no more inconsistency in taking there such action as the case demands than there has been in any international difference we have hitherto had with a European power; while if such action should involve use of territory, directly or incidentally, by possession or by control—sphere of influence—it will only be because decadent conditions there shall hereafter have resulted in a lack of power, either to perpetuate a present system or to resist encroachments which the progress of the world under the impulse of more virile states is sure to entail. There is certainly no desire, but rather unwillingness, on the part of the United States to undertake such an addition to her responsibilities, otherwise sufficiently great; both her traditions and her present policy are necessarily adverse to such action. Still it must be considered as a possible contingency, however deplorable, for, if life departs, a carcass can be utilized only by dissection or for food; the gathering to it of the eagles is a nat-

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ural law, of which it is bootless to complain. The onward movement of the world has to be accepted as a fact, to be advantageously dealt with by guidance, not by mere opposition, still less by unprofitable bewailing of things irretrievably past.

The Monroe doctrine has been and continues to be a good serviceable working theory, resting on undeniable conditions. But, having now a lifetime of several generations, it has acquired an added force of tradition, of simple conservatism, which has a bad as well as a good side. For tradition tends to invest accepted policy with the attribute of permanency, which only exceptionally can be predicated of the circumstances of this changing world. The principles upon which an idea rests may conform to essential, and therefore permanent, truth; but application continually varies, and maxims, rules, doctrines, not being the living breath of principles, but only their embodiment—the temporary application of them to conditions not necessarily permanent—can claim no exemption from the ebb and flow of mundane things. We should not make of even this revered doctrine a fetich, nor persuade ourselves that a modification is under no circumstances admissible.

For instance, it has become probable that, whatever our continued adherence to the doctrine itself, we may have somewhat to readjust our views of its corollary — that concerning apartness from European complications. It is not, indeed, likely, in any view that can be taken within our present horizon, that we should find reason for intervention in a dispute localized in Europe itself; but it is nevertheless most probable that we can never again see with indifference, and with the sense of security which characterized our past, a substantial, and still less a radical, change in the balance of power there. The progress of the world has brought us to a period when it is well within the range of possibilities that the declension of a European state might immediately and directly endanger our own interests; might involve us in action, either to avert the catastrophe itself or to remedy its consequences. From this follows the obvious necessity of appreciating the relations to ourselves of the power inherent in various countries, due to their available strength and to their position; what also their attitude towards us, resultant from the temper of the people, and the intelligent control of the latter by the government—two very different things, even in democratic communities. Herein, again, we only share the common fate of all nations; for not only do all touch one another more closely than of old, but — and especially in Asia—conditions external to all are drawing the regard of all towards a common centre, where as yet nothing certain is determined, where the possibilities of the future are many, and diverse, and great.

In so large a question as the future of Asia, upon which are now converging, from many quarters, streams of influence representing the interests, not of nationalities only, but of the larger groups which we know as races, it is well to study first the broad geographical features, in their several attributes—such as disposition, area, physical characteristics, distances—and thereafter the present political distribution, with the possibilities which result from both. To these considerations, pertaining to the continent itself, must be added an appreciation of the environing circumstances, even if distant, which are involved in the territorial situation of other nations, Asiatic or European; in their relative strength and its kinds — political, economical, military, naval; in their readiness of access to the continent of Asia—the length, nature, and facilities of the communications to and fro; the Asiatic positions, if such there be, now held by them—secondary bases, whence their influence, political or military, may be brought to bear. For the problem of Asia is a world problem, which has come upon the world in an age when, through the rapidity of communication, it is wide awake and sensible as never before, and by electrical touch, to every stirring in its members, and to the tendency thereof. But sensitiveness is not the same thing as understanding, any more than symptoms are identical with diagnosis. Study is requisite; and as a preliminary it may be observed that political problems into which the element of geography enters have much in common with military strategy. There will be found in both a centre of interest—an objective; the positions of the parties concerned, which are the bases of their strength and operations, even when these are peaceful; and there is the ability to

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project their power to the centre of interest, which answers to the communications that play so leading a part in military art, because power that cannot be transmitted freely ceases in so far to be operative power. It is, in fact, this quality, facility of transmission, that has made sea power so multifold in manifestation and in efficiency.

As we look at the continent of Asia, in its length and breadth, we may note, first, that it lies wholly north of the equator, and in great part between the northern tropic and the arctic circle—that is, in the so-called temperate zone. The inferences as to climate which might be drawn from this are deceptive, owing to modifications occasioned by physical conditions. The great plains of the north and of the south—of Siberia and of India—are subject, respectively, to extremes of cold and of heat, due primarily to the vast extent of land in the continent itself, which precludes the moderating power of the sea from exercising extensive influence. The effect of this immense region upon temperature is most strikingly shown in the monsoons, the periodical winds which alternate with the seasons—as land and sea breezes change with night and day—but which during their continuance have the steadiness characteristic of the permanent trades. This phenomenon, which prevails throughout the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, and the China Sea, is attributable to the alternate heating and cooling of the continent, as the sun moves north or south of the equator, inducing a periodical set of the atmosphere—from the northeast during the winter, and from the southwest during the summer.

Within its main outlines, the greatest breadth of the continent from east to west is about five thousand statute miles, following the thirtieth degree of north latitude; but along the fortieth this distance is increased by some hundreds of miles, through the projection of two peninsulas—Asia Minor on the west, and Korea on the east. Between these two parallels are to be found, speaking roughly, the most decisive natural features, and also those political divisions the unsettled character of which renders the problem of Asia in the present day at once perplexing and imminent. Within this belt are the Isthmus of Suez, Palestine and Syria, Mesopotamia, the greater part of Persia, and Afghanistan—with the strong mountain ranges that mark these two countries and Armenia—the Pamir, the huge elevations of Tibet, and a large part of the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang, with the lower and most important thousand miles of that river's course. Within it also are the cities of Aleppo, Mosul, and Bagdad, of Teheran and Ispahan, of Merv and Herat, Kabul and Kandahar, and, in the far east of China, Peking, Shanghai, Nanking, and Han-kow. No one of these is in the territory of a state the stability of which can be said to repose securely upon its own strength, or even upon the certainty of non-interference by ambitious neighbors. The chain of the Himalayas is exterior to, but only a little south of, the zone indicated. Although Japan is extra-continental, it may be interesting to note that the greater part of her territory and the centre of her power lie also within the belt, and extend almost across it, from north to south.

Within these bounds, speaking broadly and not exclusively, is the debatable and debated ground. North and south of it, in similar wide generalization, political conditions are relatively determined, though by no means absolutely fixed. Along the northern and southern borders, where exterior impulses impinge, there are uncertainty and jealousy, aggression and defence, not as yet military, but political. Still, whatever its form, such action is at bottom that of conflicting, if not contending, impulses. The division of Asia is east and west; movement is north and south. It is the character of that movement, and its probable future, as indicated by the relative forces, and by the lines which in physics are called those of least resistance, that we are called to study; for in the greatness of the stake, and in the relative settledness of conditions elsewhere, there is assurance that there will continue to be motion until an adjustment is reached, either in the satisfaction of everybody, or by the definite supremacy of some one of the contestants. Practically, if not logically, equilibrium may consist in decisive overweight, as well as in an even balance—another paradoxical truth.

That the dividing line of unsettled political status is along the belt defined may be ascertained by a brief examination of a map. That movement is from and to the north and the south is a matter of history—not yet a generation old—and of

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names familiar to all readers of news. The mere sound of Turkestan, Khiva, Merv, Herat, Kandahar, Kabul, attests the fact; as do Manchuria and Port Arthur. Thus both in the western half and in the extreme east is observed the same tendency, which would be still more amply demonstrated by an appeal to history but little more remote. It is, in fact, no longer consistent with accuracy of forecast to draw a north and south line of severance; to contemplate eastern Asia apart from western; to dissociate, practically, the conditions and incidents in the one from those in the other. Both form living parts of a large problem, to which both contribute elements of perplexity. The relations of each to the other, and to the whole, must therefore be considered.

Accepting provisionally the east and west belt of division as one stage in the process of analysis, we may profitably consider next the character and distribution of the forces whose northward and southward impulses constitute the primary factors in the process of change already initiated and still continuing. Upon a glance at the map one enormous fact immediately obtrudes itself upon the attention—the vast, uninterrupted mass of the Russian Empire, stretching without a break in territorial consecutiveness from the meridian of western Asia Minor, until to the eastward it overpasses that of Japan. In this huge distance no political obstacles intervene to impede the concentrated action of the disposable strength. Within the dominion of Russia only the distances themselves, and the hinderances —unquestionably great and manifold— imposed by natural conditions, place checks upon her freedom and fulness of movement. To this element of power—central position—is to be added the wedge-shaped outline of her territorial projection into Central Asia, strongly supported as this is, on the one flank, by the mountains of the Caucasus and the inland Caspian Sea--wholly under her control—and on the other by the ranges which extend from Afghanistan, northeasterly, along the western frontier of China. From the latter, moreover, she as yet has no serious danger to fear.

The fact of her general advance up to the present time, most of which has been made within a generation, so that the point of the wedge is now inserted between Afghanistan and Persia, must be viewed in connection with the tempting relative facility of farther progress through Persia to the Persian Gulf, and with the strictly analogous movement, on the other side of the continent, where long strides have been made through Manchuria to Port Arthur and the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. Thus, alike in the far east and in the far west, we find the same characteristic of remorseless energy, rather remittent than intermittent in its symptoms. Russia, in obedience to natural law and race instinct, is working, geographically, to the southward in Asia by both flanks, her centre covered by the mountains of Afghanistan and the deserts of Eastern Turkestan and Mongolia. Nor is it possible, even if it were desired, to interfere with the internal action, the mutual support, of the various sections of this extended line, whose length under the physical and political conditions is less an element of weakness; for the Russian centre cannot be broken. It is upon, and from, the flanks of this great line that restraint, if needed, must come; the opposition of those who, with no ill-will to Russia, no grudging of her prosperity, nevertheless think that undue predominance is an unsound condition in any body politic—in the parliament of man, if we may say so, as well as in that of a nation. In the federation of the world, if it ever come to pass, healthy politics will need an opposition of parties, drawn doubtless along national or racial lines.

As north and south are logically opposed, so it might be surmised that practically the opposition to this movement of Russia from the north would find its chief expression to the south of the broad dividing belt, between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels. In a measure this is so, but with a very marked distinction, not only in degree but in kind. In the progress of history, in which, as it unrolls, more and more of plan and of purpose seems to become evident, the great central peninsula of southern Asia, also projecting wedge-shaped far north into the middle debatable zone, has come under the control of a people the heart of whose power is far removed from it locally, and who, to the concentration of territory characteristic of Russia's geographical position, present an extreme of racial and military dispersal. India, therefore,

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is to Great Britain not the primary base of operations, political and military—for military action is only a specialized form of political. It is simply one of many contingent—secondary—bases, in different parts of the world, the action of which is susceptible of unification only by means of a supreme sea power. Of these many bases, India is the one best fitted, by nearness and by conformation, both for effect upon Central Asia and for operations upon either extremity of the long line over which the Russian front extends. Protected on the land side and centre by the mountains of Afghanistan and the Himalayas, its flanks, thrown to the rear, are unassailable, so long as the navy remains predominant. They constitute also frontiers, from which, in the future as in the past, expeditions may make a refreshed and final start, for Egypt on the one hand, for China on the other; and, it is needless to add, for any less distant destination in either direction.

It is not intrinsically only that India possesses the value of a base to Great Britain. The central position which she holds relatively to China and to Egypt obtains also towards Australia and the Cape of Good Hope, assisting thus the concentration upon her of such support as either colony can extend to the general policy of an Imperial Federation. Even in its immediate relations to Asiatic problems, however, India is not unsupported. On land and in the centre, the acquisition of Burmah gives a continuous extension of frontier to the east, which turns the range of the Himalayas, opening access, political or peaceful, for influence or for commerce, to the upper valley of the Yang-tse-kiang, and to the western provinces of China proper. By sea, the Straits Settlements and Hongkong on the one side, Aden and Egypt on the other, facilitate, as far as land positions can, maritime enterprises to the eastward or to the westward, directed in a broad sense upon the flanks of the dividing zone, or upon those of the opposing fronts of operations that mark the deployment of the northern and southern powers, which at the present time are most strongly established upon Asian territory.

The British and Russian territorial developments in Asia, as thus summarized, constitute the local bases, upon which depend not merely movement, peaceful or warlike, if such take place, but the impulse to action, defensive or offensive, felt by either nation. Were they not where they are, much that now engages their attention would pass unremarked; but, being there, there arise from the positions exterior opportunities and dangers, which neither one should nor can neglect. It becomes therefore necessary to consider, and to summarize, what those dangers and opportunities are; for they constitute the external interests, which in the political field correspond to the objectives of strategy in the Art of War.

The first law of states, as of men, is self-preservation—a term which cannot be narrowed to the bare tenure of a stationary round of existence. Growth is a property of healthful life, which does not, it is true, necessarily imply increase of size for nations, any more than it does for individuals, with whom bodily, and still more mental, development progresses long after stature has reached its limit; but it does involve the right to insure by just means whatsoever contributes to national progress, and correlatively to combat injurious action taken by an outside agency, if the latter overpass its own lawful sphere. When a difference between two states can be brought to the test of ascertained and defined right, this carries with it a strong presumption in favor of submission; but when a matter touches only advantage, not qualified by law or by prescription, and the question therefore is one of expediency, it is justly and profitably considered in the light of self-preservation. This includes the right of growth, common to both, which is not legal but natural, and consequently less capable of precise definition. It is a great gain, not only to the parties concerned, but to mankind at large, when each candidly regards in this light the claims of an opponent as well as its own, and seeks to strike a fair balance by mutual concession or impartial arbitration; but it still remains true that, in such a transaction, governments—and even nations—are not principals, but agents, having in charge that which is not their own, but their trust, for the generation that then is and for those which are to follow. Relinquishment, therefore, and recourse to arbitration, are conditioned by the element of trusteeship, and cannot be embraced in that spirit of simple self-

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sacrifice which is so admirable in the individual man dealing with what is wholly his own.

It is therefore not enough to direct attention to the security, in territorial tenure, of the two parties who at the present moment are the principal exponents of the contending impulses in Asia. There must be considered also the need and right to grow, as these may be affected either by their own opposing tendencies, or by conditions now existing in Asia itself, and localized for the most part in the dividing belt of debatable ground. Nor can the question be confined to the two most prominent disputants. The right to grow, of the world in general, and of other states in particular, is involved in these Asian problems, in the development and utilization of this vast tract, so long isolated from a share in the general order.

Growth depends upon two correlative factors; upon vigor of internal organization—which gives power to assimilate—and upon freedom of interchange with external sources of support. In the family of civilized states, the former is solely the concern of the nation itself; intervention from without, in the internal order of a community, is generally held to be permissible only when its stage of political development corresponds to that of childhood or of decay. The matter, in fact, is one properly and naturally internal, only exceptionally and accidentally one for interference from outside. It is quite different with freedom of interchange; for that, depending upon conditions external to the country, implies necessarily external acquiescence, both of the people with whom interchange is had, and of those whose interests are involved in the intervening channels of communication.

The methods of the British or Russian internal administration are therefore outside of such a discussion as this, except in so far as they indicate the probable effect upon other countries of the extension of these methods to territory desired, but not yet obtained. This is, indeed, a most serious consideration, and one that cannot fail to weigh heavily in the determination of policies. The ubiquitous tendency to territorial expansion, which is so marked a feature in European states of the period, results in a corresponding contraction of the ground free equally to all; and, as this narrows, there cannot but be increasing jealousy of every movement which carries a threat of exclusive control, whether by acquisition or by predominant influence, especially if the latter depend not upon fair commercial struggle in open markets, but upon the alien element of military or political force.

Whatever, therefore, may be the commercial possibilities involved in the application of modern methods to the further development of the countries and peoples which lie between the zones of British and Russian power in Asia, one single interest will be common to all the nations who seek by commerce—by interchange—to promote their own healthy national growth. Each alike will desire that it, individually, have its equal chance in the field, unhindered by the inimical influence of a foreign power, resting not upon fair competition, but upon force, whether exerted by open act or by secret pressure. Nothing is more dreaded, nor will be more resented—more productive of quarrel — than such interposition. In the final analysis the question is as yet essentially military. Time, much time, will be needed for the process of development; but the movement is already in progress through which, by the acquisition of new positions, and by the consolidation of power both in them and in territory already held, advantage will be gained for the exercise of control.

What has just been said applies to all the belt lying, roughly, between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels, and not to China only, although the latter, through her huge area and population, and her seeming helplessness, has naturally attracted the greater attention. The question also is, for the present, quite independent of the aggregate results of development, which not impossibly may fall very short of the rosy hopes of trade suggested by the mere words "four hundred millions of people." Those results, being so far in the future as to defy exact prediction, affect the question much as a variable quantity does a mathematical problem—that is, not at all, so far as the process of investigation is concerned, the effect being shown only when different values are assigned to it in the final expression. Be that variable quantity—the result of development—great or small, its possibilities are great, and as such it must be taken into account in discussing the polit-

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ical problem of obviating *now* the chance of any exclusive, or unduly preponderant, usufruct *then*.

On this account, in regarding the central zone of Asia as a source whence the nations of the world, by mutual exchange or benefit, can both invigorate their own life and that of the Asiatics, it seems quite just and reasonable to discard all attempt to estimate by detail how abundant that source may prove to be. Even if utilization be confined to the labor and capital employed in developing internal communications, the mutual effect will be great enough to merit consideration. How much more the future may hold is indifferent to the necessary forecast—the short view—of the present. The problem, into the final solution of which enter all the factors—military and naval power, military and naval positions, communications external and internal, commercial operations and benefits—is less one of proportion than of scale; and the scale will depend upon the value of that unknown and variable quantity, the potential wealth of the countries concerned, when they shall have become fully developed members of the international body.

The contribution, direct and indirect, which these regions may eventually make to the general prosperity of the world is the substantial interest which is now attracting the attention of the nations. From their aim to control or to share it, it corresponds to the objective of strategy in military operations. Accepting provisionally the conclusion just reached as to its present indeterminate value, we have next to consider the question of approaches from without, which in their turn answer to the communications that play so leading a part in the policy of war. Communications that are wholly internal fall into the category of commercial development, except where they may form sections of a great international line.

It will be apparent at once that communications—approaches from without—are of two chief kinds—by sea and by land. In these heads of division they recall the essential differences between the two European powers now most solidly settled on Asiatic soil. These concurrent facts—and factors—suggest, what will hereafter become increasingly apparent, that we have here again a fresh instance of the multiform struggle between land power and sea power. Consequently, it is not improbable that the recognition and constant recollection of this perennial contest may serve better than any other clew to guide us through this complicated inquiry, and to reach an adjustment between the two antagonists that can most certainly and most easily be maintained. Such would be one in which the respective aggregates of power, whatever its component parts on either side, should approach equality, in amount and in disposition, while causes of friction should at the same time be minimized. If these two conditions—the smallest friction, and equality of power—be insured, there will follow from them the least disposition to break the peace.

Lines of communication by sea, whatever their starting-point and their course, extend as far as ships can float and navigate. So far they exist independent of man's power, which does not determine their existence, but the use of them. In copiousness they exceed, irretrievably, the utmost possibilities of land travel. This is consequent, partly, upon the greater obstacles to transit imposed by the ground under its most favorable conditions, and partly upon the undue expense incurred, owing to the same obstacles, in attempting by increase of width, or by multiplication of tracks, to rival the expanses of water routes. As a highway, a railroad competes in vain with a river—the greater speed cannot compensate for the smaller carriage. Because more facile and more copious, water traffic is for equal distances much cheaper; and, because cheaper, more useful in the general. These distinctions are not accidental or temporary; they are of the nature of things, and permanent. Only where there is no water communication, or when excess of distance by water as compared with that by land counterbalances the intrinsic advantages of the former, can there be competition in cheapness and in generalness of use. It is necessary to insist upon these facts; for the far greater speed of the railroad gives a very different impression to the average mind, which is prone to forget the limitations in capacity. Traffic, or exchange of goods, depends in aggregate result not upon speed only, but upon the amounts that can be steadily delivered in long equal periods of time.

These inherent advantages of water communications will probably insure their preponderance, in exploiting the develop-

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ment of the regions now under consideration. But, as has before been observed, the existence of sea communications is one thing; the use of them is another. The latter depends upon power, and that power manifested in two ways, namely, by pure naval strength upon the ocean, and by a combination—or conflict, it may be—of naval and military strength, where the ocean touches or penetrates the land. There, where they meet, opposition on the score of military power, which underlies political power, is of course accentuated, and the balance must be determined. Such local determination, however, does not affect merely the neighborhood in which it is exerted. The nature, extent, and decisiveness of territorial control, established by power resting upon the sea, constitute a centre of political influence, corresponding to a base of military operations, from which are radiated effects which reach far inland, and exert a force commensurate in diffusion and in degree to that of the base from which they issue.

Thus land power is modified by the proximity of the sea; and correspondingly, wherever the ocean touches the land, the circumstance at once conditions sea power, which no longer represents a single factor, but becomes a resultant, dependent in character upon the contrasted strengths of opposing forces. This is seen, in different phases and degrees, in the entrances of seaports and of navigable rivers; in the ascent of the latter; in the effect of islands as well as of coast-lines upon strategy; in straits such as Gibraltar, or canals like Suez. In all these cases the power of the land to interfere with that of the sea is easily obvious. It is seen again, in the most extreme form, where an international water route is interrupted, as at the Isthmus of Panama, by land transit—like the portage between two inland streams—or where, from the close approach of the land, such interruption can readily be caused. This liability naturally is greatest with artificial water routes, of which the Suez Canal is the most conspicuous existing example; but it would receive illustration also in the case of a railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, which undoubtedly will be a feature of the future development of Asia.

Considering the respective prerogatives of the land and of the sea, regarded as channels of communication, and their mutual influence when in contact, there can be little doubt that with China, as with other countries that enjoy a sea frontier, the latter will be the more fruitful medium of promoting commerce—the interchange—whereby nations in vigorous life sustain and develop their strength through contact with outside sources, which, in return, are thus not exhausted, but renewed. This general tendency will receive special impulse and force from the Yang-tse-kiang, which, being navigable by steamers a thousand miles from its mouth, extends so far the access from the sea to the heart of this great valley of China. And as with the country possessing the seaboard, so with those whose approach to her is through it, and by the sea. The greater ease, and therefore the greater copiousness, of the stream of traffic result in a corresponding increase in the wealth—the gain—which is the concrete expression of the mutual benefit. Greater benefit entails greater interest—interest in the maintenance and promotion of the more favorable conditions; that is, those who are deriving the largest good from the exchange—from commerce—will be most anxious to continue and to develop it, and, as commerce thrives by peace and suffers by war, it follows that peace is the superior interest of those countries which approach by the sea. It is, indeed, a reiterated commonplace that the interest of a commercial state is peace. Such countries will indeed need to support their policy of peace by readiness to resort to war if need be; but locally such military preparation as they may have will be essentially defensive, not aggressive. This results also from another cause; for, while they have the greater interest and the stronger control—one approaching, in fact, to decisiveness—over the sea communications, their power of territorial control cannot directly outweigh that of a state whose frontiers are conterminous with the region in dispute. It is this limited capacity of navies to extend coercive force inland that has commended them to the highest political intelligence, as a military instrument mighty for defence, but presenting no menace to the liberties of a people.

The distribution of the Russian dominion and the concentration of its mass, already alluded to, combined with the fact of its irremediable remoteness from

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an open sea, render inevitable its dependence upon land routes for the bulk of its intercourse with the debatable ground of Asia. Natural conditions are so hopelessly adverse, that it is difficult to see what possible political extension can seriously modify them. By this is meant that, wherever Russia now touches the sea, or can shortly touch it, the points are so remote from the heart of her territory that access to it from them must, after all, be chiefly by land. The benefit of sea commerce, therefore, will extend from her seaboard only to a distance short relatively to the extent of the empire; while the localities immediately benefited are comparatively small, and not especially adapted to those forms of development which sea commerce promotes. They have the further disadvantage that they are upon enclosed seas, liable, therefore, to be definitively shut by a hostile power—land or sea, as the case may be. It is sufficient merely to glance at the Dardanelles and the approaches to the Baltic to see the force of this remark.

From these conditions it results that, if the comparative advantages and results of land and water traffic are as has been stated above, Russia is in a disadvantageous position for the accumulation of wealth; which is but another way of saying that she is deficient in means for advancing the welfare of her people, of which wealth is at once the instrument and the exponent. This being so, it is natural and proper that she should be dissatisfied, and dissatisfaction readily takes the form of aggression—the word most in favor with those of us who dislike all forward movement in nations. Her tendency necessarily must be to advance, and it is already sufficiently pronounced to be suggestive of ultimate aims. It would be a curious speculation to consider how far the systematic forward designs often attributed to her, as in the rumored will of Peter the Great, simply reflect the universal consciousness of her evident needs and consequent restlessness. This is possibly the largest single element in the horoscope of Asia, and it may be stated thus: Only parts of the Russian territory, and those, even in the aggregate, small and uninfluential comparatively to the whole, enjoy the benefits of maritime commerce. It is therefore the interest of Russia not merely to reach the sea at more points, and more independently, but to acquire, by possession or by control, the usufruct of other and extensive maritime regions, the returns from which shall redound to the general prosperity of the entire empire. To this statement must necessarily be added the consideration of those peculiarities of Russian internal administration and general policy, which, after annexation, tend to the substantial exclusion of other states from much that they have enjoyed prior to Russian occupation.

It is a mistake, and a deplorable mistake, when recognizing conditions of conflicting interests, as here indicated, to see in them only grounds for opposition and hostility. States that are more fortunate in the extent of their seaboard, and in physical conditions which facilitate the circulation of the life-blood of trade throughout their organization, owe at the least candor, if not sympathy, to the fetters under which Russia labors in her narrow sea-front, in her vast and difficult interior, and in a climate of extreme rigor.

Nevertheless, while such an attitude should be observed and maintained, there remains the duty to their own people; and associated with these, but dominating both, the moral obligations to the populations and to the governments still more immediately concerned—those of the debatable zone—in changes which seem impending. We are not in the presence of a simple problem, easily decided by reference merely to existing rights—natural, prescriptive, or legal—or to the firmly established principles of a highly developed society of individuals or of nations. We are confronted with the imminent dissolution of one or more organisms, or with a readjustment of their parts, the results of which, should either come to pass, will be solid and durable just in proportion as the existence and force of natural factors either are accurately recognized, or else reach an equilibrium by free self-assertion, allowing each to find its proper place through natural selection. Such a struggle, however, as is implied in the phrase "natural selection," involves conflict and suffering that might be avoided, in part at least, by the rational process of estimating the forces at work, and approximating to the natural adjustment by the artificial methods of counsel and agreement, which seem somewhat more suitable to the present day.

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PRETORIA BEFORE THE WAR



BY

HOWARD C. HILLEGAS

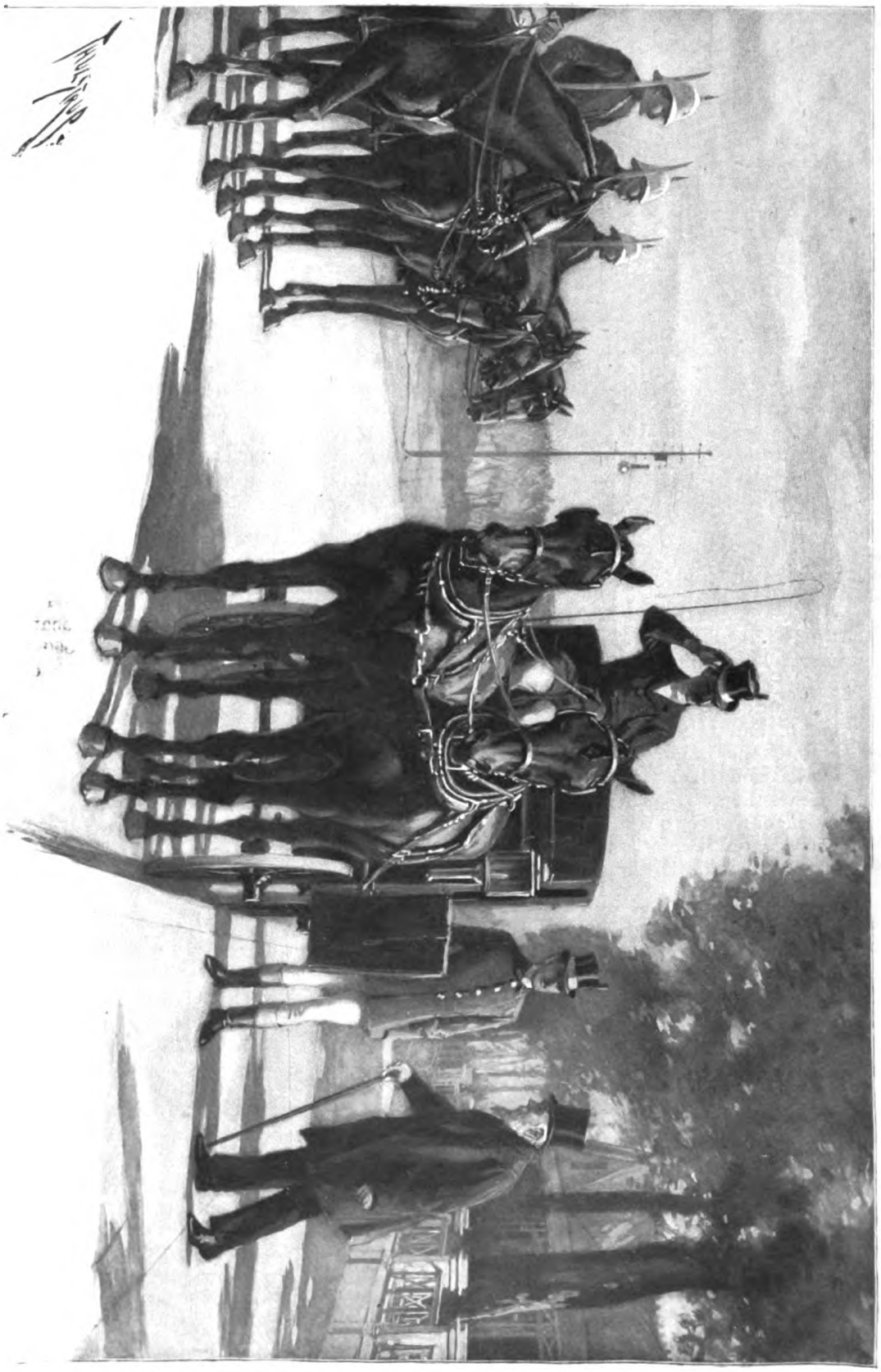
UNLIKE the natives of Madeira, Zanzibar, and a thousand other beautiful localities, the citizens of Pretoria, the capital of the South-African Republic, do not characterize their city the garden-spot of the world, but the traveller in South Africa agrees with them in their assertion that it is the only city in the interior country south of the Zambesi fitted for white man's habitation. Cape Town and Durban are situated in the fertile coast country, and are magnificent residential cities, but Pretoria is in the midst of the dreary, uninteresting South-African veldt, than which there is nothing more uninhabitable, according to the American standard, except the Sahara Desert or the frozen arctic regions.

When in the early part of the century the Boers—the rural part of the Dutch in Cape Colony—felt that they were unjustly treated by the government, and trekked into the interior to escape from the rule of the British, they eventually settled in the level veldt country now included in the republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Before entering that part of the country the Boers had won fertile Natal from the Zulus, but an overpowering force of British soldiers would not permit them to retain the territory, and they were compelled to go across the Drakensberg Mountains into the Vaal River district. There they found no fertile, well-wooded land, such as they had seen in Cape Colony and Natal. In the hundreds of miles of their wanderings in the Vaal River district they could find nothing but the flat plain—treeless, dust-covered for half the year, and with water-courses that flowed only during the wet season. In this uninviting region the Boers grazed their herds and flocks, and established the two governments for whose protection they now are yielding their lives and fortunes.

One party of 16,000 Boers trekked northward from the Vaal for almost one hundred miles, into a hill country, the first they had seen since crossing the Drakensberg, and there, after having been attacked by Moselekatze's savage hordes, they settled, because the natural environment was less monotonous and the horizon-line not so regular as in the territory they had recently deserted. The hills were dignified with the title Magalies Mountains, while the valleys received the names of leading Boer families. Near the eastern extremity of the Magalies two valleys intersected, and so fertile and well-watered were they in comparison with the other valleys that a large number of Boers chose them for the location of their homes. In the year 1850 the community had grown to the size of a town, and it was named Pretoria, in honor of Commandant-General Pretorius, a distinguished warrior, and the first President of the republic. Within this nest formed by the hills Pretoria rested peaceably and quietly until 1877, when Great Britain annexed the country and made Pretoria the temporary headquarters of the British Administrator. Three years later the Boers rebelled against the British government, and besieged Pretoria until they regained their independence by signally defeating the enemy's forces at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. The capital of the republic was re-established at Pretoria, and has been retained there since.

The railway journey from Cape Town to Johannesburg, a distance of a thousand and thirty miles, has been through the palm-fringed coast country, the canyons of the Great Karroo, which consists of gigantic boxlike plateaus placed indiscriminately, and resembling on a larger scale an over-crowded shipping-pier; over the snow-covered summits of the great Sneeuwbergen range; and finally over the torrid, dusty, and lifeless veldt of the Orange Free State and the lower Transvaal. The towns on the route are wide-

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PRESIDENT KRUGER ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE.

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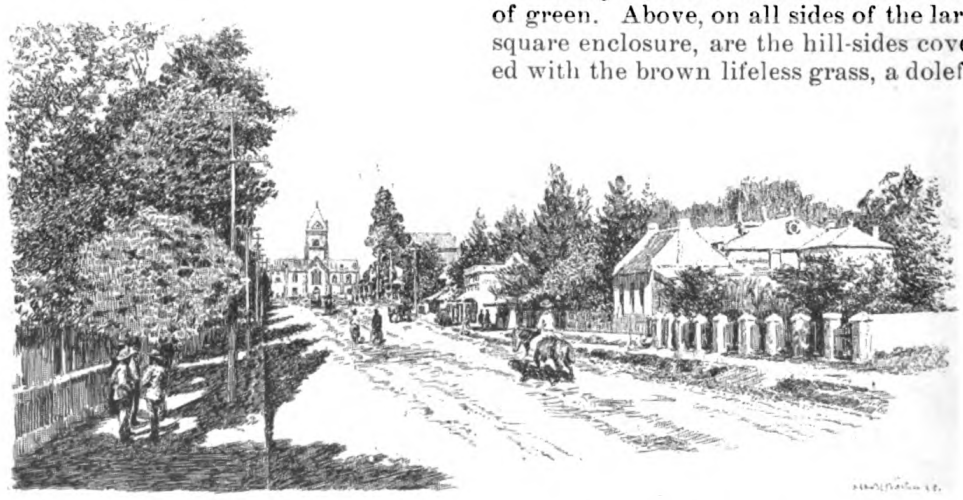


ARCADIA BRIDGE AND LOWER CHURCH STREET, PRETORIA.

ly separated, and appear to be so desolate in their surroundings that the wild deer, ostriches, and buzzards encountered on the way are really the only bright features of the three days' journey, unless the traveller finds interest in landscapes that during the dry season consist chiefly of yellow grass, dust clouds, and a blazing sky. After leaving Johannesburg, the modern city of Uitlanders, gold, and strife, and continuing over the veldt for thirty miles, the railway passes over that marvellous region of gold the Witwatersrand, which annually yields a hundred million dollars' worth of the precious metal, and after many meanderings among the hundreds of mine surface-works and stacks and derricks, finally reaches the gates of Pretoria.

The entrance to the Pretoria Valley is guarded on both sides by lofty, barren hills, surmounted by extensive forts, whose businesslike appearance distracts the attention, even in times of peace, from the green, peaceful valley beyond. The train rushes directly towards the opening between the hills, and affords an opportunity of viewing the magnificent valley and the hills that enclose it on the farther side, but suddenly dashes to the westward to escape a river and a declivity, and, like a frightened animal, makes a wide détour before it finally essays to enter the well-protected gate. Once inside the valley, the train moves along the hill-side, and allows a bird's-eye view to be taken of the city whose fall will mark the death of two African republics.

Far down in the bed of the valley is the Aapies River, a small stream whose beautifully clear waters have transformed the adjacent land into bowers of loveliness. Gorgeous vari-colored tropical flowers and plants carpet the ground and climb the willows, whose tops make of the valley for several miles a solid mass of green. Above, on all sides of the large square enclosure, are the hill-sides covered with the brown lifeless grass, a doleful



CHURCH STREET, PRETORIA, FROM PRESIDENT KRUGER'S HOUSE.

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OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN GOVERNMENT SQUARE, PRETORIA.
Government Buildings and State Church during Communion Festival.

reminder of the journey over the veldt, and a cheerless frame for the magnificent landscape that it surrounds. Farther on in the valley the whiteness of the city's buildings looms up above the trees, and the golden statue of Liberty on the lofty capitol building is silhouetted against a background of the long, dismal, brown hills beyond—a picture that is at once a bright presage and a gloomy record of the Boers' bitter struggle for freedom.

At the station there is a scene which is so plainly the opposite of that which presented itself at Johannesburg that it is difficult to imagine how two such widely different cities could exist side by side and under the same government. There in the Golden City were thousands of foreigners, from every country on the globe, jostling and running and climbing over each other in their pursuit of gold; here in Pretoria are the hundreds of easy-going, methodical, religious Boers, discussing the affairs of state, driving lumbering ox-wagons, or attempting to conciliate an aggrieved Uitlander. There were the cries of the stock-brokers, the noise of the pounding stamp-mills, and the braggadocio of the gambler; here are the calm of the Christian home, the solemnity of a body of men in whose hands is the destiny of a republic, and the air of righteousness. There was Bedlam; here is the City of Peace.

The President's carriage was waiting, and his emissary informed us that Mr. Kruger had learned of our intended visit, and that he desired all Americans to have ample opportunities for observing the justice of his people and his government. "He wishes you to see that his government is good and just," said the emissary, "and he knows that you will tell the truth to Americans, because you have no financial or political interests in our country." While he was talking in this manner the carriage rolled away from the station into a wide, well-paved street, shaded on both sides by lofty spreading willow-trees. On the way into the heart of the city we passed buzzing electric street cars bearing imprints of American manufacture, scores of bicycles, and long lines of ox-wagons bound for the Zambesi country in the north. Electric-light and telephone wires were strung over the thoroughfares, and in the shadows of the trees were modern residences, with wide

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GENERAL VIEW OF PRETORIA.

verandas, and with bubbling fountains on the lawns. "These," said the emissary, sarcastically, pointing to the residences that lined the street, "are the homes of the uncivilized Boers who oppress their fellow-beings."

At the hotel the country members of the Volksraad, the Boer Congress, were arriving from the morning session, and were waiting for the large bell in front of the building to announce the luncheon hour. They formed a quaint body, these law-makers, who had been obliged to neglect the internal interests of their country in order to attend to the interests of another government that threatened the safety of their own. None appeared to be a politician who would seek a political office; each seemed to be a Cincinnatus. When the bell swung on its lofty pole they all filed into the dining-room, like so many hungry schoolboys, and during the meal pelted one another with badinage. It might have been called undignified in Washington or London, but in Pretoria it was interesting and picturesque.

After luncheon they gathered on the hotel veranda to sip their strong coffee and to smoke their big, heavy pipes, or strolled up and down the street, where they could meet and converse with their constituents. In the middle of the street, talking earnestly with a farmer seated on a transport-wagon, was a legislator who once signed a manifesto declaring war against Great Britain, while near him and leaning against a telegraph pole was the government official who carried that war to a successful conclusion. Wandering about the hotel corridors, and insinuating themselves into the good graces of the black-garbed farmer-legislators, were many oily-tongued, faultlessly attired concession-seekers and lobbyists, sent by the mining interests at Johannesburg to give a bribe or kidnap a Raad member if the uncertainty of a bill's passage demanded it. On terms of great amity with these keen-witted Johannesburgers were English journalists, who had been stationed at the Boer capital by leading London newspapers for the dual purpose, avowedly, of noting the shortcomings of the government and preparing British public opinion for the interference which later led to the war. The Boers, knowing that many of the men who owned mines at Johannesburg also had controlling interests in the

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London journals, added this circumstance to their long list of grievances, and, strangely, allowed the journalists to remain in the city to continue their misrepresentations.

At the farther end of the veranda were several Boers from the north of the republic, dejected and disconsolate. They had come many miles to share in the fabulous wealth of the Rand, where, as they had heard it, gold could be had for the asking, only to find that they had spent their money in vain, and that they were outclassed among the thousands of sharp, shrewd gold-seekers of Johannesburg. Sympathetic legislators were giving money to them, by means of which they might return to their far-distant homes, but the dream of gold had not faded from their memories, and their eyes showed that they still yearned for that which to them, untutored sons of the soil, was unattainable.

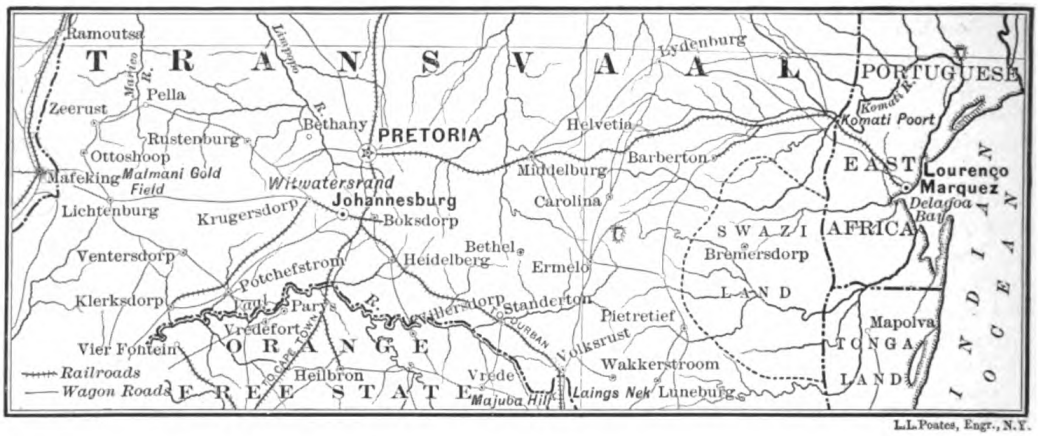


TYPICAL BOER OF THE CITY.

The scenes around this midday rendezvous of the legislators were as veritably provincial and democratic as those which are presented in a rural American county-seat during a court-week. There were no distinctions of class or social grades, and the most notable men in the government conversed unreservedly and without a display of superiority with the humblest and most soil-stained farmer they chanced to meet. It seemed as if those who had been chosen to conduct the country's government had adopted for their motto Lincoln's famous definition of what a republic should be—"a government of the people, for the people, by the people" — and, by zealously striving for the attainment of the first ideal, succeeded fairly well in attaining the others.

After each of the legislators had consumed several pipefuls of Transvaal tobacco, which is famous throughout the country for its strength rather than its good qualities, and when the hands on the dial on the lofty tower of the Government Building were approaching two o'clock, the hotel verandas were deserted, and the throng started for the Raad Chambers, where a petition from the Uitlanders at Johannesburg was scheduled for discussion. At the entrance of the Government Building — a stately stone structure, erected at a cost of almost a million dollars, to take the place of a small thatched-roof building that served as a capitol before the advent of the foreign population and the subsequent increase of the business of the republic — the men

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L.L.Poates, Engr., N.Y.

halted, and seating themselves on the stone steps or leaning against the pretentious pillars, again lighted their pipes, and held what seemed to be a preliminary meeting of the Raad. Attention was diverted from the picturesque gathering a short time afterward by the approach, amid a cloud of dust, of a half-score of gaudily apparelled cavalrymen riding in the form of a hollow square. As they drew near the Government Building the formation was broken, and a covered carriage, drawn by two magnificent black horses, emerged from the cloud of dust. The cavalrymen formed a semicircular line around the porte cochère which the carriage had entered, and the throng at the door rose simultaneously and doffed hats. Several young Boers in military uniforms sprang to the door of the carriage, opened it, and the President of the South-African Republic—the "Oom Paul" of the Boers—stepped forth. A pair of big blue "dust-goggles" obscured a large part of his face, but in a crowd of thousands the stranger could have distinguished the unmistakable features of the Kruger of the photographer, the cartoonist, and the none-too-truthful newspaper artist. The black top-hat, the face of heavy features, the fringe of whiskers, the slight forward stoop of the shoulders, and the apparel would have been sufficient to disclose the identity of the "Father of the Boers," even had not the actions of "his children" at the entrance made it so evident.

As the President moved up the steps from the carriage the massive doors of the Government Building were swung on their hinges, and affectionately placing his arms around the waists of two of the Raad members, he stepped rapidly inside the huge rotunda, to be lost to view a moment later in the throng of tall, broad-shouldered Boers that surged around him. A few minutes later the Raad was called to order, and shortly afterward the President entered through a side door leading from the Executive Chamber. All the members rose deferentially, and remained standing until the President had seated himself, near the Speaker, where he remained to listen to the discussions of the legislators and occasionally to offer his advice.

Pretoria's chief attraction having been seen first amid the military surroundings which were forced upon him by his fearful countrymen immediately after the Jameson Raid, it was pleasant to observe him afterward at his home, several blocks distant from the Government Building. There, in his little white cottage, he seemed to lose his identity as President and to become a popular, well-to-do farmer, who was happy when he had a large number of his countrymen on his piazza, to drink his coffee, to smoke his tobacco, and to discuss affairs of state. There was none of the pomp and splendor which are commonly attributed to rulers, and the simplicity and democratic spirit of the President as he mingled with the Boers, who from sunrise until sunset gathered at his home to give and seek advice, marked him at once as one who is ruled rather than a ruler.

The scenes in the city streets, although typically South-African in many respects, were not unlike such as may be observed in any progressive American city of equal population. The long ox-teams, the many half-clad natives, and the quaint Dutch architecture of some of the buildings gave an antiquated glamour to the

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TYPICAL BOER OF THE COUNTRY.

streets which even the electric cars, the modern business buildings, and the bustle and energy of the pedestrian could not efface. A gang of negro prisoners working in the streets, or a house with thatched roof, was reminiscent of times fifty years ago, but close by were bicycles and electrically lighted residences of brick that afforded such striking anomalies as abounded everywhere throughout the city. At one door a gray-haired shoemaker, bending over a farmer's heavy boots, sat in his grimy shop; at another was an energetic American surrounded by an assortment of "Yankee goods," ranging in variety from pins to pianos and from beer to gas-ranges. The old Dutch church in the centre of Government Square, surrounded by the white-roofed ox-wagons of the celebrants of Nachtmaal, or communion, presented a patriarchal scene that lost much of its picturesqueness on account of the proximity and modernity of a band of Salvation Army soldiers, and the towering dome of the massive Government Building in the background.

Stretching away from the centre of the city, where the statesmen, bankers, and business men had their workshops, were the residential streets, the glory of Pretoria. There the clear mountain water, coursing in little rivulets between the



FAMOUS TRANSVAAL HOTEL, PRETORIA.

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PRETORIA, JUNCTION OF JOHANNESBURG AND DELAGOA BAY RAILROAD

sidewalks and the dwellings, fed the roots of the willows and the rose-bushes, and vivified the landscape with the vari-colors of nature. Every cottage, with its rose fence and its smoothly cropped lawn, was a painting, and every Boer housewife's collection of flowers and plants was in an imaginary beauty contest, in which the admiring pedestrians were supposed to be the judges. Inside the cottages the tidiness and cleanliness that distinguished their Dutch ancestors furnished material evidence against the ruthless misrepresentation of the Boer's habits. Young women whose grandmothers assisted husbands and brothers in fighting against the savage tribes that attacked the pioneers, and who themselves were educated in European or South-African colleges and seminaries, displayed their talents in the baking of bread, and the playing of pianos and other musical instruments. Young men fresh from European universities appeared and, with equal facility and knowledge, discussed the latest phases of the Eastern political question, or the most recent advances in irrigation methods. The enjoyment which the old-time Boer, circumscribed as he was before the advent of telegraphs and railroads, found in the shooting of game, the young Boer of to-day finds in the same channels as the youth of other countries. He is a patron of the arts, loves open-air sports, dances, and, above all things, is an expert with the rifle. The older generation of Boers, whose field of experience was limited by the horizon of the veldt, content themselves with asking questions concerning foreign countries, discussing local political topics, and marvelling at the advances made in their country during the last quarter - century. Many of them became wealthy through the discovery of gold on their farms, and the subsequent sale of the land, and moved to Pretoria, where they spend their declining years in peaceful contentment, and give to their children the educational advantages which the country districts do not afford. The older folk, whose inability to speak anything but a dialect of the Dutch language prevented them from becoming friendly with the foreigners who entered their country to mine the gold, outnumbered the younger and more progressive Boers to such an extent that new ideas could be introduced only by a slow and tedious process. The younger Boers, quick to realize the advantages of a modern civilization such as the foreigners represented, were anxious to adopt new forms and functions, but were opposed by their elders, who saw in these innovations only evil. The older Boers lived according to the laws and examples recorded in the Bible, and believed that the slightest deviation from obedience to those precepts was sinful. The younger Boers, whose contact with the foreigners broadened their minds, were slowly introducing innovations into their home life and into the government of the country, but their numbers were so small and the progress so slow that the foreigners, unmindful of the necessary stages of such a momentous transition, became impatient, and finally disgusted. Then commenced the epoch of enmity, wherein every foreigner called every Boer a Middle Age boor, and all

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Boers looked upon all foreigners as interlopers and enemies of the country. Pretoria, after the Jameson Raid, was practically the armed camp of the older Boers, while Johannesburg was the citadel of the foreigners. Surging between the two camps, and using all their strength to harmonize the two elements, were the younger Boers—those who had adopted many of the customs of the foreigners, and were willing to adopt more if necessary to the welfare of the country.

Thus what appeared to be a city of peace was at heart a city of war. The cottages, the Government Building, and the churches looked peaceful enough from without, but inside were the solicitous questions of mothers and children, the fierce diatribes against the foreigners, and the prayers for a continuance of peace. Every one hoped and worked that war might be avoided, yet prepared for it at the same time. The able-bodied Boer spent his working-days in storing guns and ammunition in the forts and magazines, and devoted his evenings and Sundays to praying for peace. It was an anomalous condition of affairs, but subsequent events proved that the Boers were wise.

ELEMENTAL

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

WE are naught,—we the things that are viewless!
But instant in depth and in height,
In the space that is sunless and dewless,
We bide and forgather our might.

We are naught,—for no grasp hath possessed us,
Eye hath not known us, nor ear,
Only vague vision hath guessed us,
The nympholept only, the seer.

We move,—and black yawn the abysses,
The seas part, hills shudder and rise;
We meet,—at the shock of our kisses
The torrents leap out of the skies.

We breathe,—and great music, and tender,
Utters its vanishing chord
Where the outermost star with his splendor
Over vast Nothing keeps ward.

They reach to discover our hiding
In the dark of the cells of light,
In the vortices ether dividing,
In the hollows of monstrous night.

They reach, and they think to enchain us
With burden, with bond, and again
They lift up their hands to profane us,—
These moods of the moment, called men!

We sleep,—and with triumph and gladly
They touch us, they call us by name,—
And they cry to the gods of them madly,
For we wake and we wrap them with flame!

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ELEANOR *

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER V.

WHILE he was thus, unknowing, the cause of so many new attractions and repulsions in his guest's mind, Manisty—after the first shock of annoyance produced by her arrival was over—hardly remembered her existence. He was incessantly occupied by the completion of his book, working late and early, sometimes in high and even extravagant spirits, but, on the whole, more commonly depressed and discontented.

Eleanor Burgoyne worked with him or for him many hours in each day. Her thin pallor became more pronounced. She ate little, and Miss Manisty believed that she slept less. The elder lady, indeed, began to fidget and protest, to remonstrate now and then with Manisty himself, even to threaten a letter to "the General." Eleanor's smiling obstinacy, however, carried all before it. And Manisty, in spite of a few startled looks and perfunctory dissuasions whenever his aunt attacked him, soon slipped back into his normal ways of depending on his cousin and not being able to work without her. Lucy Foster thought him selfish and inconsiderate. It gave her one more cause of quarrel with him.

For she and Mrs. Burgoyne were slowly but surely making friends. The clearer it became that Manisty took no notice of Miss Foster, and refused to be held in any way responsible for her entertainment, the more anxious, it seemed, did Eleanor show herself to make life pleasant for the American girl. Her manner, which had always been kind, became more natural and gay. It was as though she had settled some question with herself, and settled it entirely to Lucy Foster's advantage.

Not much, indeed, could be done for the stranger while the stress of Manisty's work lasted. Aunt Pattie braced herself once or twice, got out the guide-books, and took her visitor into Rome to see the sights. But the little lady was so frankly worn out by these expeditions that Lucy, full of compunctions, could only beg to be left to herself in future. Were not the garden and the lake, the wood paths to Rocca di Papa, and the roads to Albano good enough?

So presently it came to her spending many hours alone in the terraced garden on the hill-side, with all the golden Campagna at her feet. Her young fancy, however, soon learnt to look upon that garden as the very concentration and symbol of Italy. All the Italian elements, the Italian magics, were there. Along its topmost edge ran a vast broken wall, built into the hill; and hanging from the brink of the wall, like a long roof, great ilexes shut out the day from the path below. Within the thickness of the wall—in days when, in that dim Rome upon the plain, many still lived who could remember the voice and the face of Paul of Tarsus—Domitian had made niches and fountains; and he had thrown over the terrace now darkened by the great ilex boughs a long portico roof supported on capitals and shafts of gleaming marble. Then in the niches round the clear fountains he had ranged the fine statues of a still admirable art; everywhere he had lavished marbles, rose and yellow and white, and under foot he had spread a mosaic floor, glistening beneath the shadow-play of leaf and water, in the rich reflected light from the garden and the Campagna outside; while at intervals he had driven through the very crest of the hill cool tunnelled passages, down which one might look from the garden and see the blue lake shining at their farther end.

And now the niches and the recesses were there—the huge wall too along the face of the hill, all broken and gashed and ruinous, showing the fine reticulated brick-work that had been once faced with marble, and was now alternately supported and torn by the pushing roots of the ilex-trees. The tunnelled passages too were there, choked and fallen in—no flash of the lake now beyond their cool darkness! And into the crumbling sur-

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face of the wall rude hands had built fragments of the goddesses and the Cæsars that had once reigned there, barbarously mingled with warm white morsels from the great cornice of the portico—acanthus blocks from the long-buried capitals—or dolphins orphaned of Aphrodite.

The wreck was beautiful—like all wrecks in Italy where Nature has had her way. For it was masked in the gloom of the overhanging trees; or hidden behind dropping veils of ivy; or lit up by straggling patches of broom and cytisus that thrust themselves through the gaps in the Roman brick-work, and shone golden in the dark. At the foot of the wall, along its whole length, ran still a low marble conduit that held still the sweetest, liveliest water. Lilies-of-the-valley grew beside it, breathing scent into the shadowed air; while on the outer or garden side of the path the grass was purple with long-stalked violets, or pink with the sharp heads of the cyclamen. And a little farther, from the same grass, there shot up, in a happy neglect, tall camellia-trees ragged and laden, strewing the ground red and white beneath them. And above the camellias, again, the famous stone-pines of the villa climbed into the high air, overlooking the plain and the sea, peering at Rome and Soracte.

So old it was!—and yet so fresh with spring! In the mornings at least the spring was uppermost. It silenced the plaint of outraged beauty which the place seemed to be always making, under a flutter of growth and song. Water and flowers and nightingales, the shadow and the sunlight, were all alike strong and living—Italy untamed. It was only in the evenings that Lucy shunned the path. For then, from the soil below and the wall above, there crept out the old imprisoned forces of sadness, or of poison, and her heart flagged or her spirits sank as she sat or walked there. Marinata has no malaria; but on old soils and as night approaches there is always something in the shade of Italy that fights with human life. The poor ghosts rise from the earth—jealous of those that are still walking the warm ways of the world.

But in the evenings, when the Fountain Walk drove her forth, the central hot zone of the garden was divine—with its roses and lilacs, its birds, its exquisite grass alive with shining lizards, jewelled with every flower, breathing every scent—and at its edge the old terrace with its balustrade, set above the Campagna, commanding the plain and the sea, the sky and the sunsets. Evening after evening Lucy might have been found perched on the stone railing of the terrace, sometimes trying, through the warm silent hours, by the help of this book or that, to call up again the old Roman life; sometimes dreaming of what there might still be—what the archæologists, indeed, said must be—buried beneath her feet—of the marble limbs and faces pressed into the earth, and all the other ruined things, small and great, mean or lovely, that lay deep in a common grave below the rustling olives and the still leafless vineyards; and sometimes the mere passive companion of the breeze and the slowly dropping sun, conscious only of the chirping of the crickets, or the loudness of the nightingales, or the flight of a hoopoe, like some strange bright bird of fairy tale, flashing from one deep garden shadow to another.

Yet the garden was not always given up to her and the birds. Peasant folk coming from Albano, or the olive-grounds between it and the villa, would take a short-cut through the garden to Marinata; dark-faced gardeners, in blue linen suits, would doff their peaked hats to the strange lady; or a score or two of young black-frocked priestlings from a neighboring seminary would suddenly throng its paths, playing mild girlish games, with infinite clamor and chatter—running races as far and fast as their black petticoats would allow—twisting their long overcoats and red sashes, meanwhile, round a battered old noseless bust that stood for Domitian at the end of a long ilex avenue, and was the butt for all the slings and arrows of the day—poor helpless State, blinded and buffeted by the Church!

Lucy would hide herself among the lilacs and the arbutus when the seminary invaded her, watching through the leaves the strapping Italian boys in their hindering womanish dress; scorning them for their state of supervision and dependence; pitying them for their destiny.

And sometimes Manisty, disturbed by the noise, would come out, pale and frowning. But at sight of the seminarists and of the old priest in command of them his

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irritable look would soften. He would stand, indeed, with his hands on his sides, laughing and chatting with the boys, his head uncovered, his black curls blown backward from the great furrowed brow; and in the end Lucy, peering from her nook, would see him pacing up and down the ilex walk with the priest, haranguing and gesticulating, the old man, in a pleased wonder, looking at the Englishman through his spectacles, and throwing in from time to time ejaculations of assent, now half puzzled and now fanatically eager. "He is talking the book," Lucy would think to herself, and her mind would rise in revolt.

One day after parting with the lads he came unexpectedly past her hiding-place, and paused at sight of her. "Do the boys disturb you?" he said, glancing at her book, and speaking with the awkward abruptness which with him could in a moment take the place of ease and mirth.

"Oh no—not at all."

He fidgeted, stripping leaves from the arbutus-tree under which she sat. "That old priest who comes with them is a charming fellow."

Her shyness gave way. "Is he? He looks after them like an old nurse. And they are such babies—those great boys!"

His eye kindled. "So you would like them to be more independent—more brutal. You prefer a Harvard and Yale football match, with the dead and wounded left on the ground?"

She laughed, daring for the first time to assert herself. "No. I don't want blood. But there is something between. However—"

She hesitated. He looked down upon her half irritable, half smiling.

"Please go on."

"It would do them no good, would it, to be independent?"

"Considering how soon they must be slaves for life? Is that what you mean?"

Her frank blue eyes raised themselves to his. He was instantly conscious of something cool and critical in her attitude towards him. Very possibly he had been conscious of it for some time, which accounted for his instinctive avoidance of her. In the crisis of thought and production through which he was passing he shrank from any touch of opposition or distrust. He distrusted himself enough. It was as though he carried about with him wounds that only Eleanor's soft touch could be allowed to approach. And from the first evening he had very naturally divined in this Yankee girl, with her mingled reserve and transparency, her sturdy Protestantisms of all sorts, elements antagonistic to himself.

She answered his question, however, by another, still referring to the seminarists. "Isn't that the reason why they take and train them so young—that they may have no will left?"

"Well, is that the worst condition in the world—to give up your own will to an idea—a cause?"

She laughed shyly — a low musical sound that suddenly gave him, as it seemed, a new impression of her.

"You call the old priest an 'idea'?"

Both had the same vision of the most portly and substantial of figures. Manisty smiled unwillingly.

"The old priest is merely the symbol."

She shook her head obstinately.

"He is all they know anything about. He gives orders, and they obey. Soon it will be some one else's turn to give them the orders—"

"Till the time comes for them to give orders themselves? Well, what is there to object to in that?" He scanned her curiously. Show me anything better!"

She colored.

"It is better, isn't it, that—sometimes—one should give one's self orders?" she said, in a low voice.

Manisty laughed.

"Liberty to make a fool of one's self, in short. No doubt that's the great modern panacea." He paused, staring at her without being conscious of it, with his absent, brilliant eyes. Then he broke out: "Well! so you despise my little priests! Did you ever think of inquiring, however, which wears best—their notion of human life, which after all has weathered 1900 years, and is as strong and prevailing as it ever was, or the sort of notion that their enemies here go to work upon? Look into the history of this Abyssinian war—everybody free to make fools of themselves, in Rome or Africa—and doing it magnificently! Private judgment, private aims everywhere, from Crispi to the smallest lieutenant. Result, universal wreck and

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muddle, thousands of lives thrown away, a nation brought to shame. Then look about you at what's going on here, this week, on these hills. It's Holy-Week. They're all fasting—they're all going to mass—the people working in the fields, our servants, the bright little priest. To-morrow's Holy-Thursday. From now till Sunday, nobody here will eat anything but a little bread and a few olives. The bells will cease to-morrow. If a single church-bell rang in Rome, over this plain and these mountains, through the whole of Italy, from mass to-morrow till mass on Saturday, a whole nation would feel pain and outrage. Then on Saturday—marvellous symbol!—listen for the bells. You will hear them all loosed together, as soon as the Sanctus begins, all over Italy. And on Sunday watch the churches. If it isn't Matthew Arnold's 'One common wave of thought and love, Lifting mankind amain,' what is it? To me, it's what keeps the human machine running. Make the comparison! it will repay you. My little muffs of priests with their silly obedience won't come so badly out of it."

Unconsciously he had taken a seat beside her, and was looking at her with a sharp, imperious air. She dimly understood that he was not talking to her, but to a much larger audience—that he was still, in fact, in the grip of "the book." But that he should have, anyway, addressed so many consecutive sentences to her excited her after these many days of absolute neglect and indifference on his part—she felt a certain tremor of pulse. Instead, however, of diminishing self-command, it bestowed it.

"Well, if that's the only way of running the machine—the Catholic way, I mean"—her words came out a little hurried and breathless—"I don't see how *we* exist."

"You? America?"

She nodded.

"*Do* you exist?—in any sense that matters?"

He laughed as he spoke, but his tone provoked her. She threw up her head a little, suddenly grave.

"Of course we know that you dislike us."

He showed a certain embarrassment.

"How do you know?"

"Oh!—we read what you said of us."

"I was badly reported," he said, smiling.

"No," she insisted. "But you were mistaken in a great many things—very, very much mistaken. You judged much too quickly."

He rose, a covert amusement playing round his lips. It was the indulgence of the politician and man of affairs towards the little backwoods girl who was setting him to rights.

"We must have it out," he said. "I see I shall have to defend myself. But now I fear Mrs. Burgoyne will be waiting for me."

And lifting his hat with the somewhat stately and excessive manner which he could always substitute at the shortest notice for brusquerie or inattention, he went his way.

Lucy Foster was left with a red cheek. She watched him till he had passed into the shadow of the avenue leading to the house; then with an impetuous movement she took up a book which had been lying beside her on the bench, and began to read it with a peculiar ardor, almost passion. It was the life of one of the heroes of the Garibaldian movement of 1860–61.

For of late she had been surrounding herself—by the help of a library in Rome to which the Manistys had access—with the books of the Italian *Risorgimento*—that great movement, that heroic making of a nation, in which our fathers felt so passionate an interest, which has grown so dim and far by now, not only in the mind of a younger England, but even in that of a younger Italy.

But to Lucy, reading the story with the plain of Rome, and St. Peter's in sight, her wits quickened by the perpetual challenge of Manisty's talk with Mrs. Burgoyne or any chance visitor, Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini—all the striking figures and all the main stages in the great epic; the blind, mad, hopeless outbreaks of '48; the hangings and shootings and bottomless despairs of '49; the sullen calm of those waiting years from '49 to '58; the ecstasy of Magenta and Solferino, and the fierce disappointment of Villafranca; the wild golden days of Sicily in '60; the plucking of Venice like a ripe fruit in '66; of Rome in '70; all the deliriums of freedom, vengeance, union—these immortal names and passions and actions were thrilling through the girl's fresh poetic

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sense, and capturing all her sympathies. Had Italy indeed been "made too quick"? Was the vast struggle and these martyred lives for nothing,—all to end like a choked river in death and corruption? Well, if so, whose fault was it but the priests'?—of that black, intriguing, traitorous Italy, headed by the Papacy, which, except for one brief moment in the forties, had upheld every tyranny and drenched every liberty in blood, had been the supporter of the Austrian and the Bourbon, and was now again tearing to pieces the Italy that so many brave men had died to make.

The priests!—the Church! Why!—she wondered, as she read the story of Charles Albert, and Metternich, and the Naples Bourbons, that Italy still dared to let the ignorant, persecuting brood live and thrive in her midst at all! Especially was it a marvel to her that any Jesuit might still walk Italian streets, that a nation could ever forgive or forget such crimes against her inmost life as had been the crimes of the Jesuits. She would stand at the end of the terrace, her hands behind her clasping her book, her eyes fixed on the distant dome amid the stone-pines. Her book opened with the experiences of a Neapolitan boy at school in Naples during the priest-ridden years of the twenties, when Austrian bayonets, after the rising of '21, had replaced Bourbons and Jesuits in power, and crushed the life out of the young striving liberty of '21, as a cruel boy may crush and strangle a fledgling bird. "What did we learn," cried the author of it, "from that monkish education which dwarfed both our mind and body? How many have I seen in later life groaning over their own ignorance, and pouring maledictions on the seminary or the college where they had wasted so many years and had learnt nothing!"

"'That monkish education which dwarfed both our mind and body—'"

Lucy would repeat the words to herself, throwing them as a challenge to that symbol hovering amid the sunny haze. That old man there amid his Cardinals—she thought of him with a young horror and revolt, yet not without a certain tremor of the imagination. Well, in a few days—Sunday week—she was to see him, and judge for herself.

Meanwhile visitors were almost shut out. The villa sank into a conventlike quiet; for in a week, ten days, the book was perhaps to be finished. Miss Manisty, as the crisis approached, kept a vigilant eye on Mrs. Burgoyne. She was in constant dread of a delicate woman's collapse; and after the sittings in the library had lasted a certain time she had now the courage to break in upon them, and drive Manisty's muse out of her cave to rest and to the garden.

So Lucy, as the shadows lengthened in the garden, would hear the sound of a light though languid step, and would look up to see a delicate white face smiling down upon her.

"Oh, how tired you must be!" she would say, springing up. "Let me make a place for you here under the trees."

"No, no. Let us move about. I am tired of sitting."

And they would pace up and down the terrace and the olive-garden beyond, while Mrs. Burgoyne leant upon Lucy's arm, chatting and laughing with an evident relief from tension which only betrayed the mental and physical fatigue behind.

Lucy wondered to see how exquisite, how dainty she would emerge from these wrestles with hard work. Her fresh white or pale dresses, the few jewels half hidden at her wrists or throat, the curled or piled masses of the fair hair, were never less than perfection, it seemed to Lucy. She was never more the woman of fashion and the great world than when she came out from a morning's toil that would have left its disturbing mark on a strong man—her eyes shining under the stress and ardor of those "ideas," as to which it was good to talk with her.

But how eagerly she would throw off that stress, and turn to wooing and winning Lucy Foster! All hanging back in the matter was gone. Certain vague thoughts and terrors were laid to sleep, and she must needs allow herself the luxury of charming the quiet girl, like all the rest—the dogs, the servants, or the village children. There was a perpetual hunger for love in Eleanor's nature, which expressed itself in a thousand small and piteous ways. She could never help throwing out tendrils, and it was rarely that she ventured them in vain.

In the case of Lucy Foster, however, her fine tact soon discovered that caresses were best left alone. They were natural

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to herself, and once or twice as the April days went by she ventured to kiss the girl's fresh cheek, or to slip an arm round her waist. But Lucy took it awkwardly. When she was kissed she flushed, and stood passive; and all her personal ways were a little stiff and austere. After one of these demonstrations, indeed, Mrs. Burgoyne generally found herself repaid in some other form, by some small thoughtfulness on Lucy's part—the placing of a stool, the fetching of a cloak—or merely, perhaps, by a new softness in the girl's open look. And Eleanor never once thought of resenting her lack of response. There was even a kind of charm in it. The prevailing American type in Rome that winter had been a demonstrative type.

Lucy's manner, in comparison, was like a cool and bracing air. "And when she does kiss," Eleanor would say to herself, "it will be with all her heart. One can see that."

Meanwhile Mrs. Burgoyne took occasional note of the Mazzinian literature that lay about. She would turn the books over and read their titles, her eyes sparkling with a little gentle mischief as she divined the girl's disapproval of her host and her views. But she never argued with Lucy. She was too tired of the subject, too eager to seek relief in talking of the birds and the view, of people and *chiffons*.

Too happy, perhaps, also. She walked on air in these days before Easter. The book was prospering—Manisty was more content, and as agreeable in all daily ways and offices as only the hope of good fortune can make a man. "The Priest of Nemi," indeed, had been cast out of the text, which now presented one firm and vigorous whole of social and political discussion. But the little "piece" was to be specially bound for Eleanor, together with some drawings that she had made of the lake and the temple site earlier in the spring. And on the day the book was finished—somewhere within the next fortnight—there was to be a festal journey to Nemi—divine and blessed place!

So she felt no fatigue, and was always ready to chatter to Lucy of the most womanish things. Especially, as the girl's beauty grew upon her, was she anxious to carry out those plans of transforming her dress and hair, her gowns and hats and shoes, the primness of her brown braids, which she and Miss Manisty had confided to each other.

But Lucy was shy—would not be drawn that way. There were fewer visitors at the villa than she had expected. Even the promised invitation to the Embassy had not arrived. It was said that the ambassador's daughter had gone to Florence. For this quiet life in the garden, and on the country roads, it seemed to her that her dresses did very well. The sense of discomfort excited by the elegance of her Florentine acquaintance died away. And she would have thought it wrong and extravagant to spend unnecessary money.

So she had quietly ceased to think about her dress; and the blue and white check, to Eleanor's torment, had frequently to be borne with. Only Lucy wished she had not written that letter to Uncle Ben from Florence—that rather troubled and penitent letter on the subject of dress. He might misunderstand—might do something foolish.

And apparently Uncle Ben did do something foolish. For a certain letter arrived from Boston on the day after the seminarists' invasion of the garden. Lucy, after an hour's qualms and hesitations, must needs reluctantly confide the contents of it to Miss Manisty. And that lady, with smiles and evident pleasure, called Mrs. Burgoyne, and Eleanor called her maid, and the ball began to roll.

On Saturday morning early Mrs. Burgoyne's room, indeed, was in a bustle—delightful to all but Lucy. Manisty was in Rome for the day, and Eleanor had holiday. She had never looked more frail—a rose-leaf pink in her cheek—nor more at ease. For she was at least as good to consult about a skirt as an idea.

"Marie!" she said, giving her own maid a little peremptory push, "just run and fetch Benson—there's an angel. We must have all the brains possible. If we don't get the bodice right, it won't suit Miss Foster a bit."

Marie went in all haste. Meanwhile in front of the large glass stood a rather red and troubled Lucy arrayed in a Paris gown belonging to Mrs. Burgoyne. Eleanor had played her with much tact, and now had her in her power.

"It is the crisis, my dear," Miss Man-

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isty had said in Eleanor's ear, as they rose from breakfast, with a twinkle of her small eyes; "the question is, can we or can we not turn her into a beauty? You can!"

Eleanor, at any rate, was doing her best. She had brought out her newest gowns, and Lucy was submissively putting them on one after the other. Eleanor was in pursuit, first of all, of some general conceptions. What was the girl's true style? what were the possibilities?

"When I have got my lines and main ideas in my head," she said, pensively, "then we will call in the maids. Of course you *might* have the things made in Rome. But as we have the models—and these two maids have nothing to do—why not give ourselves the pleasure of looking after it?"

Pleasure! Lucy Foster opened her eyes.

Still, here was this absurd, this most extravagant check from Uncle Ben, and these peremptory commands to get herself everything—everything—that other girls had. Why, it was demanded of her, had she been economical and scrupulous before starting? Folly and disobedience! He had been told of her silly hesitations, her detestable frugalities; he had ferreted it all out. And now she was at a disadvantage, was she? Let her provide herself at once, or, old as he was, he would take train and steamer and come and see to it.

She was not submissive in general—far from it. But the reading of Uncle Ben's letter had left her very meek in spirit and rather inclined to cry.

Had Uncle Ben really considered whether it was right to spend so much money on one's self, to think so much about it? Their life together had been so simple, the question had hardly emerged. Of course it was right to be neat and fresh, and to please his taste in what she wore. But—

The net result of all this internal debate, however, was to give a peculiar charm, like the charm of rippled and sensitive water, to features that were generally too still and grave. She stood silently before the long glass while Mrs. Burgoyne and the maids talked and pinned. She walked to the end of the room and back, as she was bid; she tried to express a preference when she was asked for one; and as she was arrayed in one delicious gown after another, she became more and more alive to the beauty of the soft stuffs, the invention and caprice with which they were combined, the daintiness of their pinks and blues, their grays and creams, their lilacs and ivories. At last Mrs. Burgoyne happened upon a dress of white crape, opening upon a vest of pale green, with thin edges of black here and there, disposed with the tact, the feeling of the artist; and when Lucy's tall form had been draped in this garment, her three attendants fell back with one simultaneous cry.

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Burgoyne, drawing a long breath. "Now you see, Marie—I told you!—that's the cut. And just look how simple that is, and how it falls! That's the green. Yes, when Mathilde is as good as that, she's divine. Now all you've got to do is just to copy that. And the materials are just nothing; you'll get them in the Corso in half an hour."

"May I take it off?" said Lucy.

"Well, yes, you may," said Mrs. Burgoyne, reluctantly, "but it's a great pity. Well, now, for the coat and skirt"—she checked them off on her slim fingers—"for the afternoon gown, and one evening dress, I think I see my way—"

"Enough for one morning, isn't it?" said Lucy, half laughing, half imploring.

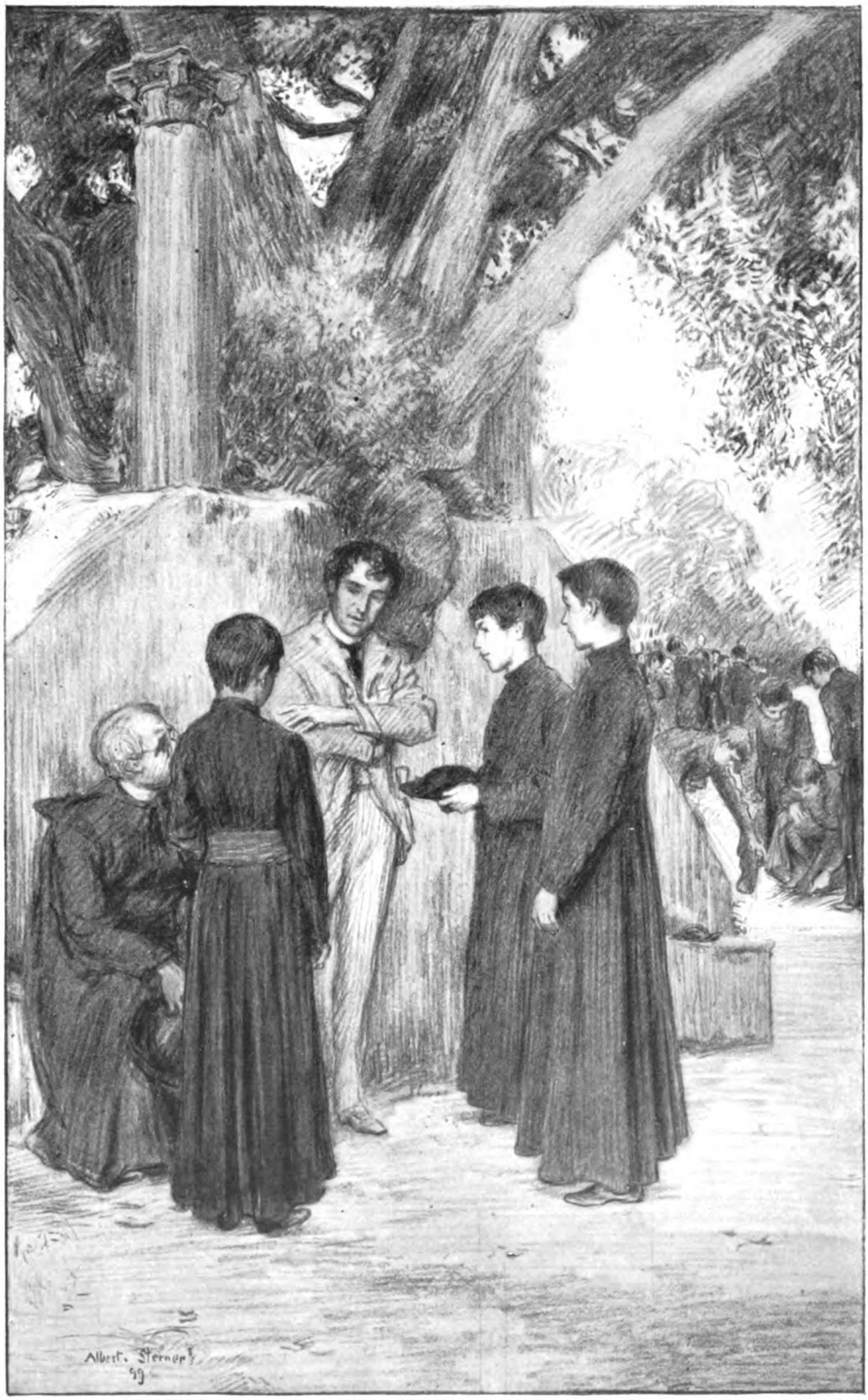
"Yes," said Mrs. Burgoyne, absently, her mind already full of further developments.

The gowns were carried away, and Aunt Pattie's maid departed. Then as Lucy, in her white cotton wrapper, was retiring to her own room, Mrs. Burgoyne caught her by the arm.

"You remember," she said, appealingly, "how rude I was that evening you came — how I just altered your hair? You don't know how I long to do it properly! You know I shall have a little trouble with these dresses—trouble I like—but still I shall pretend it's trouble, that you may pay me for it. Pay me by letting me experiment! I just long to take all your hair down, and do it as it ought to be done. And you don't know how clever I am. *Let* me!"

And already, before the shamefaced girl could reply, she was gently pushed into the chair before Mrs. Burgoyne's dressing-table, and a pair of skilled hands went to work.

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MANISTY AND THE SEMINARIST.

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"I can't say you look as though you enjoyed it," said Mrs. Burgoyne by the time she had covered the girl's shoulders with the long silky veil which she had released from the stiff plaits confining it. "Do you think it's wrong to do your hair prettily?" Lucy laughed uneasily.

"I was never brought up to think much about it. My mother had very strict views."

"Ah!" said Eleanor, with a discreet intonation. "But, you see, at Rome, it is really so much better for the character to do as Rome does. To be out of the way makes one self-conscious. Your mother didn't foresee that."

Silence, while the swift white fingers plaited and tied and laid foundations.

"It waves charmingly already," murmured the artist, "but it must be just a little more *ondulé* in the right places—just a touch here and there. Quick, Marie! bring me the stove—and the tongs—and two or three of those finest hairpins."

The maid flew, infected by the ardor of her mistress, and between them they worked to such purpose that when at last they released their victim they had turned the dark head into that of a stately and fashionable beauty. The splendid hair was raised high in small silky ripples above the white brow. The little love-locks on the temples had been delicately arranged so as to complete the fine oval of the face, and at the back the black masses drawn lightly upwards from the neck, and held in place there by a pearl comb of Mrs. Burgoyne's, had been piled and twisted into a crown that would have made Artemis herself more queenly.

"Am I really to keep it like this?" cried Lucy, looking at herself in the glass.

"But of course you are!" and Mrs. Burgoyne instinctively held the girl's arms lest any violence should be offered to her handiwork. "And you must put on your *old* white frock to-night—*not* the check—the nice soft one that's been washed, with the pink sash. Goodness! how the time goes! Mason, run and tell Miss Manisty not to wait for me; I'll follow her to the village."

The maid went. Lucy looked down upon her tyrant. "You are very kind to me," she said, with a lip that trembled slightly. Her blue eyes under the black brows showed a feeling that she did not know how to express. The subdued responsiveness, indeed, of Lucy's face was like that of Wordsworth's Highland girl struggling with English. You felt her "beating up against the wind"—in the current, yet resisting it. Or, to take another comparison, her nature seemed to be at once stiff and rich, like some heavy church stuff shot with gold.

"Oh, these things are my snare!" said Eleanor, laughing. "If I have any gift, it is for *chiffons*."

"Any gift!" said Lucy, wondering; "when you do so much for Mr. Manisty?"

Mrs. Burgoyne shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah! well, he wanted a secretary, and I happened to get the place," she said, in a more constrained voice.

"Miss Manisty told me how you helped him in the winter. And she and Mr. Brooklyn—have—told me—other things," said Lucy. She paused, coloring deeply. But her eyes travelled timidly to the photographs on Mrs. Burgoyne's table.

Eleanor understood.

"Ah! they told you that, did they?" The speaker turned a little white. "And you wonder—don't you?—that I can go on talking about frocks, and new ways of doing one's hair."

She moved away from Lucy, a touch of cold defensive dignity effacing all her pliant sweetness.

Lucy followed and caught her hand.

"Oh no! no!" she said; "it is only so brave and good of you—to be able still—to take an interest—"

"Do I take it?" said Eleanor, scornfully, raising her other hand and letting it fall.

Lucy was silenced. After a moment Eleanor looked round, calmly took the photograph of the child from the table, and held it towards Lucy.

"He was just two—his birthday was four days before this was taken. It's the picture I love best, because I last saw him like that—in his night-gown. I was very ill that night; they wouldn't let me stay with my husband; but after I left him I came and rocked the baby—and tucked him up—and leant my face against his. He was so warm and sweet always in his sleep. The touch of him—and the scent of him—his dear breath—and his curls—and the moist little hands—sometimes they used to intoxicate me—to give me life—like wine. They did me such good—that night."

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Her voice did not tremble. Tears softly found their way down Lucy's face. And suddenly she stooped, and put her lips, tenderly, clingingly, to Mrs. Burgoyne's hand.

Eleanor smiled. Then she herself bent forward and lightly kissed the girl's cheek.

"Oh, I am not worthy either to have had him—or lost him!" she said, bitterly. There was a little pause, which Eleanor broke. "Now really we must go to Aunt Pattie—mustn't we?"

CHAPTER VI.

"AH! here you are! Don't kill yourselves; plenty of time—for us! Listen! there's the bell—eight o'clock! now they open the doors. Goodness! Look at the rush—and those little Italian chaps tackling those strapping priests! Go it, ye cripples!"

Lucy tamed her run to a quick walk, and Mr. Reggie took care of her, while Manisty disappeared ahead with Mrs. Burgoyne, and Aunt Pattie fell to the share of a certain Mr. Vanbrugh Neal, an elderly man, tall and slim and of a singular elegance of bearing, who had joined them at the Piazza, and seemed to be an old friend of Mr. Manisty's.

The great day had arrived, and they, and all Rome with them, were bound—in the first freshness of the April morning—to the Papal function at St. Peter's. The Manisty party had spent the preceding night in Rome, so as to be early at the doors.

Lucy looked round her in bewilderment. Before the first stroke of the eight-o'clock bell the Piazza of St. Peter's had been thickly covered with freely moving groups, all advancing in order upon the steps of the church. But as the bell began to speak there was a sudden charge, mostly of young priests and seminarists—black skirts flying, black legs leaping—across the open space and up the steps.

"Reminds me of nothing so much," said Reggie, laughing back over his shoulder at a friend behind, "as the charge of the Harrow boys at Lord's last year, when they stormed the pavilion—did you see it?—and that little Harrow chap saved the draw? I say!—they've broken the line, and there'll be a bad squash somewhere!"

And indeed the attacking priests had for a moment borne down the Italian soldiers who were good-naturedly guarding and guiding the Pope's guests from the entrance of the Piazza to the very door of the church. But the little men—as they seemed to Lucy's eyes—recovered themselves in a twinkling, threw themselves stoutly on the black gentry, like sheep-dogs on the sheep, worried them back into line, collared a few bold spirits here, formed a new cordon there, till all was once more in tolerable order and a dangerous pressure on the central door was averted.

Meanwhile Lucy was hurried forward with the privileged crowd going to the tribunes, towards the sacristy door on the south.

"Let's catch up Mrs. Burgoyne," said the young man, looking ahead with some anxiety. "Manisty's no use. He'll begin to moon and forget all about her. I say! Look at the building, and the sky behind it! Isn't it stunning?"

And they threw up a hasty glance as they sped along at the superb walls and apses and cornices of the southern side, golden ivory or wax against the blue. The pigeons flew in white eddies above their heads; the April wind flushed Lucy's cheek and played with her black mantilla. All qualms were gone. After her days of seclusion in the villa garden she was passionately conscious of this great Rome and its magic; and under her demure and rather stately air her young spirits danced and throbbed with pleasure.

"How that black lace stuff does become all you women!" said Reggie Brooklyn, throwing a lordly and approving glance at her and his cousin Eleanor as they all met and paused amid the crowd that was concentrating itself on the sacristy door; and Lucy, instead of laughing at the lad's airs, only reddened a little more brightly, and found it somehow sweet—April sweet—that a young man on this spring morning should admire her; though, after all, she was hardly more inclined to fall in love with Reggie Brooklyn than with Manisty's dear collie puppy that had been left behind, wailing, at the villa.

At the actual door the young man quietly possessed himself of Mrs. Burgoyne, while Manisty, with an unconscious look of relief, fell behind.

"And you, Miss Foster, keep closer—

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THE BEAUTIFYING OF LUCY.

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my coat's all at your service—it 'll stand a pull. Don't you be swept away—and I'll answer for Mrs. Burgoyne."

So on they hurried, borne along on the human current through passages and corridors, part of a laughing, pushing, chatting crowd, containing all the types that throng the Roman streets—English and American tourists, Irish or German or English priests, monks white and brown, tall girls who wore their black veils with an evident delight in the new setting thus given to their fair hair and brilliant skins, beside older women to whom, on the contrary, the dress had given a kind of unwonted repose and quietness of look—as though for once they dared to be themselves in it, and gave up the struggle with the years.

Reggie Brooklyn maintained a lively chatter all the time, mostly at Manisty's expense. Eleanor Burgoyne first laughed at his sallies, then gently turned her head in a pause of the general advance and searched the crowd pressing at their heels. Lucy's eyes followed hers, and there, far behind, borne along passively in a brown study, losing ground slightly whenever it was possible, was Manisty. The fine significant face was turned a little upward; the eyes were full of thought; he was at once the slave of the crowd and its master.

And across Eleanor's expression, unseen, there passed the slightest, subtlest flash of tenderness and pride. She knew and understood him—she alone!

At last the doors are passed. They are in the vast barricaded and partitioned space, already humming with the talk and tread of thousands—the "Tu es Petrus" overhead. Reggie Brooklyn would have hurried them on in the general rush for the tribunes. But Mrs. Burgoyne laid a restraining hand upon him. "No—we mustn't separate," she said, gently peremptory. And for a few minutes Mr. Reggie in an anguish must needs see the crowd flow past him, and the first seats of Tribune D filled. Then Manisty appeared, lifting his eyebrows in a frowning wonder at the young man's impatience; and on they flew.

At last! They are in the third row of Tribune D, close to the line by which the Pope must pass, and to the platform from which he will deliver the Apostolic benediction. Reggie the unsatisfied, the idealist, grumbles that they ought to have been in the very front. But Eleanor and Aunt Pattie are well satisfied. They find their acquaintance all around them. It is a general flutter of fans and murmur of talk. Already people are standing on their seats, looking down on the rapidly filling church. In press the less favored thousands from the Piazza, through the Atrium and the eastern door—a great sea of human life spreading over the illimitable nave behind the two lines of Swiss and Papal guards, in quick, never-ending waves that bewilder and dazzle the eye.

Lucy found the three hours' wait but a moment. The passing and repassing of the splendid officials in their Tudor or Valois dress; the great names, "Colonna," "Barberini," "Savelli," "Borghese," that sound about her, as Mrs. Burgoyne, who knows everybody, at least by sight, laughs and chats and points, with her neighbor Mr. Neal; the constant welling up of processions from behind—the Canons and Monsignori in their fur and lace tippets, the red Cardinals with their suites; the entry of the Guardia Nobile, splendid, incredible, in their winged Achillean helmets above their Empire uniforms—half Greek, half French, half gods, half dandies—the costliest, foolishest plaything that any court can show; and finally, as the time draws on, the sudden thrills and murmurs that run through the church, announcing the great moment, which still, after all, delays; these things chase the minutes, blot out the sense of time.

Meanwhile, again and again, Lucy, the sedate, the self-controlled, cannot prevent herself from obeying a common impulse with those about her—from leaping on her chair, straining her white throat, her eyes. Then a handsome chamberlain would come by, lifting a hand in gentle protest, motioning to the ladies—"De grâce, mesdames; mesdames, de *grâce*—" Or angry murmurs would rise from those few who had not the courage or the agility to mount—"*Giù! giù!*—Descendez, mesdames! qu'est-ce que c'est donc que ces manières?" and Lucy, crimson and abashed, would descend in haste, only to find a kind Irish priest behind smiling at her, prompting her,—"Never mind them! Take no notice! Who is ut you're harmin'?" And her excitement would take him at his word—for who should know, if not a priest?

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And from these risky heights she looked down sometimes on Manisty—wondering where was emotion—sympathy. Not a trace of them! Of all their party, he alone was obviously and hideously bored by the long wait. He leant back in his chair, with folded arms, staring at the ceiling, yawning, fidgeting. At last he took out a small Greek book from his pocket, and hung over it in a moody absorption. Once only, when a procession of the inferior clergy went by, he looked at it closely, turning afterwards to Mrs. Burgoyne with the emphatic remark, "Bad faces!—aren't they?—almost all of them?"

Yet Lucy could see that even here in this vast crowd, amid the hubbub and bustle, he still counted, was still remembered. Officials came to lean and chat across the rope; diplomats stopped to greet him on the way to the august seats beyond the Confession. His manner in return showed no particular cordiality; Lucy thought it languid, even cold. She was struck with the difference between his mood of the day and that brilliant and eager homage he had lavished on the old Cardinal in the villa garden. What a man of change and fantasy! Here it was he *qui tendait la joue.* Cold, distant, dreamy, one would have thought him either indifferent or hostile to the whole great pageant and its meanings.

Only once did Lucy see him bestir himself—show a gleam of animation. A white-haired priest, all tremulous dignity and delicacy, stood for a moment beside the rope barrier, waiting for a friend. Manisty bent over and touched him on the arm. The old man turned. The face was parchment, the cheeks cavernous. But in the blue eyes there was an exquisite innocence and youth.

Manisty smiled at him. His manner showed a peculiar, almost a boyish deference. "You join us afterwards—at lunch?"

"Yes, yes." The old priest beamed and nodded; then his friend came up and he was carried on.

"A quarter to eleven," said Manisty with a yawn, looking at his watch. "Ah!—listen!"

He sprang to his feet. In an instant half the occupants of Tribune D were on their chairs, Lucy and Eleanor among them. A roar came up the church—passionate, indescribable. Lucy held her breath.

There—there he is!—the old man. Caught in a great shaft of sunlight striking from south to north across the church, and just touching the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the Pope emerges. The white figure, high above the crowd, sways from side to side: the hand upraised gives the benediction. Fragile, spiritual as is the apparition, the sunbeam refines, subtilizes, spiritualizes it still more. It hovers like a dream above the vast multitudes—surely no living man!—but thought, history, faith, taking shape: the passion of many hearts revealed. Up rushes the roar towards the tribunes. "Did you hear?" said Manisty to Mrs. Burgoyne, lifting a smiling brow as a few Papalino cries—"Viva il Papa Re"—make themselves heard among the rest. Eleanor's thin face turns to him with responsive excitement. But she has seen these things before. Instinctively her eyes wander perpetually to Manisty's, taking their color, their meaning from his. It is not the spectacle itself that matters to her—poor Eleanor! One heart-beat, one smile of the man beside her, outweighs it all. And he, roused at last from his nonchalance, watching, hawklike, every movement of the figure and the crowd, is going mentally through a certain page of his book, repeating certain phrases, correcting here, strengthening there.

Lucy alone—the alien and Puritan Lucy—Lucy surrenders herself completely. She betrays nothing save by the slightly parted lips and the flutter of the black veil fastened on her breast; but it is as though her whole inner being were dissolving, melting away in the flame of the moment. It is her first contact with decisive central things, her first taste of the great world play as Europe has known it and taken part in it at least since Charles the Great.

Yet, as she looks, within the visible scene there opens another: the porch of a plain shingled house, her uncle sitting within it, his pipe and his newspaper on his knee, sunning himself in the April morning. She passes behind him, looks into the stiff leaf-scented parlor—at the framed Declaration of Independence on the walls, the fresh boughs in the fireplace, the Bible on its table, the rag carpet before the hearth. She breathes the

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atmosphere of the house; its stern independence and simplicities; the scorns and the denials, the sturdy freedoms both of body and soul that it implies—conscience the only master—vice-master for God, in this His house of the world. And beyond—as her lids sink for an instant on the pageant before her—she hears, as it were, the voices of her country, so young and raw and strong; she feels within her the throb of its struggling, self-assertive life; she is conscious, too, of the uglinesses and meannesses that belong to birth and newness, to growth and fermentation. Then, in a proud timidity—as one who feels herself an alien and on sufferance—she hangs again upon the incomparable scene. This is St. Peter's—there is the dome of Michael Angelo—and here, advancing towards her amid the red of the Cardinals, the clatter of the guards, the tossing of the flabellæ—as though looking at her alone, the two waxen fingers raised for her alone—is the white-robed, triple-crowned Pope.

She threw herself upon the sight with passion, trying to penetrate and possess it, and it baffled her, passed her by. Some force of resistance within her cried out to it that she was not its subject—rather its enemy! And august, unheeding, the great pageant swept on. Close, close to her now! Down sink the crowd upon the chairs; the heads fall like corn before the wind. Lucy is bending too. The Papal chair, borne on the shoulders of the guards, is now but a few feet distant. Vaguely she wonders that the old man keeps his balance as he clings with one frail hand to the arm of the chair, rises incessantly, and blesses with the other. She catches the very look and meaning of the eyes, the sharp long line of the closed and toothless jaws. Spirit and spectre; embodying the Past, bearing the clew to the Future!

"*Yeux de police!*" laughed Reggie Brooklyn to Mrs. Burgoyne as the procession passed—"don't you know?—that's what they say."

Manisty bent forward. The flush of excitement was still on his cheek, but he threw a little nod to Brooklyn, whose gibe amused him.

Lucy drew a long breath, and the spell was broken.

Nor was it again renewed, in the same way. The Pope and his cortége disappeared behind the Confession, behind the High Altar; and presently Lucy, craning her neck to the right, could see dimly in the farthest distance, against the apse, and under the chair of St. Peter, the chair of Leo XIII., and the white shadow, motionless, erect, within it, amid a court of Cardinals and diplomats. As for the mass that followed, it had its moments of beauty for the girl's wondering or shrinking curiosity, but also its moments of weariness and disillusion. From the latticed choir-gallery, placed against one of the great piers of the dome, came unaccompanied music—fine, pliant, expressive—like a single voice moving freely in the vast space; and at the High Altar Cardinals and Bishops crossed and recrossed, knelt and rose, offered and put off the mitre, amid wreaths of incense; long silences, a few chanted words, sustained, enfolded all the while by the swelling tide of *Gloria* or *Sanctus*.

At last, the elevation! and at the bell the whole long double line of soldiers, from the Pope's chair at the western end to the eastern door, with a rattle of arms that ran from end to end of the church, dropped on one knee, saluted. Then, crac! and as they had dropped, they rise, the stiff white breeches and eagle helmets of the Guardia Nobile, the red and yellow of the Swiss, the red and blue of the Papal Guards—all motionless as before. It was like the movement of some gigantic toy. And who or what else took any notice? Lucy looked round amazed. Even the Irish priest behind her had scarcely bowed his head. Nobody knelt. Most people were talking. Eleanor Burgoyne, indeed, had covered her face with her long delicate fingers. Manisty, leaning back in his chair, looked up for an instant at the rattle of the soldiers, then went back sleepily to his Greek book. Yet Lucy felt her own heart throbbing. Through the candelabra of the High Altar beneath the dome she can see the moving figures of the priests, the wreaths of incense ascending. The face of the celebrant Cardinal, which had dropped out of sight, reappears. Since it was last visible, according to Catholic faith, the great act of Catholic worship has been accomplished—the Body and Blood are there—God has descended, has mingled with a mortal frame. And who cares? Lucy looks round her at the good-hu-

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mored indifference, vacancy, curiosity, of the great multitude filling the nave; and her soul frees itself in a rush of protesting amazement.

One more "moment," however, there was—very different from the great moment of the entry, yet beautiful. The mass is over, and a temporary platform has been erected between the Confession and the nave. The Pope has been placed upon it, and is about to chant the Apostolic Benediction.

The old man is within thirty feet of Manisty, who sits nearest to the barrier. The red Cardinal holding the service-book, the groups of guards, clergy, and high officials, every detail of the Pope's gorgeous dress, nay, every line of the wrinkled face and fleshless hands—Lucy's eyes command them all. The quavering voice rises into the sudden silence of St. Peter's. Fifty thousand people hush every movement, strain their ears to listen.

Ah! how weak it is! Surely the effort is too great for a frame so enfeebled, so ancient. It should not have been exacted—allowed. Lucy's ears listen painfully for the inevitable break. But no! The Pope draws a long sigh—the sigh of weakness—("Ah! poveretto!" says a woman close to Lucy, in a transport of pity)—then once more attempts the chant, sighs again, and sings. Lucy's face softens and glows; her eyes fill with tears. Nothing more touching, more triumphant, than this weakness and this perseverance. Fragile, indomitable face beneath the Papal crown! Under the eyes of fifty thousand people the Pope sighs like a child, because he is weak and old, and the burden of his office is great; but in sighing keeps a perfect simplicity, dignity, courage. Not a trace of stoical concealment, but also not a trace of flinching. He sings to the end, and St. Peter's listens in a tender hush.

Then there seems to be a moment of collapse. The long straight lips close as though with a snap, the upper jaw protruding; the eyelids drop; the emaciated form sinks upon itself—

But his guards raise the chair, and the Pope's trance passes away. He opens his eyes and braces himself for the last effort. Whiter than the gorgeous cope which falls about him, he raises himself, clinging to the chair; he lifts the skeleton fingers of his partially gloved hand; his look searches the crowd.

Lucy fell on her knees, a sob in her throat. When the Pope had passed, some influence made her look up. She met the eyes of Edward Manisty. They were instantly withdrawn, but not before the mingling of amusement and triumph in them had brought the quick red to the girl's cheek.

And outside, in the Piazza, amid the outpouring thousands, as they were rushing for their carriage, Manisty's stride overtook her.

"Well, you were impressed?" he said, looking at her sharply.

The girl's pride was somehow nettled by his tone.

"Yes, but by the old man more than by the Pope," she said, quickly.

"I hope not," he said, with emphasis; "otherwise you would have missed the whole point."

"Why? Mayn't one feel it was pathetic, and touching—"

"No, not in the least," he said, impatiently. "What does the man himself matter, or his age? That's all irrelevant, and offensive,—mere tinsel stuff! What makes these ceremonies so tremendous is that there is no break between that man and Peter (or Linus, if you like; it comes to the same thing); that the bones, if not of Peter, at any rate of men who might have known Peter, are there!—mingled with the earth beneath his feet; that he stands there recognized by half the civilized world as Peter's successor; that five hundred, a thousand years hence the vast probability is there will still be a Pope in St. Peter's to hand on the same traditions and make the same claims."

"But if you don't acknowledge the traditions or the claims, why shouldn't you feel just the human interest?"

"Oh, of course, if you want to take the mere vulgar, parochial view—the halfpenny interviewer's view—why, you must take it," he said, almost with violence, shrugging his shoulders.

Lucy's eyes sparkled. There was always something of the overgrown, provoking child in him when he wanted to bear down an opinion or feeling that displeased him. She would have liked to go on walking and wrangling with him, for the great ceremony had excited her, and made it easier for her to talk. But

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at that moment Mrs. Burgoyne's voice was heard in front:

"Joy! there is the carriage, and Reggie has picked up another. Edward, take Aunt Pattie through; we'll look after ourselves."

And soon the whole party were driving in two of the little Roman victorias through streets at the back of the Capitol, and round the base of the Palatine, to the Aventine, where it appeared they were to lunch at an open-air *trattoria* recommended by Mr. Brooklyn.

Mrs. Burgoyne, Lucy, and Mr. Vanbrugh Neal found themselves together. Mrs. Burgoyne and Mr. Neal talked of the function, and Lucy, after a few shy expressions of gratitude and pleasure, fell silent and listened. But she noticed very soon that Mrs. Burgoyne was talking absently. Amid the black that fell about her slim tallness she was more fragile, more pale than ever; and it seemed to Lucy that her eyes were dark with a fatigue that had not much to do with St. Peter's. Suddenly, indeed, she bent forward and said in a lowered voice to Mr. Neal,

"You have read it?"

He too bent forward, with a smile not quite free from embarrassment.

"Yes, I have read it. I shall have some criticisms to make. You won't mind?"

She threw up her hands.

"Must you?"

"I think I must—for the good of the book," he said, reluctantly. "Very likely I'm all wrong. I can only look at it as one of the public. But that's what he wants—what you both want, isn't it?"

She assented. Then she turned her head away, looked out of the carriage, and said no more. But her face had drooped and dimmed all in a moment; the lines graven in it long years before by grief and delicacy came out with a singular and sudden plainness.

The man sitting opposite to her was of an aspect little less distinguished than hers. He had a long face, with a high forehead set in grizzled hair, and a mouth and chin of peculiar refinement. The shortness of the chin gave a first impression of weakness, which, however, was soon undone by the very subtle and decided lines in which, so to speak, the mouth, and, indeed, the face as a whole, were drawn. All that Lucy knew of him was that he was a Cambridge don, a man versed in classical archæology, who was an old friend and tutor of Mr. Manisty's. She had heard his name mentioned several times at the villa, and always with an emphasis that marked it out from other names. And she understood from various signs that before finally passing his proofs for publication, Mr. Manisty had taken advantage of his old friend's coming to Rome to ask his opinion on them.

How brilliant was the April day on the high terrace of the Aventine *trattoria!* As Lucy and Aunt Pattie stood together beside the little parapet looking out through the sprays of banksia rose that were already making a white canopy above the restaurant tables, they had before them the steep sides and imperial ruins of the Palatine, the wonderful group of churches on the Cœlian, the low, villa-covered ridges to the right melting into the Campagna, and far away the blue Sabine mountains—"suffused with sunny air"—that look down with equal kindness on the refuge of Horace and the oratory of St. Benedict. What sharpness of wall and tree against the pearly sky! what radiance of blossom in the neighboring gardens! what ruin everywhere!—yet what indomitable life!

Beneath, on a lower terrace, Manisty and Mr. Vanbrugh Neal were walking up and down.

"He's such a clever man," sighed Aunt Pattie, as she looked down upon them. "But I do hope he won't discourage Edward."

Whereupon she glanced not at Manisty but at Eleanor, who was sitting near them, pretending to talk to Reggie Brooklyn, but in reality watching the conversation below.

Presently some other guests arrived, and amongst them the tall and fine-faced priest who had spoken to Manisty in St. Peter's. He came in very shyly. Eleanor Burgoyne received him, made him sit by her, and took charge of him till Manisty should appear. But he seemed to be ill at ease with ladies. He buried his hands in the sleeves of his soutane, and would answer little more than yes and no.

"There'll be a great fuss about him soon," whispered Aunt Pattie in Lucy's ear. "I don't quite understand, but he's

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written a book that's going to be condemned. Edward says the book's quite right—and yet they'll be quite right to condemn him. It's very puzzling."

When Manisty and Mr. Neal answered to the call of luncheon, Mr. Neal mounted the steps leading to the open-air restaurant with the somewhat sheepish air of the man who has done his duty and is inclined to feel himself a meddler for his pains. The luncheon itself passed without gayety. Manisty was either moodily silent, or engaged in discussions with the strange priest, Father Benecke, as to certain incidents connected with a South German university, which had lately excited Catholic opinion. He scarcely spoke to any of the ladies—least of all to Eleanor Burgoyne. She and Aunt Pattie must needs make all the greater efforts to carry off the festa; Aunt Pattie chattered nervously, like one in dread of a silence, while Eleanor was merry with young Brooklyn, and courteous to the other guests whom Manisty had invited—a distinguished French journalist, for instance, an English member of Parliament and his daughter, and an Italian senator with an English wife.

Nevertheless, when the party was breaking up, Reggie, who had thrown her occasional glances of disquiet, approached Lucy Foster and said to her in a low voice, twirling an angry mustache—

"Mrs. Burgoyne is worn out. Can't you look after her?"

Lucy, a little scared by so much responsibility, did her best. She dissuaded Aunt Pattie from dragging Mrs. Burgoyne through an afternoon of visits. She secured an early train for the return to Marinata, and so earned a special and approving smile from Mr. Reggie, when at last he had settled the three ladies safely in their carriage, and was raising his hat to them on the platform. Manisty and Mr. Neal were to follow by a later train.

No sooner were they speeding through the Campagna than Eleanor sank back in her corner with a long involuntary sigh.

"My dear—you are very tired!" exclaimed Miss Manisty.

"No."

Mrs. Burgoyne took off the hat which had by now replaced the black veil of the morning, and closed her eyes. Her attitude by its sad unresistingness appealed to Lucy as it had done once before. And it was borne in upon her that what she saw was not mere physical fatigue, but a deep discouragement of mind and heart. As to the true sources of it, Lucy could only guess. She guessed, at any rate, that they were somehow connected with Mr. Manisty and his book; and she was indignant again — she hardly knew why. The situation suggested to her a great devotion ill repaid, a friendship of which the strong tyrannous man took advantage. Why should he behave as though all that happened ill with regard to his book was somehow Mrs. Burgoyne's fault? Claim all her time and strength—overstrain and overwork her—and then make her tacitly responsible if anything went amiss! It was like the petulant selfishness of his character. Miss Manisty ought to interfere!

Dreary days followed at the villa.

It appeared that Mr. Vanbrugh Neal had indeed raised certain critical objections to the argument of one whole section of the book, and that Manisty had been unable to resist them. The two men would walk up and down the ilex avenues of the garden for hours together, Mr. Neal gentle, conciliating, but immovable, Manisty violent and excited, but always submitting in the end. He would defend his point of view with obstinacy, with offensiveness even, for an afternoon, and then give way with absolute suddenness. Lucy learnt with some astonishment that beneath his outward egotism he was really amazingly dependent on the opinions of two or three people, of whom Mr. Neal seemed to be one. This dependence turned out, indeed, to be even excessive. He would make a hard fight for his own way, but in the end he was determined that what he wrote should please his friends, and please a certain public. At bottom he was a rhetorician writing for this public — the slave of praise, and eager for fame, which made his complete indifference as to what people thought of his actions all the more remarkable. He lived to please himself; he wrote to be read; and he had found reason to trust the instinct of certain friends in this respect, Vanbrugh Neal among them.

To do him justice, indeed, along with his dependence on Vanbrugh Neal's opinion, there seemed to go a rather winning dependence on his affection. Mr. Neal was apparently a devout Anglican, of a

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very scrupulous personal piety. He agreed generally with the thesis of Manisty's book; but there was between them all the difference that exists between a man to whom religious matters are of intimate personal importance, and the man who merely uses them as counters in another game. Manisty, for instance, wished to make of Catholicism and of Anglicanism the great police forces of the world. They were to provide for "social solidarity"—his favorite phrase; they were to guarantee law and order, and to maintain the ethical ideal among nations that civilization itself was fast barbarizing.

On this theme he would harangue interminably—eloquent or sarcastic—intoxicated with his own phrases and facilities; while Vanbrugh Neal, with his gray hair and charming pale blue eyes, would sit near, tall and spare, a little stiff in spite of his urbanity, and always ready to shatter an exuberance or an insincerity with some quick double edged word that would make Manisty redden and stammer; showing, too, very often by his evident shrinking, by certain impregnable reserves, or by the banter that hid a feeling too keen to show itself, how great is the gulf between a literary and a practical Christianity.

But the two friends loved each other; that came out. Vanbrugh Neal also had his weaknesses—the weaknesses of a man who has lived much alone and found himself driven to an old-maidish care of health and nerves, if a delicate physique was to do its work. He had fads, and his fads were often unexpected and disconcerting. One day he would not walk; another day he would not eat; driving was out of the question, and the sun must be avoided like the plague. Then again it was the turn of exercise, cold baths, and hearty fare. It was all done with a grace that made his whims more agreeable than other men's sense. But one might have supposed that such claims on a friend's part would have annoyed a man of Manisty's moods. Not at all. He was patience and good temper itself on these occasions.

"Isn't he *bon enfant?*" Mr. Neal said once to Mrs. Burgoyne in Lucy's presence, with a sudden accent of affection and emotion, on some occasion when Manisty had borne the upsetting of some plan for the afternoon with a quite remarkable patience.

"He has learnt how to spoil *you!*" said Eleanor, with a fluttering smile, and an immediate change of subject. Lucy, looking up, felt a little pang.

For nothing could be more curious than the change in Manisty's manner towards the most constant of companions and secretaries. He had given up all continuous work at his book; he talked now of indefinite postponement; and it seemed as if with the change of plan Mrs. Burgoyne had dropped out of the matter altogether. He scarcely consulted her, indeed; he consulted Mr. Neal. Mr. Neal often, moved by a secret chivalry, would insist upon bringing her in to their counsels; Manisty immediately became unmanageable, silent, and embarrassed. And how characteristic and significant was that embarrassment of his! It was as though he had a grievance against her, which, however, he could neither formulate for himself nor express to her.

On the other hand, perhaps inevitably, he began to take much more notice of Lucy Foster, and to find talking with her an escape. He presently found it amusing to "draw" her, and subjects presented themselves in plenty. She was now much less shy, and her secret disapproval gave her tongue. His challenges and her replies became a feature of the day. Miss Manisty and Mr. Neal began to listen with half-checked smiles, to relish the girl's crisp frankness, and the quick sense of fun that dared to show itself, now that she was more at home.

"And how improved she is! That's like all the Americans—they're so adaptable," Miss Manisty would think, as she watched her nephew in the evenings teasing, sparring, or arguing with Lucy Foster—she so adorably young and fresh, the new and graceful lines of the *coiffure* that Eleanor had forced upon her defining the clear oval of the face and framing the large eyes and pure brow. Her hands, perhaps, would be lightly clasped on her white lap, their long fingers playing with some flower she had taken from her belt. The lines of the girlish figure would be full of dignity and strength. She might have been herself the young America, arguing, probing, deciding for herself—refusing to be overawed or browbeaten by the old Europe.

Eleanor meanwhile was unfailingly gracious both to Lucy and the others, though

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perhaps the grace had in it sometimes a note of distance, of that delicate *hauteur* which every woman of the world has at command. She gave as much attention as ever—more than ever—to the fashioning of Lucy's dresses. The girl was constantly pricked with compunction and shame on the subject. Who was she that Mrs. Burgoyne, so elegant and distinguished a person, should waste so much time and thought upon her? But sometimes she could not help seeing that Mrs. Burgoyne was glad of the occupation. Her days had been full to the brim; they were now empty. She said nothing; she took up the new books; she talked to and instructed the maids; but Lucy divined a secret suffering.

One evening, about a week after Mr. Neal's arrival at the villa, Manisty was more depressed than usual. He had been making some attempts to rearrange his book, which had not pleased him. In talking about them to Vanbrugh Neal in the salon after dinner he broke out into some expression of disgust as to the waste of time involved in some of his work of the winter. The two friends were in a corner of the vast room, and Manisty spoke in an undertone. But his voice had the carrying and penetrating power of his personality.

Presently Eleanor Burgoyne rose, and softly approached Miss Manisty. "Dear Aunt Pattie, don't move," she said, bending over her. "I am tired, and will go to bed."

Manisty, who had turned at her movement, sprang up and came to her.

"Eleanor! did we walk you too far this afternoon?"

She smiled, but hardly replied. He busied himself with gathering up her possessions, and lit her candle at the side-table.

As she passed by him to the door he looked at her furtively for a moment, hanging his head. Then he pressed her hand, and said, so that only she could hear,

"I should have kept my regrets to myself!"

She shook her head, with faint mockery.

"It would be the first time."

Her hand dropped from his, and she passed out of sight. Manisty walked back to his seat discomfited. He could not defend himself against the charges of secret tyranny and abominable ill-humor that his conscience was pricking him with. He was sorry; he would have liked to tell her so. And yet somehow her very sweetness, her delicate uncomplainingness, seemed only to develop his own small egotisms and pugnacities.

That night—a night of rain and sciroco—Eleanor wrote in her journal:—

"Will he ever finish the book? Very possibly it has been all a mistake. Yet when he began it he was in the depths. Whatever happens, it has been his salvation.

"Yes, he will finish it, I think. He cannot forego the effect he is almost sure it will produce. But he will finish it with impatience and disgust; he is out of love with it and all its associations. All that he was talking of to-night represents what I had most share in, the chapters which brought us most closely together. How happy we were over them! And now how different!

"It is curious, the animation with which he has begun to talk to Lucy Foster. How little she knows what it means to be talked to by him—to receive courtesies from him! How many women would like to be in her place! Yet now she is not shy; she has no alarms; she treats him like an equal. If it were not ridiculous, one could be angry.

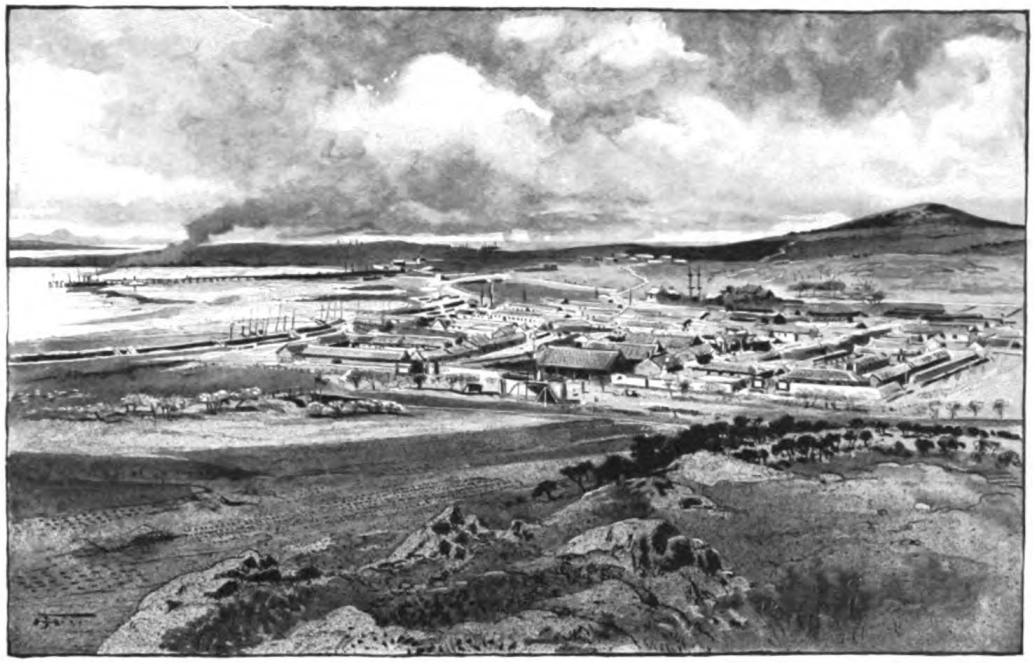
"She dislikes and criticises him, and he can have no possible understanding of or sympathy with her. But she is a way out of embarrassment. How fastidious and proud he is with women! Malicious too, and wilful. Often I have wished him more generous, more kind.

"....In three weeks the anniversary will be here—the ninth. Why am I still alive? How often have I asked myself that! Where is my place? Who needs me? My babe, if he still exists, is alone—there. And I still here. If I had only had the courage to rejoin him! The doctors deceived me. They made me think it could not be long. And now I am better—much better. If I were happy, I should be quite well.

"How weary seems this Italian spring—the restlessness of this eternal wind—the hot clouds that roll up from the Campagna! 'Que vivre est difficile, ô mon cœur fatigué!'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TSIN-TAO VILLAGE, CAPITAL OF KIAO-CHAU,
Showing the Government Landing.

GERMANY'S FIRST COLONY IN CHINA

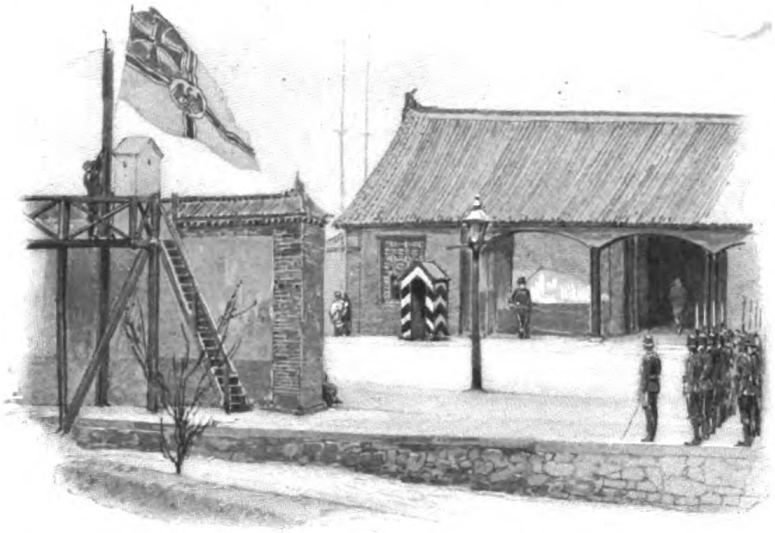
BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

Author of "The German Struggle for Liberty," "White Man's Africa," etc.

AT the end of August, 1898, I left Manila for the purpose of visiting Kiao-chau. General Merritt had evidently satisfied himself that the Philippines would give no further trouble, for he was leaving on the transport *Pekin*, and kindly offered to take me with him as far as our ways ran together. Of course I seized the opportunity with delight, for in war-time transport is precarious, and passenger service between Manila and the mainland of China bore little relation to advertised time-tables. At Hong-kong our ways separated, General Merritt going to Paris by way of Suez, whilst I caught a P. and O. steamer which took me on my way as far as Shanghai, at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. I had been warned that there was no regular communication between Kiao-chau and the outer world, but I trusted that good fortune would provide me with some kind of a tramp coaster going in that direction. I could sleep in my canoe on deck, and therefore did not worry on the score of passenger space. At Shanghai I slipped *Caribbee* down the gangway with the aid of a brown-skinned East-Indian quartermaster, and paddled out amongst the junks to learn what I could about transport to Kiao-chau. It was more than twenty years since I had first floated on the muddy waters of the Yang-tse, or rather its tributary, Woo-sung, and it was indeed striking to see the tall smoke-stacks of factories where a short while ago stood nothing more mechanical than Chinese wheelbarrows. To-day trains are running from Shanghai to Woo-sung, eighteen miles, whereas in 1876, rioters, instigated by the officials, had destroyed the newly built railway, and white people had almost reconciled themselves to the belief that Chinese religious sentiment would never tolerate another effort of this kind.

But more astounding to me than locomotives or factory chimneys in the val-

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PALACE OF THE GERMAN GOVERNOR, WHERE PRINCE HENRY RESIDED.

ley of the Yang-tse was the sight of the Stars and Stripes floating over a paddle-steamer moored at both ends. I knew this could not be a merchant vessel, for our navigation laws had effectually driven the American flag from the high seas; but it seemed almost equally reckless to anticipate finding paddle-boxes on an American man-of-war at this date. I had made the acquaintance of the old *Powhatan* at Yokohama in 1876, and fondly imagined her to be the last of the side-wheelers. Here, however, was the gallant old *Monocacy*, built when you and I were babies, and, so far as her commander is concerned, as good a ship as the day she was launched. We were apparently the only two American ships in port, each a bit of a nautical freak. Fortunately I found friends on board, and spent a pleasant hour in the ward-room, receiving from her gallant officers the assurance that the *Monocacy* should have been in Manila piling up more glory for the American navy. The loyalty of her officers to this old tub was beautiful to note. Commander Farenholt almost wept while telling me how much the *Monocacy* might have done had he been allowed to paddle her about the Philippines. Of course I agreed with him, for had I not formed one of the crazy *Gussy* expedition to Cuba in May, and had not that rickety old paddler silenced two Spanish batteries and put to flight several regiments of infantry?

In discovering the merits of the *Monocacy* I nearly missed getting to Kiao-chau; but at length I heard that there was a coasting steamer of 600 tons, with a Blue Peter up, loaded for Kiao-chau. She was named *Matilda*, commanded by a Dane, and chartered or subsidized by the imperial German government to touch at this German colony on her trips between Shanghai and Tien-tsin.

So off I paddled along the water-front, and at length rested from my labor opposite a steamer whose appearance would have damped a less optimistic nature. From the wharf side Chinese coolies were bringing cargo aboard, while at the same time carpenters and painters were at work making alterations whose purpose I could not at the moment learn. On the side away from the wharf were three junks about whose decks danced a large number of black imps; from their midst arose an immense cloud of coal dust. This meant that the *Matilda* was taking in cargo, filling her coal-bunkers, and building passenger accommodation all at once. She was to sail that day, however, and it was for me to make up my mind at once whether to fight my way up through the coolies and coal dust with *Caribbee* or give up Kiao-chau. I felt as many of us must feel when first invited to take a Carlsbad mud bath. But it is only the first step that is difficult. Once I had pulled *Caribbee* up on to the coal-junk and thence over the rail of the *Matilda*, I was so grimy as to feel myself amongst fellow-craftsmen, and I soon had the canoe snugly lashed against a spare boom on the top of the after-house, before the busy mate, or even the captain, knew what I was about.

Sure enough, we did get off that night, but as we moved down the Woo-sung the *Matilda* looked like a vessel on board of which there might have been an explo-

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sion. Every variety of cargo lay about in confusion; the baggage of the Chinese passengers littered up the fore part of the ship, while at the stern the carpenters had left their work while in the midst of it. Then there was the coal not yet all stowed below, and the black coal powder over everything. We sailed away without taking on board all the cargo that was offered, and once out at sea, the good *Matilda* rolled from side to side as only light-laden, top-heavy coasters can do.

It was very hot, and the one port of my cabin was very small, entering over the upper berth. So I left the door open, and soon fell asleep, lulled by the creaking of the cargo and the soft splashing of the waves. I was awakened by a noise like the suction of a defective pump, accompanied by scratching against the side of my bunk. To my surprise, I made out the form of a black bear standing on his hind legs, and apparently sniffing me with a desire of nearer acquaintance. His little eyes seemed uncommonly bright, and I could see his teeth and lower lip. Much as I was complimented by his preference for me as against others of the ship's company, I felt about for some means of getting rid of him. So I surprised him with a bliff full in the face from my little German pillow, which knocked him over backwards and set him to rolling amidst my small baggage. He was not discouraged, however, but became attracted by the odor of my camera, at which he did considerable sniffing. Then he tribbled it about the floor in a manner that would have made me very cheerful could I have known that he would be satisfied for the rest of the night with this innocent recreation. From the sound, I discovered that he was dragging a heavy chain about with him, and so I concluded that he had broken away from where he had been tied up. He might have been a part of the cargo intended for some zoological collection, or he might have belonged to the ship as watch-dog—in any event, the problem I desired most rapidly to solve was how far his interest in me was animated by gentle curiosity alone.

There were no bells, and I could not get at the door without the bear's permission, so I shouted for the Chinese "boy," or steward. Pretty soon a Chinaman appeared, but when he saw the bear he turned and bolted without waiting for orders. I began to wonder how this thing would end. I had no better weapon than the pillow, and time seemed uncommonly slow in passing. At length, after what seemed several hours (probably only two minutes), the captain made his appearance, seized the bear's chain, and with some magnificent specimens of Scandinavian expletive led my visitor away.

My other fellow-passengers were Germans, all visiting Kiao-chau for the first time, and all, like myself, full of speculative talk, as we bumped and rolled and pitched and creaked along up the Yellow Sea to where Germany had planted her first war-flag on Chinese soil.

The approach to Kiao-chau from the sea offers pleasing views. One or two rocky islets guide the navigator, and behind the new German colony rises a suc-



GERMAN SAILOR GUARDING PRISONERS, KIAO-CHAU.

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cession of rugged hills, which appear refreshing by contrast with the dead level about Shanghai and the mouth of the Yang-tse. Although Kiao-chau is the name by which the territory is commonly known, the town itself is Tsin-tao. The real town of Kiao-chau lies beyond German jurisdiction, about twenty miles northwest across the shallow bay. The little German steamer which had brought me from Shanghai cast anchor about half a mile from shore, and as she flew the imperial German postal flag and received a government subsidy, we were at once boarded by some officials in the German uniform. I saw no fortification of a serious kind, but a few field-guns had been mounted to protect against a raid. Tsin-tao itself was an aggregation of mud huts, the usual dirty Chinese village, in which the traveller wonders whether the people are all beggars, or so rich that they feel the necessity of concealing their wealth.

The most conspicuous building was the new military hospital, constructed of pasteboard made in Germany, which did well against the sun, but offered scant protection in stormy weather. The seven German merchants who had come up in the *Matilda* looked somewhat discouraged at the prospect of making this their home for even one night, but they bravely and patriotically persisted in their purpose of going ashore and assisting in laying the foundation-stone of German empire in China. These German gentlemen were good specimens of mercantile enterprise. They represented important industrial and financial organizations, and bore names second to none in Hamburg and Berlin, Hong-kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama. The German government had on September 2 proclaimed the new Chinese colony a free port, and had called upon Germans to show their loyalty by coming to Tsin-tao and purchasing land, with a view to the industrial development of the place.*

* A letter to me from one of these gentlemen, dated October 28, 1898, contains some items of interest to the future historian:

"The public sale of land at Tsin-tao was full of excitement. Prices were driven up to three dollars the square metre. The government is chuckling over the good bargain it has made, and justly so, for when one buys land originally for five cents a square metre and sells it again, within a few months, at an average of $1 to $1 50 a square metre, that is what I call doing well."

The German Governor had dispossessed the Chinese proprietors at a valuation fixed by himself.

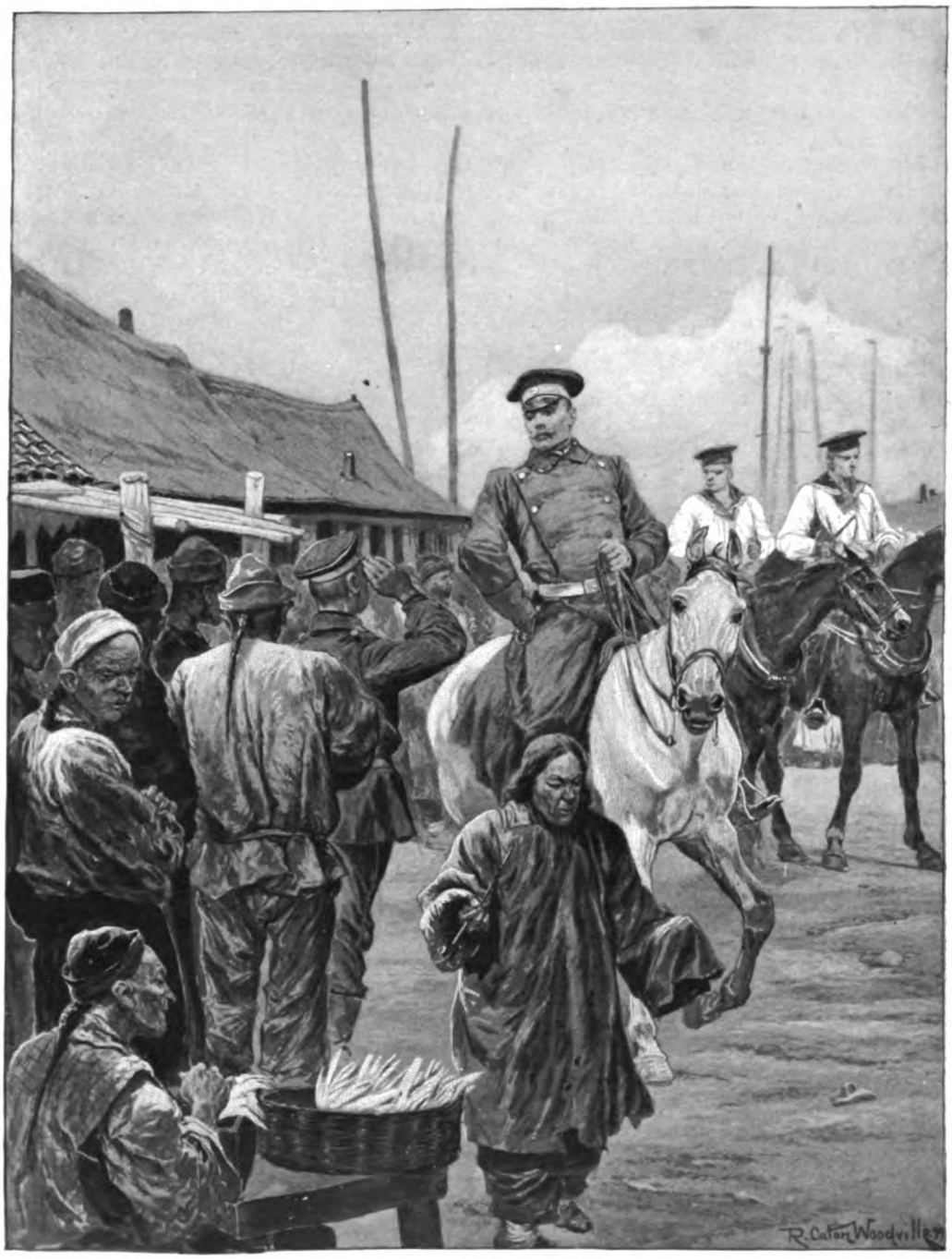
The Germans in China and Japan responded warmly to this appeal, or rather attempted to do so. Several of the most important German merchants expressed their desire to attend the first sale of land, and ventured to inquire of the proper authorities what, if any, facilities might be given them in the way of getting food and lodging. It was known at Shanghai that there was at Kiao-chau a garrison of about 1500 men, that many Chinese had been dispossessed to make room for government needs, but on the subject of hotels rumors were sadly conflicting. The request of these gentlemen appeared to me quite natural, and I was consequently surprised to learn that the Governor had regarded it as something quite extraordinary, if not impertinent. This may perhaps explain why so few German merchants were at Tsin-tao in the autumn of 1898.

There were very few sampans or native boats about, and our captain complained bitterly of his difficulty in loading and unloading at this port. We had only three hundred tons of cargo to discharge and the weather was not bad, at least it would not have been bad in a good anchorage, but in this place it took three days to get these three hundred tons of cargo out of the ship, although there was only one other merchant vessel unloading at the same time; indeed, if we exclude men-of-war and a coal-hulk, the *Matilda* and an American schooner were the only vessels in port—both of them either subsidized by government or loaded for government account.

Fortunate it was for me that I had brought along my little *Caribbee*, which had served me well under similar difficulties in the Philippines. So while my fellow-passengers were cursing the local boatmen, I had slipped over the counter and was paddling ashore without further trouble.

The public landing-place was on a muddy and stony beach, where sampans bumped up and down at the slightest provocation. There was no warehouse near at hand for the storage of cargo, and no means of lifting heavy weights, save by multiplying coolies. Nowhere in China had I observed so much obvious poverty amongst coolies and boatmen, and perhaps this lends color to an opinion I subsequently heard frequently expressed amongst German officials, that Kiao-chau

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THE MAIN STREET OF TSIN-TAO.

possessed the laziest and stupidest Chinese. They were at any rate singularly honest, for I left *Caribbee* on the beach for three nights, without asking any one to guard her, and not only was she not stolen, but no part of her outfit was injured. This would have been a dangerous experiment on the Thames or the Hudson.

Climbing up the beach and over a parapet of mud, I entered the main street of the village, the first house of which bore the name of "Hotel" in German characters. This proved to be the swell inn

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of the place, kept by a retired German sailor, who lived in magnificent dignity, while a Japanese wife did apparently everything savoring of work.

This "hotel" was a quadrangle of low mud-brick wall enclosing a court-yard, around which ran a number of rooms like the box-stalls of a stable. There was no cellar and no drainage, and as this was about the best house in the place, I had not much surprise to show on learning that dysentery and fever were regarded as natural things. This decided me to spend the night on board the rolling *Matilda*.

I had plenty of time, however, so I strolled on through the village, up and down streets suggestive of Berlin in name only. There was the Poststrasse, Wilhelmstrasse, Friedrichstrasse, and all the other "strasses," labelled by authority for the obvious purpose of ringing the changes on the Hohenzollern nomenclature. The names, even when written in Latin text, are not easy for a Chinaman to master, but when German-Gothic characters are employed, these patriotic names lose much of their effect, not merely upon the Chinaman, but upon all non-Teutons as well. Here and there I met elaborate police notices and warnings, all in Gothic text, with no Chinese or English translation. A German official told me that the Chinese all knew a little German, and grounded his statement on the fact that a German school for Chinese had been officially sanctioned. The connection between the two was not quite clear to me, so I made a round of such shops as were kept by Chinamen, and tried them in both English and German. I found the pidgin-English current here, as in every other treaty port of China, but as for the German, I found no Chinaman who got beyond "Ya-ya."

The German garrison made up pretty much the whole of the white population —that is to say, there were about 1500 uniforms as against half a dozen merchants. Six officials to 1500 colonists would have been better.

My walk brought me to the Yamen, or official residence of the Governor. I naturally approached the front door, with a view to entering and sending my card to his Excellency. But I was stopped by the German sentry, who politely pointed out my mistake and told me that the door I was looking for was around the corner.

I did not know enough of the geography of the place to raise any questions, but concluded that the front door was closed owing to repairs. It was not until next day that I discovered the etiquette enforced — to wit, that only officers in uniform were allowed to ring the front-door bell. Civilians and other "poor white trash" were expected to go around by the "servants' entrance."

However, in my happy ignorance I felt much flattered that the Governor received me at all. He did more—by presenting me to his very agreeable wife, who offered me a cup of tea, while both entertained me by a recital on Kiao-chau vicissitude.

The Governor appeared to have been suffering from both dysentery and fever ever since the foundation of the colony. He was a good type of the hard-working, conscientious, and somewhat irritable Prussian official. Although a captain in the navy, he had the spirit of Frederick the Great in his love of regulating details. At one moment he spread out before me visions of imperial Germany eclipsing in Kiao-chau all that England had built up in Hong-kong and Singapore; but in the very next sentence he would show that his mind was troubled by reason of a complaint against a Chinese cook who had washed the dinner plates in a bath-tub. To his mind all official acts were of equal importance, and he wasted reams of government paper over trifles which one word spoken on the spot might have settled. Everything official was to him sacred, and nothing in his eyes appeared more monstrous than that mere civilians should dare to take up his time with anything not connected with barracks or uniforms. Yet he was a charming man, earnestly striving to do his duty, and sacrificing his health in the cause of colonization. It was sad to see him discouraging colonial enterprise in the territory under his jurisdiction.

The agent for one of the largest concerns in Germany refused to return to Kiao-chau merely because of the effect produced on him by the Governor. Yet, as I said before, to one who, like myself, had no favors to ask, he was the embodiment of official courtesy. He told me, as a magnificent joke, that these mer-

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A WHEELBARROW CARAVAN ARRIVING AT KIAO-CHAU.

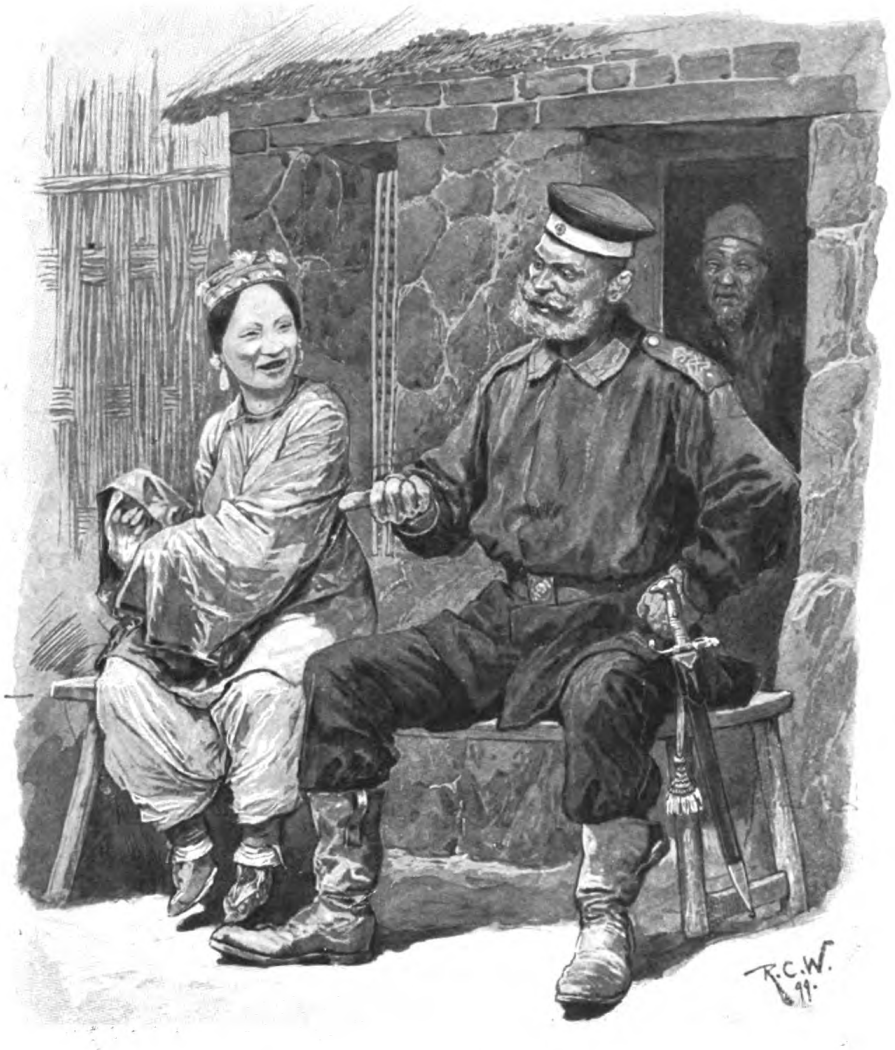
chants had had the impudence to think that he was going to find them lodging or put up tents for them in case they came to the sale of lands. The Governor laughed heartily over this, but it made me feel sad on his account.

I was shown over the different rooms of the Yamen—a painful tour. The walls and ceilings were scaling away by reason of the dampness, and the handsome furniture brought with them from Germany had largely warped and fallen apart for the same reason. Green mould furnished the prevailing color. I have been in few cellars so wholly unfitted for human habitation as the official residence of the first German Governor of Kiao-chau. The Governor's wife showed me where the water had leaked through the roof, and told me graphically of her struggles to prevent a flood. They were a brave couple, battling nobly against most discouraging conditions of life—the stuff of which official martyrs are made, if not successful colonists.

In my walks and talks about the place I could readily understand the prevalence of dysentery and fever. The troops were, for the most part, lodged in the mud huts evacuated by the Chinese, and the water-supply was one which Chinese only can use and survive. We owe nearly every scientific advance in hygiene to the labor of German professors, but in Tsin-tao was little evidence of a capacity to apply the great truths evolved in scientific laboratories.

Subsequently I sought every opportu-

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SPORT AND RECREATION AT TSIN-TAO.

nity of chatting with the German soldiers, and on one subject all seemed agreed, namely, that pretty much every white man had suffered from fever and dysentery. I never saw such excellent material for a new country as these soldiers, but if any one of them was desirous of remaining as colonist when his term of military service should have expired, I did not succeed in hearing of him. They were building sewers, bridges, and substantial European barracks; they were superintending native carpenters and iron-workers. Every enlisted man was equipping himself not only as a mechanic of some sort, but as a superintendent into the bargain. The discouragement of these splendid young soldiers may have been due to the fact that their work in the Far East had become that of day-laborers on a salary of fifty pfennigs or twelve and a half cents a day, whereas in Shanghai or Hong-kong they might have earned many times that amount, and not been required to expend so much of their energy in saluting officers.

There was of course great demand for labor of all kind in Tsin-tao, but as the government and not the law of supply and demand regulated the wages paid, only the most incompetent coolies came to this labor-market. The best remained in Chee-foo or Shanghai, while those who sought a new field went first to Wei-hai-

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wei. Though the half-dozen merchants of the place would gladly have paid ten times what the government paid the soldiers for some assistance in getting housed, they could not get their work done for love or money. One of my friends, who represented the largest electrical concern in the world, I found with a pot of paint smearing his door and window-shutters; another conspicuous merchant I found knocking a table together out of some empty packing-cases—and all this after nearly a year of German occupation, in a province described by the highest German authority as peopled most abundantly with the best workmen in China.* The captain of the *Matilda* could not get coolies to unload his boat, and though his cargo was almost exclusively for government account, and two lighters and a steam-launch lay idle at anchor, the Governor refused him all official assistance for two days.

As I strolled along to an elevated point back of the settlement, now called Mount Diedrichs, or Diedrichsberg, I counted about one hundred coolies dragging stone on wheelbarrows up a path so steep and difficult that five coolies were at times required for a single load. A perspiring corporal of marines, beside whom I sat down, told me that they were building a grand monument to Admiral Diedrichs, "The Conqueror of Kiao-chau." From time to time some obstacle would occur in the train of wheelbarrows, and my corporal friend would apostrophize his Chinese workmen collectively as "Schweinhund," or something similar, and emphasize the remark by adding a whack here and there with his bayonet-scabbard.

The Diedrichs monument will remain as a monument to German enthusiasm and Chinese labor. On it should be recorded the fact that the soldiers who superintended its construction earned twelve and one-half cents a day, while the Shan-tung coolies who carried the stone earned seven and one-half cents a day (gold)—both wages being fixed by the Governor. Such an inscription would prove to the world that in matters colonial a German official can rise superior to sordid questions of commerce; that, while Kiao-chau can do without trade, it cannot afford to be without a monument glorifying the military character of its occupation.

That night I had the honor of dining with the officers of the staff at their mess. White soldier-servants waited on the table, while the kitchen was in Chinese hands; but a proposition was on foot to reverse this, because, in their minds, the Chinamen did not sufficiently appreciate German taste in the kitchen. The first course consisted of broad flat pancakes made of scraped raw potatoes and fried in lard. These were eaten with plum jam. The next course brought us balls of minced meat, likewise fried in lard, with which came string-beans. This was followed by bread and cheese, the whole accompanied by a liberal supply of excellent Rhine wine.

The mess had none of the usual signs of a military club, excepting the long table and the soldier-servants. It was a wretched Chinese house of mud bricks, whose very walls suggested undesirable microbes. Subsequently I dined with another military man, as well as with the hospitable Governor, and from all I found pitiful plaint of the scarcity of servants. Even his Excellency, who offered as high as twenty Mexican dollars (ten dollars gold) a month, said that coolies who came from Shanghai and Cheefoo almost invariably left at the end of the month, preferring lower wages in a place more congenial to them.* My German friends made no concealment of their disappointment—first, at the high wages they were forced to pay for domestic servants; and secondly, that these servants insisted on talking only pidgin-English, so that, instead of the natives learning German, it was the conqueror who had to learn the native jargon in order to make himself understood. This state of things is the more striking when recalling that Wei-hai-wei at this time had been only four months in English hands, and was, so far as these questions are concerned, moving along as smoothly

* "Thus in Shan-tung we have a country with a great abundance of cheap and intelligent human labor; a country whose inhabitants are considered the manliest, the most thorough, and possessing the most character. Under proper treatment, they are the most reliable workmen in China." See Baron Ferdinand von Richthofen. *Shan-tung and Kiao-chau*, p. 304. Ed. 1898.

* The United States Bureau of Statistics, in its summary for March, 1899, gives the following as the normal wages of Chinese servants in foreign households: Accomplished butlers, $6 to $12 per month; cooks, $8 to $14 per month; coolies, $5 to $7 per month. These sums must be divided by two to get the rate in American gold dollars.

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as could be desired, and less than 150 miles away as the crow flies.

At the jail I found half a dozen natives only. The cells were clean, there were no windows to open and close, and the inmates must have suffered considerably in the cold nights of this latitude. A good-natured, sandy-haired, non-commissioned officer brought the prisoners out, and I chatted with him as we strolled together down to the public landing-place, where he was about to give them a wash in the salt water. Some of the prisoners had a jacket on; some were bare to the waist. All had loose breeches, but not all had shoes. Dressed as I was, seasonably, the autumn evening air was decidedly chilly, for the sun was low, and there was a fresh wind blowing from the Yellow Sea. My jailer friend had a well-seasoned stick in his hand, and drove his prisoners into the water much as though he were driving a bunch of unwilling mules. In strong German he told them what he wished done, and as they understood not a word of that language, he used the stick by way of supplement. They were chained by fetters and walked with difficulty.

The chart of the water between Shanghai and Kiao-chau is so untrustworthy that even our subsidized German mail-steamer, whose skipper was an old hand in and about the Yellow Sea, thought it prudent to go a hundred miles out of his course rather than follow it. There is an island at the entrance of the bay on which it is proposed to erect a light-house and maintain a signal-station, but until that is done, and the local charts corrected, the approach to the anchorage at Tsin-tao will remain in as dangerous a condition as is that to Delagoa Bay. According to the highest German authority, this port is rivalling, if not eclipsing, Hong-kong; but on the occasion of my visit, say October 1, 1898, it was about as bad a place for shipping as a sailor could wish to steer clear of. The Governor told me that it would cost at least 50,000,000 marks before ships could discharge cargo in comfort here, and as yet not a stone has been moved with this object in view. The present commercial port is exposed to all southerly and easterly winds, and although there was no storm during the three days of my visit, and though I found no difficulty in paddling my canoe to and from the shore, yet such was the motion upon the *Matilda*, of 600 tons, that no cargo could be moved during most of that time.

One afternoon the Chief Magistrate of Kiao-chau, who is a keen sportsman, mounted me on one of his ponies for a scamper over the hills and a general view of the new metropolis. Before going, I had carefully studied the map of the place, kindly presented to me by the Governor. On this map were marked streets and squares, railway stations, barracks, churches, Government House, zoological garden, and most of the concomitants of a German royal residence. I saw a similar map at Delagoa Bay two years ago, and few Americans who have travelled in the Western States are ignorant of the sort of thing I mean. The places which in this map of the future were marked so vividly proved, in the course of this ride, to be waste spaces cut through by gullies made by the rain-water. On the outskirts of the mud-brick village was an encampment of natives, who lived in huts constructed of matting and bamboo. Of course we visited again the Diedrichsberg. On the top of this hill is a signal-station, where a small light is shown at night for the benefit of men-o'-war. Then we galloped over to the hospital, where the military doctor took us through the wards and confirmed what I had already heard regarding the unsanitary conditions of this place. Of course, as in all institutions controlled by officials, the walls were much covered by rules, regulations, and notices requiring considerable time to master. Amongst the many I read I remember one which forbade patients going to bed with their clothes on. Then we visited the burial-ground with already nine graves in it. After that I was shown the inevitable drill-ground, or *Exerzier-Platz*, about a mile westward of the town. I was shown where Government House was to be, and also the great railway station, but it seemed too much like a dream to be taken seriously. Work was going on energetically upon barracks near the drill-ground, however, but beyond that and the monument to Admiral Diedrichs I failed to see the charm of the place for the prospective colonist.

About half a mile west of the public landing-beach was a stone jetty, built by the Chinese government, and now used for landing military stores. The steamship company had begged permission to

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build a landing-wharf at its own expense, but this had been refused by the German government, for reasons I could not appreciate. The prospective city is on a peninsula about three-quarters of a mile wide, the southern side of which is used for merchant shipping, and the northern side for war-ships. Neither side is protected. The anchorage of the men-o'-war is in a bay some fifteen miles wide, open to westward and northward, with no hills beyond to soften the force of the wind. Vast harbor-works were being projected, which must cost 100,000,000 marks at least.

Then the line of the new railway was pointed out, and I was asked to consider a vision of future splendor connected with the opening of Shan-tung to steam travel. Already plans had been made for a monster hotel, and the beach of Tsin-tao was to become the Narragansett of the Far East—the refuge from less-favored places.

A polo club had been organized under the influence of Prince Henry, and so long as he was present in the place some play went on. But the moment he went cruising—and no one who knows Kiao-chau can think he was sorry to go—the polo-ground went the way of all the soft soil about Tsin-tao, and was washed away in gullies to the Yellow Sea. Prince Henry's thirst for cruising, while commanding in the Asiatic station, may be partly connected with the fact that his only residence on shore was the Governor's Yamen.

The German troops had taken possession of some Chinese fortified barracks which were found here on first landing. Near each one of these a tennis-court had been laid out, of course at the instigation of the sailor Prince, but these were, on the occasion of my visit, cut up into such deep gullies that no game could have been played there save one connected with vaulting. I failed to discover anything like sport amongst officers and men, and that may explain in part the general depression that seemed to have settled down upon the community. There was nothing to do, even upon the Sabbath day, which in Germany is pre-eminently the day of recreation. So dull was this day in Kiao-chau that several soldiers told me it was a relief to go on with the usual week-day occupations. In Anglo-Saxon colonies of this kind the first thing done is the organizing of a club for every variety of recreation, frequently including tennis, polo, rowing, and sailing. The club is more than a luxury in the Far East; it is a necessity. Young men far away from home, surrounded by an unsympathetic if not hostile population, are thrown entirely upon their own resources for entertainment, to say nothing of defence against a sudden outbreak of mob violence. Physical exercise involving a healthy sweat once a day is a condition of good health along this coast. Such white people as are forced to live alone in Asia and Africa find their greatest burden is the fear of breaking down in health owing to the absence of cheerful companionship. That explains, perhaps, why solitude drives some to drink and even suicide.

A general social club is impossible in Kiao-chau, because of the social barrier between a German officer and a civilian. In Hong-kong all respectable white men, from the admiral commanding the station down to the youngest clerk in a shipping-house, when office-work is done, meet on common ground for sport and recreation. During my visit there I saw his Excellency General Black swinging his polo-mallet in the same team with young men on a clerical salary in commercial houses. A Kiao-chau official would think this a monstrous indecency. No German officer could possibly allow his name to be balloted for at a club other than one purely military; his conception of honor is such that if he should be blackballed by civilians it would involve consequences too serious to contemplate with equanimity. He would have to challenge all the members of the club in turn. And if he survived these successive efforts at vindication, the disgrace of having submitted his name to a tribunal of vulgar civilians would make his future life in the army intolerable. This is all right enough in Berlin, where there is room for all grades of aristocracy; but in a struggling, fever-stricken community at the other side of the world, on the loneliest promontory of the Chinese Empire, it was pathetic to see a handful of white men add to their sufferings and isolation because of reasons which only a Chinaman or a German could explain.

When Admiral Tirpitz, in April, 1898, made his famous speech in the German Reichstag defending the acquisition of

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Kiao-chau before the Budget Committee, his principal claim to favor lay in the fact that on behalf of government he promised the establishment of self-government in this colony. He also made himself responsible for the climate as being "good"; he "was not afraid even of the hot season." It is a thousand pities that Admiral Tirpitz was not permitted to spend one or two seasons in this pestilential port before committing himself to these statements.

On September 2, 1898, the anniversary of Sedan, Kiao-chau was declared a "free port," whatever that may signify in the Foreign Office at Berlin. Tsin-tao may become the terminus of a railway tapping the mines in the interior; it may also become a respectable harbor; but it has no element of a first-class port like Hong-kong and Singapore, nor is its geographical position one that can make a railway terminus there of more than secondary value. Kiao-chau, as compared with Shanghai, or even Chee-foo, is like Baltimore compared with New York, Hull compared with London, or Stettin compared with Hamburg. Man can do much by railways and dredgers to establish artificially new centres of commerce, as the Germans did in the case of Berlin, but man cannot easily ignore the great highways indicated by a conjunction of natural causes. Singapore, Hong-kong, Manila, Chee-foo, Nagasaki, Tien-tsin, Shanghai—these under good or bad government enjoy commercially strategic positions which no amount of academic reasonings can disturb. The trade of North China will move past Chee-foo and Wei-hai-wei, out into the Pacific, in the future as in the past, and until land carriage proves cheaper than water carriage. As a naval base Kiao-chau is well enough, perhaps, but as a commercial emporium it is ill-chosen..

Whether official Germany make a good or bad port here, however, England and America should clearly understand that she is in a position to block the enterprise of others. The province of Shan-tung, over which she claims protectorate, as a glance at the map will show, lies across the line of communication between Peking and the lower Yang-tse-kiang. In other words, any railways seeking to connect northern China with Shanghai will find that Germany, through her diplomatic representatives in Peking and her navy on the southern shores of Shan-tung, can play the dog in the manger with startling efficacy. The trade of Shan-tung for the past forty years has been developed almost exclusively by Anglo-Saxon energy. England it was which first opened this part of China to the trade of the world, and in second line the United States. The largest number of white people in Shan-tung, if we include missionaries, were, on the occasion of my visit there, American by birth. Hitherto all nations have shared alike the benefits secured to them through Anglo-Saxon enterprise, but with the acquisition of Kiao-chau by Germany, American and English relations undergo a radical change. The first symptom of this is to be found in a demand made by the German Foreign Office, in the spring of 1898, that England shall promise never to build any railways in Shan-tung. This was not unnatural as a piece of diplomatic bluff; the astounding thing is that Lord Salisbury volunteered, on the 2d April, 1898, to give a formal undertaking to this effect, all of which is set forth with mortifying lucidity in a British Blue-Book. Thus Germany, by merely occupying, without firing a shot, a wretched Chinese village of mud houses in the province of Shan-tung, not only claims the right to rule a couple of hundred square miles of Chinese soil, but gives notice to every white man that Germans, and only Germans, shall henceforward be permitted to develop any part of a vast province in which for a generation past Americans have traded under international treaties.

An American syndicate, in conjunction with English capitalists, had been for some time negotiating for the construction of a railway between Peking and the mouth of the Yang-tse River. Yung Wing, a scholarly Chinaman, who graduated with high honors at Yale, acted as agent in this enterprise, and so successfully that on the 25th August, 1898, the British minister in Peking cabled to the Foreign Office that money to the extent of £5,500,000 had been raised two days before, and consequently this much-needed railway was in a fair way of being undertaken. Four days afterward, however, the German minister in Peking told the English government that this railway should not be built, because it crossed territory a few hundred miles from Kiao-chau which the Germans chose to

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regard as being within their sphere of influence. From that time on we hear nothing of this Anglo-American enterprise, nor of any action on the part of the American minister in Peking, by way of answer to the strange claims made by his German colleague. By enforcing a protectorate over the whole of Shan-tung, Germany has commenced the virtual partition of China. Russia meanwhile has shut the Anglo-American trader out of northern China, and Peking will soon be the residence of a Muscovite Governor. The French have seized the southernmost corner of the Celestial Empire, and Japan claims an influence over all Chinese territory facing Formosa.

England has developed China for the benefit of all the rest of the world, and the German trader has become rich through the protection of the union-jack. But as yet Germany has reciprocated this liberality only in phrases. The Governor at Kiao-chau told me that English traders had the same rights as Germans in his dominions. That may be so on paper, but on the occasion of my visit, so far as I could discover, I was the only non-German in the place; nor was the treatment of even the German merchants calculated to encourage any more of them to seek a change by moving from British colonies. An example of German liberality may be seen in the exhibition of commercial samples gathered by a government mission in China, which was held in Berlin in April, 1898, and afterward in Dresden, Saxony being particularly interested in the manufacture of goods suitable to the Chinese market. The British ambassador to the German court reported to his government that no persons were admitted to this exhibition excepting members of German commercial organizations particularly interested in Chinese trade. An exhaustive report was printed, but only for private circulation—in other words, every effort was made lest other than Germans should benefit by the results of this mission.

England and America give the widest publicity to any information gathered by their official agents in the East. From the occupation of Hong-kong, in 1841, to that of Wei-hai-wei, on the Queen's birthday, 1898, the history of British intercourse with China is, on the whole, a splendid monument to Anglo-Saxon courage and commercial generosity. Wherever the British flag has been hoisted, there has the trade of other nations settled in safety, and around that flag have gathered the only Chinese settlements in which the progress of our civilization has been encouraging.

The United States sent her first mission to Peking in 1843, and Prussia made her appearance officially in 1861. To-day it is difficult to say whether German or American trade is greater in China, each government publishing statistics contradicting those of the other, and the Chinese themselves not publishing anything worth quoting. Mr. Fowler, our consul in Chee-foo, in the province of Shan-tung, assured me that in northern China at least, American trade was vastly in excess of German, and that until the seizure of Kiao-chau there were many more Americans in Shan-tung than Germans—to be sure, mainly missionaries. Chee-foo, the principal port of Shan-tung, has been for nearly forty years an international treaty port, under practically Anglo-Saxon control. Shan-tung itself has an area estimated at 65,000 square miles, which is about 3000 square miles more than all New England. Its population is estimated to be 36,000,000, while that of New England is only 5,000,000. It is the province of Confucius, and if I might venture upon so violent a comparison, it is to China what New England is to the United States, at least if Richthofen may be taken as an authority. It is therefore no trifling matter that a European government, with ideas of colonial administration vastly different from those of England, should suddenly proclaim to the world that she, and she alone, is entitled to a voice in the future of such a territory.

The method employed in seizing this place is worth noting. On the 1st of November, 1897, two Roman Catholic missionaries had been killed in the province of Shan-tung. They had been residing at an inland village, where their presence was peculiarly objectionable to the natives, and had been preparing to celebrate a church festival in a manner so ostentatious as to seriously offend local ideas of decency. Had they attempted the same sort of thing in the north of Ireland, or had a Protestant attempted any similar demonstration in the midst of a Roman Catholic community—say in Spain or some parts of South America, no doubt similar results would have en-

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sued. The right of missionaries to reside in remote parts of China was wrung from the Chinese under threat of war, and it remains a fruitful source of trouble, because it is extremely difficult to control manifestations of local prejudice and violence. In this case time was not allowed for the Chinese government to make an investigation; within ten days of the murder a German squadron was on its way to seize Kiao-chau, and within two weeks Admiral Diedrichs was greeted with fulsome courtesy by the Chinese officials in Kiao-chau Bay, who thought that his visit was one of ceremony—and so it was. The event gave rise to the soliloquy attributed by a comic paper to the German Emperor: "If my missionaries only hold out, I shall soon own the earth."

The story of this conquest has been told by a German official named Franzius, who had been sent for the inspection of different Chinese harbors.

In this curious volume are five contributions from his imperial master. The first is the design for the cover. This represents a highly excited eagle looking out over the bay of Kiao-chau from a bunch of rocks, out of which emerges an incorrectly drawn flag-staff with the German national colors hoisted thereon.

The next imperial contribution is a patriotic sentiment written by the Emperor himself, and reproduced by photographic process. It seems to refer to the two Roman Catholic missionaries, as well as to the eagle depicted on the cover of the book: "Where a German who fell in doing his duty to his country lies buried, and where the German eagle has dug its beak into a country, that country is German, and will remain German. [Signed] Wilhelm. Imperator. Rex."

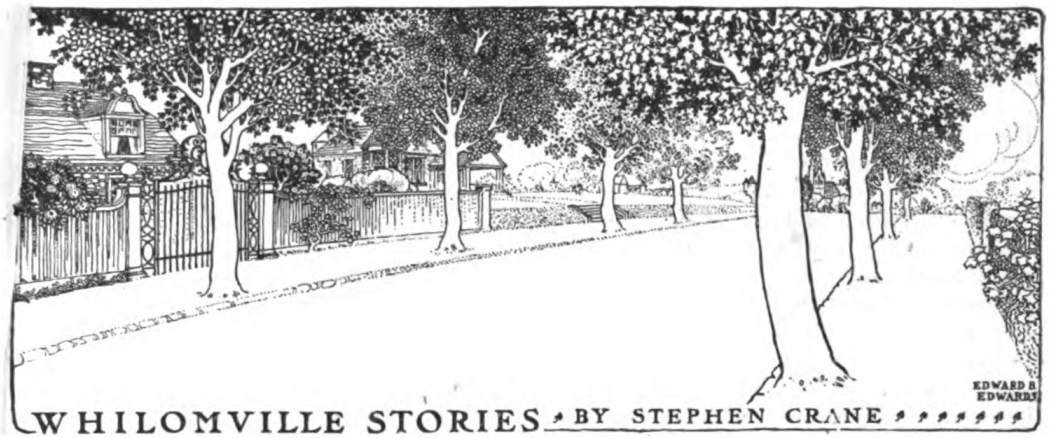
Another imperial contribution is a sort of allegory representing eight modern German ironclads in Kiao-chau, while an armor-clad knight of the Middle Ages stands on a rock waving in one hand the war-flag of Germany. Meanwhile the German eagle, with an imperial crown on his head, is flapping his wings up aloft.

There is in the book still another picture drawn by imperial hands. It represents another knight in armor, and is intended to illustrate a passage in an imperial speech made at Kiel on the 16th of December, 1897: "Let every one with whom we have relations understand distinctly that the German Michael has planted his shield firmly on the ground, a shield ornamented with the eagle of the empire, in order to give protection to all who may ask it of him." The more famous part follows in these words: "Should, however, any one undertake to limit us in our rights, or injure us in any manner, then pitch in with mailed fist. . . ."

The book of Franzius is interesting because, for the first time in history, an Emperor has taken a share in editing a political pamphlet.

I do not say that the seizure of Kiao-chau was inopportune—on the contrary, it may prove an excellent bit of brigandage, not merely for Germany, but for China as well. But to reap good result requires more than barracks and officials; more than specious bulletins and a monument to the admiral commanding. Germany does not lack mercantile ability, nor good material out of which to make colonial officials. The German colonist is a prosperous element in any country, and nowhere more so than under the British and American flags. In the United States alone are more Germans than in Prussia in the time of Frederick the Great, and it is only in German newspapers inspired for political reasons that one hears of bad blood between them and the land of their adoption. We must be careful to distinguish between Germans in general and Germany as represented by an official and military priesthood, which, while it does not practise torture after the fashion of the Middle Ages, yet manages to make life anything but sweet to those who differ from their government. The natural German loves liberty, and the highest flights of German poetry and song have been inspired by struggles for freedom. It was in Germany that William Tell and Joan of Arc first won worthy recognition, and it was the poet of Germany who created the great popular army of liberation whose mission was to overthrow the tyranny of Napoleon. There is no sphere of human activity where liberty is so necessary as in commerce, and history teaches few lessons more eloquently than that selfish legislation can ruin the trade of the richest nations.

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WHILOMVILLE STORIES · BY STEPHEN CRANE · · · · · · ·

VIII.—THE KNIFE.

I.

SI BRYANT'S place was on the shore of the lake, and his garden-patch, shielded from the north by a bold little promontory and a higher ridge inland, was accounted the most successful and surprising in all Whilomville township. One afternoon Si was working in the garden-patch, when Doctor Trescott's man, Peter Washington, came trudging slowly along the road, observing nature. He scanned the white man's fine agricultural results. "Take your eye off them there mellons, you rascal," said Si, placidly.

The negro's face widened in a grin of delight. "Well, Mist' Bryant, I raikon I ain't on'y make m'se'f covertous er-lookin' at dem yere mellums, sure 'nough. Dey suhtainly is grand."

"That's all right," responded Si, with affected bitterness of spirit. "That's all right. Just don't you admire 'em too much, that's all."

Peter chuckled and chuckled. "Ma Lode! Mist' Bryant, y-y-you don' think I'm gwine come prowlin' in dish yer gawden?"

"No, I know you hain't," said Si, with solemnity. "B'cause, if you did, I'd shoot you so full of holes you couldn't tell yourself from a sponge."

"Um—no, seh! No, seh! I don' raikon you'll get chance at Pete, Mist' Bryant. No, seh. I'll take an' run 'long an' rob er bank 'fore I'll come foolishin' 'round *your* gawden, Mist' Bryant."

Bryant, gnarled and strong as an old tree, leaned on his hoe, and laughed a Yankee laugh. His mouth remained tightly closed, but the sinister lines which ran from the sides of his nose to the meetings of his lips developed to form a comic oval, and he emitted a series of grunts, while his eyes gleamed merrily and his shoulders shook. Peter, on the contrary, threw back his head and guffawed thunderously. The effete joke in regard to an American negro's fondness for watermelons was still an admirable pleasantry to them, and this was not the first time they had engaged in badinage over it. In fact, this venerable survival had formed between them a friendship of casual roadside quality.

Afterward Peter went on up the road. He continued to chuckle until he was far away. He was going to pay a visit to old Alek Williams, a negro who lived with a large family in a hut clinging to the side of a mountain. The scattered colony of negroes which hovered near Whilomville was of interesting origin, being the result of some contrabands who had drifted as far north as Whilomville during the great civil war. The descendants of these adventurers were mainly conspicuous for their bewildering number, and the facility which they possessed for adding even to this number. Speaking, for example, of the Jacksons—one couldn't hurl a stone into the hills about Whilomville without having it land on the roof of a hut full of Jacksons. The town reaped little in labor from these curious suburbs. There were a few men who came in regularly to work in gardens, to drive teams, to care for horses, and there were a few women who came in to cook or to wash. These latter had usually drunken husbands. In the main the colony loafed in high spirits, and the industrious

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minority gained no direct honor from their fellows, unless they spent their earnings on raiment, in which case they were naturally treated with distinction. On the whole, the hardships of these people were the wind, the rain, the snow, and any other physical difficulties which they could cultivate. About twice a year the lady philanthropists of Whilomville went up against them, and came away poorer in goods but rich in complacence. After one of these attacks the colony would preserve a comic air of rectitude for two days, and then relapse again to the genial irresponsibility of a crew of monkeys.

Peter Washington was one of the industrious class who occupied a position of distinction, for he surely spent his money on personal decoration. On occasion he could dress better than the Mayor of Whilomville himself, or at least in more colors, which was the main thing to the minds of his admirers. His ideal had been the late gallant Henry Johnson, whose conquests in Watermelon Alley, as well as in the hill shanties, had proved him the equal if not the superior of any Pullman-car porter in the country. Perhaps Peter had too much Virginia laziness and humor in him to be a wholly adequate successor to the fastidious Henry Johnson, but, at any rate, he admired his memory so attentively as to be openly termed a dude by envious people.

On this afternoon he was going to call on old Alek Williams because Alek's eldest girl was just turned seventeen, and, to Peter's mind, was a triumph of beauty. He was not wearing his best clothes, because on his last visit Alek's half-breed hound Susie had taken occasion to forcefully extract a quite large and valuable part of the visitor's trousers. When Peter arrived at the end of the rocky field which contained old Alek's shanty he stooped and provided himself with several large stones, weighing them carefully in his hand, and finally continuing his journey with three stones of about eight ounces each. When he was near the house, three gaunt hounds, Rover and Carlo and Susie, came sweeping down upon him. His impression was that they were going to climb him as if he were a tree, but at the critical moment they swerved and went growling and snapping around him, their heads low, their eyes malignant. The afternoon caller waited until Susie presented her side to him, then he heaved one of his eight-ounce rocks. When it landed, her hollow ribs gave forth a drumlike sound, and she was knocked sprawling, her legs in the air. The other hounds at once fled in horror, and she followed as soon as she was able, yelping at the top of her lungs. The afternoon caller resumed his march.

At the wild expressions of Susie's anguish old Alek had flung open the door and come hastily into the sunshine. "Yah, you Suse, come erlong outa dat now. What fer you— Oh, how do, how do, Mist' Wash'ton—how do?"

"How do, Mist' Willums? I done foun' it necessa'y fer ter damnearkill dish yer dawg a yourn, Mist' Willums."

"Come in, come in, Mist' Wash'ton. Dawg no 'count, Mist' Wash'ton." Then he turned to address the unfortunate animal. "Hu't, did it? Hu't? 'Pears like you gwine lun some sainee by time somebody brek yer back. 'Pears like I gwine club yer inter er frazzle 'fore you fin' out some sainee. Gw'on 'way f'm yah!"

As the old man and his guest entered the shanty a body of black children spread out in crescent-shape formation and observed Peter with awe. Fat old Mrs. Williams greeted him turbulently, while the eldest girl, Mollie, lurked in a corner and giggled with finished imbecility, gazing at the visitor with eyes that were shy and bold by turns. She seemed at times absurdly over-confident, at times foolishly afraid; but her giggle consistently endured. It was a giggle on which an irascible but right-minded judge would have ordered her forthwith to be buried alive.

Amid a great deal of hospitable gabbling, Peter was conducted to the best chair out of the three that the house contained. Enthroned therein, he made himself charming in talk to the old people, who beamed upon him joyously. As for Mollie, he affected to be unaware of her existence. This may have been a method for entrapping the sentimental interest of that young gazelle, or it may be that the giggle had worked upon him.

He was absolutely fascinating to the old people. They could talk like rotary snowploughs, and he gave them every chance, while his face was illumined with appreciation. They pressed him to stay to supper, and he consented, after a glance at the pot on the stove which was too furtive to be noted.

During the meal old Alek recounted the

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"HE HEAVED ONE OF HIS EIGHT-OUNCE ROCKS."

high state of Judge Oglethorpe's kitchen-garden, which Alek said was due to his unremitting industry and fine intelligence. Alek was a gardener, whenever impending starvation forced him to cease temporarily from being a lily of the field.

"Mist' Bryant he suhtainly got er grand gawden," observed Peter.

"Dat so, dat so, Mist' Wash'ton," assented Alek. "He got fine gawden."

"Seems like I nev' *did* see sech mellums, big as er bar'l, layin' dere. I don't raikon an'body in dish yer county kin hol' it with Mist' Bryant when comes ter mellums."

"Dat so, Mist' Wash'ton."

They did not talk of watermelons until their heads held nothing else, as the phrase goes. But they talked of watermelons until, when Peter started for home that night over a lonely road, they held a certain dominant position in his mind. Alek had come with him as far as the fence, in order to protect him from a possible attack by the mongrels. There they had cheerfully parted, two honest men.

The night was dark, and heavy with moisture. Peter found it uncomfortable to walk rapidly. He merely loitered on the road. When opposite Si Bryant's place he paused and looked over the fence into the garden. He imagined he could see the form of a huge melon lying in dim stateliness not ten yards away. He looked at the Bryant house. Two windows, downstairs, were lighted. The Bryants kept no dog, old Si's favorite child having once been bitten by a dog, and having since died, within that year, of pneumonia.

Peering over the fence, Peter fancied that if any low-minded night-prowler should happen to note the melon, he would not find it difficult to possess himself of it. This person would merely wait until the lights were out in the house, and the people presumably asleep. Then he would climb the fence, reach the melon in a few strides, sever the stem with his ready knife, and in a trice be back in the road with his prize. There need be no noise, and, after all, the house was some distance.

Selecting a smooth bit of turf, Peter took a seat by the road-side. From time to time he glanced at the lighted windows.

II.

When Peter and Alek had said good-by, the old man turned back in the rocky field and shaped a slow course toward that high dim light which marked the little window of his shanty. It would be incorrect to say that Alek could think of nothing but watermelons. But it

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"MOLLIE LURKED IN A CORNER AND GIGGLED."

was true that Si Bryant's watermelon-patch occupied a certain conspicuous position in his thoughts.

He sighed; he almost wished that he was again a conscienceless pickaninny, instead of being one of the most ornate, solemn, and look-at-me-sinner deacons that ever graced the handle of a collection-basket. At this time it made him quite sad to reflect upon his granite integrity. A weaker man might perhaps bow his moral head to the temptation, but for him such a fall was impossible. He was a prince of the church, and if he had been nine princes of the church he could not have been more proud. In fact, religion was to the old man a sort of personal dignity. And he was on Sundays so obtrusively good that you could see his sanctity through a door. He forced it on you until you would have felt its influence even in a forecastle.

It was clear in his mind that he must put watermelon thoughts from him, and after a moment he told himself, with much ostentation, that he had done so. But it was cooler under the sky than in the shanty, and as he was not sleepy, he decided to take a stroll down to Si Bryant's place and look at the melons from a pinnacle of spotless innocence. Reaching the road, he paused to listen. It would not do to let Peter hear him, because that graceless rapscallion would probably misunderstand him. But, assuring himself that Peter was well on his way, he set out, walking briskly until he was within four hundred yards of Bryant's place. Here he went to the side of the road, and walked thereafter on the damp, yielding turf. He made no sound.

He did not go on to that point in the main road which was directly opposite the watermelon-patch. He did not wish to have his ascetic contemplation disturbed by some chance wayfarer. He turned off along a short lane which led to Si Bryant's barn. Here he reached a place where he could see, over the fence, the faint shapes of the melons.

Alek was affected. The house was some distance away, there was no dog, and doubtless the Bryants would soon extinguish their lights and go to bed. Then some poor lost lamb of sin might come and scale the fence, reach a melon in a moment, sever the stem with his ready knife, and in a trice be back in the road with his prize. And this poor lost lamb of sin might even be a bishop, but no one would ever know it. Alek singled out with his eye a very large melon, and thought that the lamb would prove his judgment if he took that one.

He found a soft place in the grass, and arranged himself comfortably. He watched the lights in the windows.

III.

It seemed to Peter Washington that the Bryants absolutely consulted their own wishes in regard to the time for retiring; but at last he saw the lighted windows fade briskly from left to right, and after a moment a window on the second floor blazed out against the darkness. Si was going to bed. In five minutes this

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window abruptly vanished, and all the world was night.

Peter spent the ensuing quarter-hour in no mental debate. His mind was fixed. He was here, and the melon was there. He would have it. But an idea of being caught appalled him. He thought of his position. He was the beau of his community, honored right and left. He pictured the consternation of his friends and the cheers of his enemies if the hands of the redoubtable Si Bryant should grip him in his shame.

He arose, and going to the fence, listened. No sound broke the stillness, save the rhythmical incessant clicking of myriad insects, and the guttural chanting of the frogs in the reeds at the lake-side. Moved by sudden decision, he climbed the fence and crept silently and swiftly down upon the melon. His open knife was in his hand. There was the melon, cool, fair to see, as pompous in its fatness as the cook in a monastery.

Peter put out a hand to steady it while he cut the stem. But at the instant he was aware that a black form had dropped over the fence lining the lane in front of him and was coming stealthily toward him. In a palsy of terror he dropped flat upon the ground, not having strength enough to run away. The next moment he was looking into the amazed and agonized face of old Alek Williams.

There was a moment of loaded silence, and then Peter was overcome by a mad inspiration. He suddenly dropped his knife and leaped upon Alek. "I got che!" he hissed. "I got che! I got che!" The old man sank down as limp as rags.

"I got che! I got che! Steal Mist' Bryant's mellums, hey?"

Alek, in a low voice, began to beg. "Oh, Mist' Peter Wash'ton, don' go fer ter be too ha'd on er ole man! I nev' come yere fer ter steal 'em. 'Deed I didn't, Mist' Wash'ton! I come yere jes fer ter *feel* 'em. Oh, please, Mist' Wash'ton—"



"THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS LOOKING INTO THE AMAZED AND AGONIZED FACE OF OLD ALEK."

"Come erlong outa yere, you ol' rip," said Peter, "an' don' trumple on dese yer baids. I gwine put you wah you won' ketch col'."

Without difficulty he tumbled the whining Alek over the fence to the roadway, and followed him with sheriff-like expedition. He took him by the scruff. "Come erlong, deacon. I raikon I gwine put you wah you kin pray, deacon. Come erlong, deacon."

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The emphasis and reiteration of his layman's title in the church produced a deadly effect upon Alek. He felt to his marrow the heinous crime into which this treacherous night had betrayed him. As Peter marched his prisoner up the road toward the mouth of the lane, he continued his remarks: "Come erlong, deacon. Nev' see er man so anxious like erbout er mellum-paitch, deacon. Seem like you jes must see 'em er-growin' an' *feel* 'em, deacon. Mist' Bryant he'll be s'prised, deacon, findin' out you come fer ter *feel* his mellums. Come erlong, deacon. Mist' Bryant he expectin' some ole rip like you come soon."

They had almost reached the lane when Alek's cur Susie, who had followed her master, approached in the silence which attends dangerous dogs; and seeing indications of what she took to be war, she appended herself swiftly but firmly to the calf of Peter's left leg. The mêlée was short, but spirited. Alek had no wish to have his dog complicate his already serious misfortunes, and went manfully to the defence of his captor. He procured a large stone, and by beating this with both hands down upon the resounding skull of the animal, he induced her to quit her grip. Breathing heavily, Peter dropped into the long grass at the road-side. He said nothing.

"Mist' Wash'ton," said Alek at last, in a quavering voice, "I raikon I gwine wait yere see what you gwine do ter me."

Whereupon Peter passed into a spasmodic state, in which he rolled to and fro and shook.

"Mist' Wash'ton, I hope dish yer dog 'ain't gone an' give you fitses?"

Peter sat up suddenly. "No, she 'ain't," he answered; "but she gin me er big skeer; an' fer yer 'sistance with er cobblestone, Mist' Willums, I tell you what I gwine do—I tell you what I gwine do." He waited an impressive moment. "I gwine 'lease you!"

Old Alek trembled like a little bush in a wind. "Mist' Wash'ton?"

Quoth Peter, deliberately, "I gwine 'lease you."

The old man was filled with a desire to negotiate this statement at once, but he felt the necessity of carrying off the event without an appearance of haste. "Yes, seh; thank 'e, seh; thank 'e, Mist' Wash'ton. I raikon I ramble home pressenly." He waited an interval, and then dubiously said, "Good-evenin', Mist' Wash'ton."

"Good-evenin', deacon. Don' come foolin' roun' *feelin'* no mellums, and I say troof. Good-evenin', deacon."

Alek took off his hat and made three profound bows. "Thank 'e, seh. Thank 'e, seh. Thank 'e, seh."

Peter underwent another severe spasm, but the old man walked off toward his home with a humble and contrite heart.

IV.

The next morning Alek proceeded from his shanty under the complete but customary illusion that he was going to work. He trudged manfully along until he reached the vicinity of Si Bryant's place. Then, by stages, he relapsed into a slink. He was passing the garden-patch under full steam, when, at some distance ahead of him, he saw Si Bryant leaning casually on the garden fence.

"Good-mornin', Alek."

"Good-mawnin', Mist' Bryant," answered Alek, with a new deference. He was marching on, when he was halted by a word—"Alek!"

He stopped. "Yes, seh."

"I found a knife this mornin' in th' road," drawled Si, "an' I thought maybe it was yourn."

Improved in mind by this divergence from the direct line of attack, Alek stepped up easily to look at the knife. "No, seh," he said, scanning it as it lay in Si's palm, while the cold steel-blue eyes of the white man looked down into his stomach, "'tain't no knife er mine." But he knew the knife. He knew it as if it had been his mother. And at the same moment a spark flashed through his head and made wise his understanding. He knew everything. "'Tain't much of er knife, Mist' Bryant," he said, deprecatingly.

"'Tain't much of a knife, I know that," cried Si, in sudden heat, "but I found it this mornin' in my watermelon-patch—hear?"

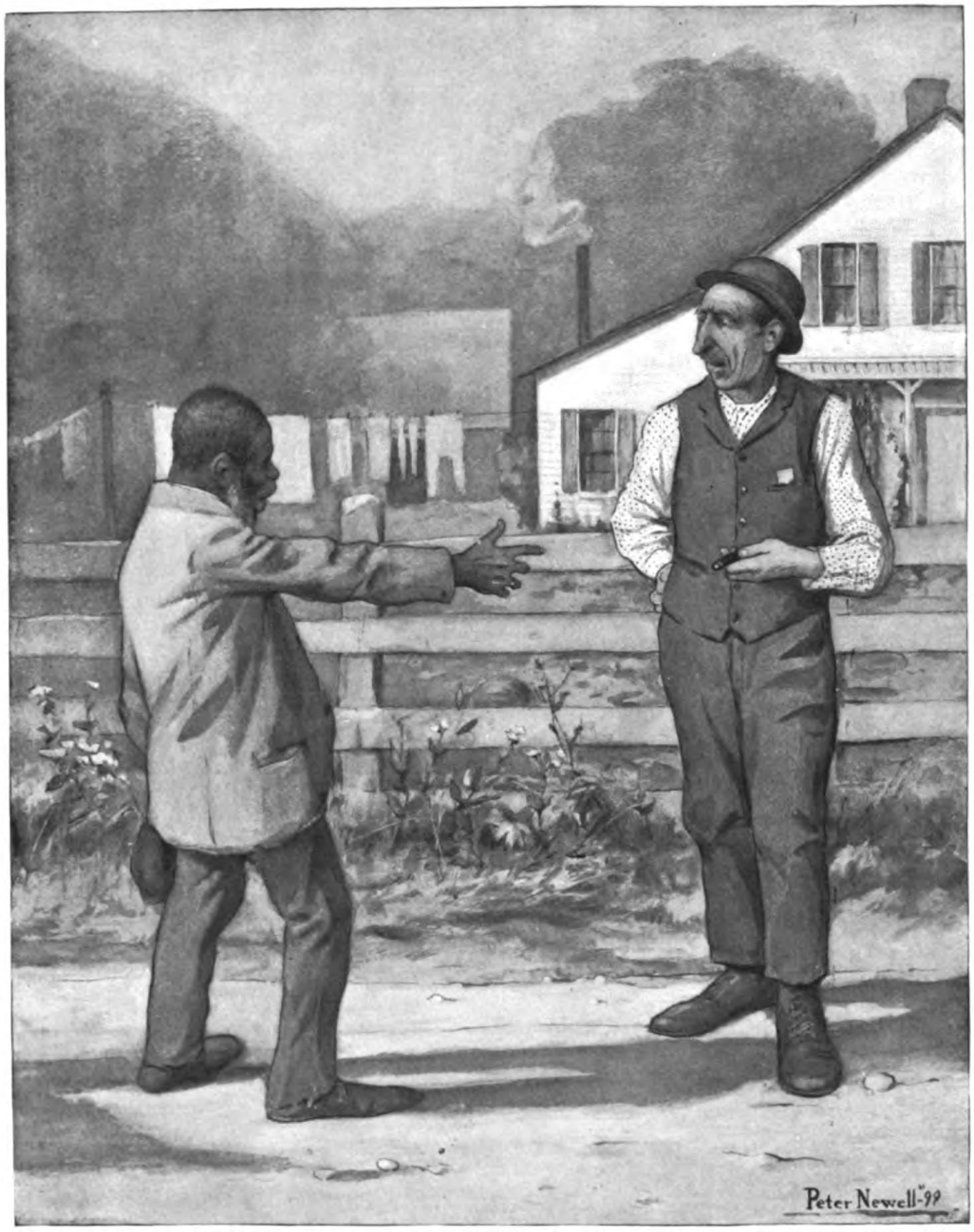
"Watahmellum-paitch?" yelled Alek, not astounded.

"Yes, in my watermelon-patch," sneered Si, "an' I think you know something about it, too!"

"Me?" cried Alek. "Me?"

"Yes—you!" said Si, with icy ferocity. "Yes—you!" He had become convinced that Alek was not in any way guilty, but

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"THE OLD MAN DREW HIMSELF TO A STATELY POSE AND HELD FORTH HIS ARM."

he was certain that the old man knew the owner of the knife, and so he pressed him at first on criminal lines. "Alek, you might as well own up now. You've been meddlin' with my watermelons!"

"Me?" cried Alek again. "Yah's *ma* knife. I done cah'e it foh yeahs."

Bryant changed his ways. "Look here, Alek," he said, confidentially: "I know you and you know me, and there ain't no use in any more skirmishin'. *I* know that *you* know whose knife that is. Now whose is it?"

This challenge was so formidable in character that Alek temporarily quailed and began to stammer. "Er—now—Mist' Bryant—you—you—frien' er mine—"

"I know I'm a friend of yours, but,"

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said Bryant, inexorably, "who owns this knife?"

Alek gathered unto himself some remnants of dignity and spoke with reproach: "Mist' Bryant, dish yer knife ain' mine."

"No," said Bryant, "it ain't. But you know who it belongs to, an' I want you to tell me—quick."

"Well, Mist' Bryant," answered Alek, scratching his wool, "I won't say 's I *do* know who b'longs ter dish yer knife, an' I won't say 's I *don't*."

Bryant again laughed his Yankee laugh, but this time there was little humor in it. It was dangerous.

Alek, seeing that he had gotten himself into hot water by the fine diplomacy of his last sentence, immediately began to flounder and totally submerge himself. "No, Mist' Bryant," he repeated, "I won't say 's I *do* know who b'longs ter dish yer knife, an' I won't say 's I *don't*." And he began to parrot this fatal sentence again and again. It seemed wound about his tongue. He could not rid himself of it. Its very power to make trouble for him seemed to originate the mysterious Afric reason for its repetition.

"Is he a very close friend of yourn?" said Bryant, softly.

"F-frien'?" stuttered Alek. He appeared to weigh this question with much care. "Well, seems like he *was* er frien', an' then agin, it seems like he—"

"It seems like he *wasn't*?" asked Bryant.

"Yes, seh, jest so, jest so," cried Alek. "Sometimes it seems like he *wasn't*. Then agin—" He stopped for profound meditation.

The patience of the white man seemed inexhaustible. At length his low and oily voice broke the stillness. "Oh, well, of course if he's a friend of yourn, Alek! You know I wouldn't want to make no trouble for a friend of yourn."

"Yes, seh," cried the negro at once. "He's er frien' er mine. He is dat."

"Well, then, it seems as if about the only thing to do is for you to tell me his name so's I can send him his knife, and that's all there is to it."

Alek took off his hat, and in perplexity ran his hand over his wool. He studied the ground. But several times he raised his eyes to take a sly peep at the imperturbable visage of the white man. "Y—y—yes, Mist' Bryant....I raikon dat's erbout all what kin be done. I gwine tell you who b'longs ter dish yer knife."

"Of course," said the smooth Bryant, "it ain't a very nice thing to have to do, but—"

"No, seh," cried Alek, brightly; "I'm gwine tell you, Mist' Bryant. I gwine tell you erbout dat knife. Mist' Bryant," he asked, solemnly, "does you know who b'longs ter dat knife?"

"No, I—"

"Well, I gwine tell. I gwine tell who. Mr. Bryant—" The old man drew himself to a stately pose and held forth his arm. "I gwine tell who. Mist' Bryant, *dish yer knife b'longs ter Sam Jackson!*"

Bryant was startled into indignation. "Who in hell is Sam Jackson?" he growled.

"He's a nigger," said Alek, impressively, "and he wuks in er lumber-yawd up yere in Hoswego."

THE CUCKOO CLOCK

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND

NO one, not even his wife, could deny with truth that Mr. Bates was the meekest of men. All his married life he had submitted to the superiority of his wife, and when his daughters grew up, to theirs also—a superiority which he invariably acknowledged. The daughters were quite grown up now; in fact, their childhood had been left behind them these many years, unless one did not count Theodosia. Her birthdays, indeed, numbered twenty-seven, but no one would have imagined it. Her hair was golden, and, unlike her sisters', it rippled and waved all over her head, and her blue eyes had a wide, childlike expression which none of her mother's lessons, lectures, club meetings, or philanthropical schemes had succeeded in eradicating.

Miriam and Sophia, on the contrary, looked their age, which was—well, no matter what. They looked like their mother,

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"YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR SOPHIA, QUITE RIGHT—AS YOU ALWAYS ARE."

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too, which was another point not altogether in their favor. Mrs. Bates had what might be termed a strong face. She had frequently been told that she resembled the portraits of George Eliot, therefore she arranged her hair in the same fashion, and as she was a woman of clubs and ambitions, her friends spoke of her as being intellectual.

They always added, "Strange how superior a woman so often is in that respect to her husband!" It was quite true that no one, even with the best intentions in the world, could accuse Mr. Bates of being intellectual, but he was honest and kind and unselfish, which perhaps are more important qualities in a husband than intellect, and his conduct was such that he drew with unfailing regularity a good salary from the bank by which he was employed—a salary which Mrs. Bates saved or spent, as she felt inclined.

She had saved a good deal upon the girls' education, for she had been a teacher herself in those far-away days when she captured the too susceptible heart of Samuel Bates, and she had been able to turn her profession to account in educating her daughters. Courses of lectures, too, were available now at a low price, and an impecunious French or German teacher could be had for a song. Mrs. Bates knew when to spend and when to save, and a trip abroad had been indulged in, under the most economical regulations, indeed, and with Mr. Bates left at home in a boarding-house at summer rates; but still the girls had "crossed," had peered at cathedral spires, had stared at ruined castles, and had studied the dimensions of Westminster and St. Peter's. Then they came home again, opened the house, and receiving their only male relative into their midst once more, began seriously their life's work.

Matrimony did not enter at all into the calculations of Mrs. Bates for her daughters, nor did it occur to Miriam and Sophia, which perhaps was fortunate. Theodosia was another matter. What her hopes and aspirations were did not transpire, for she had learned early in life to be silent upon occasion; and yet there were some who said that Dosia was not as clever as her sisters.

Mr. Bates, too, had acquired the habit of silence, and no one, not even his favorite daughter, much less the wife of his bosom, suspected that for years he had cherished an ambition which he fully intended some day to gratify. In fact, he had been saving privately towards this very object. Many a wet morning (he was expected to walk on the clear days) he had turned up his trousers, and, raising his umbrella, had tramped manfully to his place of business rather than pay his fare in the car which passed his door. Many a time, while the family were abroad, perhaps, or away in the summer, he had denied himself some seeming necessity, and appropriated the money to the slowly growing fund.

For Mrs. Bates controlled the family cash-box as well as the books, and he was only too confident that she would never permit the extravagance which her husband contemplated. He wondered sometimes how he would be able to account for its possession when the desired bauble became his. He hoped that an inspiration would come to him, however. Perhaps, honest though he was, he might be able to make Mrs. Bates believe that a friend at the bank had given it to him. Strange how a mad desire makes deceivers of us all! Perhaps, he said to himself more than once, the voice of the bird would inspire him with an explanation.

The object of Mr. Bates's dream was no less than a cuckoo clock. That and that only did he wish to possess. Years ago, upon seeing one in the house of a friend, he had remarked to his wife that it would be well for them to have one. They were about to purchase a timepiece themselves, and it seemed a rare chance for him to gratify his longing; but Mrs. Bates's reply smacked of a finality which would admit of no argument.

"A cuckoo clock!" said she. "My dear Samuel, what are you thinking of? To have a wretched little bird pop out every fifteen or thirty minutes and shriek 'cuckoo!' at you in that imbecile way! Such an interruption would interfere seriously with any intellectual pursuits. The girls have difficulty enough now in mastering some of their studies, and what would become of them with a cuckoo clock in the room?"

"But need it be placed in the room where they study?" ventured Mr. Bates, in a tone of mild expostulation. "Could it not—"

"I believe, Samuel, that we are buying a clock for the library. At least, that is my impression. If I am mistaken, pray say so."

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"No, no!" exclaimed Mr. Bates, hurriedly. "You are quite right, my dear Sophia; quite right, as you always are."

"Then I fail to see the worth of your last remark. The clock is for the library; the girls pursue their studies in the library; therefore a cuckoo clock is out of the question. Pray say no more about it."

And Mr. Bates said no more. But no one, not even Mrs. Bates, could control his thoughts.

Ten years had elapsed since then, however, and the cuckoo clock was not yet his. A sensible moon-faced clock, with a silent tick and no striking powers worth speaking of, had marked the flight of time on the library mantel-piece, while the girls studied and read, and their mother cast up her accounts and calculated the family expenses to a nicety, or arranged for her club meetings and made plans for civic improvement.

Miriam and Sophia accepted the situation meekly; they asked for nothing more thrilling than lectures and art exhibitions. But Theodosia's spirit of rebellion was gathering force from long suppression, and, oddly enough, it came to the surface with her and her father on the same day. Mr. Bates determined to buy and bring home the cuckoo clock on the same morning that his door-bell was rung by a nice-looking, well-dressed young man, who, upon learning that Mr. Bates was not in, but that Mrs. Bates was at home, sent up to her a card bearing the name of Mr. Robert Roland Bates.

It was a small thin card, shaped and engraved in the proper style, and there was nothing to betoken that all was not as it should be, but—who was he? Not one of them had ever heard before of Mr. Robert Roland Bates. And the worst of it was that Mrs. Samuel Bates, in an ancient wrapper, was superintending the dressmaker who had been engaged by the day to sew for Miriam and Sophia. Intellectual pursuits were neglected for more practical necessities, and in this case time was money. It would not do to waste it. Then, too, Mrs. Bates's hair had not yet been arranged for the public eye, and to do it was a work of time. Miriam and Sophia were both being fitted. Only Theodosia was at liberty and suitably dressed.

"It is unfortunate," sighed Mrs. Bates, "and I wish it could be avoided. Theodosia, you are such a child! Pray be careful! If it is a book-agent—they say that persons of that sort sometimes send up visiting-cards—don't fail to count the spoons on the little tea table before he leaves the house. Bates—Robert Roland Bates—the same name as our own. I don't see who he can be."

Theodosia, after a hasty glance in the mirror and a surreptitious rumpling of the curly hair which her mother tried in vain to keep smooth, opened her blue eyes more widely than ever, and descended the stairs. She found Mr. Robert Roland Bates standing in the centre of the room. He did not appear to be thinking of the spoons, which were in a distant corner, but was engaged in examining the contents of his large leather pocket-book. He looked up as Theodosia entered, and started slightly upon seeing her.

"Mrs. Bates?" he said, in a questioning tone, which expressed surprise as well.

"Oh no, not *Mrs.* Bates! I am Miss Bates, and not that either, for there are Miriam and Sophia, older than I. I am Theodosia."

She gave him one glance from the childlike blue eyes, and then cast them down demurely. The visitor decided that she was about seventeen, and charming. He must say something, however. It was obvious that she was waiting for him to explain his errand.

"I—I am looking up the family," said he, and his manner had a frank heartiness that was attractive. "You noticed, no doubt, that my name is Bates. We may be cousins, for aught I know. I hope we are."

Another glance from the childlike eyes.

"Won't you sit down?" said their possessor. "Suppose we talk it over."

"Charmed to, I am sure."

The parlor was stiffly furnished with three chairs in a row at either end, at equal distance from the marble mantel-piece that faced the door. Theodosia seated herself upon the sofa near the window, and Mr. Bates broke the line of chairs at that end and turned one around. Then he too sat down.

He was a good-looking man of about thirty, Theodosia imagined, though she had scarcely seemed to look at him. He was neither very dark nor very light; his nose was somewhat large, but of a good shape, and his face was smooth-shaven.

"I am looking up the family," he said again. "I have always been interested

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in genealogy, and though our name is not an uncommon one, I believe it can be traced to a very good ancestor—one worth owning, don't you know. I live in Seattle myself. I was obliged to come East on business, and it occurred to me that it would be interesting and worth while to call upon your father and see if we were distantly related. Can you tell me when he would be most apt to be at home?"

"Father always comes home at five. He would be glad to see you, I think. I don't know much about the family myself. Perhaps my mother does, but she is very much engaged at present. If you could wait—"

"Of course I can wait. I ought to leave here this afternoon, so perhaps it would be as well to see your mother, if it would not inconvenience her too much. In the mean time you might be interested in looking over these papers that I have collected. Your father's name is Samuel, I believe. My great-grandfather was Samuel also, and the name is used for many generations back. It struck me as a coincidence, and perhaps we shall find that we are related, and not very distantly."

He moved to the seat next to her on the sofa, and together they looked over the sheets of legal cap and the parchment on which was engraved a family tree. It was a most interesting pursuit, Theodosia thought. She quite forgot that she had said she would summon her mother, and her new-found cousin did not remind her to do so.

In the mean time, in a room above-stairs, Miriam and Sophia stood before the mirror while Mrs. Bates and Miss Ruggles, the dressmaker, snipped and basted and twitched and pinned, first one figure and then the other. It was an absorbing occupation, and some fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed before it occurred to Mrs. Bates to wonder what had become of Theodosia.

"Why, girls, where is she?" exclaimed their mother, speaking as distinctly as is possible when one's mouth is full of pins. "I certainly cannot go down dressed as I am, and yet this should be investigated. This person may be anything, and I don't remember hearing the front door close, so he is doubtless there still. Miriam, slip on something and go listen over the banisters. It is most inconsiderate of Theodosia on such a busy day as this."

Miriam rose from the sewing-machine, and throwing about her shoulders a worsted cape of her mother's, left the room. Though she leaned far over the banisters and strained her ears, nothing could be heard from the parlor but the confused murmur of voices, now masculine, now feminine. Apparently the two persons who were there had much to say to each other. What could it be about?

Miriam descended the stairs half-way. They were at one end of the long narrow hall, while the parlor door opened near the other. She could see nothing from here, nor could she distinguish more plainly what was being said. She felt that it was her duty to draw nearer, and then go back to report to her mother. She crept along the hall, clutching the worsted cape about her shoulders.

"And must you really go back this afternoon?" she heard her sister say.

"I think I can manage to stay over," replied the stranger. "On the whole, it seems rather important that I should. Of course I must see your father and ask him—"

Then there was a rattling of paper, and the remainder of the speech was rendered unintelligible to the eavesdropper in the hall. She had heard enough, however. She hurried back to her mother, stumbling on the stairs as she went.

"Dosia is talking in the most extraordinary way!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room. She looked excited for once in her life, and her manner had totally lost its accustomed calm. A gentleman caller of any description was something of an excitement, owing to its extreme rarity, and this one was a stranger. "She is talking as if she knew him well, and begging him to stay longer, and he spoke of seeing father and asking him something. I could not hear much, so I hastened back to tell you, mother."

Mrs. Bates looked from one daughter to the other.

"What can it mean?" she said. "I should have gone myself. Theodosia is nothing but a child. I will arrange my hair now and hurry down. In the mean time, Miriam, it would be as well to return to your post of observation."

"And I will accompany her," said Sophia, who, when she spoke at all, used the lengthiest words in her vocabulary. "It may chance that Miriam will need assistance that I might render."

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No one stopped to ask the nature of the assistance that she intended to offer, but all three hurriedly put on their gowns. Before long the daughters had descended to the hall below, Mrs. Bates, with her hair arranged in an incredibly short time, was on the stairs, and Miss Ruggles, who had no intention of being left out, was creeping softly towards the banisters, when a man's voice was heard at the parlor door.

It was such a loud and hearty voice that the four women instinctively drew back. The only man of the household spoke in mild, almost timid, tones, and although Mrs. Bates's voice was deep for that of a woman, it was totally unlike this.

"I'm awfully glad you were at home and able to see me," this total stranger to them all was saying. "I hope I shall see your mother and the other girls this evening, as well as your father. What a jolly lot you must all be! Remember me most kindly to all the family, and don't you forget me before then, will you? If the others are half as nice as you, I'm pretty lucky to have come into the family. I will arrange to stay over long enough to see a good deal of you, you may be sure. Good-morning, Miss—Dosia!"

With a perceptible pause between the title and the name, he laughed and turned away, and in a moment he had left the house without having discovered the four shocked and astonished faces in the background. Even Miss Ruggles had forgotten her first caution, and had reached the stairs, unnoticed by Mrs. Bates.

"Theodosia, who was that person?" demanded the mother, pushing past Miriam and Sophia and advancing into the parlor.

Theodosia was laughing softly to herself in front of the mirror over the mantel-piece, but she turned hurriedly towards the door as her mother entered. Her face was somewhat flushed, and her voice rang with animation as she replied:

"A cousin of our own, mother. He came to look up his relatives. Isn't it nice? He is very agreeable, quite one of the nicest men I ever knew."

The men she knew could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

"Your cousin?" repeated Mrs. Bates. "What nonsense, Theodosia! You have no cousins by the name of Bates. Your father was an only son, and so was his father, and also, I think, his grandfather. Your common-sense should have told you it was impossible. The man is an impostor. Have you counted the teaspoons?"

"Mother, what an idea! He is an awfully nice fellow."

"'Awfully'—'fellow'! It is unlike one of my daughters to make use of such language. What have you been talking about all this time, Theodosia?"

"A great many interesting things. He is delightful, mother. He knows about music and pictures, and so much about the theatre. How I wish I could go to the theatre sometimes! He has been everywhere, and he is charming."

"Where does he come from?" she demanded.

"From the West—Seattle. Such a charming place it must be! The West must be simply fascinating! He is so good-looking, too!"

"Theodosia!" exclaimed with one accord her mother and her two sisters.

"Well, he is. If you had seen him you would say so yourselves."

"And what did he mean when he said that he would see us all this evening?" asked Miriam.

"Oh yes!" replied Theodosia, with an attempt at unconcern. Inwardly she was trembling with apprehension. "He is staying over on purpose. He had intended going away this afternoon."

"Theodosia!" said they all again.

"Well, he is," said Theodosia. She cast down her eyes, but do what she might, she could not prevent a gratified smile from playing about the corners of her mouth. She was frightened at her own temerity, but elated with her success with the visitor.

There was silence in the room while the three stood in a row before the culprit and gazed at her disapprovingly.

"I do not hesitate to say that I am surprised and grieved," said Mrs. Bates at last. "I am quite sure that neither Miriam nor Sophia would have conducted herself as you have done. If either of them had been the one to interview this Western person, I feel confident that he would not have ventured to return this evening."

"I don't believe he would," rejoined Theodosia, with a conscious little laugh.

"I thought so," said her mother. "Your own words condemn you. I fancied that I had brought up my daughters

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in the most exemplary manner. You are twenty-seven—"

"He thought I was only seventeen until I told him!" broke in the incorrigible Dosia.

"You told him your age!" cried the trio, now perfectly aghast.

"Yes, but not your ages," said she. "You needn't be alarmed. As I say, he thought I was only seventeen. I let him think so for a time, and it was such fun! But it didn't seem quite honest, so I told him, and he was *so* surprised. He is very nice. But are we going to stay here all day, mother? Doesn't Miss Ruggles need us?"

"You have already wasted an hour and a half at least of Miss Ruggles's time, Theodosia. I cannot begin to express my feelings. But in the mean time—yes, I suppose we had better go up stairs."

And Miss Ruggles, who had been an appreciative listener to the conversation, had barely time to get back to her work before they came out of the parlor, and so absorbed was Mrs. Bates in her own thoughts that she did not notice that the little dressmaker, in her agitation, was actually basting with sewing-silk.

All of that day Theodosia was in disgrace. She did not mind this at first, for she was preoccupied with thoughts of the evening call; but later in the day she discovered, to her dismay, that her mother had no intention of receiving Mr. Robert Roland Bates if he came.

"Not that I think he will dare to come," said she. "I am perfectly confident that he is an impostor and has stolen something. If not spoons, then something else. We may not discover the loss for years. It is frequently the case. But if he does come he shall not be admitted. I shall give orders after dinner to that effect. I shall wait until then, for the maids are so stupid that they would be sure to forget if I were to tell them earlier."

Theodosia was in despair. Her mother's word was always law, and it was unalterable, as she knew from long experience. If it had not been for an unexpected circumstance which totally changed the course of events that evening, she probably would never again have seen her new-found cousin. But, as has often been said, it is always the unforeseen that happens. Who ever would have supposed that because all his life Mr. Bates had longed for a cuckoo clock, his youngest daughter would—but this is anticipating.

Five o'clock, as Theodosia had said to Mr. Bates of Seattle that morning, was the hour at which her father was always to be expected at home, but on this eventful day, destined ever to be remembered by the Bates family, it was long past the hour when he hurriedly mounted the steps, and fitting his latch-key into the door as silently as possible, he entered and closed it behind him without a sound. One would almost have said that Mr. Bates's mode of entrance was stealthy, except that it was his own house and his own door, and he had a perfect right to go in or out as he pleased.

Be that as it may, he walked, or rather crept, along the hall, set down with great care the large package which he had carried under his arm, while he removed his hat and overcoat; then picking it up again, he disappeared within a door that opened upon the back part of the hall.

"There," said he to himself, with a sigh of relief. "I thought I was right. The house is very quiet. It is their day for the 'Women's Society for the Improvement of Alleys and Back Streets.' I thought they would all be out. It isn't that I don't want my wife to see the clock—oh no. Sophia must be told, but all in good time. I think if I can only get it up in position, and wound and set and going, she will realize that the deed is irrevocable; that I have bought the clock, and stay it must. There will be no exchanging it for something else. That was my very reason for buying it of the Cuckoo Clock Company. They have nothing but cuckoo clocks, therefore nothing else can be had in exchange for it. I know Sophia's ways."

He had removed the cord and wrappings, and now gazed lovingly at the treasure so long desired. There was no doubt that he had chosen the best of its kind. The case of the clock was of carved oak, surmounted by an eagle, which seemed to be watching, like the bird of prey that it was, over the little door out of which the cuckoo would appear. It was altogether a very handsome affair.

The room to which Mr. Bates had retired was his own especial sanctum. It was very small and somewhat dismal, its

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only outlook being the brick wall that enclosed the yard. It contained a table, a few chairs, and a leather-covered lounge. But it was Mr. Bates's own, and that fact covered a multitude of shortcomings. He had been driven from the library long since by his intellectual family, and had been glad to take refuge in this little unused room at the foot of the stairs.

There were no pictures on the walls, consequently there was ample space for the cuckoo clock. He had chosen the spot for it some months ago, and had driven in the nail when Mrs. Bates and the girls were away in the summer and beyond all possibility of hearing. There was nothing to do now but attach the clock to the nail. He mounted upon a chair and did so; then he wound and set it. Every time that he moved the hands past the hour, the quarter-hour, or the half, click! went the little door, and out popped the little bird. "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" Its voice was music in the ear of Mr. Bates.

Finally the clock was set at twenty-five minutes of six. Then he stepped to the floor, wheeled up his arm-chair, and seated himself in front of it. In ten minutes it would strike again. There would be three "cuckoos" at a quarter before the hour. Those ten minutes of anticipation were of unalloyed happiness for the owner of the clock.

But the bird had scarcely disappeared after doing all that was expected of it when the front door was heard to open and shut smartly, and the rustle of feminine garments passed through the hall. Mr. Bates started to his feet. Had the moment come?

He heard his wife's voice telling the girls to come up stairs at once. "It is almost six," said she. "There will be just time for a fitting before Miss Ruggles goes. I only hope Theodosia has kept her up to the mark while we were out. It was unfortunate that we were obliged to go to the meeting."

So Dosia had been at home all the time. Had her father known it he would have called her down to share his pleasure, for he could always rely upon Dosia. He fancied that his wife's voice contained an irritable note. Something must have gone wrong; he could almost always tell. Was this an auspicious moment, then, to divulge the presence of the clock? Most assuredly not. Without stopping to think twice, he again mounted the chair, took down the clock, and hurried with it to the closet. He hung it upon a convenient hook, then locked the door and placed the key in his pocket.

"There!" said he to himself. "If Sophia is disturbed already, I don't wish to add to it. It wouldn't be kind. The clock can stay there until to-morrow, and then I will show it to her."

He turned down the gas, and left the room to prepare for dinner, the hour for which was six o'clock. It was late to-day, however, for Mrs. Bates and her daughters were so occupied with Miss Ruggles that they were not ready to sit down until half past six. By that time the soup was scorched and the meat was overdone, which added to the irritability of temper from which the mistress of the house was already suffering. Added to this, Miss Ruggles had not accomplished as much work during the afternoon as had been expected of her.

Mr. Bates felt very glad that he had hidden the clock.

Theodosia saw that her mother had forgotten for the moment the expected advent of her Seattle cousin, and she took no pains to remind her of it. She herself had not forgotten, and she had put on the most becoming frock that she owned, and had done her hair higher than usual. If only it would not occur to her mother to give orders that he should not be admitted! But that was hoping against hope.

Dinner had been an affair of the past for half an hour before Mrs. Bates remembered. She was in the act of coming down stairs to the parlor when something brought to her mind the fact that she had given no directions in regard to visitors that evening. It would be perfectly safe to say, "Admit no one," for an evening caller was unheard-of, therefore the Seattle Bates would be the only person who would come.

On her way to the kitchen to speak to the servants she stopped at her husband's little den. When she opened the door her husband started guiltily. Instead of being seated as usual in his arm-chair and reading the evening paper, he was standing. He had the frightened aspect of one who has been caught in the act, whatever the act may be. Mrs. Bates eyed him narrowly.

"Samuel," said she, "there was a man

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here this morning who pretended to be a relative of yours. I forgot to tell you at dinner. He said his name was Bates. Of course he was an impostor. Theodosia was the only one who saw him, and he told her he would return this evening. It is better to have nothing to do with such people, so I am going to tell the servants not to let him in."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Bates. "But, Sophia, he may be related to me. It is not impossible. My great-grandfather had a—"

"Samuel, I have already said that it was out of the question. Bates is a common enough name, and this man is from the far West and— Samuel, what is that?"

From behind the closed closet door came a peculiar, muffled sound. The husband and wife gazed at each other in silence. Both looked alarmed, but from different causes. Mrs. Bates was afraid of the noise, Mr. Bates of his wife. Eight times was this sound repeated, and then it ceased. For some minutes they stood in silence, but Mrs. Bates was the first to recover her self-possession. She walked to the closet and grasped the handle of the door, but it refused to open.

"The closet is locked," said she, rattling the knob impatiently. "Where is the key?"

"Locked?" repeated Mr. Bates, vaguely; "locked? Are you—are you quite sure?"

His wife turned and looked at him. Her large features seemed even more massive than usual, her eyes gleamed with offended dignity.

"Samuel," said she, "you are hiding something from me. There is something in that closet that you do not wish me to see."

As she spoke the front-door bell rang, but she paid no heed. Engrossed with this new and astounding state of affairs, she forgot for the moment the young man from the West.

"Samuel, that was a very strange noise. If you are afraid to investigate it, I will. Do you know what it was?"

"There have been rats in the wall," said he, limply.

"Rats! That was no rat. It sounded altogether too much like one of my particular abominations — a cuckoo clock. Samuel, if you have so little regard for my feelings that you have bought one of those horrors—"

Suddenly Mr. Bates regained his composure. He thrust his hand into his pocket and produced the closet key.

"Sophia," said he, with a dignity that impressed her, "I have gratified a desire that I have had for years. I did not tell you at first, for I thought you appeared worried about other things this evening, and it would be advisable to wait until the morning; but as you have found it out, there is no necessity for any further secrecy." He then unlocked the door. "As you see, I have bought a cuckoo clock."

He brought it out, and pushing the chair again beneath the nail, he mounted, and hung the clock once more upon the wall.

"I have saved the money at odd times with which to buy it," continued he. "Therefore you and the girls will not suffer in consequence. As you are seldom in this room, it surely will not disturb you."

In arranging the clock he inadvertently touched a spring. Click! went the little door, and out popped the little bird. "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" it sang, and it seemed to Mrs. Bates that its song was one of triumph.

And while she stood beneath the clock, gazing first at it and then at her husband, the door of the room was opened and Theodosia entered, followed by Mr. Robert Roland Bates.

"Father," said she, "this is a cousin of ours. He wants to talk over the family with you. You will find that he is our fourth cousin. Mother, this is Mr. Bates of Seattle."

Thus at one and the same moment was Mrs. Bates outwitted on all sides.

Three months later Dosia went to Seattle to live. Her father had the intense pleasure of purchasing another cuckoo clock and giving it to his daughter as a wedding-gift, for she declared that if it had not been for his, Bob would not have been admitted that evening, and therefore she must have one like it.

As for Mr. Bates's own clock, it retained its rightful position upon the wall, and was never again relegated to the closet. Self-sacrificing though he was in all other matters, in this Mr. Bates held his own, and his wife discovered, to her surprise, that in two cases of extreme importance in the history of the family her word was not absolute law.

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THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDOOS

BY JULIAN RALPH

BENARES is like a splendid mask with a plebeian face behind it. It is like a theatrical curtain of extraordinary beauty which has been lowered upon a disordered stage. It is a commonplace city behind a long line of palaces and temples, and it is only this front along the sacred Ganges that is wonderful and glorious. Perhaps it is well that it is so. If, when you pierced this curtain, you should find a city equal to the promise which this front holds out, our human senses could hardly endure the pleasure and excitement it would provoke. The Taj Mahal at Agra is perhaps the only completely beautiful and only perfect work of man, and Benares, after all, towers high above most of his other successes of the kind. The city itself, which has about the same population as Florence or Havana, Washington or Detroit, is a rather shabby old place, made up of cow-path streets and a huddle of shops, with most of the dwellings in the crush, and a few stringing away along hot broad roads into the country.

To the Hindoo it does not seem at all as it does to me. It is almost the portal of heaven to him. It is his sacred city, where Saki Muni taught, and most of his sages and saints were first heard of. "Twenty-five centuries ago, at the least, it was famous," says a Christian historian, and it has ever been, so far as history goes, the religious capital of these people. Seven hundred years ago the Mussulmans captured it and destroyed a thousand of its temples, without, as far as I can see, any of them being missed, or any corner lot remaining for a new one. There is a delicious story told of a lady meeting the late Homer Martin, the artist, and asking him whether he did not like to go to church, to which he replied that he did, but he "could restrain himself." That story would have tremendous force if it were told of a man in Benares.

To-day the minarets of the mosque of the conquerors rise above the grand line of river palaces and temples of the Hindoos, but this only accentuates the holiness of the place, from the Hindoo viewpoint, and the scholars and students, the pilgrims, the sages, and the simple pious, come unceasingly to it from Burmah and Persia, from China and Japan, and from Ceylon, as Buddha and Muni and the rest came in their time. One consequence of its sacredness is that it gives it, to us onlookers, something of the character of a popular watering-place or an enormous bath, because, after all, it is the river that the Hindoos deem most holy, and it is to bathe in it that they come to this holiest spot upon its banks. By bathing there every Hindoo may preserve his caste and wash away the impurity in his soul. If the entire population does not bathe every morning, so very few fail that the effect upon the beholder is the same. The pilgrims and strolling mendicants and the sages from afar must more than make up for those whose different religion or other inclinations keep them away. Stone stairs, or "ghats," run down from the river-side palaces and temples into the holy mud-colored water, making what an American might call a front stoop to the city—a short staircase miles in width. As the river sweeps past the city in a curve, the effect produced is that of an amphitheatre, before which the traveller may sit in his boat and view every foot of the magnificent crescent of ornate structures at whose feet the bathers swarm in apparently uncountable numbers.

These devotees must not merely bathe and pray to their gods, but while they are at Benares they must make a tour of the outer confines of the sacred capital—a walk of about ten miles—else all that they have done, even though they have walked the length of India, goes as nothing. To them the vast amphitheatre, piled with its ornate masses of carved stone, has a vastly different significance from that which it has to us. They may only know intimately the one great house in which they are lodged free, the temple at which those of their caste, or the people of their particular country, meet in worship, and the ghat, or stairs, on which they bathe. But

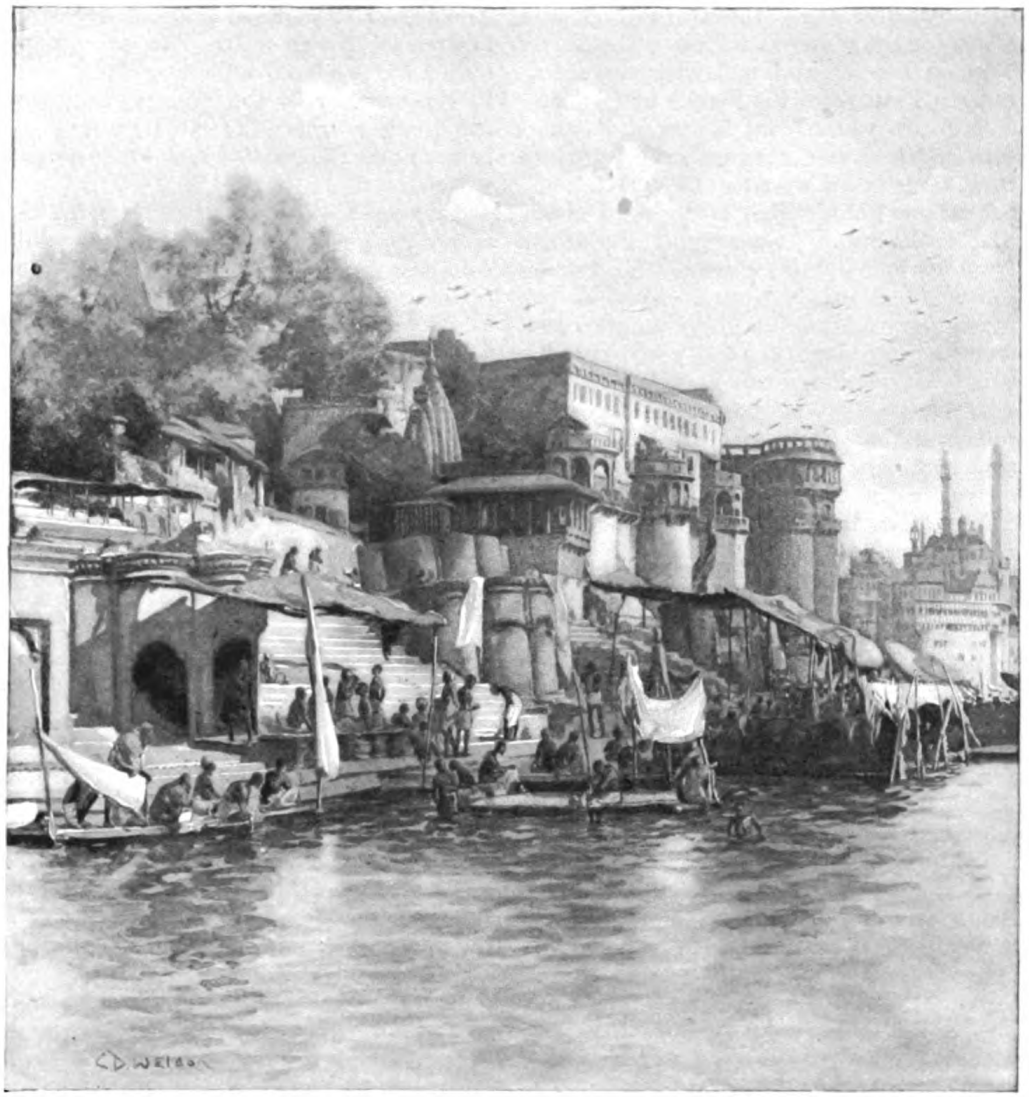
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when you begin to gather the sum of all knowledge concerning the places, the ceremonies, and the customs to be witnessed amid that bewildering mass of masonry, then and only then can the visitor measure the importance of the city to the Hindoo, or its strangeness to the foreigner. Here at the beginning, for instance, are the temples of the Jains who still adhere to the Buddhist religion. At the next ghat is an image of a god that is washed away every year and yet always returns. Beside these steps is the Dandi Ghat, where those rigid strict ascetics the Dandi Pants are wont to assemble; and two ghats away are the pyres for the cremation of Hindoo bodies, whose entire ashes are surrendered to the Ganges, thus insuring to the souls of these dead what is but striven for by those who die at a distance and have a mere potful of their ashes carried to the holy river. The "well of Gauri," whose waters cure fevers and dysentery, is at the bottom of a near-by ghat, and a short distance away is a basin of water around which are sixty shrines, as well as a very simple-looking short and thick stone which is said to grow the tiniest little bit every day. The ghat where serpents are worshipped in the form of many idols and carvings of reptiles is another resort at this point in the city's front. Another ghat has the reputation of being able to cure every disease, and yet beyond its topmost step and down a narrow alley is the image of a doctress goddess who cures only swelled hands and feet. Some ghats without especial virtue or celebrity are passed, and then comes the one at which the Mohammedans bathe, and another called the "Small-pox Ghat."

At another flight of these water-side steps, as we continue along the river, we are told that Brahma once offered up ten horses in sacrifice; and just beyond this is an observatory built by a learned rajah two hundred years ago, and equipped with astronomical instruments which were as accurate as any at that time. At the next ghat one may see the spiritual magistrate of Benares. He looks like a very ordinary stone image standing beside a very extraordinary stone dog, but we are told that he is a real magistrate, and that at night he rides about on the dog, which is then invisible. There are other deities who busy themselves at Benares in the night-time, and any one may see, affixed to corner buildings and tall structures all along the water-front, the little lanterns that the people provide to guide these fly-by-night gods in their travels. At this magistrate's ghat sugar dogs are sold to visitors, and real dogs of the vagrant class are fed daily with cakes of grain, and on holidays with sweetened cakes. We are now in the neighborhood of the celebrated "monkey temple," which, when I was there, attracted fewer monkeys than I saw in the trees a few miles out in the country. The Wrestlers' College is also near, and so is a temple bearing a frieze of sculptured figures which would be tolerated in no Western land, but which the British government, well aware of the magnitude and delicacy of its other tasks, wisely leaves alone. There are two wells in the ghats in this part of the city's front. In one a god once dropped an ear-ring, and his worshippers now throw after it offerings of sweetmeats, sandal-wood, betel, and flowers, until it has become the most putrid place in India—except the other well, called the "Well of Knowledge." Here the god Shiva lives, and here the people throw in flowers until the odor ascending from the cavity baffles description. The Cow Ghat, the temple of the beggars, the beautiful mosque of the Mussulmans—all these and many other notable objects succeed one another on the shore. I have but hinted at the feast of strange things that rise above the heads of the devout bathers, but I have succeeded if I have shown that bathing, which seems the all in all of existence there, is in reality only a small feature of it.

There are no less than forty-seven of these ghats, but the visitor only learns this by reading. To the eye, the entire water-front of the city is edged by irregular flights of stone steps, some connected with others, some wholly detached, some reaching seventy-five or eighty feet upward, some only half as high, and others still shorter. All of these broad, massive steps of what appears to be granite reach down from equally irregular buildings, varying between the forms of huge palaces and the dimensions of very small temples. Imagine the grand river Ganges for the auditorium, and the spectacle upon the stage a two-mile-long scene, made up of the most incongruous buildings, gardens, towers, and minarets, each object crowning its own stone staircase, which laves

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"GARDENS, TOWERS, AND MINARETS."

its base in the slow-crawling, earth-colored river. Nothing combines with any other thing to suggest even the approach to a system or plan. Even some of the most important buildings are themselves mere architectural puddings, whose ingredients are the designs of India, Persia, and Arabia combined. In certain places, if you look too closely at a ruined staircase that is broken and half submerged, at a narrow strip of bare earth jarring the general view, or at the disordered landing-place of the boats, you may find fault with the scene. There are persons who could do that. But if you sweep your eye over what Herrick would have called "the sweet disorder" of the whole grand spectacle, you must say that nowhere in India—and therefore nowhere in the scenic sections of the earth—can there be found anything to equal, to suggest, or to compare with this extraordinary background. And when it is not only peopled, but all filled with movement—alive—with tens of thousands of devotees at their queer ablutionary devotions, you shall recount the longest record of sight-seeing of which any man can boast, yet you will not pretend to have enjoyed a view which can claim second-cousinship with this.

Though I have waded through pounds

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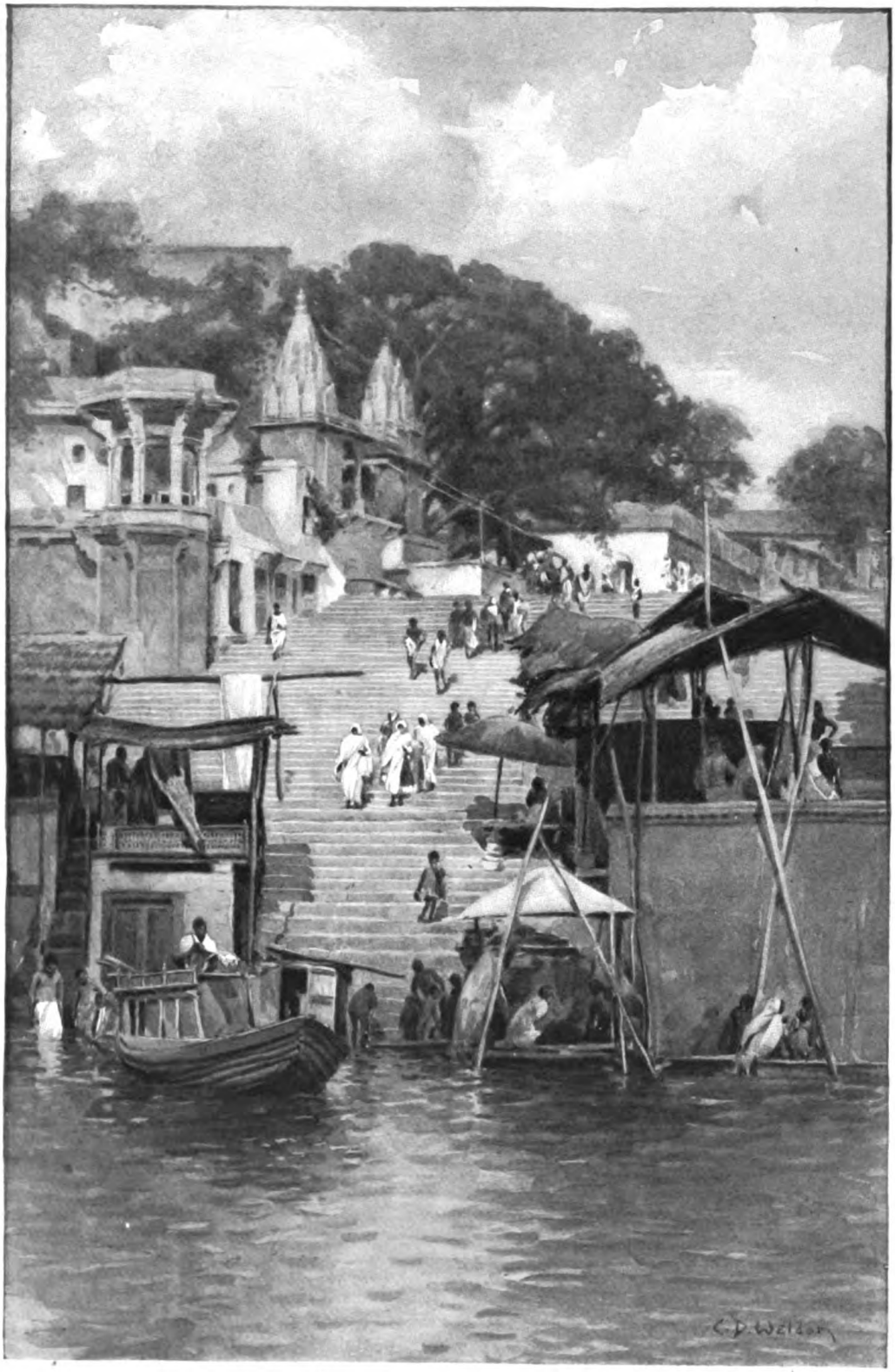
of books describing these buildings and steps, for the moment I shall throw away all that I read, and rest with the information I got from the people of Benares. The entire water-front is sacred, but certain ghats have greater sanctity than others. It is all resorted to by Hindoos, except one ghat, which is the rendezvous of Mussulmans. Occasional Buddhists from China, Japan, Burmah, and Ceylon meet at other ghats. Most of the imposing buildings contain temples and free lodging-places for the pilgrims. To this palatial pile go the Bengalese, to the next the Bombay folk, to another the people from Madras. By far the finest river-side temple of all, and the most beautiful structure in the city, is not only non-Hindoo, but it was erected to insult the Hindoos and to trespass upon their Mecca with a foreign worship. It is the Mohammedan mosque put up by the Mogul emperor Aurung-Zeb, whose ruthless co-religionists so ravished Benares of its earlier beauties that nothing remains of the grandeur and sanctified edifices which distinguished the place up to the close of the twelfth century. Now the English have charge of this sanctuary, whose front entrance is so commanded by the Hindoos that no Moslem can enter it, and all who worship there must swallow the affront of having to go in by a side door.

Imagine, now, this uneven, irregular range of palaces, asylums, and temples, and the equally unmatched, yet always impressive, stairs of stone beside them, reaching not only to the water's edge, but to its bottom, which, as the saying goes, is of the depth of two elephants on top of one another. Let us people this unique stage with its dramatis personæ. The worshippers stand side by side and tier above tier, close together, from city's beginning to city's end. The first to come begin to arrive at three or four o'clock in the morning, but the grandest scene is always just after sunrise. Then the crowds are thickest. The city and the bathers all face the sun and see the river gilded by its own bath in that monarch's glory. We who are to witness the spectacle of a nation at its devotions drive to one of the two or three landing-places where a narrow strip of the original bank of the Ganges seems not to have been disturbed. Our vessel is a small house-boat roofed over, and we find cane chairs of a peculiar pattern placed for us upon its roof. The vessel is perhaps fourteen feet long and eight feet in width. It is propelled either by two men who work long oars in the bow, or by the captain, who, with far greater muscular effort, works his lungs upon the roof—I am not quite sure which.

Just beside the starting-point is a broad stone platform covered with a temporary roofing of plaited straw. Here several men and women are removing their clothes preparatory to commencing their devotions. The men are large muscular fellows, who strip down to their breech-cloths. Their color serves to moderate the effect of their nudity, for colored skin serves as something like a clothing to us who are white. At any rate, after having seen several millions of bare legs, bare breasts, bare stomachs, and bare children, the removal of everything except a narrow band of cloth from around a human package is no longer startling. The woman is of a higher class than the men. Her clothes are of purple silk, bordered with gold. She loosens the wrappings of her legs and then throws around her the sheetlike dress in which she means to pray and bathe. From under it she loosens and lets fall the dress in which she came there. With equally nice skill she covers her upper body and discards its former apparel, so that after a mere minute of almost magical manipulation she stands newly apparelled in a suit of one piece of softest muslin, with her street dress in a heap beside her feet. Now she has become a figure of faint pink, with gleaming points of gold upon her neck and arms, and of silver on her ankles, for gold is never worn below the waist in India.

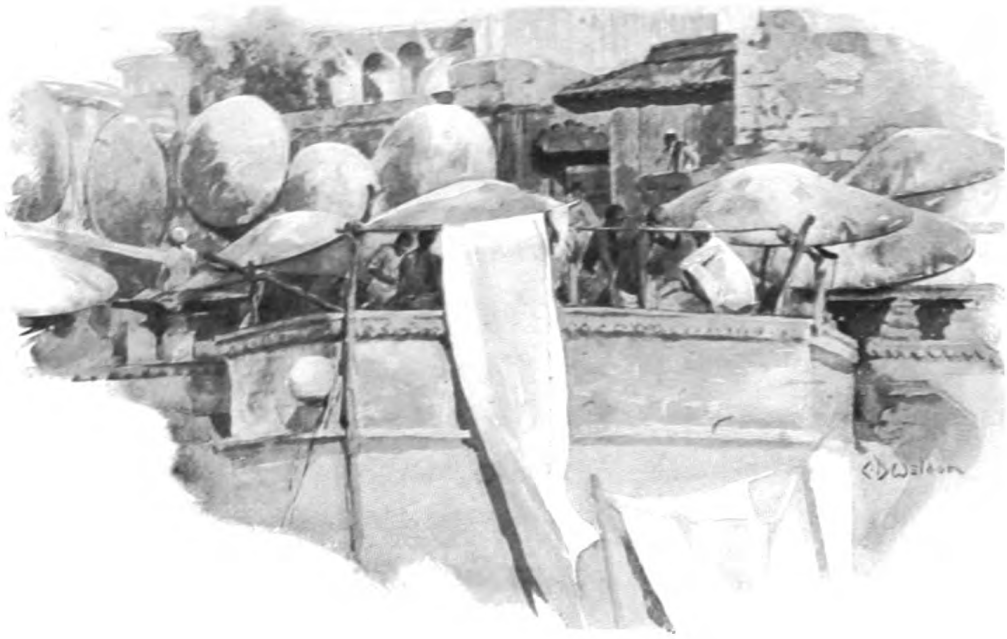
Our boat has struggled up stream to the first of the miles of ghats, or stairs. The steps are crowded with men and women, terraced at various heights between those who are waist-deep in the water to those who are but wetting their feet, and up to the greater number at the top of the flight, who are dressing, undressing, drying themselves, wringing out their wet garments, or are seated in prayer and meditation like figures in bronze. Since the first twenty great ghats will show us nothing different, let us describe what goes on at this in more detail. Some children—who are very likely to be married, by-the-way, and yet are too young to understand the religious significance of

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STONE GHATS.

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AT THE TOP OF THE FLIGHT.

what they have come to do—are diving and splashing, swimming and frolicking, in the water. Watch them, and you will be surprised to see that they swim "overhand," as our best swimmers do, occasionally, to rest themselves. Now pay equal attention to what the adults are doing. Note how man after man, and the women also, begin by stooping, forming one hand into the shape of a dipper, and raising it, filled with water, three times to their lips. This is their homage to the river, and it must be paid before the devotees put their feet into its water. It matters not that twenty thousand feet are already being laved around a new-comer. Each person must think only of himself. Nor does it appear to concern any one that the river water looks very dirty; that the city's sewers are vomiting poison into it at many points among these ghats; that just a few feet from the foremost worshippers, where we were looking on, the dead, distended body of an animal is floating. Here a man is pushing the surface water aside with both hands between each drink that he takes. We shall often see men and women doing this. There is a man who is holding up a shining ewer of brass and pouring water out of it back into the river. Several others are doing the same thing with little brass drinking-vases, classic-shaped ewers, or large round vessels of copper, brass, or earthen-ware. They are offering the sacred water to the sun.

How the myriad vessels of polished metal deck and illuminate the scene! They throw back the sunlight as with points of flame, and they bejewel the masses of bathers as if they were great or little balls of shining gold. Everywhere in India the scenes are beautified by the brass vessels carried on the women's heads, and the smaller brass ewers of exquisite shapes which all the poor carry by their sides, but nowhere do these indispensable implements show to greater advantage than on the ghats at Benares, blazing like jewels in the sun's glare among the pinks, reds, yellows, greens, and blues of the flowerlike draperies of the crowds. No other possession of a poor man or woman in India is so useful as these pots. They are used to drink and wash from, to cook in, for the carriage of small articles, and in many other ways.

Here stands a man with a small brass tray, in which there are a few smooth colored stones, like the eggs of wild birds. Each stone represents a deity, I

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believe. Near him is one who carries a device in silver like a cruet-stand. Its compartments contain rice, nuts, small fruits—a dozen of the nicer sorts of edibles—and he is throwing pinches of each to some god in the river, or to the insatiate stream itself. Notice the exquisite garlands of yellow flowers and white which are floating on the river's surface. They are given to whoever visits certain temples, being thrown around the guest's neck on his departure. On the top of the nearest steps behold a man of giant's physique stalking down to the water, with a wreath of yellow jessamine blossoms on his head and a chain of similar flowers around his neck. He suggests some South Sea medicine-man going to a feast of fatted missionary. He unwinds his leg-cloth, throws down his jacket, and stalks into the water, still wearing his garlands, the more effective now against his dark skin. After he has sipped of the river water three times from the palm of his hand, he must duck his head and body in the stream, and then the garlands will float away and add a new charm to the scene. Here and there we see a bit of string around the neck of a man or boy. It is the "holy thread" which marks the passage of a certain stage in Hindoo piety, and is worn by different castes. At the far corner of this flight of steps are eight or ten women bathing. At each ghat, if there are several women, they always gravitate together. With great respect for the sex, and with much hesitation, I record the fact that they appear to spend much more time and energy in bathing and laundry-work than in religious devotion. It is a hideous thing to feel obliged to say, and yet I have to admit that I never saw even one woman seated in silent meditation before the sun, or reading aloud from some holy book, as the men all over the ghats were doing every morning. On the other hand, the gentle creatures washed and scrubbed and laved their persons as if the prize of a new dress was to be awarded the one who got herself cleanest. And then they turned to and plastered their long black tresses with soapy earth, which they presently washed out again, leaving their hair both sweet and clean. Finally they fell to laundering their street clothes and spreading them out in the sun on the upper steps, until half of a ghat an acre in extent would be mosaicked with great patches of the vivid colors they had worn. No man who ever lived has said a finer thing about women than the greatest Hindoo philosopher has written, so that I am certain they cannot be as remiss as they seem at their devotions. The thing which deceives a mere looker-on like myself is that they must pray like fanatics at home, but they have mis-



"A FIGURE OF FAINT PINK."

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"LAUNDERING THEIR STREET CLOTHES."

taken the prosaic old Ganges for a laundry.

Wherever the women cluster, note the widows. Their close-cut hair distinguishes them. Note also that the stouter and older ones are bare above the waist, and as they look up and meet your quite respectful gaze they make no effort to cover even their faces; in fact, they have laundered their body-coverings, and left them a block or two away to dry. I fancy that they have become tired of all the manœuvring and finessing and bother which the young wives and maidens go through in order to keep concealed, and they have decided to mind their own business and let others mind theirs. This is not very feminine, in one way, and yet it is very human in another. Note now the habits of the misses and young wives. They acquire almost a conjurer's skill in putting on their bath-robes and in dropping their every-day attire. Each will spend an hour in the river washing, while still clothed, by holding her garments away from her with one hand and scrubbing underneath with the other. They do not dare even to leave their faces bare when a man in a boat passes by. Watch them as you will—and pray observe the pronoun "you," for it is a thing beneath myself to do—*you* will never see them bungle when they change from wet apparel to dry again. Men of intensely studious natures have informed me that they have gone to the Ganges every morning for a week and watched these women—in order to write reports to various learned societies at home, I suppose—and have never seen one who was even slightly clumsy at the trick of doffing her outer shell and donning her under one.

Here sits a man, selectly but economically costumed in a breech-clout, on his haunches, facing the sun, with his eyes roaming all over our boat, and his lips moving devoutly in prayer. Near him squats another man similarly engaged, but with his eyes closed. Far over there, high upon the next ghat, is a man who appears to be imitating a sack of meal, being enveloped from his crown to the ground in a sheet of cloth. These three men illustrate three grades or depths of piety. The gentleman who merely seems to be masquerading as a sack of potatoes is really devout. He permits nothing to distract his mind from his devotions. The one with his eyes shut is nearly as pious, yet stands ready, if a woman screams or a boy drowns, to venture at least one eye upon the commotion. The varlet who prays with his eyes open is full brother to the lady I sit behind in my pew at home, who kneels and prays with her eyes wide open, and then, on returning to her seat, whispers to her sister: "I've got it! I could go home this minute and make that thing that Mrs. Fidge has on."

Ah! now we are arrived at the first of the Hindoo burning-grounds. A body is smouldering on the sunken, half-consumed pyre, and another is lying in its winding-sheet near by, with its feet in the sacred river. That last one is the body we met on a stretcher on two men's heads in the town this morning, but could not look at because the head wobbled to and fro beneath the winding-sheet! Ugh! what a creepy, shuddery place India is!

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How awful are many of its scenes and the reflections they engender! Do you wonder at these exclamations? Then stop by this pyre a moment. The boats all about are laden with wood—tons upon tons of kindlings and logs for the public burnings of the dead. In the temple up those nearest steps are the men of that caste which alone can supply the fire for lighting the pyres. They are said to be rich. They get what they demand for applying the torch beneath each body: from twenty-five rupees, or about $8 25, to a thousand rupees, or $350. All Hindoos wish their bodies thoroughly consumed by the funeral fire, but— Note that beautiful round tower overhead at one side of the burning-grounds. Observe the peculiar but highly ornamental fringe or parapet of stone carvings on its rim. Those are not stone carvings. They are vultures. They are waiting for the bodies which are shoved, half burned, into the river. Half burned? Yes; the bodies of the rich are fully consumed, and the ashes are flung to the river deities as the religion commands, but those of the poor are hustled into the stream half burned, to make room for the next in turn. Ten to a dozen bodies are burned at these grounds daily, and the pretence is that there is not room or time for the proper conduct of business. Fancy the feelings of the mourners. It is to them merely "a lick and a promise" of salvation for their dead. The only solid satisfaction is that of the vultures. There is a popular notion among Europeans that alligators and huge turtles finish what the burners begin, but there are no such animals in the river at Benares.

"Look, marshter!" the boat-captain cries. "There is one very great noble woman, from Madras side, come for stay all cold weather time, for make prayers."



NARROW STREET, BENARES.

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A DISCOURSE.

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It was the lady to whom I referred in a sentence in an earlier one of these papers. There was no mistaking her. She stood as if alone, though thousands were around her. Such is the delicacy and distinction of true refinement. Once seen in that jumble of humanity, she stood out from it as would a lily in a cabbage-field. She was tall and slender, with a face alight with keen intelligence, with a proud pose of body and head, with long tapering hands, and wearing a simple costume of softest white silk. Diamonds flashed upon her neck, and a circlet of the same stones bound one wrist. Daintily she descended step by step until the water was around her knees, and then, with the most graceful movements, she raised a palmful of it three times to her lips. She uncovered her face to do this, and I saw its oval form, the mouth shaped like a cupid's bow, the plump girlish cheeks, and the staining of the lashes of her eyes. These orbs she rolled at me, and then shyly covered them with her gossamer shawl. She was the daintiest creature, and at the same time the proudest, I had seen in India. Moreover, her complexion was as fair as a European's. Almost anything else than the Ganges would have felt flattered to have her lift it and kiss it in her hands. Beside her—four feet off—the backbone and some of the ribs of a partly burned body had floated to the shore. Three crows alighted upon it and began to tear the flesh. The fair aristocrat did not mind. Her thoughts flew higher, I suppose.

Thus the unique panorama rolled along. Here were men who had finished their prayers and were marking their bodies with the so-called caste marks, which are mere finger wipes of ashes—two or three stripes close together on the forearm, the chest, the forehead, and the throat. Near at hand sat a man bare naked, but whitened all over with the ashes of burned cow manure. He was a holy man, an ascetic. Others whom we saw had covered their bodies with red earth or with other preparations. A man of the Dandi Pants (or stick-bearing) fraternity stalked along forty feet above us, where there were knobs in the buildings to which to tie the boats when the river is full. He carried a long slender wand, whitened at the middle—the badge of his strangely named guild. Another monkish man wore a complete costume of mouse-colored cloth, the distinctive garb of another order. Goats clambered up some of the ghats, and cows stumbled about upon others. They were brought there to be given to the poor, which was perhaps the most truly pious act of all that we witnessed in Benares. Last of all, we came opposite a large unbuilt-upon piece of river-bank now covered with drying clothes. The principal sewer of the city leaps from an opening in a wall just there in a good-sized Minnehaha of filth. The point of confluence of the river and the sewer happens thus to be the spot chosen for the principal laundry-work of the city.

This gives but a feeble idea of the morning's scenes on the river-bank. The reader must imagine two or more miles of majestic stairs almost comparable with the sides of an Egyptian pyramid, and thrown over this a city's multitude, the lower thousands nude or half nude and bathing, the upper thousands clad in joyous colors—the whole scene like a swarming of birds of gay plumage upon some gigantic terraced sea-wall.

I regret that I did not happen to see one charming spectacle which some acquaintances witnessed and described to me. It is the custom, so they say, for newly married couples to be rowed across to the farther shore, and to trail behind their boat a garland of white and yellow blossoms, which must be of sufficient length to span the stream from shore to shore. On the farther side of the river they meet the priests and their friends, and this part of the ceremony of marriage is thus completed.

With an English-speaking native acquaintance I went to see a Hindoo dwelling—the home of my escort, who was a very rich and influential person in the city. I was first asked if I desired to see such a house, and was told that it would be shown to me as an especial favor, and one which Hindoos are unaccustomed to granting to English visitors and tourists. Knowing this to be the case, I was greatly surprised at the compliment. Naturally, I declared myself eager to embrace the opportunity. In the company of my guide I left his carriage at a point where a narrow stone-paved street debouched into one of the broader wagon-roads of the city. While walking along this street, which was in reality only an alley, and yet was of the type of nearly all the residence thoroughfares in the residen-

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tial districts of the town, I was impressed by the absence of any sign of business, and by the presence, on either hand, of tall white dwellings which it was not necessary for my guide to point out as private houses. Coming to a still narrower street, which was like a mere crack between two rows of houses, he led me down it, and bade me to understand that the houses surrounding me were the homes of exceptionally well-to-do men. He descanted upon their great size, but I cannot recall any other marked peculiarity they possessed, unless it was that they carried no balconies upon their sheer smooth façades, unbroken except by windows. The people met with in these two streets were markedly different from those I had seen in the business thoroughfares. There were many more women among them, and they were better and more completely dressed, and very much more completely veiled. These were the servants of the gentry. Furthermore, I met several chairs, or palanquins, in which ladies were being carried to visit friends and neighbors. The natives liken their ladies to moons, but to foreigners they are as the moon is only upon stormy nights, when she cannot be seen. The Empress Victoria and even the shrinking Sultan of Turkey are to be seen by whoever chooses, but a Hindoo lady is not visible to her husband's male relatives and closest friends. In all my journey through India I am certain of having seen only two genuine ladies, though I may have seen hundreds, without being sure about them, at their devotions in the Ganges. One I have just described as I saw her on the ghats. The other one was so muffled up that the only visible sign of her rank wa the glimpse I got of delicate silks and gold brocade an inch or two above her shoes and beneath the bottom of her cloak. Those whom I met in their chairs in this narrow lane were well concealed in small muslin-covered boxes carried on poles lifted upon the shoulders of their bearers. In no other way does a woman of high caste move a step beyond her home in this or any other Oriental land.

As we passed deeper into the alley of the rich it narrowed more and more, until its breadth was so slight that a man might almost step from the windows of one house into those of another across the way. Ordinary speech in a front room on one side of the lane must have been plainly audible by the neighbors opposite. We entered this lane by a gate of massive wood set in a stone archway. The first houses ran 150 or 200 feet, and then the lane turned at right angles and accommodated two other opposing buildings. Then there was another turn and two more houses, and so the alley ran until it ended in a distant street. The shade and coolness of the tiny way were remarkable, but so, also, were the smells. I remarked that I supposed the purpose in making the thoroughfare so narrow was to keep the sun out of the houses, but my guide replied that this was not the case; the only purpose was to give security against attack to those who lived there.

"Oh," said I, "the city was once walled, was it? And that is what has so cramped the houses together."

"No," he replied, "it was never walled. We get the security of which I speak by making the lanes too narrow for bodies of soldiers or mobs to enter and operate in them; and then, again, we always put stout narrow doors at the ends of the lanes, in order to be able to lock ourselves in when there is occasion."

As we were passing a long high wall the gentleman remarked that we were now before his residence. At the end of the wall rose a house whose front doorway, beautifully carved, was approached by a flight of three steps.

"This," said he, "is the zenana portion of my house — the women's part; zenana means 'women.'"

As he spoke I noticed that the door was open, and I was able to see past it into a narrow passage. My guide would have been amused at the thought which rushed, uncontrolled, to my brain, for, seeing the door open and knowing what prisoners the women are in Indian households, I fancied that I might see the inmates rush out into the street in a mad dash for liberty, or else that this had already taken place, and that my host would find his nest bare and empty. The house appeared to stand by itself and to have only a wall beside it, but, in fact, the wall hid the rest of the mansion, which stood at right angles to the zenana. The windows of the zenana were closed by green outer shutters such as we are accustomed to see upon country houses at home.

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We turned back, and passed along the wall to an opening or portal similar to that of the zenana. It likewise possessed a carved frame, and its doors were richly decked with carving, while on the wall above it were rude but strongly effective drawings in yellow and green, representing the proboscis-nosed god Ganesh, a tiger, an elephant, and other objects such as one sees pictured on a myriad walls in that country. Passing through the wall, we found ourselves in the court of the men's part of the house. It was a very cramped place, paved with stone, and set with ornamental plants in pots. The house and a sort of wing or annex closed two sides of it. We entered a hall or passage in the basement of the main building, and presently came to a well-like shaft that pierced the building from the ground to the roof. At every story it was enclosed by shutters, all the slats of which were closed. I was not surprised to hear that we were under the zenana, or to notice that this ventilator, as you might call it, was not connected with the ground-floor, or with the front door through which I had fancied the women pouring in flight. The door was beside me now, and the sides of the shaft of the zenana here rested on four stone supports. The women do not realize their condition, and do not want to run away; but one might do so some day, and then a family would be stained. The men do not break into zenanas, for the penalty would be awful; but one man might. I observed that the rule is to take no chances.

"This is the house of my women," my host remarked, and then he added, as if I might plume myself upon enjoying some forbidden privilege, "But this ground-floor we only use for servants."

I gave one other glance up through the building to the sky. But though it may well have been that the women were slyly studying me, I could see no one; nothing but the succeeding stories, their solid railings, and their shutter walls. We returned to the court, and entering the wing of the main building, found that the room before us was my host's office. A mattress of great size covered half the floor, and upon it sat two men, in clerk fashion, writing. I mean by the expression "clerk fashion" that they sat with their legs beside rather than under or before them, each on one haunch, with the right leg over the left one. In this way all clerks and scribes sit in India, using the right leg as a rest for the pad or book beneath their hands. There was nothing else in this room but the mattress and the men and their tools. Commanding the court and decorating two sides of the house was a gallery, up to which my host now conducted me. At its farther side, exactly over the room in which we had seen the clerks at work, we entered a similar large square apartment. It was wholly bare as to its floor and walls; but at one side, about eight feet above the floor, one wall was broken by a line of green shutters with movable slats.

"Here," my host remarked, "is what you would call the parlor or drawing-room of the house. In this room I entertain my friends, receive my visitors, and have singers and nautch-dancers to entertain them. From those blinds at the side, above your head, my women may sit and look at whatever goes on."

This was the sum total of what I was permitted to see in the house of a Hindoo who frankly declared me his master, and possessed of a right to command him in the name of a mutual friend. While recognizing that I had seen almost nothing of importance, I still felt certain that he could not show me more. The strictness with which their women are sequestrated by this race is no more extreme than my experience implies. A dozen, a hundred times, when I had no thought of seeing their wives or their women's quarters—when I was merely asking about women's dresses, jewels, or customs—the men took alarm, and assured me that I could not see their women. It was no use for me to tell the truth, that I had no desire to see them; they still fancied this to be my hidden aim, or else were guilty with the knowledge that this one service could not be commanded even by one who carried such powerful letters as mine.

"You are wonderfully strict in secluding your women," said I at a time when the subject was broached by a Hindoo.

"Yes," was the reply; "we have been so since the Mogul rule began. The Mussulmans used to steal our women from us. Before that our wives walked freely in the gardens and went about almost openly."

My host may not have known how imperfect this answer was, but I had read enough to be aware of its shortcoming.

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It is very likely that there was greater freedom for the women before the Mussulmans conquered the country, and from what we know of that race there is no reason to doubt these new-comers cast terror among their unwilling subjects in the ways for which they are notorious. But the scholars who have studied the reasons for the general Oriental habit of confining women go far back of any such comparatively recent events, and look many times wider than India for their facts. Whether in India the recovery of the race from the evils of polyandry brought the complete revolution by which each man gained absolute control of at least one wife, and then began to guard her with jealousy, we do not know, though some assert, and some doubt it. Still others argue that the custom of keeping women within-doors began with the complete isolation of every house when the annual overflow of the Nile in Egypt began to force new customs upon mankind. The temperature of the Eastern lands offers another explanation. But nothing about the subject is so certain as that from Morocco to the Pacific the practical imprisonment of all wives and daughters, except those who are obliged to labor, is everywhere the rule.

While I was in the outermost parts of the rich Hindoo's house he was called from my side by two young men in very rich coats and trousers of gaudy silk, who also wore turbans that were snow-white, and might almost have been made in moulds. I had never seen such headgear in India, and never saw such afterward. It was apparent, from the soft tones and constant genuflections of the visitors, that their speech flowed with compliments to my host, and that the mission upon which they were bent was extra-ceremonial. When they had gone I asked if this was not the case, and was told that it was so, that they were inviting him to a wedding in their family.

"Their dress was what we call official, or ceremonial," he added, "and when I attend the wedding I must dress as they are dressed. It is not the custom for us to send invitations by post, or in writing, or even by hired messengers. We go ourselves, and call upon whomsoever we wish to invite, and we deliver the invitation with great formality by word of mouth."

WE FORGET

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY

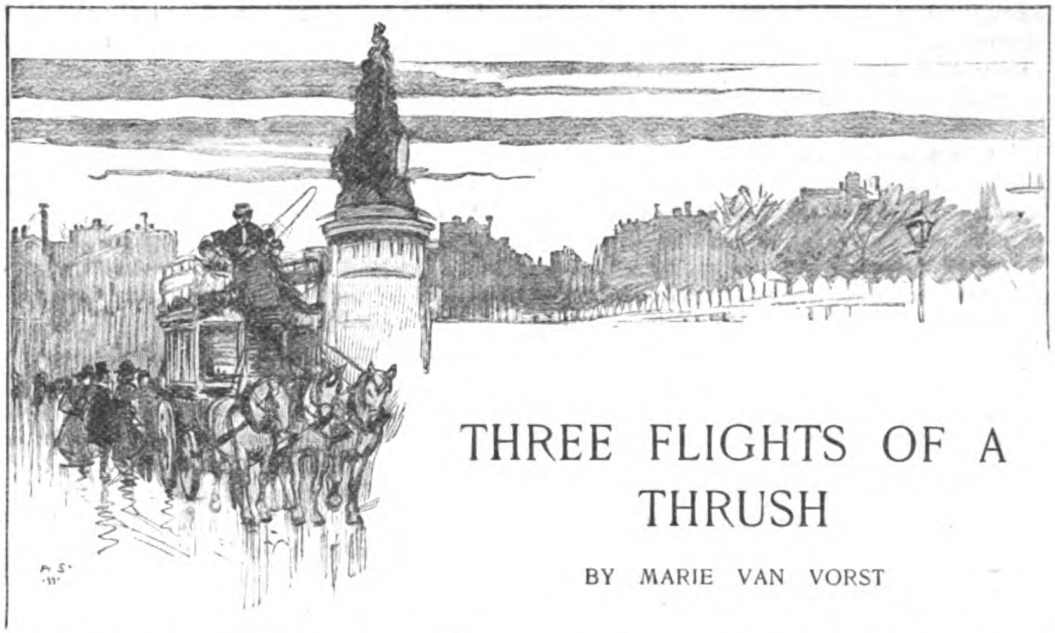
So many tender words and true
We meant to say, dear love, to you;
So many things we meant to do,
But we forgot.

The busy days were full of care;
The long night fell all unaware;
You passed beyond love's pleading prayer,
While we forgot.

Now evermore through heart and brain
There breathes an undertone of pain.
Though what has been should be again,
We would forget.

We feel, we know, that there must be
Beyond the veil of mystery
Some place where love can clearly see
And not forget.

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THREE FLIGHTS OF A THRUSH

BY MARIE VAN VORST

FLIGHT I.—TO THE ROOFS OF PARIS.

HER name was *Mademoiselle Fauvette*—in English, "Miss Thrush"; and she sang all day long, from morning until night—why, not at all! That is to say, no one ever heard her sing; and if she sang, it was in her heart.

To her English-speaking guests Madame said, "Elow me to praysent my raysident Frainch governess—yes?" And to those who were so fortunate as to dangle more than one language from their tongue's end, and who did not need the services of this young person, Madame said, "*Voilà Mademoiselle*—she will aid you in all your affairs."

Madame was quite truthful: the young person would, and did. Madame Brancard was the proprietress of a large hôtel de famille. She had situated it as far from the madding crowd as she dared—in remote Passy—far indeed beyond everything which a misguided tourist might hope to see during a short sojourn in Paris; but short sojourns did not appeal to Madame.

"Passy," she said—"it is healthful; it is at rest."

It certainly was; it was, above all, inaccessible.

"It is well not to compare too often with other establishments," Madame argued; "it brings the discontent. Once arrived and installed, many will remain; it is far to move, and it costs to *déménager*."

People came to the hôtel de famille for various reasons, and staid because moving was expensive; and then there were advantages. There were indeed—there was *Mademoiselle Fauvette!* She was always to be found when complaint was on her track. Into her ear all grievances were poured; she listened, and soothed. Knowing it was vain to go to the little bureau of Madame with a complaint, she never went. Mademoiselle was paid a salary that amounted to six dollars a month. At first her patroness thought to allow her a percentage on her lessons; then, on turning the scheme over in her mind, she decided on the former course. The salary had not seemed to her a possible sum to offer to any governess, even in France. She did not dream of it until she saw *Mademoiselle Fauvette*, and then it burst upon her like an inspiration. When the girl appeared that first day in the little office before Madame a small dart of light came in from somewhere without in Passy and fell—a bright bar, a clear dividing-line between the two. Madame looked up quickly from her tatting at her *vis-à-vis*, looked up, and made the proposition.

Mademoiselle Fauvette accepted. She was not a woman of the world. She taught thereafter all day long; she had no interests to be considered but those of others, and she helped those who were of the world and its rush to get into the thick of the fight by her prompt punctu-

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ality, by her unfailing sweet temper; and if they failed to appreciate her, it was because only the unpleasant things of life are visible to certain retinæ.

Peaceful lessons at more or less regular times in-doors are what is generally understood by teaching. This, however, was not *Mademoiselle Fauvette's* method. She accompanied people who did not know their own minds to dressmakers and milliners; she taught them *en route;* she told them the names of the things they did not know; she assisted at purchases where her good French taste quivered. She selected materials, designed dresses, and often, after spending an hour or two over samples, when silks and stuffs had been unrolled and displayed, after haughty models had paraded up and down in every manner of costume—after all this she would be obliged, at a nudge from her companion, to rise and say to the head of the establishment, "These ladies will not decide on anything to-day"—and then follow "these ladies" out of the door, her cheeks aflame.

But the worst of all was to fight the battles of these difficult shoppers—to return things caprice had ordered; to cavil over bills with angry furnishers and screaming dressmakers. Oh, her cheeks were often aflame for them—for her pupils; for her compatriots with their clever replies; for herself, a miserable tool that durst not turn in the hand. More than once, rather than dispute the *pourboire* with an infuriated cocher, she had slipped one of her own *gros sous* into the man's hand.

"Just you beat him down, Mamselle," her companion would call, hurrying into the shelter of the porte cochère. "Five cents! I can't stand this *pourboire* system!"

At first *Mademoiselle Fauvette* occupied a tiny room next that of Madame; it had a *terrasse* view, and she had been very happy in her miniature quarters. She was no sooner installed with her few possessions than a guest one too many arrived; *Mademoiselle* was forced to move up stairs to a trunk-room on the third floor. But this resting-place was soon discovered to be indispensable for the trunks, and *Mademoiselle Fauvette* went on up stairs, until finally there was nothing left but the servants' quarters, *au sixième.*

"There is, however, no farther that I can go," she thought. "This is the end."

Even the knowledge that in certain countries people sleep on the roofs did not chill the hope of this permanence. It was at least not a French custom.

Mademoiselle Fauvette, being "a good and faithful servant, went up higher" (with no apparent advantage to herself, be it admitted). These last quarters were reached by dirty winding stairs, damp in winter, and intensely cold. When the sixth story shone in sight after the ascent, it shone in the shape of a stone corridor, out of which opened several small rooms. In one of these *Mademoiselle Fauvette* found herself, a certain evening in February. The last bundle of her things and her furnishings had been brought up and dumped. Her little iron bed stood by the wall, mattress and blankets thrown indifferently upon it. A bureau, with drawers naïvely innocent of handles, sagged on two feet in a corner. Her clothes and her few possessions were dropped aimlessly here and there.

She had just come up from giving a lesson—she was tired. She sat down on the edge of the iron bed and looked about her. The paper was peeling here and there from the wall, showing discolored spots, and between the boards of the hard-wood floor great cracks laughed up at her. She did not at this moment respond to their mirth. Through the roof-window burst a flood of sunlight suddenly, fully flaring in *Mademoiselle Fauvette's* eyes. She sprang to her feet and ran to the window, threw open the panes, and leaned out. Below her wound the Seine, blue and swift; on either side the frail branches of the leafless trees, trembling to clothe themselves with spring, moved gently in the delicate atmosphere. Here and there darted the *bateaux mouches*, crowded with those who had gone beyond the bridge's span and the city's noise to St. Cloud and Bas-Meudon. They had been (these happy ones!), and in the evening were flocking back to Paris. Over the gray roofs and chimney-pots lay the *brume mystique*, shot through with light, a palpitating cloud of gold; through the yellow mist the tour Eiffel, fine as the web of a spider, spun upward.

"How beautiful! how beautiful!" murmured little Miss Thrush. "How I shall love this room!"

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On the tin roof ledge close to her twittered groups of sparrows, ruffling their feathers, settling down in small brown balls, close, side by side. Birds, but songless. They were so near her she could have touched them; but she was looking out and on to the fading sky. It grew paler, paler. Shadows followed the glowing veil over the roofs and chimney-pots, and as much of night as ever comes to France—a blue sky and fair white stars—found the sparrows gone to sleep, shapeless tufts of feathers, and *Mademoiselle Fauvette*, leaning on her elbows, gazing in rapture out of her window *au sixième*.

FLIGHT II.—TO BATIGNOLLES.

Mademoiselle Fauvette had a friend. Most of us think we have a great many; *Mademoiselle* was sure of one—Mrs. Percival Cecil George Gormsleigh, of Tottenham Gardens, Bruxton Road, Rockshire. *Mademoiselle* had it all in her little address-book. Mrs. Gormsleigh had written it in her all-covering British chirography; it had taken a whole page of the little blue *carnet*. "My dear, when you need a friend, address me *there*," and *Mademoiselle Fauvette* shut the *carnet* as reverently as though it had been a missal with an especial prayer written on the fly-leaf by the Pope's hand. She adored Mrs. Gormsleigh.

Mrs. Gormsleigh read French as she did English (she often affirmed). So, at all events, she spoke it, and was broad enough and generous enough to make as little difference as possible between the two hostile tongues. The conversation on the part of Mrs. Gormsleigh was an impartial literal translation from her own into that most subtle of mediums the French speech; and this without an accent or an inflection other than her own honest rise and fall. It was to *Mademoiselle Fauvette* a new language, which at times resembled her mother-tongue vaguely enough to make her homesick.

The English patrons of the family hotel remarked at once, on seeing Mrs. Gormsleigh,

"Isn't she strikingly like the Queen?"

Mrs. Gormsleigh always seemed, as she sailed grandly into the dining-room to meals, or took her seat in a huge armchair in the reading-room, to be presiding over something. Proud of her resemblance to Victoria, she cultivated the type, and the English tourists who had never remotely glowed in the dimmest halo of aristocracy were proud of Mrs. Gormsleigh: she was a sort of opera-glass that brought the throne nearer them.

She was something of a grass-widow—not of the melancholy type. She accepted her situation with serene calm. Her husband had found out Madame Brancard's family hotel, and Mrs. Gormsleigh had been suddenly left there; all that Mr. Gormsleigh asked, apparently, was the boon of his liberty, and this Mrs. Gormsleigh gave him because she could not help it.

To Madame Brancard she was a gold-mine on a small scale. She remained when others came and went. She had a maid and a dog; for these she paid generously; and to judge by the tale of rations that the monthly bill imputed to Mrs. Gormsleigh's Skye terrier, one would have supposed that she kept an ostrich at least.

It was owing to her friend's prestige that *Mademoiselle Fauvette* was permitted to pass what spare time she had in the little salon on the second floor. She drew a breath of contentment when she entered and looked at the big table covered with books and papers, and left its comfort with a sigh.

An economical person respects the wear and tear of inanimate objects, and when it comes to flesh and blood, "does not ride a free horse to death." Madame Brancard had never heard this vulgar proverb, but she knew its spirit, and respected it as she respected all truths that pointed toward her own ultimate good. When, on the day of her engagement with *Mademoiselle Fauvette*, that young person had timidly suggested a Wednesday afternoon *congé*, Madame consented at once.

"You are young," said the maternal soul. "I am responsible for your temptations, in a measure. Where shall you pass your Wednesdays?"

"At Batignolles, Madame, with some friends—*les dames Carrière*. The mother paints miniatures which have been already exposed in the Salon."

"And then?"

"There are the two sisters, Mademoiselle Claire, Mademoiselle Marie, *et une toute petite*."

"And then?"

"That is all!"

Without appearing to do so, Madame closely observed her governess. Madame,

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who could have discerned a maggot in the kernel through the shell, saw straight through this unfolded bud to the heart—neither warmed nor mellowed, and where no worm or canker hid.

"Good!" said Madame (and meant it). "You will return at five always."

"Why yes, Madame, always."

Thus Batignolles — Batignolles!—rose like a star on the horizon of *Mademoiselle Fauvette*. And what week is impossible, even with six and a half days of unremitting labor and as many days' hours of annoyances, with a whole four hours and a half of bliss planted right down in the middle of the routine! And all that it meant in her starved life she confided to Mrs. Gormsleigh.

Mrs. Gormsleigh's idea of Paris was vast and vague. Morally, she looked upon it as a sink of sin, where an unprotected woman has but to appear, straightway to disappear. Æsthetically, she regarded it as a whirligig assortment of flowers, ruches, ribbons, and general frivolous, delicious brightness, of which she had caught too brief a glimpse. Long ago, as a girl, she bought her wedding things in Paris, and the city had flashed by her in a sunlight of May days. She felt the warmth of certain souvenirs still. She had never known the city or its environs; and quarters whose red and white names flashed from mighty omnibus tops—Buttes, Chaumont, Batignolles, Courcelles—were for her mysterious terminations to which the stages rolled gayly—gardens, woods, or ancient quarters of the city, unspoiled by modern improvements; she had been always "goin'," but the sojourn passed. She married, saw more and less than she ever dreamed, and the various signs (with much else) faded out of sight, borne away by vehicles that never came back.

When at last *Mademoiselle* spoke to her familiarly of Batignolles, the word, with a sort of onomatopœism, suggested a beautiful country place lying Heaven knew where, and to reach which Heaven knew how, and she wove about it the fascination of a fairy-tale.

Mademoiselle had been many times to Batignolles before Mrs. Gormsleigh knew of the existence of this Éden. One day, missing the little governess, she inquired her whereabouts.

"*Mademoiselle* has gone to Batignolles," she was informed.

"Ah!"

Yes, it appeared that Miss Thrush bent a twig to the wind every Wednesday and flew to Batignolles.

It was past six when *Mademoiselle Fauvette* came into the little salon. It was raining without. Miss Thrush, being a little late, had ventured to slip in with her things on.

"Where have you been, my child?"

"Ah, Madame, it is my day for Batignolles."

She drew off her brown worsted gloves (she might have gotten out of the finger-ends quite as easily as at the wrists), and unfastened the brown ribbons of her brown cloak.

"Take your wet things off and change your boots. You shall put on my slippers. Sit by the fire, and tell me all about what you do at Batynole."

The girl did exactly as she was told. She was an independent woman, but she possessed the grace of compliance, and when, with tears in her eyes, she drained a glass of hot water and peppermint, and sat hatless, cloakless, and in her stocking feet before the fire, Mrs. Gormsleigh's heelless slippers dangling from the ends of her toes, her own boots standing up on end to dry, Mrs. Gormsleigh looked at her with satisfaction and felt less alone; and Miss Thrush thrilled with the pleasure of being cared for.

"Now," said Mrs. Gormsleigh, "what do you do at 'Battynole'?"

"Oh, it is the conference of *Monsieur Périgord!*"

Mrs. Gormsleigh faithfully read the New York *Herald* and the *Figaro* daily, even the advertisements, but she had never heard of *Monsieur Périgord*, and she said so.

"That does not astonish me," said *Mademoiselle Fauvette*. "He has yet to burst upon the world."

This was enthusiastic, but vague; too ephemeral for Mrs. Gormsleigh. "Battynole" might remain wrapped in the mystery of the unknowable, but *Monsieur Périgord* should assume personality.

"Who is *Monsieur Périgord?*" she asked, with simple directness.

She touched a secret spring. Turning her side face to the fire and facing her pupil, *Mademoiselle Fauvette* clasped the "Art of Conjugation" and a stub pencil.

"He is a great master, a great musician, Madame. In any country but

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France, where they do not know the soul of music (*Monsieur Périgord* says), he would have been famous before this. But renown is coming, surely, surely. He gives, twice a week, conferences on musical composition to at least five hundred students in the Latin Quarter. They have a room especially for this lecture. He is speaking now on the 'Development of the Opera,' and, Madame, *he is writing an opera!*" She said this with a hushed voice.

"What does he do at Batynole?" asked Mrs. Gormsleigh.

"Just think, Madame, we have been so fortunate as to secure him for our class! He teaches us!"

"Does he teach you alone?"

"*Madame!*" breathed the shocked voice. "A great musician does not give single lessons; it is a course!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Gormsleigh.

"Yes. There are eight of us *jeunes filles—les demoiselles Tournier* (the daughters of the wine-merchant), and always *les dames Carrière*, my friends, whose house it is. I teach a little girl of Madame Carrière, and in return I am permitted to assist at this *cours*."

"Well?"

"We each play what we have prepared during the week, and *Monsieur Périgord* criticises,—and—then—*he plays*."

Mademoiselle Fauvette's face wore the look of a rapt angel; and as she said the name of the great master "*Monsieur Périgord*," she filled it with the warmth and the sun of the Midi, whose name it is, until every syllable shone, and even Mrs. Gormsleigh felt the glow.

"And he plays well, my dear?"

"Well! Oh, Madame, it is a dream, a poem! It is—I know not how to say it—as if all I felt and couldn't speak were said; as if all I see and couldn't have were there."

A little second of silence fell.

"You seem to be very fond of music," said Mrs. Gormsleigh.

"It's my life!"

(Her life, poor little songless thrush—her life!)

"And the opera, Madame—when it is completed it will show to the world what a great genius has been unknown among them."

"When has *Monsieur Périgord* told you all this?" asked the resolute Briton.



"MRS. GORMSLEIGH FAITHFULLY READ THE NEW YORK 'HERALD.'"

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(The firelight had warmed slightly the cheek of *Mademoiselle Fauvette* that was nearest the light, but over the other no flush passed, and her eyes looked at her interlocutrice with no quiver of the lids.)

"Oh, from time to time. Sometimes there are only *les dames Carrière* and myself, and after my lesson he will stop for a few moments to talk. They are great friends, *les dames Carrière* and *Monsieur Périgord*."

"And how old is he?"

"Ah, I have no idea!"

"Oh, yes you have, my dear; one always has an idea about people's ages, you know. Is he twenty-five?"

"Oh no, Madame; much more!"

"Seventy?"

"Oh no. Why, one's career is finished at seventy, and *Monsieur Périgord* has not begun his."

"Well, how old *should* you say?" persisted her friend.

"Forty—perhaps," mused *Mademoiselle Fauvette*.

"Is he bald?"

Mademoiselle Fauvette broke into a musical laugh. "I really, really have no idea; I have never noticed."

(If *Monsieur Périgord*, far off in the Latin Quarter, at his desk before five hundred young students, could have heard! He was even at that moment wiping his brow, which extended well back to the crown, innocent of hair.)

"I am afraid," thought Mrs. Gormsleigh, "that it *is* serious."

Monsieur Périgord belonged to his room as absolutely as the red chintz curtains belonged to his bed, as the undulations in the stair-rails belonged to them. He went in with the dinginess and the littleness—the unfinished, stopped-short appearance. As he leaned over his table-top, his nervous hand, coming far below the frayed coat sleeve, rapidly jotting down the notes of his score, or run through the spare thin fringe of hair skirting a spot bald beyond question (Oh, *Mademoiselle Fauvette!*) — as he bent thus, his narrow shoulders close over the table, in the half-light of a Parisian afternoon, the bristling jar of pens and pencils, the big ink-well, the rolls of musicians' black cases, all seemed to possess an individuality akin to the master—dingy, old, useful, but not even at the stretch of a point artistic.

Monsieur Périgord knew the chimney-pots and the gleaming gray roofs, as did his friend in far-away Passy. At the head of his street was the great friendly façade of the Odéon, with its gold letters,

THÉÂTRE NATIONAL.

It patronized, protected, and cheered the narrow rue de ——. *Monsieur Périgord*, looking at it, remembered how it had sheltered, fostered, and encouraged art for generations. Dreaming of brilliant final success, feeling to the depths of his gentle soul kin with the beautiful and great, and stretching toward Fame his timid hand, *Monsieur Périgord*, under the shadow of the Théâtre National, composed his opera.

His tri-weekly conference *Monsieur Périgord* found to be, for the most part, weariness of the flesh; it strained and jarred his nerves. He dreaded it, he feared it, but he could not despise it. It was to be his stepping-stone to fame.

From two until four, three times a week, he lectured, with illustrations and the aid of an accompanist, on the "*Histoire de l'Opéra, et l'Art de Composition*," before an audience of five hundred young men, in the Collége Anonyme de Musique. He lectured, indeed, to the primary class, the beginners; but, old or young, stupid or clever, his audience was large; and to see before him a sea of faces, to hear hundreds shuffle into their seats, all for him, all to hear him, to be his and his alone for two hours, was a certain source of pride to the musician. Once, when elaborating a theme so familiar as to slip almost unconsciously from his tongue, he allowed his dream to possess him, and he became a leader, in his imagination, of an orchestra playing his own overture, and the gaping boys were an enthralled audience. The maestro triumphed at last, and the tinkling accompanist's feeble strain swelled to a *crescendo* of stringed instruments. At this point he lost his thread, mumbled, and stopped. Through the room, like a ripple over the still water's face, ran the laughter that is bitter meed. *Monsieur Périgord* grew crimson, and sick fright took possession of him. By an effort, masterly indeed, he controlled himself, found his discourse, and proceeded. This aberration was never forgotten by the students, who gave him thereupon a new sobriquet, of which he was happily ignorant.

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For the subject of his masterpiece he had chosen "The Rape of the Sabines," and in his vacation he spent his time at the National Library, studying scene and setting and historic detail for his *chef-d'œuvre*. Before day broke he was at his table, his hair on end, his small form wrapped in a coverlet from his bed during the *grand froid*. In the intensest moments of creation he flew between piano and table like an excited bird, and at all times bristled with pencils — one sticking in his waistcoat, one behind his ear, and between his teeth another, against which he hummed the air he was elaborating as though it were a mouth-organ.



"I TEACH A LITTLE GIRL."

Into the round of hours of creation, and hours in which he was a martyr for his bread's sake, dropped the conference of Madame Carrière at Batignolles like a pearl between pebbles. No sooner had he left the Latin Quarter, crossed the Seine, ascended the Champs Élysées, and boarded the tram for Batignolles than he left behind him mustiness, dingy poverty, as one who leaves his wonted clothes to don a disguise. Only, in this case, poverty and dinginess were the disguise. Once a week *Monsieur Périgord* became his true self. On the impériale of the tram car (rain or shine, he always took the three-sou seat) he looked into the sky and down on the passing crowd. Courage and Belief, oozing away at times even under the Odéon's shadow, came back to him. He vibrated with airs from his opera, and as he hummed them they became full of new, exquisite sweetness, full of delicious suggestion. They repeated with fine, poignant insistence that they *were* beautiful, truly beautiful, and would be acknowledged. They told him that he had a future; all this they reiterated until he saw the yellow hand-

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bills on the posts of the Opéra, and the placards in the Agence des Théâtres on the avenue de l'Opéra—"The Rape of the Sabines"—and heard the men selling his librettos in the streets. He fairly quivered with ecstasy.

He thus descended, as a rule, before the door of Madame Carrière's little hôtel as one inspired, and entered gayly—head erect, thrown back a little, the purple ribbon ends up, with all the importance that it might hold, his black tie neat and small, under his arm his violin-case, in his hand his black leather serviette. He burst upon the little *bourgeois* conference; he was to them a great person, and to *Mademoiselle Fauvette* the musical genius of the age.

Monsieur Périgord could not have defined his pleasure at the *cours* of Madame Carrière. His audience was limited, and (if the truth must be told) dull to distraction. Madame Carrière, whose forte was miniatures, sat and worked at her art in a frame. She knew enough of music to tolerate it and to provide lessons for her daughter; beyond this she could not have told the "Marseillaise" from the popular air of a *café chantant*. She was a high-voiced, rotund *mère de famille*, and the only miniatures that she had ever produced that faintly suggested a human being were the *demoiselles Carrière*, who were exactly like one another and herself. First, *Mademoiselle Lucie*, the little daughter, played in a frightened and atrocious manner her exercises for the week; then, one by one, the five daughters of the respective butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker rolled off in turn sonatas, waltzes, fugues; *Monsieur Périgord*, standing in the shadow of the big room, a little way from the piano, accompanied on his violin.

At the last *Mademoiselle Fauvette* took the piano-stool, and played, in a sweet and trembling manner, the study which she had never time to prepare. *Monsieur Périgord* followed on his stringed instrument, slowly, painstakingly—so very thoroughly, in fact, that the *bêtes demoiselles*, who had scampered through their allotted portions like goats over fences, decided that *Mademoiselle Fauvette* must possess decided genius, and that *Monsieur Périgord* was carefully developing it. Then all the performers sat expectant, whilst the teacher either gave a little conference, or, as a great, great treat, played snatches from the "Rape of the Sabines." The hearers sat in the shadows of the early winter twilight in heavy attention. But little Miss Thrush, her arms at length on her knees, her face uplifted, chin raised, and lips parted, her halo of soft fine hair blown about her cheeks like dust of gold, was a lovely thing to see. The others listened, she heard; and *Monsieur Périgord* found the "Rape of the Sabines," Fame, and the Future indescribably blended and linked with the part of his audience that *Mademoiselle Fauvette* formed. He came in enthusiasm, he went away in a dream; and this was the famous conference of *Monsieur Périgord.*

FLIGHT III.—TO ARCADY.

It was spring in Paris. The chestnut-trees bordering the Champs Élysées rose through the mysterious haze like rare growths of ocean flowers in a tremulous sea. The twigs, crimson and fine, were velvet with the presage of bloom. In the flower-markets gleamed out white and pink, lavender and green, in marvellous confusion, and through the remoter streets flashed brilliant spots of yellow and crimson as the venders passed, with their baskets of crocus, giroflée, and red roses.

Monsieur Périgord, spurning the last step of his turret stairs, stepped out to find the narrow rue de —— transfigured with the glorious beauty of the day. He looked up suspiciously at the Odéon, as though it might be responsible for the delicious feeling astir in his heart, but the black façade in the bright atmosphere loomed dark and damp; the letters were as cold as though carved from golden ice. The House of Art, even with its symbolic laurels, was a frigid thing in the living day.

Monsieur Périgord turned away his eyes.

It was the famous day when the hedgehog sees its shadow, when under the brown short grass the earth is succulent and moist, when the environs, those blessed Elysians sacred to leisure and fête-days and marriages and betrothals, send on the wings of the wind messages to the heart of Paris—"Come out to us; there are the *bateaux mouches* and the trams (you can take them for three sous!). We are so near and yet so different that you should know us and touch us and take of our good. We are almost wide awake and opening our violet eyes and stirring our

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MONSIEUR PÉRIGORD.

warm wind wings in the sun; come out to us!" These messages *Marne la Coquette* and *Garches of the Purple Woods* send in the giroflée and violets in the venders' baskets, in the moist smells from the newly sprinkled pavements.

It was half past nine in the morning. Bareheaded, blue-aproned bonnes pattered hither and thither, pausing before a game-seller's or a creamery to choose their good morsels for the day.

A student here and there, béret ajaunt,

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his portfolio under his cape, passed, swinging along. Down the sun-filled street the musician followed with and passed athwart the throng.

Monsieur Périgord was quivering with excitement. Early and late vigils, succession of mellow days, inspiring rides on the impériale of the omnibus—all these are stimulating influences. The "Rape of the Sabines" from overture to finale was complete! Before seeking a criticism from the directors of the National Opera, it should have a *répétition générale* before an audience of at least five hundred! His suite of lectures upon the "Development of the Opera" had reached the proper climax; he might, in illustration of theory and technique, properly introduce his masterpiece under a pseudonym. The "Rape of the Sabines," rendered by a picked orchestra of six pieces and the tinkling accompanist, was to be produced before his five hundred students at the Institut Anonyme.

Pegasus cannot cleave the ether until he paws at the threshold of Olympus and ploughs at the same time in a bumpkin's field. To say that the routine of lectures, that harmony and thorough-bass, counterpoint and history, had been neglected whilst the *maestro* created his opera is to speak, alas, too truly; and here and there amongst his pupils were those who also had germs of possible operas in their brains, who were modern, serious, progressive, and intolerant. These young men jeered at first, with the rest, at the mystic, *distrait* lecturer. Then they grew silent, sullen, mutinous. Moreover, in the Advanced Course there was a rising man of no creative genius whatsoever, a born imparter of knowledge and a talented augmenter of his own prestige. He had schemes for the union of the two *cours* —and—! Clouds no bigger than a man's hand were not visible to the near-sighted *Monsieur Périgord*, although they had been peeping above the horizon for months; indeed, to his innocent vision all horizons were clear.

Monsieur Périgord's scrupulous toilet on this festive day belated him a little. His coat was brushed; a new tie cast the older black of his wardrobe into the shade; he drew on a pair of buttonless black gloves, purple at the seams. As he reached the threshold of the Institut Anonyme, his climax of elation and springiness at its height, he stopped to buy for two sous a boutonnière from a flower-seller, and thrust it in the lapel of his coat, just above the purple ribbon of the chevalier d'honneur. In the cloak-room he left his hat and overcoat, keeping on his gloves, that they might be drawn off with impressive leisure as he entered with his orchestra. His orchestra was awaiting him, however—the violinist, the 'cellist, and the timid accompanist. The racks were before them, and their scores as well. With a hasty word to each performer and whispered repetitions of directions given at the few private rehearsals already held, *Monsieur Périgord*, standing by his little table, turned his gaze and his face toward the *salle*.

The membership of five hundred seemed to have grown enormously. It appeared to him as though there were gathered at least twice that number; from topmost seat in the gallery to the first row of benches the hall was filled; there was not one vacant chair. Indeed, here and there two men shared the same seat. The amazed and delighted professor saw scattered through the room older students, men from the Cours Supérieur. The room, too, was remarkably silent—if he had realized it, *ominously still*.

Monsieur Périgord, thrilled and ecstatic, drew off his black gloves, the boutonnière trembled above his beating heart; he bowed and smiled and began:

"*Messieurs*—"

(Have you ever heard, on a day that has been strangely, beautifully still, a sudden slow rustling in the far-off trees—a rustling that, growing little by little, steadily creeps, until it possesses all the air and silence is wakened to storm?) From the dim gallery came a gliding, lisping sound, strange and cruel; it broke and rippled and touched over all the rows of seats, gaining in intensity.

Monsieur Périgord, absorbed and unsuspecting, took it at first for applause; he smiled again and bowed.

"*Messieurs*—"

(The trees, stirred from root to fine tree-top, shake, and are filled with sound.) Growing mightily, gaining and overpowering, the hissing, lisping, murmuring, spread and possessed the silence, until none was left—none left for the gentle voice of the author of the "Rape of the Sabines" to be heard.

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"Silence, gentlemen! I command silence!" (Silence!)

The sound which had had no form took mould here and became words:

"*La dé-mission de Mon-sieur Pé-ri-gord,—la démis-sion de Monsieur Pé-ri-gord,—la dé-mis-sion de Mon-sieur Pé-ri-gord—*"

Slowly, rhythmically measured, each word and each syllable being clapped to time and precision by seven hundred pairs of hands—"*La dé-mis-sion de Mon-sieur Péri-gord*"—until silence was nowhere in the vast dreadful room, save deep in the heart of the stricken man, who stood and stared and listened. There was a still corner of his mind where a voice rang with dreadful fatality, saying, "*This is the end; this is the end forever.*" The sea of faces took awful shapes that were only half human—gargoyles from whose ghoulish mouths issued streams of hissing sound:

"*La dé-mis-sion de Mon-sieur Péri-gord—*"

Clap — clap — clap.

The polite and exquisite demeanor of the dismissed professor never



"HE DREW ON A PAIR OF BUTTONLESS BLACK GLOVES."

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changed; he stood rigid by his table, his hand clutching the edge. His face was pale as death at first; then, under the humiliation, grew redder and redder; from the edge of his cheek over his bald crown the flaming wave crept. He strove to speak, and clutched at the edge of the table to keep himself from falling. Then he stretched out his hands to the crowded room, and going backward slowly, slowly retired from the platform.



THE SPRING DRESS

In the spring, in company with the wanton lapwing, *Mademoiselle Fauvette* got herself another crest, and in fellowship with her namesake—Thrush—new plumage. She always had a new dress once a year. And if there is a person so poor, so heart-sick, who during April and May does not yearn over the temptation to possess himself of a brilliant bit of newness, who does not fall into a delicious bit of extravagance, that person is not in tune with nature, or in harmony with the renewing year.

Miss Thrush had no time to linger over the bewitching *nouveautés de saison* at the Bon Marché and the Louvre; but when one of her companions, an inveterate but wavering shopper, hesitated, lost in the toils of half a hundred remnants, *Mademoiselle* saw "her affair" in a twinkling. Knowing just how much she could spend, just how much goods it would take, having only one dress to plan where the inveterate shopper had ten, her spring shopping was brief and to the point. She saw and seized upon her remnant. It was bought and paid for and in her arms, and she was helping the wavering purchaser to reconcile yards and metres, and francs and dollars, to the best of her broken English and with her most bewitching gestures. In spite of the fact that she had no time to try on her dress, that all she could do was to make a sketch of an attractive gown and mail it to a cheap dressmaker, in spite of the fact that it was not silk-lined, or trimmed at all, the spring dress

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of *Mademoiselle Fauvette* was a ravishing toilet; and her hat, created by candle-light in her atelier *au sixième*, was a work of art! So, when *Mademoiselle Fauvette* slipped in one day to the second déjeuner, as she took her seat she met each eye fixed upon her. Of course she blushed, looked down at her omelet and up again at the observers, looked around in great confusion, and was more charming than ever. Then she started (as was her custom and duty) "French conversation."

It was Wednesday, the *Monsieur Périgord's* conference; she wore the expectation like a bright jewel, and shone the one brilliant thing in the hôtel de famille. Still, "*the messages*" with sweet impartiality had penetrated even here, but with what they said to the commonplace pensionnaires we have not to do. To *Mademoiselle Fauvette* they opened the heart of their discourse, and as she rose from the table and passed out of the pensionnat into the street, St. Martin's day recklessly told her all its secrets. Taking Miss Thrush for a newly returned bird of passage in gay plumage, wind and flower-breath straight from the Bois de Boulogne met her *en route*, played with the garniture of her hat, lifted the corner of her light cloth cape, found the fine hair irresistible. Still more kin to the wanton lapwing, *Mademoiselle* fairly flew along the street, revelled in that which she did not understand, and which she did but exquisitely feel. Her cheeks grew softly redder; her eyes were as velvet as the violets of *Garches;* her breast rose and fell tumultuously against the pretty folds of her new dress. She was hurrying along, and humming a phrase from "The Rape of the Sabines"—

> "*Dans mon pays*
> *Il y a tant de fleurs.*"

If on the warm palpitating wing she had then flown straight to those environs that were calling all Paris, the woods would have held her, claimed her, for a bright-winged companion—a bird or spirit of the spring.

The secrets of St. Martin have an affinity with all precious and tender things. They have no direct words; form is fatal to them; they disappear at attempted expression as frost forms under sun.

Of no call to Bas-Meudon or chestnut woods was *Mademoiselle Fauvette* conscious. She only knew she was on the way to Batignolles, and it was enough!

As she left Passy, the telegraph-boy entered the pension with a "*petit bleu*" to *Mademoiselle Fauvette*, saying, "There will be no conference to-day."

The messenger and *Mademoiselle Fauvette* passed each other with perfect unconsciousness!

Once at Batignolles, *Mademoiselle* hurried through the small garden to the little house in the rear, the private hôtel of *Madame Carrière*. This two-storied red and yellow brick cottage, with a front yard of brown dried garden, and all in sight of the lumbering tram, within shriek of the sharp steam-whistle—*this* was the fairy "*Battynole*" of Mrs. Gormsleigh's dream!

Mademoiselle Fauvette tinkled the bell, and after a longer pause than usual the bonne came to the door. She had evidently been cleaning, and was not in full Wednesday-afternoon dress.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said, by way of greeting, "and *Mademoiselle!* as well. It is then that *Mademoiselle* has not received the telegram?"

"No," said *Mademoiselle*, a little pale; "what telegram?"

"I pray that *Mademoiselle* will give herself the trouble to come in," urged the maid. "It is that Madame has been called away—the death of an old aunt in Touraine. It was so sudden; poor Madame is desolate!"

Mademoiselle was also desolate—for her friend, for the sudden sorrow, *and for the conference that was not to be.* This she did not say, however. She looked up the narrow stairway leading to the music-room.

"I think," she said, "that I will go up to the atelier and practise a little on Madame's piano, which she will surely permit?"

"Oh, but certainly, *Mademoiselle*," acquiesced the bonne; "and, curiously, it is also *Monsieur Périgord* who is above; he too has not received the despatch; it is very extraordinary."

Mademoiselle was on the stairs.

"*Monsieur Périgord?*" she asked, in a hushed voice.

"*Oui, Mademoiselle.*"

"I will get my music that I have left and go back to Passy."

The bell below summoned the genial bonne to her cuisine. "*Pardon,*" she

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murmured, and was gone, and *Mademoiselle* went slowly up the stairs.

No conference being expected, none was prepared for. The blinds were shut in, the room was dark, and *Monsieur Périgord* would of course be gone by this. *Mademoiselle* was in the middle of the room before she perceived, in a corner, among the shadows, the darkest shadow of them all, *Monsieur Périgord*, lost in the depths of Madame Carrière's arm-chair, his head buried in his hands.

"*Monsieur Périgord!*"

Silently he uncovered his face and, without speaking, rose to his feet.

"*Monsieur Périgord*," stammered the young girl, "you are ill."

The horrible noises still ringing in his ears, the shock he had just undergone, combined with weeks of fatigue and insufficient nourishment, had completely unnerved the musician. Into a world of false horror the presence of this sweet young being came, and her voice broke the spell. Unable to answer her, yet more truly a man than a sentimentalist, he made no theatrical exhibition, but turned from her, went over to one of the closed windows, drew aside the curtain, and pretended to look into the garden.

The French girl was too *fine* to feel herself *de trop*. She unrolled her music, laid the sheets one by one on the piano, lifted the lid, sat down before the keys. She did not touch them, however, and in a few moments *Monsieur Périgord* had mastered himself. He turned around and came toward his pupil, and the light he had admitted into the atelier showed him so wan and old, his face so full of emotion, that Miss Thrush trembled.

"*Monsieur*," she said, clasping her hands, "don't tell me. Is it—is it that the opera, 'The Rape of the Sabines,' has been refused, condemned?" She rose in her excitement.

"Dear young lady," said the composer, in a voice which even he found unreal, "let us never speak the word again. It is finished—all over forever. I have reached the end. I have been mad," he said, violently; "I dreamed of success and of fame; I am a *pauvre imbécile—un imbécile*," he repeated. "It is finished!"

The gentle eyes of *Mademoiselle Fauvette* dilated with sympathy and interest.

"Dear master," she said, clasping her hands, "the opera, it is not appreciated?"

He made a despairing gesture with his hands—that were still clad in the black gloves. "That humility is yet spared me, and that alone. I am disgraced; I have lost my position; I have lost everything; I have been dismissed from my class."

An expression of intense relief flashed into the face of his hearer, but in his misery he did not observe it.

"It is *not* the opera, then!" she broke in. "'The Rape of the Sabines' has not been refused? How glad I am!"

He looked at her in great astonishment.

"But, my dear young lady, it is far, far more serious."

"Can you tell me of your trouble?" asked the girl, gently.

Without direct reply, *Monsieur Périgord* sank again into the vast arm-chair which had been late his seat of despair. *Mademoiselle Fauvette* forthwith took the piano-stool, leaning her elbows upon the keys. The *maestro* bent forward, his arms on his knees. With his three fingers of hair standing up around the bald crown of his devoted head, his white boutonnière quite withered and drooping from the button-hole above the knot of the *chevalier d'honneur*, *Monsieur Périgord* told the story of the last few hours. He took a fierce interest in it, and as he saw it come forth in speech he blamed himself; he saw it in its true light, and he spoke of the defection with pain and bitterness, but cast no excuse for himself into the scale. It soothed him even in the telling. The humiliation, the disgrace, grew easier to bear, told to this quiet audience, this lovely listener, who listened with parted lips and intent eyes, as she had ever done when he spoke or played.

"And afterward I could not go back to my apartment. I came here to be alone and to think."

Mademoiselle's face was not one of pity. Indeed, as he paused, he looked at her in surprise, and a pang of pain shot across his heart.

(It was nothing, then, to this light-hearted girl; he had shown his bleeding heart to a stranger.)

"And it is this," she asked—"it is this that makes you so *désolé, Monsieur Périgord?*"

"But you understand!" he said. "It is the end of my career."

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"On the contrary," nodded the audience, smiling, "it is the beginning!"

She removed her elbows from the piano keys and clasped her hands in her lap. "You are now free to pursue your noble work. You can now give all your time to your talent and compose beautiful things. As for the *conference*," she said, with a superb gesture of dismissal, "what is the verdict of a handful of students who are too *bête* to know that a genius is among them? You were not born to *teach*, but to *create*."

"You are too kind, too generous," he stammered, staring at her; "you do not understand."

"*They* did not understand," she nodded again. "It is not the people whom we are with all the time who know us best," she went on, with a pretty gesture. "I do not pity you at all; I am glad, glad! For *them* I am sorry, but not for you. One pities the mole, not the sun." She stopped, abashed, crimson.

Monsieur Périgord, fascinated, had risen, and the reflection of her own flush was stealing into his pale cheeks.

"You are too good," he could only stammer—"too good!"

She recovered herself. "What you have worked upon for two years—the opera (not your lectures to the students)—is your career. When I came to-day and saw you so miserably unhappy, I said to myself, 'It is a failure, "The Rape of the Sabines,"'; and when you said no, I could not think of anything else, I was so glad."

"You think, then," he murmured, his whole expression changed, his eyes brightening—"you think, then, it is a little good, my opera—that there is something in it?"

"Oh, how can you ask?" exclaimed *Mademoiselle Fauvette*. "It is so beautiful, so beautiful, that which you have played for us."

She turned on the piano-stool and ran her fingers over the keys, and into the air of the song that had been on her lips all day and in her heart:

Dans mon pays
Il y a tant de fleurs.

The enchanted composer drew near. The treble was simple enough, but the complication of the bass began to baffle the amateur. Beating time and gently humming the tune, he played the chords with one hand himself.

"Yes, that is it, but no, the *do*, the *sol*, very good!

"Veux tu venir—veux tu venir."

Thus, little by little, falling into the music so familiar and so dear to him, *Monsieur Périgord* began to play the principal aria of "The Rape of the Sabines." Slipping away from his side unobserved, *Mademoiselle* took the *fauteuil d'orchestre*—or, in other words, the big arm-chair—leaving the piano to the *maestro*. She remained spellbound until *Monsieur Périgord* had wept out all his grief, sighed toward all his goals, and pleaded for that which neither of them fully understood. The last chords vibrated into silence; he remained for a moment immovable, and then he turned. His listener left her chair and came silently toward him. *Mademoiselle Fauvette*, thrilled by what was to her the music of a great genius, looked at the creator of "The Rape of the Sabines." She did not see the faded boutonnière, the frayed, shabby dress, the little, insignificant figure, but that which she *did* see filled her eyes as with a beautiful light, and parted her lips with a heavenly smile—the Spirit of Spring and the Spirit of Music folded their delicious wings over the little composer; the messages of St. Martin's day clamored in his ears—an intoxicating melody. He caught his breath.

The strains of "*Veux tu venir*" rang their changes with the calls of distant Arcadys. *Monsieur Périgord* trembled and held out both his hands.

"*Jeanne*," he said, "*Jeanne, je vous aime!*"

A little later, the day, having brought about, with other good happenings (and some catastrophes, no doubt!), the loves of birds all through the woods, and this mating of *Monsieur Périgord* with *Mademoiselle Fauvette*, stopped spinning its bright flower wheel, and the rain fell in showers, through which the sun shone.

Out from the hôtel of Madame Carrière into the sun-shot shower came two figures, sheltered under a decrepit umbrella borrowed from the bonne. They wandered slowly through the garden, out of the gate, and paused by the tram line. In a few moments the lumbering vehicle came in sight, drew near, and stopped. They boarded it, struggled on to the im-

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périale, where they sat under one umbrella side by side. The tram car gave a shrill toot, creaked, and started on.

Whither? Not toward Passy, for in their abstraction they had taken the wrong omnibus! But on it started, under a sky delicately blue and gray, into the fine effulgent vista of avenue bordered by half-blooming trees. On it rolled toward one of those delightful environs haloed by the charm of Mrs. Gormsleigh's dreams, bound for a destination she, poor soul, would never see; for those Arcadys toward which all vehicles go and all ships sail are only reached by the Pilgrims of Love.



RUSSIA'S ADVANCE IN CENTRAL ASIA

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

PART II

IT may be said with truth that every kingdom, principality, or tribe to which Russia has extended "protection" has eventually been absorbed into the Muscovite Empire. Just as in Europe she has gradually acquired Finland, Livonia, Lithuania, a large portion of Poland, Bessarabia, and other territories, so in Central Asia she has been by degrees pushing her way through tribe after tribe, protecting and annexing as she went, until at the present moment she has practically arrived at the heart of Afghanistan; and even this, of course, is not the proposed end of her march. During this progress of hers the Kalmuck and the Kirghiz tribes had, amongst others, to be dealt with, and it is significant that the former, in 1771, unable to longer endure Russian oppression, migrated to Chinese territory to the number of half a million, having to fight their way thither through hostile tribes. The Kirghiz, however, whose land, according to Peter the Great, is "the key and gate to all the countries of Asia," were not so fortunate in maintaining their independence, for they gradually fell before the inevitable wave of Russian advance, and although many of them do not even now acknowledge allegiance to the conqueror, the majority are both nominally and practically vassals of the Tsar, their patriarchal system having been gradually superseded by that of circuits and volosts, and their very wanderings being carefully regulated by the Governor of their province.

This tribe really consists of two distinct races. The *Kara* or "Black Kirghiz"*—the true one—is found principally in the valleys of the Thian-Shan and Altai mountains, and is unmistakably of Turkish origin. Descriptions found in Chinese writings of a very early date show that at that time the prevailing type was characterized by light hair and a fair skin, which would not apply to the average Kirghiz of the present day, al-

* The word Kirghiz has practically the same derivation as the Russian "Cossack," and means "a wanderer."

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though such may still be met here and there.

The other race, which inhabits the greater part of the province of Turkestan and the steppes bordering it, and is called by the Russians "Kassak-Kirghiz," is more impregnated with the Mongol element than is the Kara-Kirghiz race. The Kassaks have largely intermarried with the Kalmucks, and their aristocracy, or "white bones," claim descent from Genghiz Khan, while their various traditions describe them as being descended from "a red-haired dog," or (a more poetical story) they are said to be veritably "Children of the Mist." Whatever their origin, however, the race is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Their early government was founded on the patriarchal system, their chiefs being known as khans. Tradition says that one of these early khans divided his kingdom into three parts for his sons, thus founding the three Hordes — the Great, Middle, and Lesser. The second of these, living on the western frontier of China, and consequently at a great distance from Russia, preserved their independence until as late as 1847. The Lesser Horde, occupying the country contiguous to the possessions of Russia in the southern Ural, and the Great Horde, living mostly north and east of the Sea of Aral, being torn by internal dissensions and harried by neighboring tribes, offered their allegiance to Russia in 1730, but at that time it was not accepted. Shortly afterwards, however, the Russian Empress consented to become suzerain and protectress of the Kirghiz, a step which has since led to the acquisition of much territory on the part of Russia, although no inconsiderable amount of money, not to speak of human life, has been sacrificed in the process.

At first Russia's policy in Central Asia was to control her subjects by playing off one tribe against another, thus keeping them well occupied. As it was found, however, that the predatory habits of the Kirghiz (by no means renounced when they took the oath of allegiance to the White Tsar) greatly interfered with the caravan trade which Russia was so anxious to develop, and that they made raids on Russian colonists on the frontier line and along the shores of the Caspian, carrying off many of the settlers and selling them as slaves, expeditions were frequently sent to bring them to order. The Kirghiz resisted stoutly, and as late as 1843, rallying round their popular khan Kenissar, the "Kirghiz Schamyl," met with a certain amount of success, and were hopeful of achieving their independence. With the death of Kenissar in 1846, however, this hope was destroyed, and, as previously stated, their final subjection to the Muscovite was merely a matter of time. A kibitka tax of 36,000 roubles is now levied on the Kirghiz of the Caucasian province.

Although he has thus lost his independence, the Kirghiz still retains many curious and characteristic traits, one of these being an incurable contempt for a settled or town life. "Sart," the term applied to merchants and townsfolk, is used contemptuously, and would be much resented by a true Kirghiz, who has a scoffing proverb to the effect that, "when a Sart becomes rich, he builds a house—a Kirghiz buys more wives." When on the move they live in *kibitkas*, or felt tents, stretched on light wooden frames, and resembling the Mongolian *yourtas*. These kibitkas are exceedingly portable, and can be packed for a journey in less than an hour. The Kirghiz, as a rule, are of swarthy complexion, and are short and sturdy in build, the men shaving the head, but allowing the beard to grow, while the women wind yards of cotton stuff about their heads. The male attire consists usually of a pair of baggy leather breeches, a coarse shirt, and one or more rough coats, the head being covered with a skull-cap and a conical hood of sheepskin or felt. On special occasions a red velvet coat and a tall felt hat with turned-up brim are worn by the well-to-do. Polygamy was adopted by the race at the time when the Russians forced Mohammedanism upon them, and the position of women amongst them is not enviable. When a man wishes to marry he buys a wife, or one is bought for him by his relations, and once the *kalym*, or purchase-money, is paid, the wife becomes the mere chattel of her husband, who generally treats her with less consideration than he does his cattle. He can divorce her with the greatest ease, and her family may then attempt to sell her again. However much she may be ill-treated, she has no redress, the utmost that can happen being a remonstrance from her relations to the husband for "depreciating her market value," whilst even if he killed

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her, under Kirghiz law he had no more serious penalty to encounter than a fine. "A woman has only half as much soul as a man," says a Kirghiz proverb, and the men of the tribe evidently act up to their belief. The more serious crimes are now amenable to Russian law, but smaller matters are settled before certain chosen elders, who are not paid for their services, but receive a portion of every fine they inflict. Hitherto little has been done by Russia to civilize the tribes under her dominion, and such a thing as a Kirghiz school is practically unknown. Although Mohammedanism is nominally their religion, the Kirghiz do not trouble much about doctrine, many of them still adhering to the old Shaman or devil worship, while ancestor-worship is still largely practised. When a man of importance dies, two camels, led by priests, are placed one on either side of the corpse, and a form is repeated transferring the sins of the dead man to the camels, which then become the property of the priests. This is only one of many curious customs connected with funerals, and marriage ceremonies are equally interesting and numerous. It may be said, perhaps, that the principal object of Kirghiz existence is the breeding of cattle and horses, to which nearly the whole of their time is devoted. In bartering his cattle the Kirghiz does not make a feature of honesty, and will inevitably cheat whenever he gets the chance. Peter the Great designated them a "fickle and roaming people," but there is no doubt that they are politically of the greatest importance—a fact which Russia, as usual, has not been slow to recognize.

The Cossack troops of the Caucasus are composed of the pick of the Russian regular army, whilst officers of every nation are found in its ranks. It may be incidentally mentioned here that the Cossacks (originally known as "Kazaks," *i. e.*, wanderers, freebooters) are a mixed race of Russians, Poles, Tartars, and others, who originally came from the south and southeast of Russia. They have always been of a warlike character, and were at one time divided into two clans, the Don and the Dnieper Cossacks, both being independent of the imperial government. The Dnieper Cossacks, however, in 1652, tendered their allegiance to the Tsar, whilst the Don Cossacks became Russian subjects during the time of Ivan the Terrible, the foundation of the Cossack Army of the Ural being laid in 1613–14, when specified territories were offered to them on condition of certain military services. In the town of Orenburg, the centre for trade between Russia and Central Asia, there is at the present time a recognized Cossack quarter, and here Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Russians live peaceably together.

In fighting with the Kirghiz, as with other tribes in Central Asia, the usual mode of procedure of the Cossacks is to link their horses into a circle, and kneeling behind them, to fire, not in volleys, but in files, upon their opponents, picking off the leaders. It has been aptly said that "the roll of glorious deeds accomplished in Poland, in Turkestan, and in the Kirghiz Steppe bears eloquent testimony to the great moral force the Cossacks possess," but much more, we may add, to their obstinate courage, which makes them willing to die, but not to accept defeat.

At a time when the Tsar's troops were making steady progress in Central Asia, among these Kirghiz and other tribes, there arose, in the Christian provinces of the Turkish Empire, disturbances which eventually led to the Russo-Turkish war. The enmity between Christians and Moslems had led to fearful massacres in Bulgaria; Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro were in revolt, and in the summer of 1876 Servia declared war against the Turks. When the latter, however, were on the point of taking Belgrade, Russia interfered, and demanded that an armistice of six weeks should be agreed to. Negotiations were carried on for a considerable time, a conference of the powers being held at Constantinople early in 1877, but no satisfactory results being arrived at, the Tsar, in April of that year, having invoked the Supreme blessing, ordered his troops to cross the Turkish frontier, declaring that his "desire to ameliorate and assure the lot of the oppressed Christian populations of Turkey" left him no alternative. And so it came about that, whilst thus engaged, Russia's attention was for a brief period partially diverted from her designs on the various approaches to the Indian Empire. The Russo-Turkish campaign was carried on not only in Europe, but also in Turkey's Asiatic provinces, Armenia being in 1877 invaded by Russian troops. In the spring

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of 1878 Russia had obtained possession of all the Armenian fortresses, and, with an army encamped near the Golden Horn, found Constantinople at her mercy. The occupation of the city, at that time apparently imminent, did not, however, take place, for at this point a British fleet arrived on the scene, anchoring in the Bosporus. Shortly after this the Russians effected an occupation of the village of San Stefano, and eventually the war was brought to a close (March 3, 1878) by the Treaty of San Stefano, after some delay on the part of the Turks in agreeing to the proposed terms.

During the war Russia had been ill pleased to find that England had despatched Indian troops into Europe, and when the British government insisted that the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano should be laid before a congress of the European powers, relations between the two countries became so strained that both nations began to prepare for war. In order that Britain's action in Europe should be weakened as much as possible, by means of forcing her to confine her attention to the defence of her Eastern empire, a demonstration against India was decided upon. Under Skobeleff's scheme for the invasion of that country through Afghanistan, the first step was to be an alliance with Shere Ali (who had hitherto been an ally of Britain), and increased efforts were made to bring to a successful issue the negotiations which emissaries of the Tsar had for some years been carrying on with the Amir. That potentate was informed that if he refused to become the tool of Russia, another claimant to his throne would be brought forward and backed by Russian influence. Under this pressure the Amir yielded, rejecting with insolence the overtures of the British, who wished to send a mission to Kabul; and Stolietoff's mission to that city in 1878 ended in the conclusion of an alliance, having for its object a joint attack by Russia and Afghanistan on India—an alliance which was the result of seven years' careful intriguing carried on by Kauffmann's agents at the Afghan capital. Simultaneously an emissary was secretly despatched to India to sow the seeds of rebellion, but on reaching Peshawur he was arrested, and, despite the outcry at interference with a "private traveller," was quietly sent down country and deported to Russia. Meanwhile, however, the Berlin Congress had met, and had rendered any advance of Russia on India an impossibility for the time being. Shere Ali found himself between two stools. The English were demanding reparation, and an army was marching towards Kabul, while the Russians refused—perforce—all aid, and would not even mediate. The course of action pursued by Russia at this time will long be remembered as treacherous, not only towards the Amir, but also towards Great Britain; for Stolietoff staid at Kabul five months after the Treaty of Berlin was concluded, and acted as adviser to Shere Ali till such time as the unfortunate Amir was compelled to fly to the north, accompanying the Russian mission, and leaving his son, Yakoob Khan, as regent. The British established their ascendency over Afghanistan, concluded the Treaty of Gandamak, left a British Resident at Kabul, and having vindicated their supremacy, withdrew their troops. By this treaty certain valleys were assigned to the British government, which obtained complete control over the Khyber and Michin passes, while, in return for support against foreign aggression and an annual subsidy of six lakhs of rupees, the new Amir bound himself to conduct his relations with other states in accordance with the advice of the Indian government. With regard to the conduct of Russia in sending Stolietoff to Kabul, it must be remembered that in 1869, and again in 1873, she had given the most solemn assurances, which were repeated from time to time, that Afghanistan should not be tampered with, and that Russian agents should not visit Kabul. In spite of this, however, Russian officers and Cossacks, as has been said, remained at Kabul for five months after the Treaty of Berlin was signed, and this although M. de Giers, in July, 1878, gave assurance to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg that "no mission had been, or was intended to be, sent to Kabul, either by the imperial government or by General Kauffmann." A month later, when the state of affairs could no longer be concealed (as accounts of the progress of the mission were actually appearing in the Russian press), de Giers informed the British chargé d'affaires that "everything had been stopped: the political as well as the military precautions which we thought ourselves justified in taking against you

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—everything has been stopped." Nevertheless, four months later, in a conversation with the British Prime Minister, Count Schouvaloff casually observed that although the Russian envoy who had been sent to Afghanistan had been recalled, the Russian mission still remained at Kabul. Nothing could better illustrate the fine distinctions which characterize the general policy of Russia in Central Asia, where, to quote Prince Dolgoroukoff, "slavish subjection and arbitrary force reign from top to bottom, and throughout there is developed, in formidable proportions, the official lie—the lie erected into a political institution." One more significant incident: When the Treaty of Berlin rendered imperative the retirement of the troops which were gathered to invade India, Grodekoff, the chief of the staff, left Samarkand, with General Kauffmann's permission, and, wearing his uniform, rode through northern Afghanistan to Herat, an escort of Afghan troopers being furnished as soon as he had crossed the Russo-Afghan frontier. At Herat he was accorded a warm reception, and after staying there three days and making a thorough survey of the city and its fortifications, continued his journey to Meshed, and thence to Astrabad. On returning to Russia he was cordially received by the Tsar, knighted, and appointed Governor of the Syr-Daria district, from which he has since been removed to still higher command.

Under all the circumstances it is apparent that Russia's action in Central Asia at that time is not to be viewed solely in the light of precautionary measures, in case of hostilities with Great Britain. In reality, the Tsar's government saw a chance to make another step forward in the direction of India, and they did not neglect the opportunity.

Another means by which Russia had long sought to approach nearer to her goal was by getting a footing in the Akhal country, and she never rested till, having conquered the Turkomans of Akhal and Merv, she was able to establish garrisons close to Herat, the "Key of India"—the English, in their horror of a great war, permitting her to thus take possession of a part of Afghanistan and to occupy advantageous positions in the country. In 1877 an expedition under Lomakin had been sent against the Akhal Tekkés, but met with disastrous failure, which, coming just at the time when Russia had sustained her reverse at Plevna, considerably reduced her prestige in Central Asia. In the following year Lomakin undertook a second expedition, which, however, was even less successful than the first; but the Russians were not to be beaten, and they set about retrieving their position. Still another campaign was organized, General Lazareff being appointed to the command, but disaster continued to attend the Russian arms; for Lazareff, falling a victim to the poisonous air and the impure water-supply characteristic of the Caspian shores, died just as the troops were entering the Akhal territory. After his death Lomakin was again placed in command; but at Denghil Tepé, where the Tekkés made a resolute stand, he lost his final chance of retrieving his former failures, and after a wanton massacre, in which he spared neither women nor children, was himself driven back and his troops overwhelmed by the desperate Tekkés. Alikhanoff, an eye-witness of what took place, says, "The whole course of the battle.... from beginning to end, was in defiance of the commonest elementary rules of the art of war." At this last reverse Russian prestige, of course, sank to the lowest ebb, and for the time being the campaign against the Tekkés was abandoned.

Meanwhile English supremacy had apparently been firmly re-established in Afghanistan by the Treaty of Gandamak, and it was supposed that Yakoob Khan would be strong enough to hold his own against the various factions in the country. The British congratulated themselves on the turn which affairs had taken, while Russia looked on in mortification and alarm at the advantages which had accrued to her rival. At this juncture, however, an event occurred which rendered necessary a second British campaign against Afghanistan. A few days prior to Lomakin's defeat at Denghil Tepé, news arrived of the treacherous murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari, who had just been appointed British Resident at Kabul, and who, with his officers, was set upon by certain of the fanatical inhabitants of that city (September, 1879). The British took up arms to avenge his murder and to vindicate their supremacy; Yakoob Khan was deposed, and Abdul Rahman Khan was made Amir in his place; but although the campaign was

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entirely successful, the English government, under Mr. Gladstone, did not think it advisable to retain the country which had been won at so much cost; and accordingly, in 1881, Afghanistan was entirely evacuated, it being maintained that a Russian invasion of India was a very remote contingency, and that "the probability of our having to struggle for Herat, or to defend India from Kandahar, is so remote that its possibility is hardly worth considering."

In the same year in which Afghanistan was thus evacuated, Skobeleff triumphed over the Tekkés, and with the fall of Denghil Tepé the power of the Akhal Turkomans was entirely broken. Skobeleff estimated the total loss of the Turkomans during this last siege to be about 20,000, or half the defenders of the town.

The occupation of Merv seemed likely to be the next item on the Russian programme; but this, M. de Giers assured Lord Dufferin, was far from being the case: "Not only do we not want to go there, but happily there is nothing that can require us to go there."

In response to anxious inquiries on the part of Great Britain, the Russo-Persian frontier was at last definitely fixed, in 1881, by the Convention of Teheran; but the most important part of the frontier line, that between Merv and Herat, was not included in the arrangement. During the next few years Russia resorted to her favorite expedient, and sent agents, under the guise of scientific and trading explorers, who made a careful reconnoissance of the oasis of Merv and the routes thither. The occupation and annexation of the town, early in 1884, was well timed, taking place at a moment when Great Britain was wholly occupied with affairs in the Soudan. It was practically accomplished by the intimidation of the inhabitants, who, being overawed by the Russian troops who had been gradually introduced into their country, swore allegiance, through their chiefs, to the White Tsar. The news was thereupon conveyed to England, his Imperial Majesty intimating that he had decided to accept the allegiance, and had sent an officer to administer the region. The possession of the Merv oasis, it may be observed, is of the utmost advantage to Russia, both strategically and commercially. Before the annexation of Merv, the Russian armies of the Transcaspian and of Turkestan were separated by a large tract of hostile country, and, as can readily be seen, in the event of a war with England such an arrangement would have been far from conducive to the success of the Russian arms. Once Merv was taken, however, the position of affairs was entirely altered, for free and direct communication was thus obtained from the Caspian Sea to the borders of China, whilst at the same time a shorter route, by way of Askabad, Merv, and Charjui, was provided for the sending of re-enforcements to the Turkestan army. The saving of time immediately effected by making use of this route could be numbered in weeks, and since the railway has been carried through Merv and Charjui to Samarkand, the time saved may be reckoned in months. The commercial gain to Russia consequent on the acquisition of Merv is no less important than the strategical, for new markets have been opened up for the interchange of both European and Asiatic commodities, and by this means a great impetus has been given to the Central Asian cotton trade.

But of course, whatever immediate advantages might accrue to Russia, there is little room to doubt that her ulterior object in acquiring the place was to advance yet another step on her carefully planned path towards India, and it was not long before she found fresh opportunity for her enterprise, for her troops had now been introduced to a district whose frontiers towards Afghanistan were but imperfectly defined, and where in consequence the possibilities were illimitable. Further developments were rapid.

Immediately after the annexation of Merv a new map was prepared by Russia, in which she took advantage of a certain vagueness of definition as to desert land (so called in the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1873, by which the frontier had up to this time been delimited) to extend her boundaries. In answer to repeated inquiries on the part of Great Britain, it was arranged that a boundary commission should meet at Sarakhs in October of 1884. Various expedients were, however, resorted to by Russia in order to gain time, and meanwhile she occupied numerous points of vantage. In January, 1885, she herself proposed a frontier line which would be much to her own advantage, and which practically meant that

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Britain should agree, without any inquiry, to a Russian appropriation of Panjdeh and neighboring districts, which hitherto had been considered as parts of Afghanistan. This was, of course, rejected by the British government, who, however, made a counter-proposal, in which considerable concessions were made to Russia. But their proposition did not meet with the approval of the Russians, who now no longer endeavored to conceal the fact that their intention was to occupy all the important points on the way to Herat. The British government thereupon made strong representations on the subject, and demanded that Russian troops should be withdrawn from certain outlying positions which they already held, and that no farther advance should be made. The Russians refused to evacuate any position already in their possession, but agreed to the second half of the demand. The promise was, as usual, not carried out, and attempts were made at various points to provoke the Afghans to hostilities. The despatch received at Kabul from the British government hereupon gave distinct instructions on the subject: "Her Majesty's government cannot advise the Afghans to attack the Russian troops in order to dislodge them from the positions they now occupy, but *her Majesty's government consider that the farther advance of the Russians should, subject to military considerations, be resisted by the Afghans.*" The result was that a series of collisions took place between the Russians and the Afghans on the river Murghab, culminating in the Russian attack on Panjdeh, of which place they obtained possession after a courageous resistance on the part of the Afghan defenders, who suffered heavy loss. Panjdeh having succumbed, the Russians proceeded to establish a temporary administration, to include also the surrounding districts. Hereupon England awoke to the fact that it was time to interfere, and accordingly preparations were made for war. After a time of suspense, however, the difficulty was ended by the Tsar agreeing to submit the matter to arbitration if desired, and finally a line of frontier was agreed upon, which, with the exception that Panjdeh was exchanged for Zulfikar, was practically the same as that proposed by the Russians in January of 1885, and which had been at that time rejected by the Gladstonian ministry. Even after this, however, numerous complications ensued, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that a satisfactory frontier line on the northwest of Afghanistan was finally arrived at.

This matter at last settled, for the time being at any rate, Russia proceeded to see what could be done in the Pamirs, where the boundary-lines were also but vaguely defined. For a time some anxiety was felt in England at this latest Russian movement, but was easily allayed by an "assurance" from that country on the subject. Whatever she means to do in that direction, however, it is an open secret that she regards the Hindu Kush as the proper boundary of British activity in Asia—that is to say, for the present—and that she looks upon an occupation of Herat as a by no means remote possibility. As has already been said, she has now extended her line of railway to within seventy miles of that town, and it is far from likely that the present terminus at Kushk will long remain the terminus. On all hands it is admitted that the Merv-Kushk Railway is but a means to an end, and that end the establishment of Russian domination at Herat and in northern Afghanistan generally. Nor is this line destined to be the only one having this important object. Already the country in the direction of Balkh has been carefully surveyed, and plans submitted to the imperial authorities for a line of rail to that place, whilst the whole of the surrounding country has been so carefully studied that the position of almost every tree and hedge is known. At the same time, employing Astrabad as a centre, a net-work of Russian intrigue and acquisition is also being gradually spread farther and farther to the south in Persia, in preparation for the time when that country also can be easily absorbed, it being an understood thing that a railway is eventually to branch off towards the south from Astrabad, and thus, according to Russian writers themselves, open a way to the establishment of the Tsar's supremacy on the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean.

It is at present claimed for the Merv-Kushk Railway that it is merely a civilizing project, but it is well here to recall the words applied to it by Skobeleff. He declared that not for a generation or more would Russia be able to advance

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beyond Herat upon India. "But," he went on to say, "in the mean time, by this railway of ours, we are assuming a menacing position towards England, which will keep her occupied in India, and prevent her impeding us in other parts of the world." Clearly, then, if this line has any civilizing aim at all, that is by no means its sole purpose of creation.

The inevitable conclusion to be drawn from a study of the steady Muscovite advance is that Russia will continue her encroachments. It therefore behooves Britain to carefully consider the present position of affairs, and to formulate and carry out some consistent line of policy which shall effectually protect her vast Eastern empire from the Russian menace. Dangers are accumulating thick and fast on the frontiers and in the adjacent countries, and the time has come for the British government to make a determined stand, once and for all, against Russian interference in Afghanistan. A Russian occupation of Herat, for instance, would not only be a direct menace in itself, but, if allowed, would give rise amongst the peoples of Afghanistan and India to an impression that England feared to oppose Russia, and such a result would naturally be fatal in its effects.

BEATRIZ

BY MARRION WILCOX

THE other day Señora Villena's guests were praising Beatriz for her beauty and charm, and some one said that she had the face of a Madonna. But over-praise challenges dissent, and accordingly some one else objected that she should not have allowed Juan Alonso to go to Puerto Rico alone after giving him so much encouragement. The speaker chanced to employ the English language at the moment, and one of his phrases was, "I saw, she make-a signs to heem," meaning "she flirted with him."

But this is the true story:

At Señora Villena's apartment, which overlooks Madison Square, you may meet Spanish-Americans and Spaniards, Italians, very nice members of the French colony, and a few Americans who care for foreign ways, sprightly talk, and music. On a certain afternoon towards the end of March you might have met Juan Alonso there—and Beatriz.

You would have noticed Juan especially, and would have said that he appeared to deserve a position under the government in Puerto Rico; for that was the subject of his declamation, and he spoke delightfully. General Henry had appointed his new Puerto-Rican cabinet only a short time before; there was good work to be done in Juan Alonso's native island; there were minor offices of trust to be filled; and the young man had friends, even in high places. He spoke of the new Secretary of State, Señor Francisco de Paula Acuña,* as Don Francisco simply, and the new Secretary of the Interior was referred to as "my friend Don Federico." He did not go too far, either, in this direction, but modestly disclaimed a personal acquaintance with the learned Dr. Coll y Toste, Secretary of Finance, and said he had never set eyes upon Señor Navarro, the new Secretary of Justice. Yes, he had friends, and there were influential persons at Washington who had promised to "see the thing through." And what a chance he saw for himself as a civil engineer in his Puerto Rico! Think of the roads to be built from his dear hills to the harbors indenting his exquisite green coast! Think . . . .

You may be sure Beatriz was thinking of things which Juan did not mention—of more things than he could suggest when Señora Villena was present and other guests might arrive at any moment. Five years at a convent school in the States had certainly not made her wish to remain in America, and another five years spent in full view of New York's gay social life, yet not fully sharing its luxuries, had only served to increase the desire to return to her birth-

* Removed from office by General Davis early in May. The entire service was reorganized August 15.

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place, which had passed out of the hands of her immediate family—a large plantation seven miles from Ponce, on the southern coast of the island. Their tastes being so similar, Juan had often made her his confidante, drawing what they both called "dream pictures," and inviting her to fancy what he would do if he got the appointment. He would have a horse and ride to his work. Horseback—how he loved that! And they had often fallen to asking each other questions: "How long would it take to ride from Guayama to Cayey?". . . Oh, never mind the map! They did not want to know; they wanted to ask, and to let their thoughts go wandering indefinite distances among unreckoned orange-trees and palms. He would have a house, and invite Manuel and Tomas down for the winter. Oh, to be away from the hard Northern climate, where for half the year one could barely exist!

And Beatriz had been so wrapped up in his plans that she never passed the cathedral without going in and praying that his heart's desire might be granted. She besought her friends the Sisters of the Sacred Heart to say a prayer "for her intention"; she carried beads of several kinds in her pocket, and "told" them with the same end in view; she even asked her confessor to pray for a fortunate issue of Juan's important affair.

On Thursday, September 28, he called to tell her the good news. He had received the appointment—received it three days before, and had not had time to tell her about it, because he had been so busy making his arrangements; and he added, "I have still so much to do that I can only stay a little while, for I sail on Saturday, the day after to-morrow."

Beatriz repeated, "Saturday, day after to-morrow," in a quietly sympathetic tone, but her eyes would not quite submit to her control. She looked about her to see if she could find some one—some *thing* even—to contradict him.

"Yes, half past eleven Saturday forenoon; and of course she would go down to the boat with the Diaz girls to see him off?" He appeared to be conscious of nothing except the new realism that had changed their old romance. He did not ask questions now; but presently she found her voice for one:

"The Dewey parade?"

"I care nothing at all—nothing for that!"

"But will steamers sail on that day?"

He laughed. "*Our* steamer will. Oh, Beatriz, what is all this celebration to me—to us?"

He told her where and how his work was to be done, and then he left her.

On Saturday she went down to the boat. There were people to say *bon voyage* to him, and only for a moment, just before the last bell rang, he spoke a few words to her alone.

Juan. "Is there no chance of your ever going to Puerto Rico?"

Beatriz. "I am afraid not."

Juan. "I wish there were. You have been a good friend to me, and we have seen so much of one another. I shall tell your uncle to invite you down. Will you go?"

Beatriz. "I don't know."

Then the signal was given, and everybody had to say a final good-by. Juan smiled his farewell to each of his friends, and waved his handkerchief until he could no longer distinguish them on the pier; then he went below to arrange his state-room comfortably, whistling softly and thinking of his chosen work in his chosen country. Such a field for a civil engineer since the destructive hurricane of August 8! The opportunity of his life had come with that rushing, deadly wind.

Beatriz went quietly with her companions, thinking (in the Third Avenue elevated train) of his and her chosen country. They left the train at Forty-seventh Street, and walked towards one of the stands in Fifth Avenue near the cathedral. The head of the procession was approaching; cheers were heard in the distance. The Diaz party held tickets for reserved seats, and seemed confident that the crowd would make way for them. As they were passing the cathedral on the deserted Madison Avenue side, Beatriz said good-by to her friends, and went in alone. And first she circled about in that dim, secure space. (The debonair Admiral was driving by, and the greatest crowd New York has ever gathered was acclaiming him frantically, but all this might as well have been miles away.) Then up the long aisle she went to the foot of the altar. Under the swinging light she knelt without praying.

Her prayers had been answered.

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THE WIDOW PETTINGILL'S DOWN-SITTINGS AND UPRISINGS

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY

HERE LIES HANNAH PETTINGILL,
RELICT OF
DEACON RICHARD PETTINGILL.

She survived her lamented husband thirty years, during which time her Downsittings and Uprisings were subject to no law but that of her own sweet will.

THE above inscription, with dates of birth and death attached, caught my attention as I was walking through the graveyard belonging to the old Congregational Church in the town of Nabor, Connecticut. Although less than half a century old, the stone was covered with lichen growth, and the words were scarcely legible. The stones in the neighborhood were standing tipped at all angles, as if in a midnight carousal they had imbibed too freely. It was a shady, neglected corner, overhung by chestnuts and oaks. I was a small child when the widow Pettingill died, and the inscription on the tombstone brought vividly to my mind a grim and ancient lady, with straight black hair, sharp nose crowned with spectacles, a tightly shut mouth guarded by thin lips, dress of stiff, rustling black silk, mantilla with deep fringe, large bonnet and veil; a dame who stepped quickly and firmly, whose coming checked the mirth of children, although she meant to be kind, and who more than once inserted from her lace-mitted fingers a peppermint or sprig of dill into my hands.

This is the story related of the widow Pettingill by many of the villagers to-day, and its truth in all particulars is vouched for. It explains the inscription on the tombstone.

It was the custom of the church authorities in Nabor once in five years to turn every family out of its pew and reassign the seats in what seems to have been an arbitrary fashion, as a teacher in school appoints desks to her pupils. This was in recognition of the Scripture admonition, "Here we have no abiding city"; also to remind those who were relegated from the front to the rear that "the first shall be last and the last first." It was usually a season of some excitement and even dissatisfaction on the part of the dispossessed front pew-holders, but the authorities were, as a rule, inexorable in carrying out their decisions. At least one good result was obtained. The Sunday after the readjustment of pews saw a full house, every one being anxious to know where he would be seated during the next five years.

On account of his pre-eminence in age over the other deacons in the church, Deacon Pettingill was left undisturbed at a certain redistribution of pews, and was therefore an occupant of No. 3 for nearly ten years. After his death it was decided that the deacon's widow must move back, and another seat near the door was accordingly assigned to her. When the widow heard of it she tightened her lips, straightened her spectacles, and said, in the quietest of tones, "I shall never set in any other pew than what Richard Pettingill has set in, long's I live." And she never did.

Squire Bedell was given pew No. 3, and he announced his intention of occupying it, "and the widow might like it or lump it, just precisely as she pleased."

The first Sunday, as the Squire came to church and marched to his new pew, a stiff, unbowing female figure, in black, at the head, gave notice that the pew was, so to speak, preempted. That day the Squire and the deacon's widow sat together.

The next Sunday, even before the doors were opened, the Squire arrived, panting and puffing, at church. In those days the pews had doors which fastened with buttons. The Squire got into his pew, closed and buttoned the door, and sat half an hour grimly waiting for the audience to assemble. At length the widow came, rustling down the aisle. Before the Squire realized her intention, she unbuttoned the door, slid by him, and regained her accustomed seat in the corner.

By this time the congregation had become aware of what was going on, and thereafter came punctually and in goodly numbers to church, to witness the result of the contest. On the third Sunday the Squire was again punctual, and on this occasion he held the button which fastened the door tightly in one hand, further debarring access to the pew by raising one foot and firmly planting it on the pew in front of him. The church was well filled when the widow Pettingill came in. She strode firmly down the aisle, stopped at No. 3, then lightly and even gracefully lifted one foot high, stepped over the door and the Squire's

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leg, drew the other foot after it, and moved to the farther end of the seat. The congregation could with difficulty be restrained from audible laughter, and the following Lord's day the whole village turned out and were seated in church with extraordinary punctuality. Even the minister was in the pulpit ten minutes earlier than usual.

The Squire and his family of four were all in the pew, crowded closely towards the aisle end. They looked very grim, and their knees nearly reached the pew in front, so that nothing short of a broad jump would enable the widow to pass them. Down came the widow, sedate, unconscious, unruffled. She counted heads, and measured the distance. Entering the pew behind, and pressing by several people, she mounted on the cushions, and vaulted lightly into the head seat of No. 3. There were sounds of violent coughing all over the church, and even the minister found it difficult to control his face sufficiently to rise and give out the first hymn. The widow Pettingill sat through the service with perfect composure, but the faces of the Squire and his wife were very red.

It was now understood that on the following Sunday the Squire would play his last card. It was war to the knife, and no compromise. By crowding in three strangers with his own family, seven people were seated in a pew that held by rights only six. There was no room for the widow, even should she drop down in a balloon. Long before the hour of service every seat in the church was filled. Every breath was hushed, and every neck craned towards the pew of contention, as the widow moved down the aisle. Without seeming to turn her head, or look at the pew, she walked up to the communion table, took one of the two chairs that were always stationed there, marched back to No. 3, placed it in the aisle, close to the Squire's elbow, and sat through the service, joining, as usual, heartily, and with a preoccupied air in the service. It seemed as if the audience would have hysterics.

After that it was conceded that the banner of victory was perched on the widow's side. No one interfered with her, and she continued to get her chair, place it beside the pew, and sit there. On communion Sundays, when the chair was in use so that she could not have it, if there was no room in the pew itself, she would stand through the entire service, refusing the hospitality of any who offered her a seat. But if six inches of space could be made in the pew, nothing could keep her out.

At the end of five years the Squire gladly vacated No. 3, and hid himself in the rear of the church. His nerves had really suffered. The widow was reinstated, and occupied the pew undisturbed for the next twenty-five years, until her death. And to this day pew No. 3 is spoken of as "the widow's pew." It is, however, sold at auction with all the other seats in the church, after the modern way of assignment of church sittings, and the pew doors with the buttons have been removed.

REMITTED HIS FINE.

In the days antedating railroads in northern Iowa, the days of saloons and circuit courts, a certain ponderous Judge was for many years accompanied on his rounds by District-Attorney Wood, popularly known as Old Timber-Wood. He had been christened Timothy, the name was curtailed to Tim, and by easy evolution developed into Timber.

Old Timber-Wood was a unique and interesting character; rough but dignified, of sound intellect, gifted with a keen sense of humor, and far surpassing in mental acumen his professional superior, whom, however, he usually treated before the world with an almost ostentatious deference. They were the warmest of friends, the feeling between them was romantically tender, notwithstanding that they had frequent and violent public fallings out.

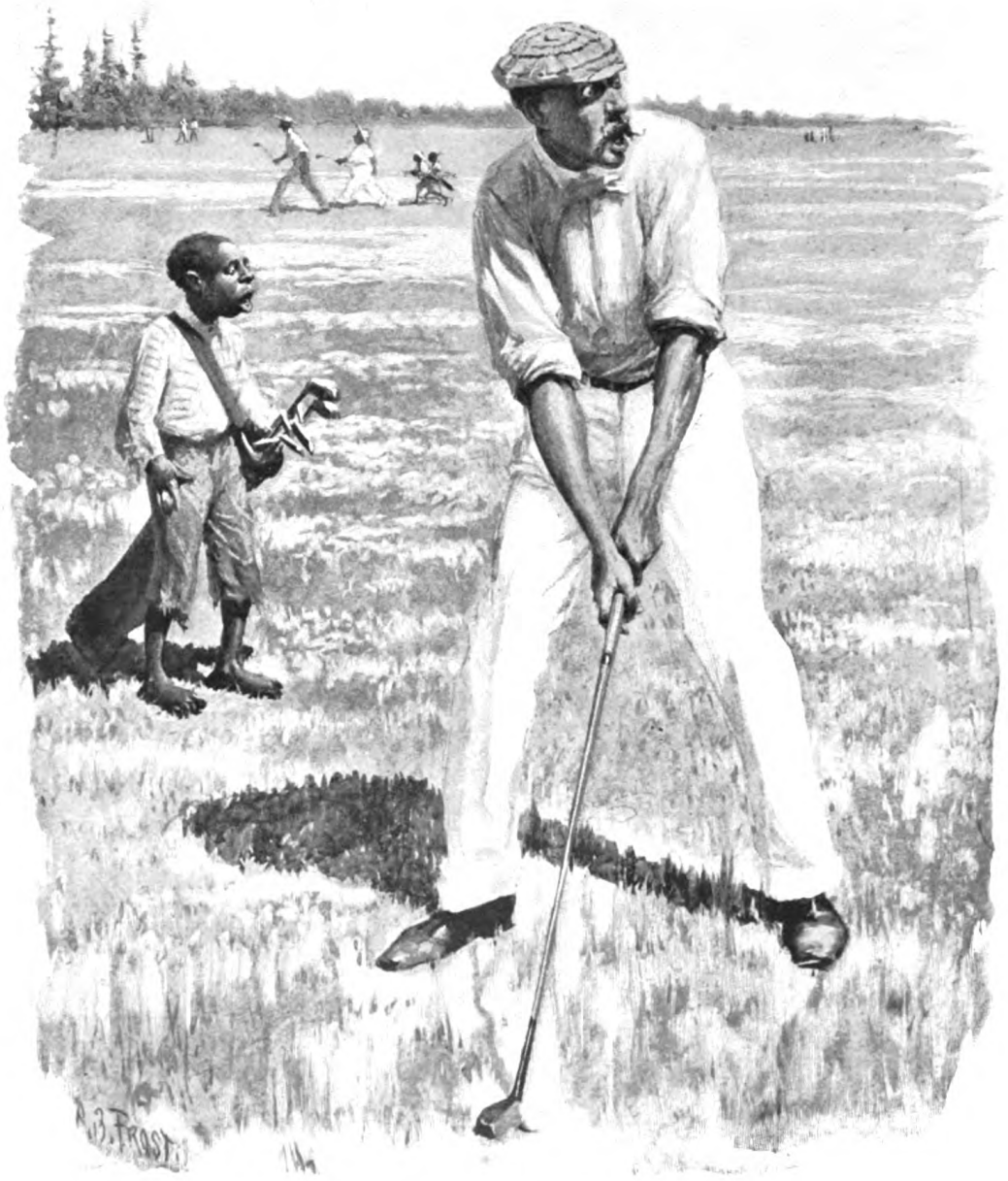
The Judge, who was entirely lacking in personal dignity, really needed the support of his friend's deferential attitude to keep him in countenance, and when it was temporarily removed, Old Timber-Wood's love of satire occasionally betraying him into the sacrilege known as "contempt of court," he was stung to fury, and promptly punished the offence. Many a fine had the attorney been subjected to for his incautious witticisms. Being in a constant state of impecuniosity, he invariably applied to the Judge himself for money to pay these assessments, a favor which was never refused, the fact that he must humble himself to ask it sufficiently restoring his Honor's complacency.

The Judge was of a thirsty habit, and frequently left the bench, substituting Wood in his place—as an old-time schoolmaster substituted one of the larger boys when he wished to absent himself from the room—and stepped out to refresh himself at a neighboring saloon.

On one occasion, very shortly after a skirmish with the attorney, in which he had finally avenged his insulted dignity in the usual way, he abruptly called Wood to the bench and started down the aisle. Wood hastily slipped into his place, and before he had reached the door rapped sharply on the desk and called out, "Gentlemen, before proceeding further with the case the Court wishes to instruct the clerk to remit the fine lately imposed upon Attorney Wood."

The Judge halted, wheeled about with a very red face, and opened his lips to protest, but the bar and the jury drowned him out with a chorus of laughter.

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THE GOLFER'S CALENDAR.

MARCH is here, and all forsaken
Are the old familiar haunts
Far afield, from Pau to Aiken,
Gay the golfing pilgrim jaunts.

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ISABELLA.

Two right gallant knights were they
  In the land of sunny Spain,
And they met one summer's day
  In a shaded country lane,
Whither each had chanced to stray—
  Whither they'll ne'er go again.

As they met, each bowed his head,
  And each stilled his charger's pace;
And one to the other said,
  "Though I do not know your Grace,
By Quixote, long since dead,
  I will swear I like your face!"

And the other one replied,
  In acknowledgment polite,
"It doth give me proper pride,
  O most noble, gentle knight,
To encounter in my ride
  One so marvellously bright."

Then each praised the other's horse;
  Praised likewise each other's dress.
Each remarked the other's torse,
  Each the other's comeliness—
Compliments were out in force,
  Often strained, I must confess.

On a sudden, though, they ceased;
  For one chanced, alas! to say
He would really be much pleased
  So to linger on the way,
But his eyes he longed to feast
  On the fairest of her day.

"There thou liest!" quoth the one.
  "Granted that thy horse is fine,
But I swear by yonder sun
  She who's fairest, she is mine.
I would set thee on the run
  An thou sayest she is thine!"

"By my halidom, thou cur!"
  Then the other one replied.
"Any maiden who'd prefer
  To become of thee the bride
Hath no beauty 'side of her
  Who as mine will soon abide."

"Tush! ignoble cavalier!"
  Quoth the first knight, in a rage.
"My fair lady hath no peer—
  Not in this or other age.
Go thy way, dog, else thy spear
  With mine own thou shalt engage!"

Then each cavalier cried: "Hold!
  Speed thee, braggart, to thy doom!
Thine to mine is brass to gold!
  Here's to her beside of whom
Thy fair lady is a scold,
  And a harbinger of gloom!"

And they fought till each was spent,
  Then they rose and fought again,
And the atmosphere was rent
  With their battle-cries profane;
Lances shivered, swords they bent,
  When they grappled in the lane.

* * * * * * *

Later on, a handsome pair
  Came—eloping—o'er the scene.
Oh, the maid had beauty rare!
  Oh, the man had courtly mien!
Cold in death they saw them there—
  Those two knights upon the green.

Oh, the maiden! What a shriek
  Gave she forth upon the air!
Oh, the words her lord did speak
  As he saw them lying there!
Not now fighting—lying meek—
  Cold in death this knightly pair!

And upon each noble breast
  Lay the graven face of her
Each one thought to be the best.
  Strange to fight when all concur!
For, alas! be it confessed,
  Each the same girl did prefer!

Sadder still, I weep to say,
  That false, fair, and fickle dame
Over whom they fought that day—
  Isabella was her name—
And the maid who filled the way
  With her shrieks were quite the same.

CARLYLE SMITH.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

A MAN entered a Broadway shop the other day on seeing a sign over the door which said,

WE ARE SELLING ALL GOODS REGARDLESS OF COST!

He looked about, and finally picked up a piece of Bohemian glass-ware.

"How much?"

"Twelve dollars and seventy-five cents," answered the shopkeeper.

"That's outrageous," exclaimed the visitor. "I saw the same thing exactly in Baden-Baden this summer for five marks."

"That may be," replied the shopman, with a grin, "but, don't you see, we are selling goods here regardless of cost."

ANOTHER OLD FOOL.

MCINTOSH, who is thoroughly Scotch, was one day trying to recall to his friend Blair's mind some incident which Blair had forgotten.

After failing in various ways to bring the circumstance to B.'s recollection, he at last said, naïvely,

"I'll tell you another old fool who was there at the time, that was old Jones."

Neither McIntosh nor Blair saw the joke when the rest of the company broke into loud laughter. An attempt was afterwards made to explain it to McIntosh, but without success.

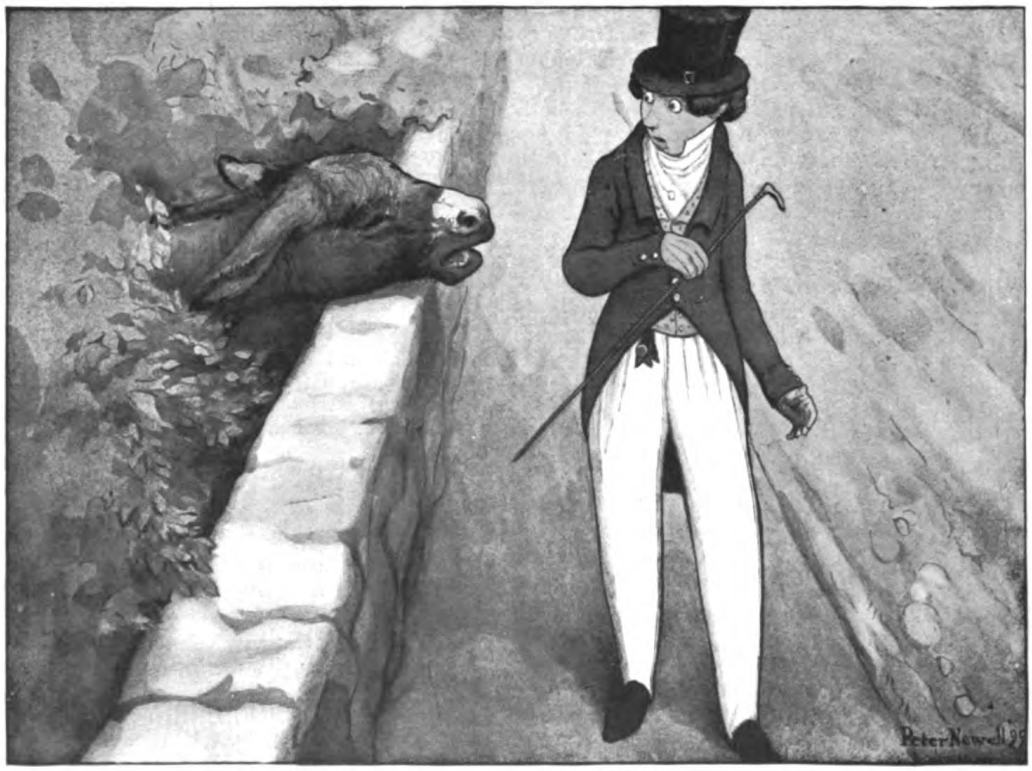
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A VICTIM OF REALISM.

"ANOTHER time," remarked the property-man of the realistic play, after finishing a doleful account of the heroine who was drowned in full sight of the audience because the hero had misplaced his curling-irons and so was a minute late in rescuing her—"another time, at Newburg, that there drama took a fall out of me. You see, we had one of these here circular race-tracks which revolved like a house afire opposite to the way the horses were going, so's to keep 'em in front of the aujence, with the scenery buzzing along too, till the judges' stand came bobbing up like a two-story house-boat. The curtain had just gone down on the first act, and I was going round with a broom and dust-pan, gathering up the heroine's diamonds, which she had proudly cast at the feet of her crool father. It happened that a local store-keeper had sent a case of beer to the leading man to get him to say, after his impasher-nated denounciation of the parent, 'Buy your sausages, sauer-kraut, and viniger pickles at Bilkington's One Price Market.' The manager had knowed that he had got to keep the beer away from the leading man till after the performance, so he had hid it; but the man that was running the engine had got ahold of it, and was drunk as a fiddler. I stepped on the track to brush up a couple of diamond and ruby rings that was worth fully twelve cents each at wholesale—not retail—when that scoundrel started the blame' thing revolving twenty miles an hour. And at that very minute the comic man sicked the Siberian blood-hound on me, and somehow the curtain went up—I never knowed *who* to lay that to, though I always suspected the first walking gent. Anyhow, there I was, running like a nigger with a chicken in his hat, diamonds and rubies filling the air, that there dorg coming behind howling for my life-blood, and the aujence applauding the dorg. But he never gained a foot on me just the same."

"How did you ever stop?"

"Didn't stop. Just kept scratching till I got my second wind, and then I outrun the track and come around up behind the dorg, and grabbed the blame' beast by the tail and throwed him into the orchestra; then I laid down and rode around till the manager stopped the thing. It stood me in $5 a week for the balance of the season too, 'cause it took so well that the manager had me repeat it every performance for the rest of the time we was out, right after the second tableau. It was the only legitimate acting I ever done; I've always stuck to props since."



HARD TO CLASSIFY.

SPAKE Baily, when the donkey brayed, as he was passing by:
"Oh dear! Oh my! I wonder if it is a laugh or cry?"

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AN ACE-HIGH ROYAL BLUFF.

"Was any one killed this morning?" asked the new arrival at Sunset, timidly, as he walked in to a breakfast of corn bread and side meat at the Bullet House.

"Well, no, not ezzactly," replied Landlord Duffy. "I reckon the boys on the other side of the mountain be a-shootin' at each other, but they've been at it these six months, and never hit nothin', so we don't count much on no funeral in that direction."

"The boys," as the landlord called them, were, and are still, notwithstanding the shooting, old man Zieman and young Bill Cassidy, who had prospect holes within a hundred yards of each other. They located at about the same time, and each dreamed that the inside of the mountain was filled with the gold left over after the construction of the golden streets above. Most Rocky Mountain miners are built slightly on the plan of Armour's product, and these two in particular would have staked a claim on the golden streets and kicked every angel off the place—if they ever got a chance, which, from their records, is not at all probable.

Both Cassidy and Zieman wanted all the gold in the mountain, and would have wanted it if there had been a billion's worth—which there wasn't; but that is not the story. The old man was possibly a day or so ahead of his rival in the locality, and thought he owned the mountain. Cassidy had an idea that as Zieman apparently had only a few years longer to live, he might as well not find any gold.

So each brought out his rifle, and as both appeared at about the same time, they got behind convenient trees, and blazed away enough powder to have blasted their prospect holes into genuine mines.

After a few moments of this pleasant amusement both prospectors quietly stood their guns in corners of their shacks, and proceeded to work all day within shooting distance of each other, but with apparently no desire to kill.

During the day the man who somehow or another got to be styled town marshal investigated the cause of the shooting over the hill, but finding no blood-stains, decided it a false scent, and pushed back to camp. The next morning the same rattle of musketry was heard, and still no explanation was had. This continued for a week, when finally all the miners in Sunset were out looking for the bloodthirsty villain who was wasting so much powder.

The one woman in the camp declared it her opinion that it was the "old Harry" guarding some mountain especially rich in the yellow ore. But it is hard to make a miner believe in anything supernatural—unless some very ignorant prospector strikes a very rich lode—and a watch was set on the particular hill from which the shooting came.

Promptly at 6 A.M., as though by preconcerted arrangement, the two belligerents appeared, and the first shot pealed over the camp. Then another blaze came from the opposite direction, and soon from both sides the shots came thick and fast, while the on-lookers stood in amazement, not that the men should shoot at each other—that is common—but never before in their lives had they seen such beastly poor shooting. It was a disgrace to the community, and when it was reported at headquarters there was talk of drumming both out of camp; and one man even suggested lynching, as "it 'ud be a shame to send such duffers to any other camp, and have it reported they came from Sunset."

But a better spirit prevailed, and it was finally decided to wait awhile, in hopes that one of them might accidentally be killed, when there would be an excuse for hanging the other for not killing his man with greater despatch.

Thus it ran along for nearly six months, to the time when the story opens. After the usual peppery salute to each other on this occasion, old man Zieman said to his rival, from behind his particular tree: "I say, over there! I'm out o' shootin'. What 'll you gi' me for my claim?"

"What's she worth?" asked Cassidy, without sticking his head from behind his fortifications.

"Oh, 'bout fifty dollars."

"I'll give you my gun."

"Don't want yer darn gun. Can't shoot straight enough to hit a man at fifty yards."

"Didn't expect to. Hain't had no bullets for five months."

"Was you a-bluffin'? Say, so was I. I'll take the gun, and you take the hole. Is it a bargain?"

And so the war at Sunset ended.

FRANK A. PARKER.

AN EGYPTIAN FAN.

It is a fair and fragile thing,
  And none can tell the hand that wrought it;
A merchant saw me marvelling,
  And—well, I bought it.

The strands are curious enough;
  The broidery too (I knew you'd love it!);
The trimming is some silken stuff—
  Aha!—you covet!

What subtle bribery is this
  You offer as a sly suggestion?
"Will I not sell it for a kiss?"
  You blush to question.

'Tis precious, for 'tis writ on: take
  And scan the mythical inscription.
A charming pose! My dear, you make
  A sweet Egyptian!

The Orient shines within your eyes
  For me,—those sunrise orbs reveal it.
The fan is yours—"he pays who buys!"
  Our bargain,—*seal it!*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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MANAGER DE FAQUE. "All you'll have to do is to sit still on a chair and look dangerous."



DE FAQUE. "Now, just as soon as you get that idiotic grin off your face we'll go into the museum and scare 'em silly."



DE FAQUE. "Don't git too near the Filopino, madam. He is very fierce and dangerous, especially when he is hungry. He is a cannibal!"



AUNT MANDY. "I reckon dey won't steal no mo' o' my chillun an' call 'em Philapenas while I has mah health!"

THE FILIPINO GIANT.

THOROUGHLY QUALIFIED.

HE was a very ignorant man—could neither read nor write. Nevertheless he got an appointment as Justice of the Peace.

When the papers came by post he did not know what they were. "Some cuss has been a-suin' of him," he said. He carried them to his wife.

"Here, Martha," said he, "just you look into this and see what it's about."

"Why," said she, after examining the paper, "'tis a commission for Justice. What good 'll that do you? You can't read or write."

"Don't care fur that," said he. "*You* can read anything any lawyer can write, and Ben is a good penman, and as for me, I can judge 'em all in fifteen minutes."

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NEW NAVAL WARFARE.

"I've been reading a good deal about the naval engagements in the late war," said Judge Crabtree, "and I'm struck with the haste and noise and general disagreeableness, not to say positive rudeness, of such affairs. It seems to me that much of it might be avoided. There's no call for slamming away at your opponent in such a boisterous manner, probably getting his ill-will, and running a good chance of making him a life-long enemy. This man who has invented a submarine boat seems to have started on the right track, but even he talks of blowing up the other fellows in a way which will be sure to rankle in their bosoms. You can't pop a man up into the air out of sight and expect him to take you in his arms and call you brother when he comes tumbling back after half an hour or so.

"But the submarine chap's boat impresses me favorably," went on the Judge, warming up. "When the next war breaks out I shall procure one, and show the government how to carry on a quiet, peaceable sort of a war. I'll swim up to the enemy, under water, and steal his rudder. When he tries to steam ahead, he'll go bumping about and running into things like a man learning to ride a bicycle, and finally give up disgusted. If he claps on a new rudder and begins to act saucy, I'll abstract his propeller; or perhaps I'll take off his propeller and put it back t'other side to; then when he tries to go ahead he'll go backwards. Suppose a captain started up in the night to go somewhere with his screw reversed, and in the morning found himself a hundred and fifty knots back of where he started from—don't you think most of the fight would be out of him? Or I might reverse two of the blades of the propeller and leave the other two untouched, then, when he turned on the steam, he would just stand still and churn furiously. It would be magnificent, but it would not be war. Or, again, if the vessel had two screws, one on either side, I would reverse one of them; then, when it tried to go ahead, the vessel's stern would stand still, and its bow would go tearing around in a circle like the very old Harry, to the great wonder of foreign naval attachés, and other close observers.

"The things I shall do to the anchors would fill a book; but chiefly I shall stake 'em down, and leave the vessel tied up and unable to move. On occasion I may wind up the lower end of the anchor-cable, and pull the bow of the ship down, while the other end flops up, like a duck when it dives, though this might be rather a violent proceeding for my kind of warfare. But I could hook on to their cable and tow them fifty or a hundred miles any dark night, and, if I wanted to, fasten the anchor down in a new place. When the captain woke up and looked out in the morning, just fancy his surprise! Then I have another plan for fixing the crew—bore a hole in the bottom of the ship, connect a flexible hose-pipe with my furnace, and smoke 'em out. I could use old shoes and rubber boots or Connecticut cigars, just as I saw fit. If extreme measures were necessary, I could toss in a little pepper."

"Of course," mildly broke in the Judge's friend, Major Dodge, "you don't forget that the enemy will also have a submarine boat going about undoing your work and doing things to your fleet."

"If he does," answered the Judge, stiffly, "it will show that he is an unprincipled scoundrel, and I'll advise the government to give it to him with our biggest guns."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.



THE COAT OF MANY COLORS.

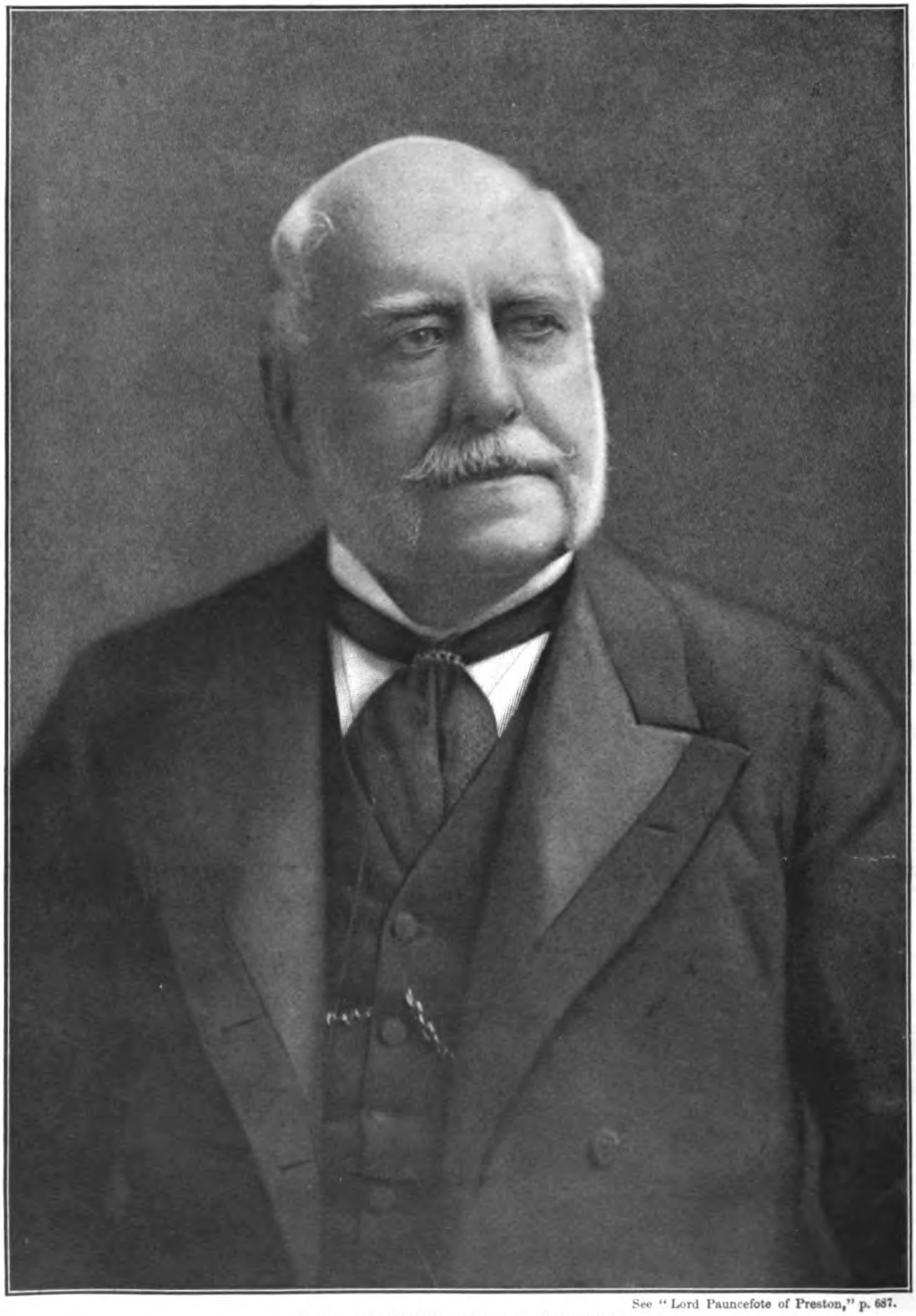
JOSEPH. "Great Methuselah! I wish father hadn't made this coat so gay."

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See "Lord Pauncefote of Preston," p. 687.

LORD PAUNCEFOTE OF PRESTON.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. C APRIL, 1900 No. DXCIX

MUNICIPAL ART

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN



TIME and man together have made the cities of the Old World. Not infrequently man has been the builder, time the artist. In America, however, the rapidly expanding needs of the community have been constantly treading on the heels of time, and accelerating its pace at the expense of its dignity. Our cities, especially in the West, like Topsy, have "just growed," and with as little consciousness of cause and effect. First there has been sprawling, incoherent babyhood, in which everything is tolerated that makes for development; then the growth to hobbledehoy — big-framed, uncouth, obtrusive, but vigorous and full of promise; later, the period of youth, that begins to feel itself to be something and has glimmerings of pride in its personal appearance, displaying it particularly in an exaggerated taste for embellishments; still later, the manhood, with its sense of responsibility and acquired dignity of demeanor, its tendency to form alliances and to grow into its place in the community. By this time the individual pride has become broadened and fixed; it expresses itself in the personal surroundings of home, in the environment of business, and finally in the general dignity and beauty of the city. Individualism, without being swamped, has merged itself in the communal idea.

It is a stage of development corresponding to this last one that the American cities are entering upon to-day: the transition from individualism to civicism as the vital force. It goes without saying that the debt we owe to individualism is incalculable. It is the prevailing note in American character, the source of the nation's extraordinary development, and the foundation of our system of government. Yet there is no need to make a fetich of it. Unduly exercised, it may even put a check upon progress. We select the four horses of a team for individual qualities,

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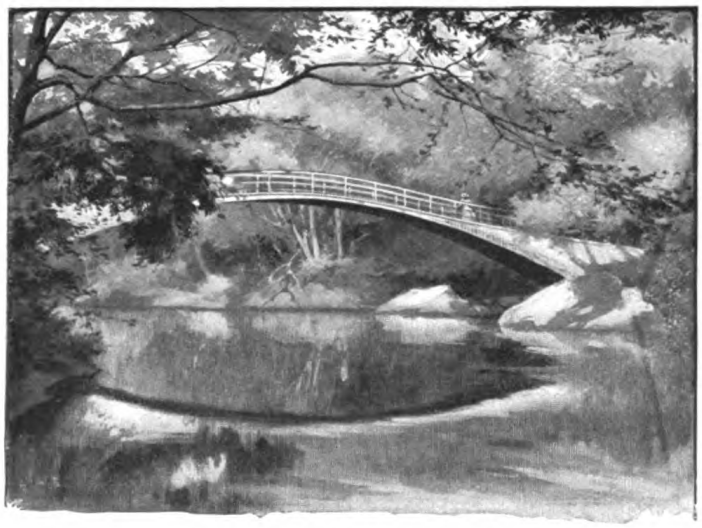
AN EXAMPLE OF IRREGULAR SKY-LINE, BOULEVARD, NEW YORK.

certainly, but expect them to pull together for the purpose of moving forward the coach. There must be a controlling force on the box to see to it that individualism does not pull in opposite directions and stultify or impede itself. This same individualism, too, is not necessarily individuality. It is often a concentration on self rather than an expansion of self; and in selfish indifference to everything which does not concern its immediate interests, trades its birthright to a boss, and leaves to anybody or nobody the control of public issues. In both of these ways individualism has affected the appearance of our cities—positively by a rampant assertion of itself, and negatively by a disregard of its responsibilities to the community. Buildings are erected with reference to no other consideration but the personal interest of their promoters. Some of them are mere mushroom growths, intended to subserve only immediate necessities; others are built to remain, and with praiseworthy intention that they shall be impressive. But in each case their relation to other buildings and to something of a plan in the general character of the neighborhood has been entirely ignored. There has been no controlling influence, either of public sentiment or of official authority. The municipal governments have had their own axes to grind, and municipal art or the material dignity of the city has not been one of them. There has been no public opinion to stir them into action in the direction either of control or of initiation. They have left the individual to his own devices, and neglected their own duty of tackling the municipal problems. The result is heterogeneousness and confusion.

It is not that our cities are ugly—far from it—but that they present a higgledy-piggledy agglomeration of many styles, dimensions, and degrees of good, bad, and indifferent, with little method and no regard for harmony of effect. Have you ever watched the row of gas-lights in front of the proscenium of a theatre while the overture is being played? Now here, now there, they leap or spread or jag themselves in sympathy with the particular note in the music to which each corresponds in vibrations. Fix this row of flame forms, and you will get something of the indiscriminateness of the sky-line of, say, New York city. Both are the expression of a simple law of cause and effect, unpremeditated, unregulated, and irresponsible, and both in response to music. For, I take it, the great groundswell of human endeavor heaving in a big city has a music to it, if we have the ears to hear it, and just as surely does the city's architecture express it. As men are, so they build—unconsciously, perhaps, but inevitably; and while the individual building reveals the degree of elevation or sordidness in the motive of the man who built it, the aggregate of these buildings, the city itself, will express the average civilization of the community. Even the unimpressionable man feels the truth of this in foreign cities, but is blind to it at home. He is so much a part of his city, and so inextricably entangled in divers ways with other parts of it, that he finds it difficult to detach himself suffi-

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ciently to see it in its corporate entity. Yet no doubt he has a glimmering of it at times — for example, when he views New York from the harbor. Daily he passes back and forth on the ferry, too preoccupied to regard the city in any other light than as the place whither he is hurrying to business. Once in a while, however, he has a moment of intuitive vision. The water of the harbor, dancing in the sunlight, speaks to him of bright and buoyant movement; the vast expanse of blue sky, cloudless and penetrable, of aspiration. The huge buildings, from a distance composing into one, form a towering mass of human endeavor, from which a thousand steam wreaths curl and soar and vanish, as if the spirit of the city were still struggling higher. The scene is transfigured. It is no longer an outcome of real-estate transactions, of the stress and struggle of competing units striving to get bread or to grow rich, but an embodiment of the corporate life of the community, of its virtues and imperfections, its facts and its ideals, and in a fuller sense than usual he feels "it is good to be here." Or, returning earlier than his wont from work some winter's night, he gazes on the innumerable lights. They flit across the water in every direction, or climb up into the dark vault and hang like a constellation—low down to earth, yet soaring high enough to dwarf the watcher into infinitesimal minuteness. He knows that each light bespeaks a single cell in a vast hive of human effort, but it is the mass that for the moment kindles his imagination—this marvellous presentment of combined energies. He glories in being a part of it, and feels lifted out of his little self into a bigger and fuller purpose. He realizes the dignity of the civic life. It is detachment that has given the true perspective, while a closer inspection reveals much that is brutal, amorphous, incoherent. The one way of seeing discovers the soul of the matter; the other, its obvious imperfections.



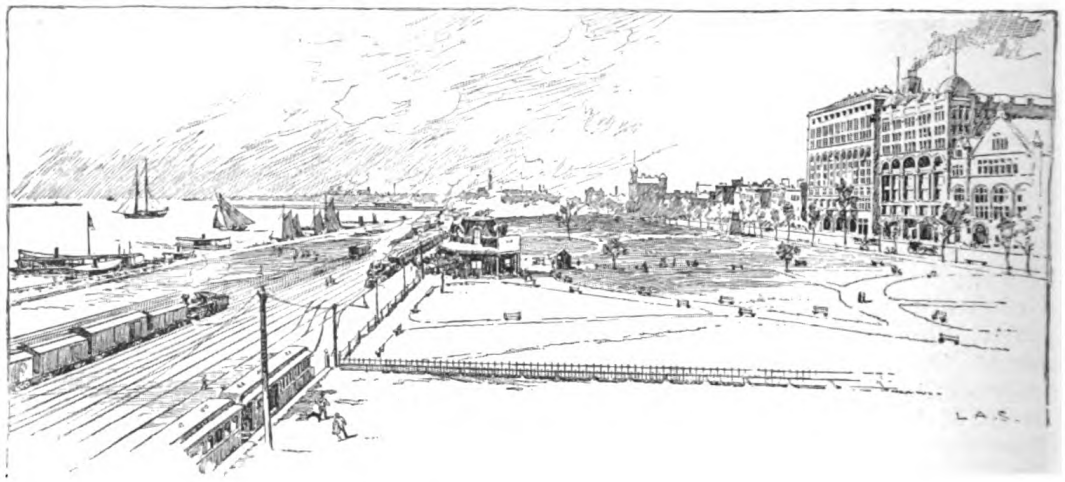
A VIEW IN LAUREL HILL, STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.
Preserved by the Laurel Hill Association.

What many minds are seeking to-day is how to lessen these imperfections, and to make the outward form of the city a more harmonious embodiment of its in-



VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM THE SOUTH.

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LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO, LOOKING SOUTH, BEFORE IMPROVEMENTS.

dwelling spirit. There is no need to apologize for stating the case this way, although to some it may seem transcendental. The soul of a city—why not? It is a convenient method of describing the composite impulses which are aggregated within its limits; and it is not until these are taken into account and their true significance recognized that a worthy civic pride is engendered. As soon as a number of citizens realize the relation between this net-work of appearances and the energizing force, soul, or what you please to call it, within them, they will not rest until the latter is embodied in a form that expresses it worthily. This was the impulse that made Venice, for example, so noble an embodiment of the genius of her inhabitants. No doubt the Italian instinct naturally feels after the artistic, and there was more homogeneity of population in Venice than in some of our cities, but otherwise the conditions were not dissimilar. Venice was a city of traders. Wealth and success "talked" then as they do now. But also there was the ambition that the talk should be enduring, and expressive in no uncertain way of the dignity of the civic life. Frankly it was ostentation; not of the



JUNCTION OF BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE AT MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO, LOOKING NORTH, SINCE IMPROVEMENTS.

individual, however, but of the community; and not of the community's sordid and vulgar characteristics, but of its worthiest and most beautiful. And how her artists caught the inspiration! There is but one St. Mark's in the world, for the simple reason that there is but one Venice; and all her boundless activities in the Orient, the ideals of her people, the very characteristics of her sky and water, are crystallized in this shrine, whose glories are the apotheosis of herself. True, the government was an oligarchy, and Venice was the creation of a few men in successive generations, while America is democratic, and the voice of the people is the power that counts. Here is the difference of the problem.

We have the same two forces to-day—the individual and the municipal; but the latter can no longer be the enlightened judgment of the few, but of the many—a widespread public opinion. To create it is the first important step towards beautification of our cities. If there is one thing more than another that we lack in our big communities and need, it is this same public opinion; not a prejudice in favor of this or that party, still less a prairie fire of excited sentiment kindled by the press to burn itself out, but a surely planted, steadily progressive popular conviction, based on civic pride, and acting along lines of expert control. This would be at once a check on excessive individualism and an incentive to municipal action. In some cities of Europe the check is exercised by the municipal authorities. As things are with us, that is not for the present to be expected or desired. The cultivated classes hold aloof from public affairs, and the politicians are concerned with the spoils. Already, under a pretence of control, the architect is thwarted in his plans, the contractor compelled to adopt certain methods and materials, in the interests not of the community but of its rulers. A thing "goes" to-day and is blocked to-morrow, just according to the amount of oil that lubricates the "machine." It is a mere conjecture how far even the conditions relating to health, safety of life and limb, and protection from fire are satisfied. To invite such a system to embrace control over artistic matters would be foolishness. The result would be worse muddle and corruption. I do not forget that in New

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PANORAMA OF CHICAGO FROM THE AUDITORIUM TOWER, LOOKING NORTH.

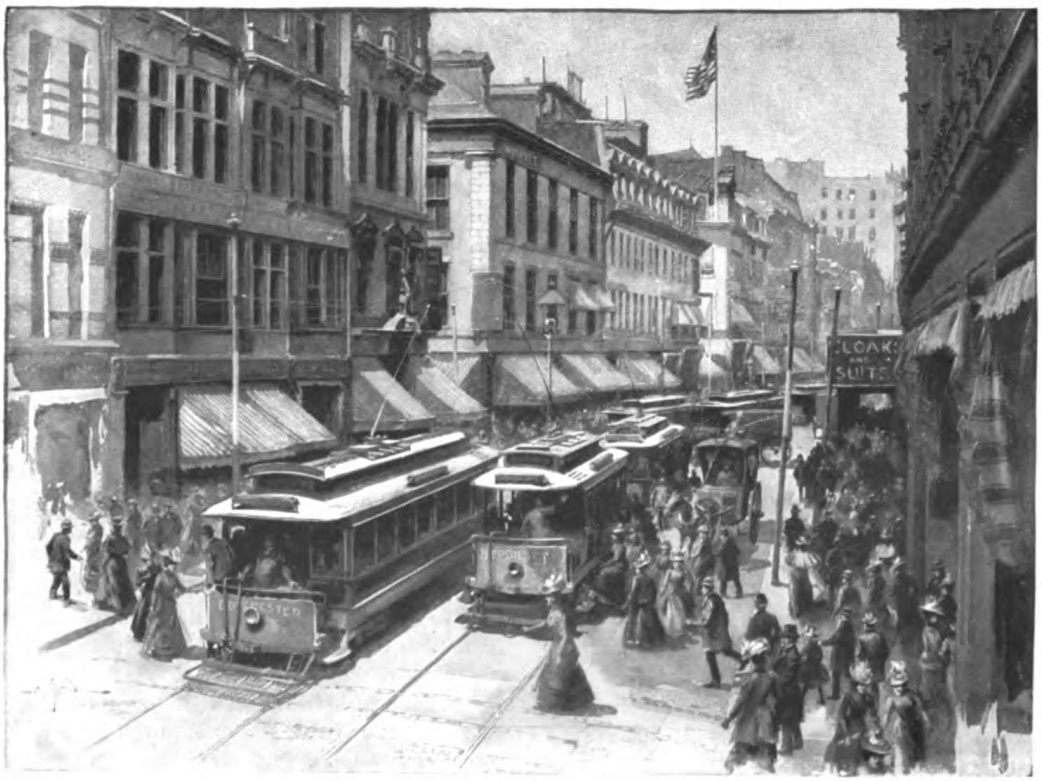
York and Boston one of the departments of the city government is an art commission, and that Chicago contemplates a similar advance. But their powers are advisory, not initiatory. No work of art can be acquired by the city or set up in its public places without having been first approved by the commissioners; and the Mayor, at his discretion, is empowered to call upon them for advice in other matters. They are allowed no initiative, however, and there is nothing except public opinion to prevent the Mayor ignoring their advice. Still, the mere creation of the art commission is an immense step forward. It is at least a legalized recognition that municipal government involves some questions of art. The wedge has been inserted, and it remains for public opinion to drive it home. At the risk of repetition, the main solution of the problem of municipal art rests in the establishment of this same public opinion. The voters in the last resort are the repositories of power. They are already a court of final appeal; they must form themselves into a body of initiative. Let us glance at what already has been done in this direction.

Municipal art societies exist in several cities. In this, as in so many other movements, Philadelphia took the lead, but only to the extent of adapting to municipal improvement a principle of much earlier inception. As long ago as 1853 was organized in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a village-improvement society, the first permanent association of the kind in the United States, and perhaps in the world. It owed its formation to Miss Mary Gross Hopkins, afterwards Mrs. J. Z. Goodrich. A rocky hill, covered with kalmia, or mountain-laurel, had been given to the village as a pleasure-ground by the Sedgwick family. The society formed for the purpose of caring for it was incorporated under the title of "The Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge," and the premises were conveyed to it. Its influence has been extended to improving and embellishing the whole village, which has been converted into one of the prettiest and best-ordered in the country. Its example has been copied in many other villages, and the establishment of the Fairmount Park Art Association of Philadelphia in 1871 was, consciously or unconsciously, an extension of the same principle to the wider scope of a city. The original intention was to purchase works of art with which to beautify Fairmount Park, but in recent years its operations have included the embellishment of public buildings. Comprising some four-

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teen hundred members, it has secured for the city over thirty oil-paintings, statues, groups, and fountains, involving an expenditure during the past ten years of more than $100,000. The Municipal Art Society of New York was founded in 1893, "to provide adequate sculptural and pictorial decorations for the public buildings and parks of the city of New York." Its accomplishments have been the setting up in the court-room of Oyer and Terminer of a mural decoration, painted by Mr. Edward Simmons; the erection, in conjunction with the other art societies of the city, of a memorial to the late Richard M. Hunt, which stands on the west side of Fifth Avenue, facing the Lenox Library, of which he was architect; and the offering of prizes for a competition to supply designs for a City Hall flag-staff and for a simple form of drinking-fountain. The Municipal Art Society of Cincinnati was organized in 1894, for similar objects to those of the New York one. It has installed a Venetian well-head, given by Mr. Larz Anderson, as a drinking-fountain in Eden Park, and given to Mr. O. W. Beck a commission for a mural decoration in the entrance-vestibule of the City Hall, which will be finished by the end of this year. The latest association of the kind is one at Baltimore, so recently established that there is nothing to record of it except its intentions, which are directed to the general beautification of the city. This wider scope, however, is very noteworthy, for it shows that the idea of municipal art is growing.

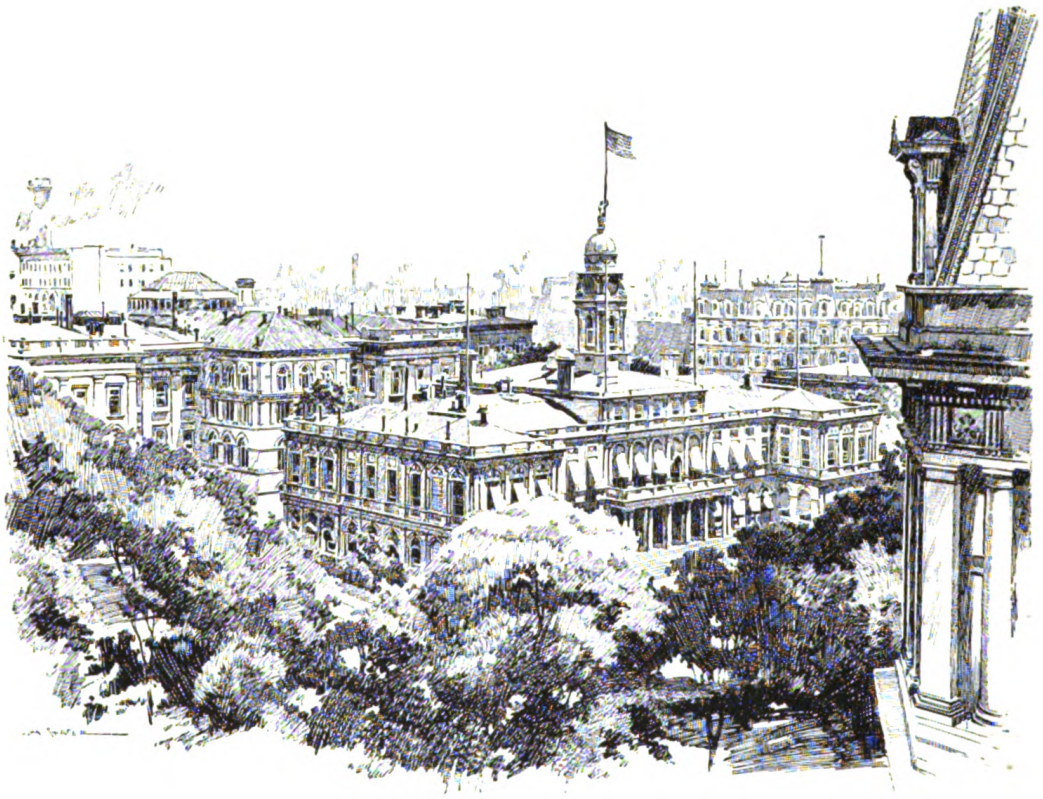
The earlier societies have done good work. They have been more than a drop of water in a thirsty land. Still, the vitalizing element has been confined within rather narrow limits. It has not extended to the larger issues which are involved. The greatest progress has been made in Boston; and here, it is instructive to note, no association exists for the purpose. Public opinion has acted directly. It has established a system of parks, perhaps the finest in the world; has secured a library which reaches the highest artistic standard in the country; has restored the Bullfinch State House, and is preparing to decorate it with mural paintings; it has saved Copley Square



WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

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from being frowned down by an apartment-house, is rescuing the State House from a similar menace, and has erected the Shaw Memorial, one of the noblest in the country. Everything has been done under the immediate stimulus of public opinion in response to civic pride. There is a lesson in this. Taken in connection with the smaller results in other cities, it surely demonstrates that the main thing needed is public opinion; that the associations *per se* are of limited value unless they are backed by the same; and that what they need to do is to widen both the scope of their intentions and the number of their members. To repeat a previous simile, they are the thin end of the wedge, which must be driven home by the force of many. Assuming that these associations are necessary in their respective cities, they should be made the nucleus of an active propaganda. In every precinct a local branch should be formed, affiliated with the central society, but concerning itself immediately with the interests of its own district. This would involve much work, but surely there are already enough adherents of the cause to undertake it. The *modus operandi* might be somewhat as follows: The school authori-



CITY HALL, NEW YORK, 1900
The Building on the right is the Post Office.

ties would no doubt permit the use of a room for the purposes of a meeting-place. It should also be possible to find six residents who would form themselves into a committee to start an interest in the matter, and bring together in public meeting a fairly representative gathering. The talk, which might be illustrated with the stereopticon, should be of a nature to arouse enthusiasm, but still so simple and practical that every listener could carry away some definite suggestion. The dignity and refreshment of the oak should be urged, but the main thing should be to distribute a few acorns, and to encourage the planting and nurturing of them. The speakers, therefore, would have to make a special study of the particular

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district, so as to be able to offer a few plain hints, no matter how simple — referring, for example, to the tidiness of the streets and sidewalks, ash-barrels, the blocking of the sidewalks, advertising signs, and so forth. A pride and interest in little things would soon grow to larger issues. To many minds this advice will be as little attractive as the suggestion to wash in Jordan was to Naaman. "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing"—but these little beginnings, this gradual growth, how very uninspiring! Yet this is the natural law of growth. The reason we have so little public opinion is because the public conscience, judgment, taste, are only intermittently appealed to, and then with great upheavals and upon some burning issue, as of sound money or rotten politics. Self-absorption is aroused to momentary enthusiasm or annoyance, as the case may be, then settles back into itself, more case-hardened than ever. It is like trying to tone the system with a debauch.

In our zeal for a public opinion in matters of taste we must not imagine we are creating a new thing in American municipal life. It is very much of a revival. The old buildings, say of fifty years ago, which still survive bear witness to good taste. The residences reveal the gentle breeding of their builders. They are characterized by form and proportion; there was neither the opportunity nor the desire for much embellishment. But taste and gentle manners were demoralized by the phenomenal advance in wealth. It demanded display beyond the ability of the artists to satisfy it artistically, and the results were extravagant and meretricious. Now it is different. Wealth has obtained the leisure to be cultivated; a new generation of architects, sculptors, and painters has arisen, who have garnered the experience of the world, and skilled craftsmen abound. A new era of taste has begun, directed to larger problems, and with more adequate means of solving them.



NEW YORK CITY HALL IN ITS OLD ENVIRONS.

A few of these problems may be noted, and first those which belong chiefly to the individual. Without attempting to exhaust the subject, one may look at the matter from the points of view of the capitalist, storekeeper, and resident.

The capitalist builds primarily for rents. He would not be fulfilling his use in the community if he did not. The

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EXAMPLE OF ARCADE SYSTEM, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

more successful he is in securing rents, the greater, as a general rule, the improvement of the neighborhood. He attracts other capitalists and a better class of tenants, all of whom are interested in the proper care of the streets, in questions of sanitation and police. He has found that to get higher rents he must offer more external and internal attractions. If these are not in the best of taste, it is directly the architect who is to blame, and indirectly the public, whose ignorance invites sham, vulgarity, and mere display. But the capitalist has also grown to be influenced by another motive—pride in himself and in his city. There is a further stage, which he is only just beginning to reach when he realizes that his own interest as well as the city's would be better served by merging individualism in a general harmony of effect, by resorting to co-operation rather than competition. A Napoleon the Third, with his Baron Haussmann, could introduce uniformity, and thereby impressiveness, into certain parts of Paris by his simple *ipse dixit*. The equivalent of that in democratic America will be a pooling of interests—syndication in city architecture, as in other departments of life. It has already been adopted here and there in the apartment-house districts, with the result of a harmonious arrangement that has maintained a uniform high standard in the block, and so attracted and kept a better class of tenants.

The storekeeper's first aim, also, is to secure custom. The appearance of his store is one of his methods of advertisement. It reflects most accurately the degree of refinement in the public he expects to attract. If one needs any proof of the absence and need of improved public taste it will be furnished *ad nauseam* by visiting the second and third rate shopping districts on a bargain day. Behind the counters, weary attendants, anæmic from much standing in poisoned atmosphere; in front of them, a jostling, sweating, hectoring crowd of shoppers, eager to waste their money on fripperies or to get something below its legitimate value—marked down as the result of bankrupt lives, of traders who have been

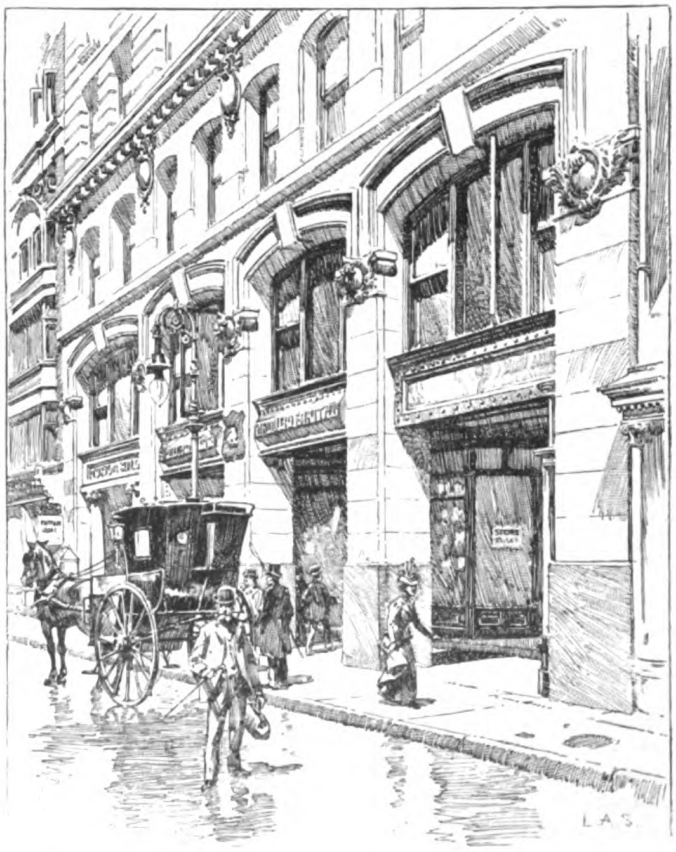
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forced under by the pressure of this hideous competition, or of operatives whose lives and those of their wives and children are ruthlessly sacrificed to this craze for bargains. Nothing can remove this curse of modern so-called civilization but an improved public opinion, which will grow to be ashamed to take something for next to nothing, and will prefer well-made, well-designed goods to garish shoddy.

But even among the more dignified stores how much room for improvement exists in the way of artistic shop fronts and trade signs! The average idea of attracting notice is by the use of letters, especially of big letters, which would be all very well if the neighbors did not adopt as big or bigger ones. But they do, and the result is a gilded jangle of announcements which defeat their purpose as completely as if each man in a crowd should shout at the top of his voice. How much more effectual it would be if a storekeeper obtained from an artist some sign characteristic of his business, which, executed in metal, wood, or marble, would hang from or be set into the front of his shop, attracting immediate attention by its individuality and beauty, mentioned everywhere as his, and identified with him and his business! In foreign cities awnings also are made a means of individual assertion, and much is done with flowers and shrubs.

In this last way the resident in house or flat could help to beautify the city. Window-boxes, for example, cost little, can be treated in a great variety of charming ways, and are a source of delight to the children of the family.

To the larger problems which await official solution when public opinion has prepared the way for it a brief allusion must be made. Stated concisely, the duty of an ideal municipal government would be to preserve what is good and remedy what is bad or inadequate in the past, to regulate the present, and to have a prevision for the future; in fact, to maintain as far as possible the continuity of the city's life. We unhesitatingly approve the preservation of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, of Faneuil Hall and the façade of Bullfinch's State House in Boston, but in these and other cities there have been many landmarks of history irretrievably lost. Patriotic and historical societies have been instrumental in saving much, but in a proper condition of public opinion this would be one of the important cares of the municipal authorities. Every surviving landmark should bear a tablet, on which the younger generation may read its record, and when advance sweeps away the home of some great man or the scene of some great event, a suitable memorial, be it only an inscription upon the building which supersedes it, should perpetuate the memory.



SUGGESTION OF ARCADE SYSTEM IN NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

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A STREET END IN PARIS—FONTAINE ST. MICHEL.

But the remedying also of the past is one of the official problems. The early growth of our cities responded to present needs which could not anticipate the subsequent enormous development. Some people think that an illustration of this is afforded by the New York City Hall. The façades of its front and sides are marble, while the back is of brick, which has been covered with cement colored in imitation. The citizens of that day planted their Hall on a site which was then far north of the crowded part, so that ample space on all sides might add to its dignity. They built the rear of baser material because they did not dream that the city would expand farther north. This is one explanation. But quite as likely they may have done so because they knew it would. In that event (one may imagine them arguing) their descendants would want to enlarge the Hall, so they left its back unfinished. If so their forecast was too generous. What their descendants have actually done is to erect a separate building entirely out of keeping with and inferior to the beautiful Hall. To permit both to be encroached upon was a crowning outrage—to allow a hideous Federal building, the Post Office, to dwarf the Hall and spoil its park.

However this may be, one unquestionable result of inadequate prevision in the past is the congestion in the main arteries of traffic, with danger to life and limb, delay to the individual, and expensive interference with the collecting and distributing of merchandise. Whether this is to be relieved by opening up new streets or by widening existing ones, which latter might be done by converting the ground-floors into arcades, so that the width of the sidewalks could be added to the roadway, is matter for argument. But one thing is admitted. Some alleviation must be contrived sooner or later, and delay only increases the difficulty and cost of it.

Municipal control should be exercised in limiting the height of buildings, and in insisting that buildings henceforth erected upon narrow streets shall have the ground-floor fronts set back to permit of arcades. Public opinion, as it forms, will also demand that the focal points of the city—where, for example, several important streets intersect—shall be embellished with fountains or statuary, and that all fixtures, such as toilet-rooms, drinking-fountains, seats, light-standards, and newspaper-stalls, shall be artistic in character.

Lastly, with an eye to the future, the planting of trees in our streets will be encouraged, all franchises will be made a source of revenue, and in every public work undertaken provision will be made for later needs. It is a particularly creditable feature of the design for the New York Public Library that it contemplates an extension upon the west side, when needed.

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A Prelude.

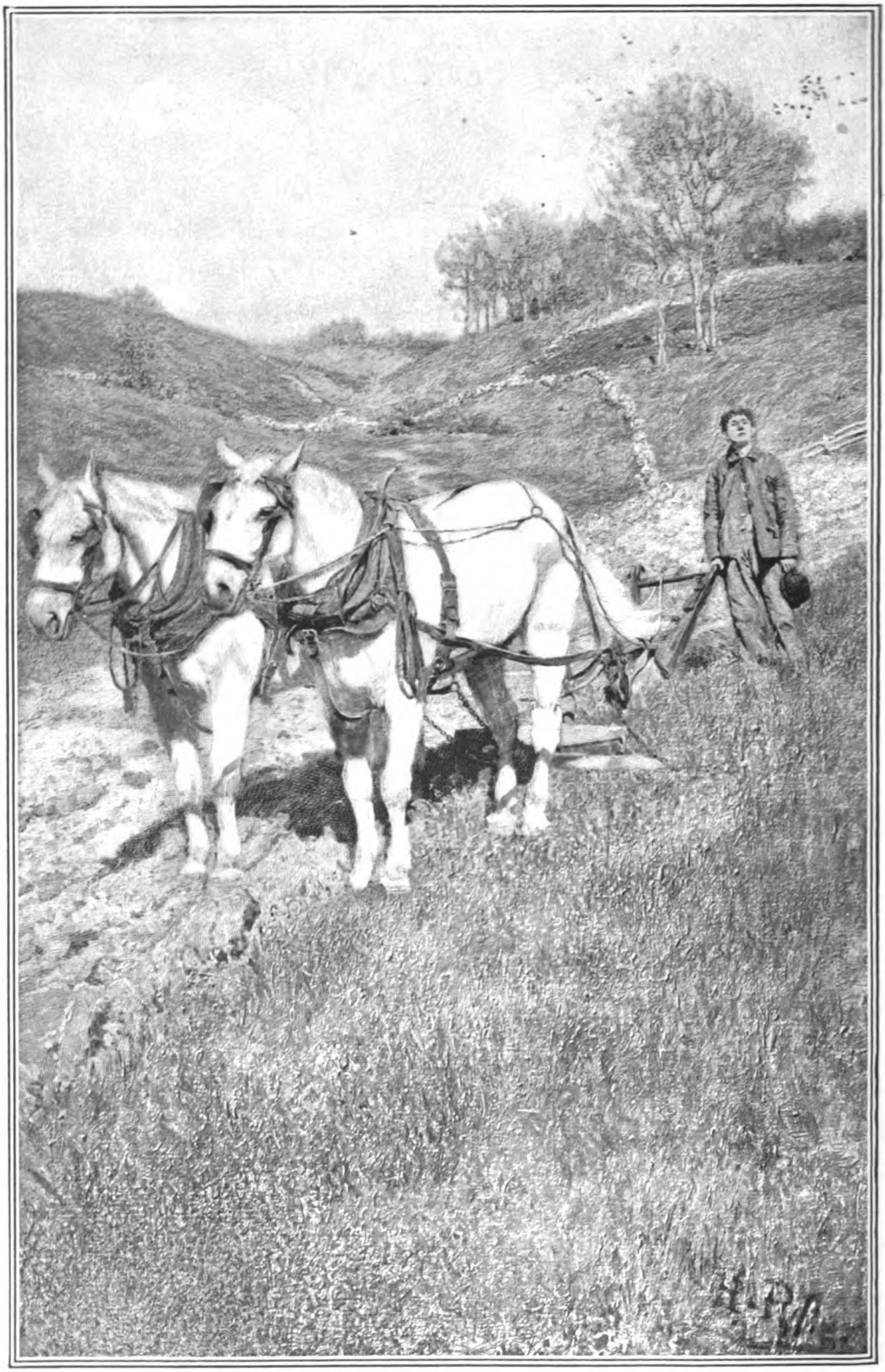
BY BLISS CARMAN

THIS is the sound of the Word
From the waters of sleep,
The rain-soft voice that was heard
On the face of the deep,
When the fog was drawn back like a veil, and the sentinel tides
Were given their thresholds to keep.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Go far!"
And the silvery sea-folk heard,
Where their weed tents are,
From the long slow lift of the blue through the Carib keys,
To the thresh on Sable bar.

This is the Word that went by,
Over the sun-land and swale,
The long Aprilian cry,
Clear, joyous, and hale,
When the summons went forth to the wild shy broods of the air,
To bid them once more to the trail.

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IN SPRING-TIME.

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The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
  And the West Wind said, "Be swift!"
And the fluttering sky-folk heard,
  And the warm dark thrift
Of the nomad blood revived, and they gathered for flight
  By column and pair and drift.

This is the sound of the Word
  From bud sheath and blade,
When the reeds and the grasses conferred,
  And a gold beam was laid
At the taciturn doors of the forest, where tarried the sun,
  For a sign they should not be dismayed.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
  And the West Wind said, "Be glad!"
The abiding wood-folk heard,
  In their new green clad,
Sanguine, mist-silver, and rose, while the sap in their veins
  Welled up as of old all unsad.

This is the Word that flew
  Over snow marsh and glen,
When the frost-bound slumberers knew,
  In tree trunk and den,
Their bidding had come, they questioned not whence nor why,—
  They reckoned not whither nor when.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
  And the West Wind said, "Be wise!"
The wintering ground-folk heard,
  Put the dark from their eyes,
Put the sloth from sinew and thew, to wander and dare,—
  Forever the old surmise!



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ELEANOR *

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER VII.

"I THINK it's lovely," said Lucy, in an embarrassed voice. "And I just don't know how to thank you—indeed I don't."

She was standing inside the door of Mrs. Burgoyne's room, arrayed in the white crêpe gown with the touches of pale green and vivid black that Eleanor had designed for her. Its flowing elegance made her positively a stranger to herself. The two maids, moreover, who had attired her had been intent upon a complete, an indisputable perfection. Her hat had been carried off and retrimmed; her white gloves, her dainty parasol, the bunch of roses at her belt—everything had been thought for; she had been allowed a voice in nothing. And the result was extraordinary. The day before she had been still a mere fresh-cheeked illustration of those "mœurs de province" which are to be found all over the world, in Burgundy and Yorkshire no less and no more than in Vermont; today she had become what others copy, the best of its kind—the "fleeting flower" that "blooms for one day at the summit," as the maids would no doubt have expressed themselves, had they been acquainted with the works of Mr. Clough.

And thanks to that pliancy of her race which Miss Manisty had discovered, although she was shy in these new trappings, she was not awkward. She was assimilating her new frocks, as she had already assimilated so many other things during her weeks at the villa — points of manner, of speech, of mental perspective. Unconsciously she copied Mrs. Burgoyne's movements and voice; she was learning to understand Manisty's paradoxes and Aunt Pattie's small weaknesses. She was less raw, evidently; yet not less individual. Her provincialisms were dropping away; her character, perhaps, was only emerging.

"Are you pleased with it?" she said, timidly, as Mrs. Burgoyne bade her come in; and she advanced towards that lady, who was putting on her hat.

Eleanor, with uplifted arms, turned and smiled. "Charming! You do one credit! Is Aunt Pattie better?"

Lucy was conscious of a momentary chill. Mrs. Burgoyne had been so kind and friendly during the whole planning and making of this dress, the girl, perhaps, had inevitably expected a keener interest in its completion.

She answered in some discomfort: "I am afraid Miss Manisty's not coming. I saw Benson just now. Her headache is still so bad."

"Ah," said Eleanor, absently, rummaging among her gloves. "This sirocco weather doesn't suit her."

Lucy fidgeted a little as she stood by the dressing-table, took up one knick-knack after another, and put it down. At last she said, "Do you mind my asking you a question?"

Mrs. Burgoyne, surprised, looked round. "By all means! What can I do?"

"Do you mind telling me whether you think I ought to stay on here? Miss Manisty is so kind—she wants me to stay till you leave, and then go to Vallombrosa with her—next month. But—"

"Why 'but'?" said Mrs. Burgoyne, briskly, still in quest of rings, handkerchief, and fan—"unless you are quite tired of us."

The girl smiled. "I couldn't be that. But — I think you'll be tired of me! And I've heard from the Porters of a quiet pension in Florence, where some friends of theirs will be staying till the middle of June. They would let me join them till the Porters are ready for me."

There was just a moment's pause before Eleanor said:

"Aunt Pattie would be very sorry. I know she counts on your going with her to Vallombrosa. I must go home by the beginning of June, and I believe Mr. Manisty goes to Paris."

"And the book?" Lucy could not help saying, and then wished vehemently that she had left the question alone.

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Burgoyne, looking for her walking-shoes.

* Begun in January number, 1900.

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"I didn't—I didn't know whether it was still to be finished by the summer?"

"No one knows—certainly not the author! But it doesn't concern me in the least."

"How can it be finished without you?" said Lucy, wondering. Again she could not restrain the spirit of eager championship which had arisen in her mind of late; though she was tremulously uncertain as to how far she might express it.

Certainly Mrs. Burgoyne showed a slight stiffening of manner.

"It will have to get finished without me, I'm afraid. Luckily, I'm not wanted; but if I were, I shall have no time for anything but my father this summer."

Lucy was silent. Mrs. Burgoyne finished tying her shoes, then rose, and said, lightly:

"Besides—poor book! It wanted a change badly. So did I. Now Mr. Neal will see it through."

Lucy went to say good-by to Aunt Pattie before starting. Eleanor, left alone, stood a moment, thoughtful, beside the dressing-table.

"She is sorry for me!" she said to herself, with a sudden sharp stiffening of the slight frame.

This was the Nemi day—the day of festival planned a fortnight before, to celebrate the end, the happy end, of the book. It was to have been Eleanor's special day—the sign and seal of that good fortune she had brought her cousin and his work.

And now? Why were they going? Eleanor hardly knew. She had tried to stop it. But Reggie Brooklyn had been asked, and the ambassador's daughter. And Vanbrugh Neal had a fancy to see Nemi. Manisty, who had forgotten all that the day was once to signify, had resigned himself to the expedition—he who hated expeditions!—"because Neal wanted it." There had not been a word said about it during the last few days that had not brought gall and wound to Eleanor. She, who thought she knew all that male selfishness was capable of, was yet surprised and pricked anew, hour after hour, by Manisty's casual sayings and assumptions.

It was like some gourd-growth in the night—the rise of this entangling barrier between herself and him. She knew that some of it came from those secret superstitions and fancies about himself and his work which she had often detected in him. If a companion or a place, even a particular table or pen, had brought him luck, he would recur to them and repeat them with eagerness. But once prove to him the contrary, and she had seen him drop friend and pen with equal decision.

And as far as she could gather—as far as he would discuss the matter at all—it was precisely with regard to those portions of the book where her influence upon it had been strongest that the difficulties put forward by Mr. Neal had arisen.

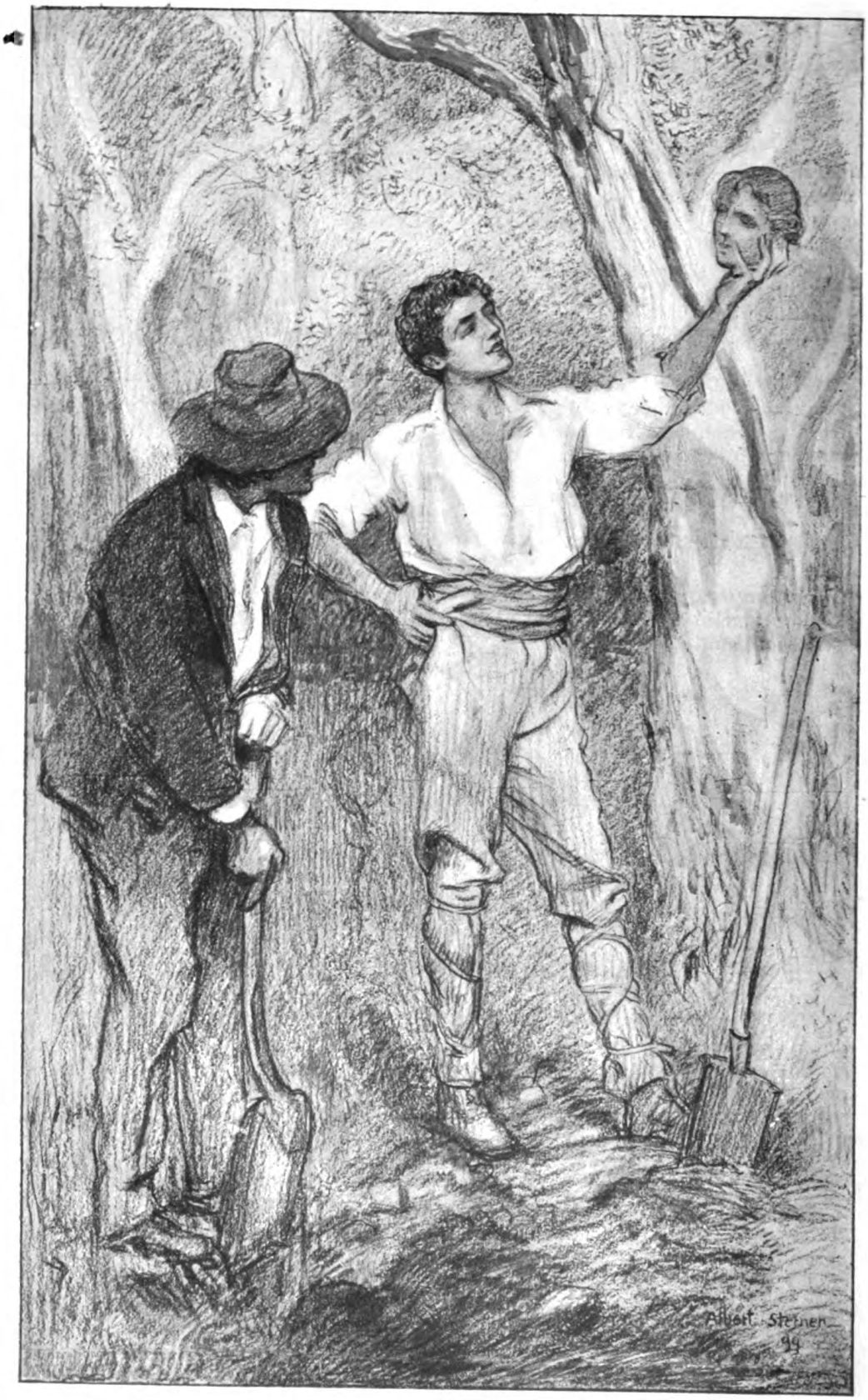
Her lip quivered. She had little or no personal conceit. Very likely Mr. Neal's criticisms were altogether just, and she had counselled wrongly. When she thought of the days of happy consultation, of that vibrating sympathy of thought which had arisen between them, glorifying the winter days in Rome, of the thousand signs in him of a deep, personal gratitude and affection—

Vanished!—vanished! The soreness of heart she carried about with her, proudly concealed, had the gnawing constancy of physical pain. While he!— Nothing seemed to her more amazing than the lapses in mere gentlemanliness that Manisty could allow himself. He was capable on occasion of all that was most refined and tender in feeling. But once jar that central egotism of his, and he could behave incredibly! Through the small actions and omissions of every day he could express, if he chose, a hardness of soul before which the woman shuddered.

Did he in truth mean her to understand not only that she had been an intruder, and an unlucky one, upon his work and his intellectual life, but that any dearer hopes she might have based upon their comradeship were to be once for all abandoned?

She stood there, lost in a sudden tumult of passionate pride and misery, which was crossed every now and then by a strange and bitter wonder. Each of us carries about with him a certain mental image of himself—typical, characteristic—as we suppose, draped at any rate to our fancy, round which we group the incident of life. Eleanor saw herself always as the proud woman; it is a guise in which we are none of us loth to masquerade. Haughtily dumb and patient during her married years, proud morally,

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"HE TOO HAD FOUND THE HEAD OF A STATUE."—SEE PAGE 678.

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socially, intellectually, finding in this stiffening of the self her only defence against the ugly realities of daily life. Proud too in her loneliness and grief—proud of her very grief, of her very capacity for suffering, of all the delicate shades of thought and sorrow which furnished the matter of her secret life, lived, without a sign, beside the old father whose commoner pride of family and wealth took such small account of hers!

And now—she seemed to herself to be already drinking humiliation, and foreseeing ever deeper draughts of it to come. She, who had never begged for anything, was in the mood to see her whole existence as a refused petition, a rejected gift. She had offered Edward Manisty her all of sympathy and intelligence, and he was throwing it back lightly, inexorably upon her hands. Her thin cheek burnt; but it was the truth. She annoyed and wearied him, and he had shaken her off—she, Eleanor Burgoyne! She did not know herself. Her inmost sense of identity was shaken.

She leaned her head an instant against the frame of the open window, closing her tired eyes upon the great Campagna below her. A surge of rebellious will passed through her. Always submission, patience, silence—till now. But there are moments when a woman must rouse herself, and fight—must not accept, but make, her fate.

Jealous! Was that last heat and ignominy of the soul to be hers too? She was to find it a threat and offence that he should spend some of the evenings that now went so heavily, talking with this girl, this nice simple girl, whom she had herself bade him cultivate, to whom she had herself played the part of fairy godmother, rubbing off her angles, drilling her into beauty? The very notion was madness and absurdity. It degraded her in her own eyes. It was, moreover, the measure of her own self-ignorance. She—resign him at the first threat of another claim! The passionate life of her own heart amazed and stunned her.

The clock in the salon struck. She started, and went to straighten her veil at the glass. What would the afternoon bring her? Something it should bring her. The Nemi days of the winter were shrined in memory—each with its halo. Let her put out her full strength again, and now, before it was too late—before he had slipped too far away from her.

The poor heart beat hotly against the lace of her dress. What did she intend or hope for? She only knew that this might be one of her last chances with him, that the days were running out, and the moment of separation approached. Her whole nature was athirst, desperately athirst for she knew not what. Yet something told her that among these ups and downs of daily temper and fortune there lay strewn for her the last chances of her life.

"Please, ma'am, will you go in for a moment to Miss Manisty?"

The voice was Benson's, who had waylaid Mrs. Burgoyne in the salon.

Eleanor obeyed.

From the shadows of her dark room Aunt Pattie raised a wan face.

"Eleanor! what do you think?"

Eleanor ran to her. Miss Manisty handed her a telegram, which read as follows:

"Your letter arrived too late to alter arrangements. Coming to-morrow—two or three nights—discuss plans.

ALICE."

Eleanor let her hand drop, and the two ladies looked at each other in dismay.

"But you told her you couldn't receive her here?"

"Several times over. Edward will be in despair. How are we to have her here with Miss Foster? Her behavior the last two months has been too extraordinary."

Aunt Pattie fell back a languid little heap upon her pillows. Eleanor looked almost equally disconcerted. "Have you told Edward?"

"No," said Aunt Pattie, miserably, raising a hand to her aching head, as though to excuse her lack of courage.

"Shall I tell him?"

"It's too bad to put such things on you—"

"No, not at all. But I won't tell him now. It would spoil the day. Some time before the evening."

Aunt Pattie showed an aspect of relief.

"Do whatever you think best. It's very good of you—"

"Not at all. Dear Aunt Pattie!—lie still. By-the-way, has she any one with her?"

"Only her maid—the one person who

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can manage her at all. That poor lady, you know, who tried to be companion, gave it up some time ago. Where shall we put her?"

"There are the two east rooms. Shall I tell Andreina to get them ready?"

Aunt Pattie acquiesced with a sound rather like a groan.

"There is no chance still of stopping her?" said Eleanor, moving away.

"The telegram gives no address but Orte station," said Aunt Pattie, wearily. "She must have sent it on her journey."

"Then we must be prepared. Don't fret, dear Aunt Pattie! we'll help you through."

Eleanor stood a moment in the salon, thinking.

Unlucky! Manisty's eccentric and unmanageable sister had been for many years the secret burden of his life and Aunt Pattie's. Eleanor had been a witness of the annoyance and depression with which he had learnt during the winter that she was in Italy. She knew something of the efforts that had been made to keep her away from the villa.

He would be furiously helpless and miserable under the infliction. Somehow, her spirits rose.

She went to the door of the salon, and heard the carriage drive up that was to take them to Nemi. Across Manisty's room, she saw himself on the balcony lounging and smoking till the ladies should appear. The blue lake with its green shores sparkled beyond him. The day was brightening. Certainly, let the bad news wait!

As they drove along the Galleria di Sotto, Manisty seemed to be preoccupied. The carriage had interrupted him in the midst of reading a long letter which he still held crumpled in his hand.

At last he said, abruptly, to Eleanor: "The book's on the Index. It will be announced next week."

"Father Benecke's?"

"Yes. He writes me a heart-broken letter."

"Poor, poor fellow! It's all the Jesuits' doing. Mr. Neal told me the whole story."

"Oh, it's tyranny, of course! And the book's only a fraction of the truth —a little Darwinian yeast leavening a lump of theology. But they're quite right. They can't help it."

Eleanor looked at Lucy Foster and laughed.

"Dangerous to say those things before Miss Foster."

"Does Miss Foster know anything about it?" he said, coolly.

Lucy hastily disclaimed any knowledge of Father Benecke and his affairs.

"They're very simple," said Manisty. "Father Benecke is a priest, but also a professor. He has written a rather liberal book — very mildly liberal — some evolution—some Biblical criticism—just a touch—and a good deal of protest against the way in which the Jesuits are ruining Catholic university education in Germany. Quite enough to set the authorities moving. They have put his book on the Index, and next week they'll make him sign a letter of recantation."

"Who's 'they'?" said Lucy.

"Oh! the Congregation of the Index— or the people who set them on."

"Is the book a bad book?"

"Quite the contrary."

"And you're pleased?"

"I think the Papacy is keeping up discipline, and is not likely to go under just yet."

He turned to her with his teasing laugh, and was suddenly conscious of her new elegance. Where was the "Sunday-school teacher"? Transformed!—in five weeks—into this vision that was sitting opposite to him? Really, women were too wonderful! His male sense felt a kind of scorn for the plasticity of the sex.

"He asked your opinion?" said Lucy, pursuing the subject.

"Yes. I told him the book was excellent—and his condemnation certain."

Lucy bit her lip.

"Who did it?"

"The Jesuits—probably."

"And you defend them?"

"Of course! They're the only gentlemen in Europe who thoroughly understand their own business."

"What a business!" said Lucy, breathing quick—"to rush on every little bit of truth they see and stamp it out!"

"Like any other dangerous firework— your simile is excellent."

"Dangerous!" She threw back her head. "To the blind and the cripples."

"Who are the larger half of mankind. Precisely."

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She hesitated, then could not restrain herself,—

"But *you're* not concerned?"

"I? Oh dear no! I can be trusted with fireworks. Besides, I'm not a Catholic."

"Is that fair?—to stand outside slavery, and praise it?"

"Why not—if it suits my purpose?"

The girl was silent. Manisty glanced at Eleanor; she caught the mischievous laugh in his eyes, and lightly returned it. It was his old comrade's look, come back. A warmer, more vital life stirred suddenly through all her veins; the slight and languid figure drew itself erect; her senses told her, hurriedly, for the first time, that the May sun, the rapidly freshening air, and the quick movement of the carriage were all physically delightful.

How fast, indeed, the spring was conquering the hills! As they passed over the great viaduct at Aricia, the thick Chigi woods to the left masked the deep ravine in torrents of lightest, foamiest green; and over the vast plain to the right, stretching to Ardea, Lanuvium, and the sea, the power of the reawakening earth, like a shuttle in the loom, was weaving day by day its web of color and growth, the ever-brightening pattern of crop and grass and vine. The beggars tormented them on the approach to Genzano, as they tormented of old Horace and Mæcenas; and presently the long falling street of the town, with its multitudes of short, wiry, brown-faced folk, its clatter of children and mules, its barbers and wine-shops, brought them in sight again of the emerald-green Campagna, and the shiny hazes over the sea. In front rose the tower-topped hill of Monte Giove, marking the site of Corioli; and just as they turned towards Nemi, the Appian Way ran across their path. Overhead, a marvellous sky with scudding veils of white cloud. The blur and blight of the scirocco had vanished without rain, under a change of wind. An all-blessing, all-penetrating sun poured upon the stirring earth. Everywhere fragments and ruins—ghosts of the great past—yet engulfed, as it were, and engarlanded by the active and fertile present.

And now they were to follow the high ridge above the deep-sunk lake, towards Nemi on its farther side—Nemi with its Orsini tower, grim and tall, rising on its fortress rock, high over the lake, and what was once the thick grove or "Nemus" of the goddess, mantling the proud white of her inviolate temple.

"Look!" said Eleanor, touching Lucy's hand. "There's the niched wall, and the platform of the temple—"

And Lucy, bending eager brows, saw across the lake a line of great recesses, overgrown and shadowy against the steep slopes or cliffs of the crater, and in front of them a flat space, with one farm-shed upon it.

In the crater wall, just behind and above the temple site, was a black vertical cleft. Eleanor pointed it out to Manisty.

"Do you remember we never explored it? But the spring must be there—Egeria's spring?"

Manisty lazily said he didn't know.

"Don't imagine you will be let off," said Eleanor, laughing. "We have settled every other point at Nemi. This is left for to-day. It will make a scramble after tea."

"You will find it farther than you think," said Manisty, measuring the distance.

"So it was somewhere on that terrace he died?—poor priest!" said Lucy, musing.

Manisty, who was walking beside the carriage, turned towards her. Her little speech flattered him. But he laughed.

"I wonder how much it was worth—that place—in hard cash?" he said, dryly. "No doubt that was the secret of it."

Lucy smiled unwillingly. They were mounting a charming road high above the lake. Stretching between them and the lake were steep olive-gardens and vineyards; above them, light, half-fledged woods climbed to the sky. In the vineyards the fresh, red-brown earth shone amid the endless regiments of vines just breaking into leaf; daisies glittered under the olives; and below on a midway crag a great wild-cherry, sun-touched, flung its boughs and blossoms, a dazzling pearly glory, over the dark blue hollow of the lake.

And on the farther side the high, scooped-out wall of the crater rose rich and dark above the temple site. How white — *white* — it must have shone! thought Lucy. Her imagination had been caught by the priest's story. She saw Nemi for the first time as one who had seen it before. Timidly she looked at the man walking beside the carriage.

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Strange! She no longer disliked him as she had done, no longer felt it impossible that he should have written the book which had been so dear to her. Was it that she had seen him chastened and depressed of late—had realized the comparative harmlessness of his vanity, the kindness and docility he could show to a friend? Ah no! If he had been kind for one friend, he had been difficult and ungrateful for another. The thinness of Eleanor's cheek, the hollowness of her blue eye, accused him. But even here the girl's inner mind had begun to doubt and demur. After all, did she know much—or anything—of their real relation?

Certainly this afternoon he was a delightful companion. That phrase which Vanbrugh Neal had applied to him in Lucy's hearing, which had seemed to her so absurd, began, after all, to fit. He was *bon enfant* both to Eleanor and to her on this golden afternoon. He remembered Eleanor's love for broom, and brought her bunches of it from the steep banks; he made affectionate mock of Neal's old-maidish ways; he threw himself with ejaculations, joyous, paradoxical, violent, on the unfolding beauty of the lake and the spring; and throughout he made them feel his presence as something warmly strong and human, for all his provoking defects, and that element of the uncommunicated and unexplained which was always to be felt in him. Eleanor began to look happier and younger than she had looked for days. And Lucy wondered why the long ascent to Nemi was so delightful; why the scirocco seemed to have gone from the air, leaving so purpureal and divine a light on mountain and lake and distance.

When they arrived at Nemi, Manisty, as usual, showed that he knew nothing of the practical arrangements of the day, which were always made for him by other people.

"*What* am I to do with these?" he said, throwing his hands in despair towards the tea-baskets in the carriage. "We can't drive beyond this. And how are we to meet the others? When do they come? Why aren't they here?"

He turned with peremptory impatience to Eleanor. She laid a calming hand upon his arm, pointing to the crowd of peasant folk from the little town that had already gathered round the carriage.

"Get two of those boys to carry the baskets. We are to meet the others at the temple. They come by the path from Genzano."

Manisty's brow cleared at once like a child's. He went into the crowd, chattering his easy Italian, and laid hands on two boys, one of whom was straight and lithe and handsome as a young Bacchus, and bore the noble name of Aristodemo. Then, followed by a horde of begging children, which had to be shaken off by degrees, they began the descent of the steep cliff on which Nemi stands. The path zigzagged downwards, and as they followed it they came upon files of peasant women ascending, all bearing on their kerchiefed heads great flat baskets of those small wood-strawberries, or *fragole*, which are the chief crop of Nemi and its fields.

The handsome women, the splendid red of the fruit and the scent which it shed along the path, the rich May light upon the fertile earth and its spray of leaf and blossom, the sense of growth and ferment and pushing life everywhere — these things made Lucy's spirits dance within her. She hung back with the two boys, shyly practising her Italian upon them, while Eleanor and Manisty walked ahead.

But Manisty did not forget her. Halfway down the path he turned back to look at her, and saw that she was carrying a light water-proof, which Aunt Pattie had forced upon her lest the scirocco should end in rain. He stopped and demanded it. Lucy resisted.

"I *can* carry that," he urged, impatiently. "It isn't baskets."

"You *could* carry those," she said, laughing.

"Not in a world that grows boys and sixpences. But I want that cloak. Please!"

The tone was imperious, and she yielded. He hurried on to join Eleanor, carrying the cloak with his usual awkwardness, and often trailing it in the dust. Lucy, who was very neat and precise in all her personal ways, suffered at the sight, and wished she had stood firm. But to be waited on and remembered by him was not a disagreeable experience; perhaps because it was still such a new and surprising one.

Presently they were on the level of the lake, and their boys guided them through a narrow and stony by-path to the site of

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the temple, or, as the peasant calls it, the "Giardino del Lago."

It is a flat, oblong space, with a two-storied farm-building—part of it showing brick-work of the early Empire—standing upon it. To north and east runs the niched wall in which, deep under accumulations of soil, Lord Savile found the great Tiberius, and those lost portrait busts which had been waiting there till the pick and spade of an Englishman should release them. As to the temple walls which the English lord uncovered, the trenches that he dug, and the sacrificial altar that he laid bare—the land, their best guardian, has taken them back into itself. The strawberries grow all over them; only strange billows and depressions in the soil make the visitor pause and wonder. The earth seems to say to him: "Here indeed are secrets and treasures, but not for you! I have been robbed enough. The dead are mine. Leave them in my breast. And you, go your ways in the sun."

They made their way across the strawberry-fields, looking for the friends who were to join them—Reggie Brooklyn, Mr. Neal, and the two ladies. There was no sign of them whatever. Yet, according to time and trains, they should have been on the spot, waiting.

"Annoying!" said Manisty, with his ready irritability. "Reggie might really have managed better. Who's this fellow?"

It was the padrone or tenant of the Giardino, who came up and parleyed with them. Yes, the signoria might put down their baskets and make their tea. He pointed to a bench behind the shed. The *forestieri* came every day. He turned away in indifference.

Meanwhile the girls and women gathering among the strawberries raised themselves to look at the party, flashing their white teeth at Aristodemo, who was evidently a wit among them. They flung him gibes as he passed, to which he replied disdainfully. A group of girls who had been singing together turned round upon him, "chaffing" him with shrill voices and outstretched necks, like a flock of young cackling geese, while he, holding himself erect, threw them back flinty words and glances, hitting at every stroke, striding past them with the port of a young king. Then they broke into a song which they could hardly sing for laughing—about a lover who had been jilted by his mistress. Aristodemo turned a deaf ear, but the mocking song, sung by the harsh Italian voices, seemed to fill the hollow of the lake and echoed from the steep side of the crater. The afternoon sun, striking from the ridge of Genzano, filled the rich tangled cup, and threw its shafts into the hollows of the temple wall. Lucy, standing still under the heat and looking round her, felt herself steeped and bathed in Italy. Her New England reserve betrayed almost nothing; but underneath there was a young passionate heart, thrilling to nature and the spring, conscious too of a sort of fate in these delicious hours, that were so much sharper and full of meaning than any her small experience had yet known.

She walked on to look at the niched wall, while Manisty and Eleanor parleyed with Aristodemo as to the guardianship of the tea. Presently she heard their steps behind her, and she turned back to them eagerly.

"The boy was in that tree," she said to Manisty, pointing to a great olive that flung its branches over a mass of ruin which must once have formed part of an outer enclosure wall beyond the statued recesses.

"Was he?" said Manisty, surprised into a smile. "You know best. You are very kind to that nonsense."

She hesitated.

"Perhaps — perhaps you don't know why I liked it so particularly. It reminded me of things in your other book."

"The *Letters from Palestine*?" said Manisty, half amused, half astonished.

"I suppose you wonder I should have seen it? But we read a great deal in my country. All sorts of people read—men and women who do the roughest work with their hands, and never spend a cent on themselves they can help. Uncle Ben gave it me. There was a review of it in the *Springfield Republican*—I guess they will have sent it you. But"—her voice took a shy note—"do you remember that piece about the wedding-feast at Cana—where you imagined the people going home afterwards over the hill paths—how they talked, and what they felt?"

"I remember something of the sort," said Manisty. "I wrote it at Nazareth—in the spring. I'm sure it was bad."

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"I don't know why you say that." She knit her brows a little. "If I shut my eyes, I seemed to be walking with them. And so with your goatherd. I'm certain it was that tree!" she said, pointing to the tree, her bright smile breaking. "And the grove was here; and the people came running down from the village on the cliff." She turned her hand towards Nemi.

Manisty was flattered again—all the more because the girl had evidently no intention of flattery whatever, but was simply following the pleasure of her own thought. He strolled on beside her, poking into the niches, and talking as the whim took him, pouring out upon her, indeed, some of the many thoughts and fancies which had been generated in him by those winter visits to Nemi that he and Eleanor had made together.

Eleanor loitered behind, looking at the strawberry-gatherers.

"The next train should bring them here in about an hour," she thought to herself in great flatness of spirit. "How stupid of Reggie!"

Then, as she lifted her eyes, they fell upon Manisty and Lucy, strolling along the wall together, he talking, she turning her brilliant young face towards him, her white dress shining in the sun.

A thought, a perception thrust itself like a lance point through Eleanor's mind. She gave an inward cry—a cry of misery. The lake seemed to swim before her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY made their tea under the shadow of the farm-building, which consisted of a loft above and a large dark room on the ground-floor, which was filled with the flat strawberry-baskets, full and ready for market.

Lucy found the little festa delightful, though all that the ladies had to do was to make an audience for Aristodemo and Manisty. The handsome daredevil lad began to talk, drawn out by the Englishman, and lo! instead of a mere peasant, they had got hold of an artist and a connoisseur! Did he know anything of the excavations and the ruins? Why, he knew everything! He chatted to them, with astonishing knowledge and shrewdness, for half an hour. Complete composure, complete good-humor, complete good manners—he possessed them all. Easy to see that he was the son of an old race, moulded by long centuries of urbane and civilized living.

A little boastful, perhaps. He too had found the head of a statue, digging in his father's orchard. Man or woman? asked Mrs. Burgoyne. A woman. And handsome? The handsomest lady ever seen. And perfect? Quite perfect. Had she a nose, for instance? He shook his young head in scorn. But of course she had a nose! Did the ladies suppose he would have picked up a creature without one?

Then he rose and beckoned, smiling, to Eleanor and Lucy. They followed him through the cool lower room, where the strawberries gleamed red through the dark, up the creaking stairs to the loft. And there on the ground was an old box, and in the box a few score of heads and other fragments—little terra-cottas, such as the peasants turn up every winter as they plough or dig among the olives. Delicate little hooded women, heads of Artemis with the crown of Cybele, winged heads, or heads covered with the Phrygian cap, portrait heads of girls or children, with their sharp profiles still perfect, and the last dab of the clay under the thumb of the artist as clear and clean as when it was laid there some twenty-two centuries ago.

Lucy bent over them in a passion of pleasure, turning over the little things quite silently, but with sparkling looks.

"Would you like them?" said Manisty, who had followed them, and stood over her, cigarette in hand.

"Oh no!" said Lucy, rising in confusion. "Don't get them for me."

"Come away," said Eleanor, laughing. "Never interfere between a man and a bargain."

The padrone indeed appeared at the moment. Manisty sent the ladies down stairs, and the bargaining began.

When he came down stairs, ten minutes later, a small basket was in his hand. He offered it to Lucy, while he held out his other hand to Eleanor. The hand contained two fragments only, but of exquisite quality, one a fine Artemis head with the Cybele crown, the other merely the mask or shell of a face, from brow to chin—a gem of the purest and loveliest Greek work.

Eleanor took them with a critical delight. Her comments were the comments of taste and knowledge. They were

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lightly given, without the smallest pedantry, but Manisty hardly answered them. He walked eagerly to Lucy Foster, whose shy, intense gratitude, covering an inward fear that he had spent far, far too much money upon her, and that she had indecorously provoked his bounty, was evidently attractive to him. He told her that he had got the basketful for a mere nothing, and they sat down on the bench behind the house together, turning over the fragments, he holding forth, and now and then discovering, through her modest or eager replies, that she had been somehow remarkably well educated by that old Calvinist uncle of hers. The tincture of Greek and Latin, which had looked so repellent from a distance, presented itself differently now that it enabled him to give his talk rein, and was partly the source in her of these responsive, grateful looks which became her so well. After all, perhaps her Puritan stiffness was only on the surface. How much it had yielded already to Eleanor's lessons! He really felt inclined to continue them on his own account—to test for himself this far-famed pliancy of the American woman.

Meanwhile Eleanor moved away, watching the path from Genzano which wound downwards from the Sforza Cesarini villa to the Giardino, and was now visible, now hidden by the folds of the shore.

Presently Manisty and Lucy heard her exclamation.

"At last! What has Reggie been about?"

"Coming?" said Manisty.

"Yes—thank goodness! Evidently they missed that first train. But now there are four people coming down the hill—two men and two ladies. I'm sure one's Reggie."

"Well, for the practical man he hasn't distinguished himself," said Manisty, taking out another cigarette.

"I can't see them now; they're hidden behind that bend. They'll be ten minutes more, I should think, before they arrive. Edward!"

"Yes? Don't be energetic!"

"There's just time to explore that ravine, while they're having tea. Then we shall have seen it all—done the last, last thing! Who knows—dear Nemi!—if we shall ever see it again?" Her tone was quite gay, yet involuntarily there was a touching note in it. Lucy looked down guiltily, wishing herself away. But Manisty resisted.

"You'll be very tired, Eleanor; it's much farther than you think, and it's very hot!"

"Oh no, it's not far, and the sun's going down fast. You wouldn't be afraid? They'll be here directly," she said, turning to Lucy. "I'm sure it was they."

"Don't mind me, please!" said Lucy. "I shall be perfectly right. I'll boil the kettle again and be ready for them. Aristodemo will look after me."

Eleanor turned to Manisty.

"Come!" she said.

This time she rather commanded than entreated. There was a delicate stateliness in her attitude—her half-mourning dress of gray and black, her shadowy hat, the gesture of her hand, that spoke a hundred subtle things—all those points of age and breeding, of social distinction and experience, that marked her out from Lucy, from the girl's charming immaturity.

Manisty rose ungraciously. As he followed his cousin along the narrow path among the strawberry-beds his expression was not agreeable. Eleanor's heart, if she had looked back, might have failed her. But she hurried on.

Lucy, left to herself, set the stove under the kettle alight and prepared some fresh tea, while Aristodemo and the other boy leant against the wall in the shade, chattering to each other.

The voices of Eleanor and Manisty had vanished out of hearing in the wood behind the Giardino. But the voices from Genzano began to come nearer. A quarter to six. There would be only a short time for them to rest and have their tea in, before they must all start home for the villa, where Miss Manisty was expecting the whole party for dinner at eight. Was that Mr. Brooklyn's voice? She could not see them, but she could hear them talking in the narrow overgrown lane leading from the lake to the ruins.

How *very* strange! The four persons approaching entered the Giardino still noisily laughing and talking—and Lucy knew none of them! The two men, of whom one certainly resembled Mr. Brooklyn in height and build, were quite strangers to her; and she felt certain that the two ladies, who were stout and elderly, had nothing to do either with Mrs. Elliott, Mr.

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Reggie's married sister, or with the ambassador's daughter.

She watched them with astonishment. They were English—tourists, apparently, from Frascati, to judge from their conversation. And they were in a great hurry. The walk had taken them longer than they expected, and they had only a short time to stay. They looked carelessly at the niched wall and the shed with the strawberry-baskets, remarking that there was "precious little to see, now you'd done it." Then they walked past Lucy, throwing many curious glances at the solitary English girl with the tea things before her, the gentlemen raising their hats. And finally they hurried away, and all sounds of them were soon lost in the quiet of the May evening.

Lucy was left, feeling a little forlorn and disconcerted. Presently she noticed that all the women working on the Giardino land were going home. Aristodemo and his companion ran after some of the girls, and their discordant shouts and laughs could be heard in the distance, mingled with the "Ave Maria" sung by groups of women and girls who were mounting the zigzag path towards Nemi, their arms linked together.

The evening stillness came flooding into the great hollow like a soft resistless wave. Every now and then the voices of peasants going home rippled up from unseen paths, then sank again into the earth. On the high windows of Nemi the sunset light from the Campagna struck and flamed. "*Ave Maria—gratiæ plena.*" How softened now, how thinly, delicately far! The singers must be nearing their homes in the little hill town.

Lucy looked around her. No one on the Giardino, no one in the fields near, no one on the Genzano road. She seemed to be absolutely alone. Her two companions, indeed, could not be far away, and the boys no doubt would come back for the baskets. But meanwhile she could see and hear no one.

The sun disappeared behind the Genzano ridge, and it grew cold all in a moment. She felt the chill, together with a sudden consciousness of fatigue. Was there fever in this hollow of the lake? Certainly the dwellings were all placed on the heights, save for the fisherman's cottage half-way to Genzano. She got up and began to move about, wishing for her cloak. But Mr. Manisty had carried it off, absently, on his arm.

Then she packed up the tea things. What had happened to the party from Rome?

Surely more than an hour had passed. Had it taken them longer to climb to the spring's source than they supposed? How fast the light was failing, the rich Italian light, impatient to be gone, claiming all or nothing!

The girl began to be a little shaken with vague discomforts and terrors. She had been accustomed to wander about the lake of Albano by herself, and to make friends with the peasants. But, after all, the roads would not be so closely patrolled by *carabinieri* if all was quite as safe as in Vermont or Middlesex; and there were plenty of disquieting stories current among the English visitors, even among the people themselves. Was it not only a month since a carriage containing some German royalties had been stopped and robbed by masked peasants on the Rocca di Papa road? Had not an old resident in Rome told her, only the day before, that when he walked about these lake paths he always filled his pockets with cigars and divested them of money, in order that the charcoal-burners might love him without robbing him? Had not friends of theirs, going to Cori and Ninfa, been followed by mounted police all the way?

These things weighed little with her as she wandered in broad daylight about the roads near the villa. But now she was quite alone, the night was coming, and the place seemed very desolate.

But of course they would be back directly! Why not walk to meet them? It was the heat and slackness of the day which had unnerved her. Perhaps, too, unknown to herself, the stir of new emotions and excitements in a deep and steadfast nature.

She had marked the path they took, and she made her way to it. It proved to be very steep, dark, and stony under meeting trees. She climbed it laboriously, calling at intervals.

Presently a sound of steps and hoofs. Looking up she could just distinguish a couple of led mules with two big lads picking their way down the rocky lane. There was no turning aside. She passed them with as much despatch as possible.

They stopped, however, and stared at her—the elegant lady in her white dress

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all alone. Then they passed, and she could not but be conscious of relief, especially as she had neither money nor cigars.

Suddenly there was a clatter of steps behind her, and she turned to see one of the boys, holding out his hand—

"Signora!—un soldino!"

She walked fast, shaking her head.

"Non ho niente—niente."

He followed her, still begging, his whining note passing into something more insolent. She hurried on. Presently there was a silence; the steps ceased; she supposed he was tired of the pursuit, and had dropped back to the point where his companion was waiting with the mules.

But there was a sudden movement in the lane behind. She put up her hand with a little cry. Her cheek was struck, —again!— another stone struck her wrist. The blood flowed over her hand. She began to run, stumbling up the path, wondering how she could defend herself if the two lads came back and attacked her together.

Luckily the path turned — her white dress could no longer offer them a mark. She fled on, and presently found a gap in the low wall of the lane, and a group of fig-trees just beyond it, amid which she crouched. The shock, the loneliness, the pang of the boys' brutality, had brought a sob into her throat. Why had her companions left her—it was not kind!—till they were sure that the people coming were their expected guests? Her cheek seemed to be merely grazed, but her wrist was deeply cut. She wrapped her handkerchief tightly round it, but it soon began to drip again upon her pretty dress. Then she tore off some of the large young fig leaves beside her, not knowing what else to do, and held them to it.

A few minutes later, Manisty and Eleanor descended the same path in haste. They had found the ascent longer and more intricate than even he had expected, and had lost count of time in a conversation beside Egeria's spring—a conversation that brought them back to Lucy changed beings, in a changed relation. What was the meaning of Manisty's moody, embarrassed look, and of that white and smiling composure that made a still frailer ghost of Eleanor than before?

"Did you hear that call?" said Manisty, stopping.

It was repeated, and they both recognized Lucy Foster's voice, coming from somewhere close to them on the richly grown hill-side. Manisty exclaimed, ran on, paused, listened again, shouted, and there, beside the path, propping herself against the stones of the wall, was a white and tremulous girl holding a swathed arm stiffly in front of her, so that the blood dripping from it should not fall upon her dress.

Manisty came up to her in utter consternation. "What has happened? How are you here? Where are the others?"

She answered dizzily; then said, faintly trying to smile, "If you could provide me with—something to tie round it?"

"Eleanor!" Manisty's voice rang up the path. Then he searched his own pockets in despair, remembering that he had wrapped his handkerchief round Eleanor's precious terra-cottas just before they started, that the little parcel was on the top of the basket he had given to Miss Foster, and that both were probably waiting with the tea things below.

Eleanor came up.

"Why did we leave her?" cried Manisty, turning vehemently upon his cousin. "That was *not* Reggie and his party! What a horrible mistake! She has been attacked by some of these peasant brutes. Just look at this bleeding!"

Something in his voice roused a generous discomfort in Lucy even through her faintness.

"It is nothing," she said. "How could you help it? It is so silly! I am so strong, and yet any cut, or prick even, makes me feel faint. If only we could make it stop, I should be all right."

Eleanor stooped and looked at the wound, so far as the light would serve, touching the wrist with her ice-cold fingers. Manisty watched her anxiously. He valued her skill in nursing matters.

"It will soon stop," she said. "We must bind it tightly."

And with a spare handkerchief and the long muslin scarf from her own neck she presently made as good a bandage as was possible.

"My poor frock!" said Lucy, half laughing, half miserable. "What will Benson say to me?"

Mrs. Burgoyne did not seem to hear.

"We must have a sling," she was saying to herself, and she took off the light silk shawl she wore round her own shoulders.

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"Oh no! Don't, please!" said Lucy. "It has grown so cold."

And then they both perceived that she was trembling from head to foot.

"Good heavens!" cried Manisty, looking at something on his own arm. "And I carried off her cloak! There it's been all the time! What a pretty sort of care to take of you!"

Eleanor meanwhile was turning her shawl into a sling in spite of Lucy's remonstrances. Manisty made none.

When the arm was safely supported, Lucy pulled herself together with a great effort of will, and declared that she could now walk quite well.

"But all that way round the lake to Genzano!" said Manisty, "or up that steep hill to Nemi! Eleanor, how can she possibly manage it?"

"Let her try," said Eleanor, quietly. "It is the best. Now let her take your arm."

Lucy looked up at Mrs. Burgoyne, smiling tremulously. "Thank you! Thank you! What a trouble I am!"

She put out her free hand, but Mrs. Burgoyne seemed to have moved away. It was taken by Manisty, who drew it within his arm.

They descended slowly, and just as they were emerging from the heavy shadow of the lane into the mingled sunset and moonlight of the open Giardino, sounds reached them that made them pause in astonishment.

"Reggie!" said Manisty; "and Neal! Listen! Good gracious! there they are!"

And, sure enough, there in the dim light behind the farm-building, gathered in a group round the tea-baskets, laughing and talking eagerly with each other, or with Aristodemo, was the whole lost party—the two ladies and the two men. And beside the group, held by another peasant, was a white horse with a side-saddle.

Manisty called. The new-comers turned, looked, then shouted exultant.

"Well!" said Reggie, throwing up his arms at sight of Manisty, and skimming over the strawberry-furrows towards them, "of all the muddles! I give you this blessed country! I'll never say a word for it again. Everything on this beastly line altered for May. No notice to anybody. All the old trains printed as usual, and a wretched fly-leaf tucked in somewhere that nobody saw or was likely to see. Station full of people for the 2.45. Train taken off—nothing till 4.45. Never saw such a confusion! And the *capostazione* as rude as he could be. I *say!* What's the matter?"

He drew up sharp in front of them.

"We'll tell you presently, my dear fellow," said Manisty, peremptorily. "But now just help us to get Miss Foster home. What a mercy you thought of bringing a horse!"

"Why—I brought it for—for Mrs. Burgoyne," said the young man, astonished, looking round for his cousin. "We found the carriage waiting at the Sforza Cesarini gate, and the man told us you were an hour behind your time. So I thought Eleanor would be dead tired, and I went to that man—you remember?—we got a horse from before—"

But Manisty had hurried Lucy on without listening to a word, and she herself was now too dizzy with fatigue and loss of blood to grasp what was being said around her.

Reggie fell back in despair on Mrs. Burgoyne.

"Eleanor, what have you been doing to yourselves? What a nightmare of an afternoon! How on earth are you going to walk back all this way? What's wrong with Miss Foster?"

"Some rough boys threw stones at her, and her arm is badly cut. Edward will take her on to Genzano, find a doctor, and then bring her home. We'll go on first, and send back another carriage for them. You angel Reggie, to think of that horse!"

"But I thought of it for you, Eleanor," said the young man, looking in distress at the delicate woman for whom he had so frank and constant an affection. "Miss Foster's as strong as Samson, or ought to be. What follies has she been up to?"

"*Please*, Reggie, hold your tongue! You shall talk as much nonsense as you please when once we have started the poor child off."

And Eleanor too ran forward. Manisty had just put together a rough mounting-block from some timber in the farm-building. Meanwhile the other two ladies had been helpful and kind. Mrs. Elliott had wrapped a white Chudda shawl round Lucy's shivering frame. A flask containing some brandy had been extracted from Mr. Neal's pocket, more handkerchiefs and a better sling found for the arm.

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Finally Lucy, all her New England pride outraged by the fuss that was being made about her, must needs submit to be almost lifted on the horse by Manisty and Mr. Brooklyn. When she found herself in the saddle she looked round bewildered.

"But this must have been meant for Mrs. Burgoyne! Oh, how tired she will be!"

"Don't trouble yourself about me. I am as fresh as paint," said Eleanor's laughing voice beside her.

"Eleanor, will you take them all on ahead?" said Manisty, impatiently. "We shall have to lead her carefully to avoid rough places."

Eleanor carried off the rest of the party. Manisty established himself at Lucy's side. The man from Genzano led the horse.

After a quarter of an hour's walking, mixed with the give and take of explanations on both sides as to the confusion of the afternoon, Eleanor paused to recover breath an instant on a rising ground. Looking back, she saw through the blue hazes of the evening the two distant figures—the white form on the horse, the protecting nearness of the man.

She stifled a moan drawn deep from founts of covetous and passionate agony. Then she turned and hurried up the stony path with an energy, a useless haste, that evoked loud protests from Reggie Brooklyn. Eleanor did not answer him. There was beating within her veins a violence that appalled herself. Whither was she going? What change had already passed on all the gentle tendernesses and humanities of her being?

Meanwhile Lucy was reviving in the cool freshness of the evening air. She seemed to be travelling through a world of opal color, arched by skies of pale green melting into rose above and daffodil gold below. All about her blue and purple shadows were rising, like waves interfused with moonlight, flooding over the land. Where did the lake end and the shore begin? All was drowned in the same dim wash of blue—the olives and figs, the reddish earth, the white of the cherries, the pale pink of the almonds. In front the lights of Genzano gleamed upon the tall cliff. But in this lonely path all was silence and woody fragrance. The honeysuckles threw breaths across their path; tall orchises, white and stately, broke here and there from the darkness of the banks. In spite of pain and weakness, her senses seemed to be flooded with beauty. A strange peace and docility overcame her.

"You are better?" said Manisty's voice beside her. The tones of it were grave and musical; they expressed an enwrapping kindness, a "human softness," that still further moved her.

"So much better! The bleeding has almost stopped. I—I suppose it would have been better if I had waited for you—if I had not ventured on those paths alone?"

There was in her scrupulous mind a great penitence about the whole matter. How much trouble she was giving! How her imprudence had spoilt the little festa! And poor Mrs. Burgoyne!— forced to walk up this long, long way.

"Yes, perhaps it would have been better," said Manisty. "One never quite knows about this population. After all, for an Italian lady to walk about some English country lanes alone might not be quite safe, and one ruffian is enough. But the point is—we should not have left you."

She was too feeble to protest. Manisty spoke to the man leading the horse, bidding him draw on one side, so as to avoid a stony bit of path. Then the reins fell from her stiff right hand, which seemed to be still trembling with cold. Instantly Manisty gathered them up, and replaced them in the chill fingers. As he did so he realized with a curious pleasure that the hand and wrist, though not small, were still beautiful, with a fine shapely strength.

Presently, as they mounted the steep ascent towards the Sforza Cesarini woods, he made her rest half-way.

"How those stones must have jarred you!" he said, frowning, as he turned the horse so that she sat easily, without strain.

"No; it was nothing. Oh — glorious!"

For she found herself looking towards the woods of the southeastern ridge of the lake, over which the moon had now fully risen. The lake was half shade, half light; the fleecy forests on the breast of Monte Cavo rose soft as a cloud into the infinite blue of the night heaven. Below, a silver shaft struck the fisherman's hut beside the

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shore, where, deep in the water's breast, lie the wrecked ships of Caligula—the treasure-ships—whereof for seventy generations the peasants of Nemi have gone dreaming.

As they passed the hut—half an hour before—Manisty had drawn her attention, in the dim light, to the great beams from the side of the nearer ship, which had been recently recovered by the divers and were lying at the water's edge. And he had told her, with a kindling eye, how he himself, within the last few months, had seen fresh trophies recovered from the water—a bronze Medusa, above all, fiercely lovely, the work of a most noble and most passionate art, not Greek, though taught by Greece, fresh, full-blooded, and strong, the art of the Empire in its eagle youth.

"Who destroyed the ships, and why!" he said, as they paused, looking down upon the lake. "There is not a shred of evidence. One can only dream. They were the whim of a monster—incredibly rich in marble, and metal, and terra-cotta, paid for, no doubt, from the sweat and blood of this country-side. Then the young madman who built and furnished them was murdered on the Palatine. Can't you see the rush of an avenging mob down this steep lane, the havoc and the blows--the peasants hacking at the statues and the bronzes—loading their ox-carts perhaps with the plunder—and finally letting in the lake upon the wreck! Well! somehow like that it must have happened. The lake swallowed them; and in spite of all the efforts of the Renaissance people, who sent down divers, the lake has kept them, substantially, till now. Not a line about them in any known document! History knows nothing. But the peasants handed down the story from father to son. Not a fisherman on this lake, for eighteen hundred years, but has tried to reach the ships. They all believed—they still believe—that they hold incredible treasures. But the lake is jealous—they lie deep!"

Lucy bent forward, peering into the blue darkness of the lake, trying to see with his eyes, to catch the same ghostly signals from the past. The romance of the story and the moment, Manisty's low, kindling speech, the sparkle of his poet's look—the girl's fancy yielded to the spell of them; her breath came quick and soft. Through all their outer difference, Manisty suddenly felt the response of her temperament to his. It was delightful to be there with her—delightful to be talking to her.

"I was on the shore—" Manisty said, "watching the divers at work, on the day they drew up the Medusa. I helped the men who hauled her out to clean the slime and mud from her hawk's eyes, and the vixen glared at me all the time, as though she thirsted to take vengeance upon us all! She had had time to think about it,—for she sank perhaps ten years after the Crucifixion,—while Mary still lived in the house of John!"

His voice dropped to the note of reverie, and a thrill passed through Lucy. He turned the horse's head towards Genzano, and they journeyed on again in silence. She indeed was too weak for many words; but enwrapped as it were by the influences around her—of the place, the evening beauty, the personality of the man beside her—she seemed to be passing through a many-colored dream, of which the interest and the pleasure never ceased.

Presently they passed a little way-side shrine. Within its penthouse eave an oil-lamp flickered before the frescoed Madonna and Child; the shelf in front of the picture was heaped with flowers just beginning to fade. Manisty stayed the horse a moment; pointed first to the shrine, then to the bit of road beneath.

"Do you see this travertine — these blocks? This is a bit of the old road to the temple. I was with the exploring party when they carried up the Medusa and some other of their finds along here past the shrine. It was nearly dark—they did not want to be observed. But I was an old friend of the man in command, and he and I were walking together. The bearers of the heavy bronze things got tired. They put down their load just here, and lounged away. My friend stepped up to the sort of wooden bier they were carrying, to see that all was right. He uncovered the Medusa, and turned her to the light of the lamp before the shrine. You never saw so strange and wild a thing!—the looks she threw at the Madonna and Child. 'Ah! Madam,' I said to her, 'the world was yours when you went down — but now it's theirs! Tame your insolence!' And I thought of hanging her here, at night, just outside, under the lamp against the wall of the shrine—and how one might come in the

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dark upon the fierce head with the snakes —and watch her gazing at the Christ."

Lucy shuddered and smiled.

"I'm glad she wasn't yours!"

"Why? The peasants would soon have made a saint of her, and invented a legend to fit. The snakes, for them, would have been the instruments of martyrdom —turned into a martyr's crown. Italy and Catholicism absorb—assimilate—everything. '*Santa Medusa!*'—I assure you, she would be quite in order."

There was a pause. Then she heard him say under his breath—"Marvellous, marvellous Italy?"

She started and gave a slight cry—unsteady, involuntary.

"But you don't love her!—you are ungrateful to her!"

He looked up surprised—then laughed —a frank, pugnacious laugh.

"There is Italy—and Italy."

"There is only one Italy! Aristodemo's Italy—the Italy the peasants work in."

She turned to him, breathing quicker, the color returning to her pale cheek.

"The Italy that has just sent seven thousand of her sons to butchery in a wretched colony, because her hungry politicians must have glory and keep themselves in office? You expect me to love that Italy?"

Within the kind new sweetness of his tone—a sweetness no man could use more subtly—there had risen the fiery accustomed note. But so restrained, so tempered to her weakness, her momentary dependence upon him!

"You might be generous to her—just at least!—for the sake of the old."

She trembled a little from the mere exertion of speaking, and he saw it.

"No controversy to-night!" he said, smiling. "Wait till you are fit for it, and I will overwhelm you. Do you suppose I don't know all about the partisan literature you have been devouring?"

"One had to hear the other side."

"Was I such a bore with the right side?"

They both laughed. Then he said, shrugging his shoulders with sudden emphasis:

"What a nation of revolutionists you are in America! What does it feel like, I wonder, to be a people without a past, without traditions?"

Lucy exclaimed: "Why, we are made of traditions!"

"Traditions of revolt and self-will are no traditions," he said, provokingly. "The submission of the individual to the whole—that's what you know nothing of."

"We shall know it when we want it! But it will be a free submission—given willingly."

"No priests allowed? Oh! you will get your priests. You are getting them. No modern nation can hold together without them."

They sparred a little longer. Then Lucy's momentary spirit of fight departed. She looked wistfully to see how near they were to Genzano. Manisty approached her more closely.

"Did my nonsense cheer you—or tire you?" he said, in a different voice. "I only meant it to amuse you. Hark! did you hear that sound?"

They stopped. Above them, to the right, they saw through the dusk a small farm in a patch of vineyard. A dark figure suddenly hurled itself down a steep path towards them. Other figures followed it—seemed to wrestle with it; there was a confused wailing and crying—the piteous shrill lamenting of a woman's voice.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Lucy, clasping her hands.

Manisty spoke a few sharp words to the man leading the horse. The man stood still and checked his beast. Manisty ran towards the sounds and the dim struggle on the slope above them.

Such a cry! It rent and desolated the evening peace. It seemed to Lucy the voice of an old woman, crossed by other voices — rough, chiding voices of men. Oh, were they ill-treating her? The girl said hurriedly to the man beside her that she would dismount.

"No, no, signorina," said the man, placidly, raising his hand. "The signore will be here directly. It happens often, often."

And almost at the same moment Manisty was beside her again, and the grewsome sounds above were dying away.

"Were you frightened?" he said, with anxiety. "There was no need. How strange it should have happened just now! It's a score that *your* Italy must settle—*mine* washes her hands of it!" And he explained that what she had heard were the cries of a poor hysterical woman, a small-farmer's wife, who had lost both her

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sons in the Abyssinian war, in the frightful retreat of Adowa, and had never been in her right mind since the news arrived. With the smallest lapse in the vigilance of those about her, she would rush down to the road, and throw herself upon any passer-by, imploring them to intercede for her with the Government — that they should give her back her sons—Nino, at least!—Nino, her youngest, and darling. It was impossible that they should both be dead—impossible! The Holy Virgin would never have suffered it.

"Poul soul!—she tried to cling round my knees—wailing out the candles and prayers she had offered—shrieking something about the 'Governo.' I helped the sons to carry her in. They were quite gentle to her."

Lucy turned away her head, and they resumed their march. She governed herself with all her power; but her normal self-control was weakened, and that cry of anguish still haunted her. Some quiet tears fell—she hoped, she believed that they were unseen.

But Manisty perceived them. He gave not the smallest direct sign; he began at once to talk of other things, in a quite other vein. But underlying his characteristic whims and sallies she was presently conscious of a new and exquisite gentleness. It seemed to address itself both to her physical fatigue and to the painful impression of the incident which had just passed. Her sudden tears—the tears of a tired child—and his delicate feeling, there arose out of them, as out of their whole journey, a relation, a bond, of which both were conscious, to which she yielded herself in a kind of vague and timid pleasure.

For Manisty, as she sat there, high above him, yet leaning a little towards him, there was something in the general freshness and purity of her presence, both physical and moral, that began most singularly to steal upon his emotions. Certain barriers seemed to be falling, certain secret sympathies emerging, drawn from regions far below their differences of age and race, of national and intellectual habit. How was it she had liked his Palestine book so much? He almost felt as though in some mysterious way he had been talking to her, and she listening, for years—since first, perhaps, her sweet crude youth began.

Then even his egotism felt the prick of humor. Five weeks had she been with them at the villa? — and in a fortnight their party was to break up. How profitably indeed he had used his time with her! How civil, how kind, how discerning he had shown himself!

Yet soreness of this kind was soon lost in the surge of this new and unexpected impulse, which brought his youth exultantly back upon him. A beautiful woman rode beside him through the Italian evening. With impatience, with an inward and passionate repudiation of all other bonds and claims, he threw himself into that mingled process—at once exploring and revealing—which makes the thrill of all the higher relations between men and women, and ends invariably either in love—or tragedy.

They found a carriage waiting for them near the Sforza Cesarini gate, and in it Mrs. Elliott, Reggie Brooklyn's kind sister. Lucy was taken to a doctor and the hurt was dressed. By nine o'clock she was once more under the villa roof. Miss Manisty received her with lamentations and inquiries that the tottering Lucy was too weary even to hear aright. Amid what seemed to her a babel of tongues and lights and kind concern, she was taken to bed and sleep.

Mrs. Burgoyne did not attend her. She waited in Manisty's library, and when he entered the room, she came forward.

"Edward, I have some disagreeable news—"

He stopped abruptly.

"Your sister Alice will be here to-morrow."

"My sister—Alice?" he repeated, incredulously.

"She telegraphed this morning that she must see you. Aunt Pattie consulted me. The telegram gave no address—merely said that she would come to-morrow for two or three nights."

Manisty first stared in dismay; then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, began to walk hurriedly to and fro.

"When did this news arrive?"

"This morning, before we started."

"Eleanor! *Why* was I not told?"

"I wanted to save the day." The words were spoken in Eleanor's most charming, most musical voice. "There was no address. You could not have stopped her."

"I would have managed somehow,"

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said Manisty, striking his hand on the table beside him in his annoyance and impatience.

Eleanor did not defend herself. She tried to soothe him, to promise him, as usual, that the dreaded visit should be made easy to him. But he paid little heed. He sat moodily brooding in his chair; and when Eleanor's persuasions ceased, he broke out:

"That poor child! After to-day's experiences, to have Alice let loose upon her! I would have given anything that it should not happen."

"Miss Foster?" said Eleanor, lightly. "Oh, she will bear up!"

"There it is!" said Manisty, in a sudden fury. "We have all been misjudging her in the most extraordinary way. She is the most sensitive, tender-natured creature. I would not put an ounce more strain upon her for the world."

His aunt called him, and he went stormily away. Eleanor's smile, as she stood looking after him—how pale and strange it was!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LORD PAUNCEFOTE OF PRESTON

BY CHALMERS ROBERTS

IN the early spring of 1900 the retirement of Lord Pauncefote from the British embassy at Washington is sure to call forth all over the United States expressions of heart-felt regret. It is safe to say that never before has the representative of another government accredited to Washington attained to such popularity with the American people as her Majesty's present ambassador. Not only among those who know him personally—and the circle is large in the eastern part of the country—but also with the great multitude who know public men only by their public actions, is this appreciation of Lord Pauncefote's work in America to be found. Proof of it springs up continually in the most unexpected places—places where the merest suspicion of Anglomania is impossible. Chance expressions are heard in railway trains in the South and West; unexpected paragraphs are found in newspapers known to be hostile to the very idea of a reciprocal understanding between their own country and Great Britain.

I remember, on my way to the front at the beginning of the late Spanish-American war, having to travel for the greater part of a day with a very well known and well-to-do, but seemingly not very well informed, Florida cattle-man. We were discussing the troubled outlook on the Continent, and I called his attention to the strong possibility which existed of a combination against us, composed of the friends of Spain and the enemies of the United States, as an argument that we were not so invincible as he seemed to think. But he laughed at me. He said he did not doubt the truth of my opinion. There was perhaps some danger from that quarter. "But," he said, "if that should come to pass, you would see the English coming to our assistance so quickly that it would frighten all of our 'Dutch' and Latin enemies to death. That man Pauncefote at Washington has opened the eyes of old England to the advantage of being on good terms with us, and to rating us a little higher than some South-American republic. And I am not so sure," he shrewdly added, "that he has not opened our own eyes a little as to who is our best friend when trouble comes."

I at once ceased to instruct my chance acquaintance upon the international situation, for evidently he knew more of the truth than even attested history will tell. Another instance happened last summer, when the American papers were wasting a great deal of emotional indignation over the expatriation of a well-known millionaire. A leading paper, which has always been one of the foremost opponents to any idea of an Anglo-American alliance, and which was in the van of the opposition to the Pauncefote-Olney treaty of arbitration, contained a paragraph as amusing as pertinent. It suggested that if Great Britain would give us Lord Pauncefote for our own in exchange, she could take the rich man,

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with several more of his kind thrown in as welcome good measure.

Speaking seriously, Lord Pauncefote's work in Washington, extending over more than the last ten years, has been so far-reaching in its character, has actually so shaped history, that any brief appreciation of it is impossible. Times have indeed changed since Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who was in Washington as Sir Stratford Canning before he became "the great Eltchi," wrote in his memoirs that while Washington was a very pleasant place socially, it did not require any great talents politically. There has, during the last decade, been no more exacting post in the whole of the British service. And frankness compels me to add that the "great Eltchi" was more kind in his opinion of its social charms than the majority of his colleagues of the corps. Even as late as the past summer I read in one of the leading London papers that the life of the British representative in Washington had always been very onerous from a social and personal point of view. I am quite sure that this expression of sympathy for any one compelled to live in Washington grows out of mere ignorance, and that those who have the advantage of experience, from Sir Stratford Canning down, will disagree with it. Certainly Lord Pauncefote and his family have made no secret of their great attachment for Washington, and America generally, and their profound regret at leaving it.

In fact, twenty-five years ago one could not have realized that it would ever be possible for the British minister, as he was then, to play such a prominent part in American affairs — to become such an actual figure, one may even say, in American history—as the first British ambassador to Washington has become. He came at a time when the then British legation was under a cloud, and when much of the public resentment which had been directed against his predecessor included the English people generally. It is not necessary here to recall in detail the sad blunder which caused the government at Washington to hand his passports to Sir Lionel Sackville West (now Lord Sackville), and which established a memorable precedent in our diplomatic history. Suffice it to say that Lord Pauncefote's entrance to his office was in itself at a noteworthy point, and that the circumstances of the situation were against him. Aside from what is now known as the Sackville West incident, the relations between the two countries were very much strained in consequence of differences which had risen out of the Bering Sea fisheries. It may be further noted that the foreign policy of Mr. Blaine, at that time Secretary of State, was never of what may be called a pacific character.

The work which Lord Pauncefote did to bring this matter within the jurisdiction of a court of arbitration, the treaty for which he concluded with Mr. Blaine, at once makes him a lasting figure in American history.

Soon after this—in 1893, in fact—an act of Congress having empowered the President to appoint ambassadors to nations which should be willing to be similarly represented at Washington, he was promoted to that rank by Lord Rosebery, then her Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and became in consequence again a noteworthy figure—the first ambassador ever accredited to the United States. He is still the doyen, or dean, of the diplomatic corps at the capital.

Two years later, however, the eyes of the whole world were to be drawn to the relations between the United States and Great Britain, and consequently the conduct of the British ambassador became a more important matter for the general welfare of the English-speaking people of the world and for history than that of any of Lord Pauncefote's predecessors had ever been. President Cleveland's ringing message to Congress giving his reading of the Monroe doctrine in relation to the long-pending dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, which enclosed an equally stirring and perhaps more forceful despatch from Secretary-of-State Olney, aroused the greatest enthusiasm in the United States, and, in fact, very bitter and ardent feelings on both sides of the Atlantic. The beginning of 1896 found the relations between the two countries decidedly strained. They were, to tell the truth, nearer to actual war than they had been since 1812, and therefore nearer to a war of immensely greater significance than any which had gone before. History will, it is to be hoped, do full justice to the tactful and conciliatory efforts by which the then Sir Julian brought the American government and his own to an amicable settlement of the

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difficulty. The treaty which Sir Julian Pauncefote concluded at Washington in 1897 with Mr. Olney has borne peaceful and eminently satisfactory fruit in the decision of the court of arbitration of Paris, sitting to try the boundary controversy between Venezuela and British Guiana.

Almost at the same time the British ambassador concluded with Mr. Olney a general treaty of arbitration, which marked a distinct world-step forward, and which was received with enthusiastic approval on both sides of the Atlantic. And although in its wisdom, or, as has been urged, its partisan division, the Senate at Washington refused to ratify this last general agreement, it will always be remembered as an outpost on the frontier of universal peace. It was, in fact, a prominent basis of argument in the late Peace Conference at The Hague, where Lord Pauncefote's scheme, enlarged and generalized, was finally adopted, and is now in course of ratification by all of the nations participating.

The work which will most endear Lord Pauncefote to his American cousins will probably never be known more definitely than it was known to my friend of the Florida ranch. Certainly he remained at his post during the whole of the long and trying period embracing the troubles which first arose about Cuba, and their later development into war. And a few men share with him what will perhaps be always, for the larger part, the secret gratification which he must feel over the fact that in the discharge of very important and delicate functions he has established the *entente cordiale* which now so happily exists between the two nations.

Lord Pauncefote's career in the service has been a long and memorable one—so memorable, in fact, that he has enjoyed the very unusual distinction of having his term of service extended for a year over the age limit. When the pressure for place and promotion in a service as great as the diplomatic corps of Great Britain is taken into consideration, it will be seen how seldom it is possible to postpone the long list of promotions throughout the line which the retirement of an ambassador brings about. This is, in fact, a second triumph, if one may call it so, of Lord Pauncefote's acknowledged ability over the claims of the men in the ranks. For he had never been a member of the diplomatic service when he was appointed minister to Washington. When one remembers the man who has served for years as secretary at Rio and at Bangkok, and who is as anxious as a man can be for deserved promotion, it will be understood why only unusual fitness and exacting demands will cause the government to overlook the claims of the corps and give a prominent appointment to some one from without its ranks.

Lord Pauncefote is the youngest and only surviving son of the late Robert Pauncefote, Esq., of Preston Court, in the county of Gloucester. He was born in Munich, on September 13, 1828. His education was received in Paris and Geneva, and subsequently in England, at Marlborough College. Thus the young man was an early traveller, and grew up in that now seemingly golden time when the spirit of Byron still ruled the world of sentiment. It is said that young Pauncefote fell under the spell of his age, and was no inconsiderable poet and musician. Certainly there remain to-day a number of very attractive poems and songs of which he is the author and composer, under the name of "A Templar." He was originally destined for the military profession, having received a commission in the Madras Light Cavalry. But on the death of his elder brother he abandoned his intention of going out to India, and decided to enter the legal profession. Accordingly he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1852, eating his dinners and following the wonderful course set down by tradition to this end which seems so curious to latter-day iconoclasts. He then joined the Oxford circuit.

In July, 1855, when the late Sir William Molesworth became Minister for the Colonies in the Palmerston cabinet, which took up office after the downfall of Lord Aberdeen's government, he selected young Pauncefote as his private secretary. This brought the young man first into touch with politics. But Sir William died in the following October, hence Mr. Pauncefote's first experience in a government department was of brief duration. But it is significant to note that it was in this same department that he subsequently rendered such noteworthy service. The departmental and colonial administrative part of his life work was not yet to begin. If his public work be divided into three parts,

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one would call them legal, departmental, and diplomatic.

The legal phase actively commenced when he went to Hong-kong and began a successful practice at the bar—so successful, in fact, that we find him appointed, in 1866, to the office of Attorney-General of the colony. He became, therefore, *ex officio* a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils. And while there he prepared for the government a comprehensive code of civil procedure, which is still in force in the Supreme Court. He was also, for a time, Acting Chief Justice. For his services to the colony, on his departure he received the public thanks of the Executive and Legislative Councils.

In 1873 the British Leeward Islands, which had been under separate governments, were federated into one colony, and Mr. Pauncefote was appointed the first Chief Justice, and proceeded to open the federal Supreme Court and to organize the administration of justice. It was at this time, in January, 1874, that the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him. He subsequently prepared a code of civil procedure adapted to local requirements, and embodying the rules of procedure of the Imperial Judicature Act, so far as they were applicable. This system is still in force.

But Sir Julian only remained in the West Indies for a few months; for when, in the same year, Mr. Disraeli came into power, the late Earl of Carnarvon, then Colonial Secretary, appointed him Legal Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Colonial Office. Here the important period of departmental work begins. There was great need for the advice at home of some one familiar not only with the laws of the colonies, but also the conditions surrounding their execution, and in this connection Sir Julian rendered distinguished service — so distinguished that the more important Foreign Office, a few years later, claimed him in a similar capacity. If I am not greatly mistaken, the position of Legal Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was then created for him and for his work. This was when the late Earl of Derby was at the head of the foreign policy of the Disraeli government, July, 1876. It was here that Sir Julian's capacity for political as well as legal work became noteworthy, and in 1882 he was promoted to the important diplomatic position of Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. As most Americans know, this position is practically the head of the Foreign Office, for it is permanent, no matter what governments come and go. This promotion was made at the hands of the late Lord Granville, and Sir Julian succeeded in this high and important post the late Lord Tenterden. For distinguished services during this period he was made, in 1880, a Companion of the Order of the Bath, then Knight Commander of the same order, and a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In the year 1885 he acted as the British delegate to the commission which sat in Paris for some months to draw up regulations for the navigation of the Suez Canal, and for his services in this matter, so important to Great Britain, was rewarded by promotion to the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

He continued at the Foreign Office until 1889, when he was selected by the Marquis of Salisbury to succeed Sir Lionel Sackville West as British minister at Washington. This was a great compliment to his political and diplomatic ability, as well as full recognition for his then distinguished position as an authority on international law, always perhaps his most noteworthy force. His record in Washington I have quickly gone over from the stand-point of American history. But it was distinctly in view of the reputation which he had made there as perhaps the foremost authority on all questions of international arbitration which caused his government to select him as its first delegate to the Peace Conference at The Hague. Honors were not wanting as reward for his services at Washington, for in 1892 he was promoted to the Grand Cross of the Bath, perhaps the most coveted of all British decorations, and in 1894, during a visit home, he was sworn in as a member of the Queen's "Right Honorable" Privy Council. At The Hague, in conjunction with his American colleagues, Sir Julian took the most important part in the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration, which of itself will make the conference memorable in the history of civilization. Upon his return from this important and successful work the Queen announced her pleasure in conferring upon him a peerage of the United King-

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dom. In this way the services which have been so successfully devoted to the welfare of his government in Washington will be continued, after his retirement, in the House of Lords.

The government of Great Britain, as able as it is, cannot afford to lose the assistance of such a man just because he has reached his seventy-first year, and it is a wise step which thus secures Lord Pauncefote's continuance in public affairs.

He chose the title of Lord Pauncefote of Preston in the county of Gloucester. Of his marriage with Miss Cubitt, daughter of the late Major Cubitt of Catfield, Norfolk, five children were born. The eldest was a son, who died in infancy. The four daughters are all in society and well known in Washington.

The personal impression which Lord Pauncefote makes upon one is always of gentle courtesy and kindness of disposition. In his method of conducting diplomatic affairs in Washington he has shown unfailing patience, moderation, and firmness in the upholding of his country's interests, at the same time never failing courteously to have a due appreciation of the point of view of his opponent. This is why he has earned such golden opinions from all parties in the United States, and why he will carry away with him the good wishes of all Americans.

The social loss to Washington which will come with the closing of the Pauncefote régime at the large government house on Connecticut Avenue will be considerable indeed. There will be a blank which for some time it will be difficult for any successor to fill. For ten years and more Lady Pauncefote, with untiring and unfailing hospitality, has seconded her husband's public work among the people to whom they are accredited. There has been put down in the midst of that interesting and cosmopolitan city an ideal home of old England, which has been a favorite resort for those so fortunate as to secure its invitations. And in return no entertainment in the high world has been considered complete without some representative of the ambassador's family. All four of the young ladies fully share the popularity of their father and mother, and all of them will be very much missed. Ten years mark quite a time in the associations of life, and it is no wonder if the departure of Lord Pauncefote and his family, after this time spent among them, should be marked on the part of Americans by a general demonstration of regret.

ALLEGRO

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR

I SING, but I shall fail, I know.
The dazzling slope in sunlight shines
Up to the dark green of the pines
Now mottled and woven, aloft, alow,
With sparkling lilies of the snow
That to a white smoke now and then
Shake, and are not, and ne'er can be again.
And, oh, for glittering words that I might catch them so!
I drink the blue sky like a wine,
I hear the bells of sparrows rain,
See like a blossom of rich pain
The cardinal down the shining winter blow.

Ah, sparkle, words, or like red-birds burn from the frozen line!
White words that chill and glitter and thrill be now or never mine,
Wrap thought in snow and lightly blow to a mist, that who reads here
Sees the gloom of the pines abloom with lilies that vanish and reappear,
Hears again the fallen rain of the song-sparrows tinkling, tinkling clear.

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PADRE IGNAZIO

BY OWEN WISTER

AT Santa Ysabel del Mar the season was at one of its moments when the air hangs quiet over land and sea. The old breezes had gone; the new ones were not yet risen. The flowers in the mission garden opened wide, for no wind came by day or night to shake the loose petals from their stems. Along the basking, silent, many-colored shore, gathered and lingered the crisp odors of the mountains. The dust floated golden and motionless long after the rider was behind the hill, and the Pacific lay like a floor of sapphire, on which to walk beyond the setting sun into the East. One white sail shone there. Instead of an hour, it had been from dawn till afternoon in sight between the short headlands, and the padre had hoped it was his ship. But it had slowly passed. Now from an arch in his garden cloisters he was watching the last of it. Presently it was gone, and the great ocean lay empty. The padre put his glasses in his lap. For a short while he read in his breviary, but soon forgot it again. He looked at the flowers and sunny ridges, then at the huge blue triangle of sea that the opening of the hills let into sight. "Paradise," he murmured, "need not hold more beauty and peace. But I think I would exchange all my remaining years of this for one sight again of Paris or Seville. May God forgive me such a thought!"

Across the unstirred fragrance of oleanders the bell for vespers began to ring. Its tones passed over the padre as he watched the sea in his garden. They reached his parishioners in their adobe dwellings near by. The gentle circles of sound floated outward upon the smooth immense silence—over the vines and pear-trees; down the avenues of the olives; into the planted fields, whence women and children began to return; then out of the lap of the valley along the yellow uplands, where the men that rode among the cattle paused, looking down like birds at the map of their home. Then the sound widened, faint, unbroken, until it met Temptation riding towards the padre from the south, and cheered the steps of Temptation's jaded horse.

"For a day, one single day of Paris!" repeated the padre, gazing through his cloisters at the empty sea.

Once in the year the mother-world remembered him. Once in the year a barkentine came sailing with news and tokens from Spain. It was in 1685 that a galleon had begun such voyages up to the lower country from Acapulco, where she loaded the cargo that had come across Tehuantepec on mules from Vera Cruz. By 1768 she had added the new mission of San Diego to her ports. In the year that we, a thin strip of colonists away over on the Atlantic edge of the continent, declared ourselves an independent nation, that Spanish ship, in the name of Saint Francis, was unloading the centuries of her own civilization at the Golden Gate. Then, slowly, as mission after mission was planted along the soft coast wilderness, she made new stops—at Santa Barbara, for instance; and by Point San Luis for San Luis Obispo, that lay inland a little way up the gorge where it opened among the hills. Thus the world reached these places by water; while on land, through the mountains, a road came to lead to them, and also to many more that were too distant behind the hills for ships to serve—a long, lonely, rough road, punctuated with church towers and gardens. For the fathers gradually so stationed their settlements that the traveller might each morning ride out from one mission and by evening of a day's fair journey ride into the next. A long, rough road, and in its way pretty to think of now.
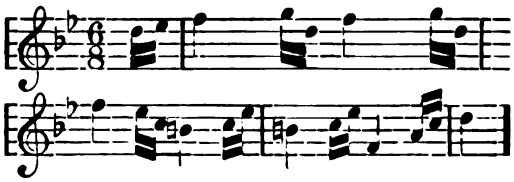
So there, by-and-by, was our continent, with the locomotive whistling from Savannah to Boston along its eastern edge, and on the other the scattered chimes of Spain ringing among the unpeopled mountains. Thus grew the two sorts of civilization—not equally. We know what has happened since. To-day the locomotive is whistling also from the

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Golden Gate to San Diego; but the old mission road goes through the mountains still, and on it the steps of vanished Spain are marked with roses, and white cloisters, and the crucifix.

But this was 1855. Only the barkentine brought the world that he loved to the padre. As for the new world which was making a rude noise to the northward, he trusted it might keep away from Santa Ysabel, and he waited for the vessel that was overdue with its package containing his single worldly indulgence.

As the little, ancient bronze bell continued its swinging in the tower, its plaintive call reached something in the padre's memory. Without knowing, he began to sing. He took up the slow strain not quite correctly, and dropped it, and took it up again, always in cadence with the bell.



At length he heard himself, and glancing at the belfry, smiled a little. "It is a pretty tune," he said, "and it always made me sorry for poor Fra Diavolo. Auber himself confessed to me that he had made it sad and put the hermitage bell to go with it because he too was grieved at having to kill his villain, and wanted him to die, if possible, in a religious frame of mind. And Auber touched glasses with me and said—how well I remember it! 'Is it the good Lord, or is it merely the devil, that makes me always have a weakness for rascals?' I told him it was the devil. I was not a priest then. I could not be so sure with my answer now." And then Padre Ignazio repeated Auber's remark in French: "'Est le ce bon Dieu, ou est ce bien le diable, qui me fait toujours aimer les coquins?' I don't know! I don't know! I wonder if Auber has composed anything lately? I wonder who is singing Zerlina now?"

He cast a farewell look at the ocean, and took his steps between the monastic herbs and the oleanders to the sacristy. "At least," he said, "if we cannot carry with us into exile the friends and the places that we have loved, music will go where we go, even to such an end of the world as this. Felipe!" he called to his organist. "Can they sing the music I taught them for the Dixit Dominus tonight?"

"Yes, father, surely."

"Then we will have that. And, Felipe—" The padre crossed the chancel to the small shabby organ. "Rise, my child, and listen. Here is something you can learn. Why, see now if you cannot learn it with a single hearing."

The swarthy boy of sixteen stood watching his master's fingers, delicate and white, as they played. So of his own accord he had begun to watch them when a child of six; and the padre had taken the wild, half-scared, spellbound creature and made a musician of him.

"There, Felipe!" he said now. "Can you do it? Slower, and more softly, *muchacho*. It is about the death of a man, and it should go with our bell."

The boy listened. "Then the father has played it a tone too low," said he; "for our bell rings the note of *sol*, as the father must surely know." He placed the melody in the right key—an easy thing for him; but the padre was delighted.

"Ah, my Felipe," he exclaimed, "what could you and I not do if we had a better organ! Only a little better! See! above this row of keys would be a second row, and many more stops. Then we would make such music as has never been heard in California yet. But my people are so poor and so few! And some day I shall have passed from them, and it will be too late."

"Perhaps," ventured Felipe, "the Americanos—"

"They care nothing for us, Felipe. They are not of our religion—or of any religion, from what I can hear. Don't forget my Dixit Dominus." And the padre retired once more to the sacristy, while the horse that carried Temptation came over the hill.

The hour of service drew near; and as he waited, the padre once again stepped out for a look at the ocean, but the blue triangle of water lay like a picture in its frame of land, empty as the sky. "I think, from the color, though," said he, "that a little more wind must have begun out there."

The bell rang a last short summons to prayer. Along the road from the south

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a young rider, leading one pack-animal, ambled into the mission and dismounted. Church was not so much in his thoughts as food and, in due time after that, a bed; but the doors stood open, and as everybody was going into them, more variety was to be gained by joining this company than by waiting outside alone until they should return from their devotions. So he seated himself at the back, and after a brief, jaunty glance at the sunburnt, shaggy congregation, made himself as comfortable as might be. He had not seen a face worth keeping his eyes open for. The simple choir and simple fold gathered for even-song, and paid him no attention on their part—a rough American bound for the mines was no longer anything but an object of aversion to them. The padre, of course, had been instantly aware of the stranger's presence. For this is the sixth sense with vicars of every creed and heresy; and if the parish is lonely and the worshippers few and seldom varying, a new-comer will gleam out like a new book to be read. And a trained priest learns to read shrewdly the faces of those who assemble to worship under his guidance. But American vagrants, with no thoughts save of gold-digging, and an overweening illiterate jargon for their speech, had long ceased to interest this priest, even in his starvation for company and talk from the outside world; and therefore, after the intoning, he sat with his homesick thoughts unchanged, to draw both pain and enjoyment from the music that he had set to the Dixit Dominus. He listened to the tender chorus that opens *William Tell;* and as the Latin psalm proceeded, pictures of the past rose between him and the altar. One after another came these strains which he had taken from operas famous in their day, until at length the padre was murmuring to some music seldom long out of his heart—not the Latin verse which the choir sang, but the original French words:

Ah, voilà mon envie,
  Voilà mon seul désir:
Rendez moi ma patrie,
  Ou laissez moi mourir.

Which may be rendered:

One only wish I know,
  One word is all my cry:
Give back my native land to me,
  Give back, or let me die.

Then it happened that he saw the stranger in the back of the church again, and forgot his Dixit Dominus straightway. The face of the young man was no longer hidden by the slouching position he had at first taken. "I only noticed his clothes before," thought the padre. Restlessness was plain upon the handsome brow, and in the mouth there was violence; but Padre Ignazio liked the eyes. "He is not saying any prayers," he surmised presently. "I doubt if he has said any for a long while. And he knows my music. He is of educated people. He cannot be American. And now—yes, he has taken—I think it must be a flower, from his pocket. I shall have him to dine with me." And vespers ended with rosy clouds of eagerness drifting across the padre's brain.

But the stranger made his own beginning. As the priest came from the church, the rebellious young figure was waiting. "Your organist tells me," he said, impetuously, "that it is you who—"

"May I ask with whom I have the great pleasure of speaking?" said the padre, putting formality to the front and his pleasure out of sight.

The stranger reddened, and became aware of the padre's features, moulded by refinement and the world. "I beg your lenience," said he, with a graceful and confident utterance, as of equal to equal. "My name is Gaston Villeré, and it was time I should be reminded of my manners."

The padre's hand waved a polite negative.

"Indeed yes, padre. But your music has astonished me to pieces. If you carried such associations as— Ah! the days and the nights!" he broke off. "To come down a California mountain," he resumed, "and find Paris at the bottom! *The Huguenots*, Rossini, Hérold—I was waiting for *Il Trovatore.*"

"Is that something new?" said the padre, eagerly.

The young man gave an exclamation. "The whole world is ringing with it," he said.

"But Santa Ysabel del Mar is a long way from the whole world," said Padre Ignazio.

"Indeed it would not appear to be so," returned young Gaston. "I think the Comédie Française must be round the corner."

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A thrill went through the priest at the theatre's name. "And have you been long in America?" he asked.

"Why, always—except two years of foreign travel after college."

"An American!" said the surprised padre, with perhaps a flavor of disappointment in his voice. "But no Americans who have yet come this way have been—have been"—he veiled the too blunt expression of his thought—"have been familiar with *The Huguenots*," he finished, making a slight bow.

Villeré took his under-meaning. "I come from New Orleans," he returned. "And in New Orleans there live many of us who can recognize a—who can recognize good music wherever we meet it." And he made a slight bow in his turn.

The padre laughed outright with pleasure, and laid his hand upon the young man's arm. "You have no intention of going away to-morrow, I trust?" said he.

"With your leave," answered Gaston, "I will have such an intention no longer."

It was with the air and gait of mutual understanding that the two now walked on together towards the padre's door. The guest was twenty-five, the host sixty.

"And have you been in America long?" inquired Gaston.

"Twenty years."

"And at Santa Ysabel how long?"

"Twenty years."

"I should have thought," said Gaston, looking lightly at the empty mountains, "that now and again you might have wished to travel."

"Were I your age," murmured Padre Ignazio, "it might be so."

The evening had now ripened to the long after-glow of sunset. The sea was the purple of grapes, and wine-colored hues flowed among the high shoulders of the mountains.

"I have seen a sight like this," said Gaston, "between Granada and Malaga."

"So you know Spain!" said the padre.

Often he had thought of this resemblance, but never heard it told to him before. The courtly proprietor of San Fernando, and the other patriarchal rancheros with whom he occasionally exchanged visits across the wilderness, knew hospitality and inherited gentle manners, sending to Europe for silks and laces to give their daughters, but their eyes had not looked upon Granada, and their ears had never listened to *William Tell*.

"It is quite singular," pursued Gaston, "how one nook in the world will suddenly remind you of another nook that may be thousands of miles away. One morning, behind the Quai Voltaire, an old yellow house with rusty balconies made me almost homesick for New Orleans."

"The Quai Voltaire!" said the padre.

"I heard Rachel in *Valeria* that night," the young man went on. "Did you know that she could sing too? She sang several verses by an astonishing little Jew musician that has come up over there."

The padre gazed down at his blithe guest. "To see somebody, somebody, once again," he said, "is very pleasant to a hermit."

"It cannot be more pleasant than arriving at an oasis," returned Gaston.

They had delayed on the threshold to look at the beauty of the evening, and now the priest watched his parishioners come and go. "How can one make companions—" he began; then, checking himself, he said: "Their souls are as sacred and immortal as mine, and God helps me to help them. But in this world it is not immortal souls that we choose for companions; it is kindred tastes, intelligences, and—and so I and my books are growing old together, you see," he added, more lightly. "You will find my volumes as behind the times as myself."

He had fallen into talk more intimate than he wished; and while the guest was uttering something polite about the nobility of missionary work, he placed him in an easy-chair and sought *aguardiente* for his immediate refreshment. Since the year's beginning there had been no guest for him to bring into his rooms, or to sit beside him in the high seats at table, set apart for the *gente fina*.

Such another library was not then in California; and though Gaston Villeré, in leaving Harvard College, had shut Horace and Sophocles forever at the earliest instant possible under academic requirements, he knew the Greek and Latin names that he now saw as well as he

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knew those of Shakspere, Dante, Molière, and Cervantes. These were here also; nor could it be precisely said of them, either, that they made a part of the young man's daily reading. As he surveyed the padre's august shelves, it was with a touch of the florid Southern gravity which his Northern education had not wholly schooled out of him that he said:

"I fear I am no scholar, sir. But I know what writers every gentleman ought to respect."

The subtle padre bowed gravely to this compliment.

It was when his eyes caught sight of the music that the young man felt again at ease, and his vivacity returned to him. Leaving his chair, he began enthusiastically to examine the tall piles that filled one side of the room. The volumes lay richly everywhere, making a pleasant disorder; and as perfume comes out of a flower, memories of singers and chandeliers rose bright from the printed names. *Norma*, *Tancredi*, *Don Pasquale*, *La Vestale*—dim lights in the fashions of to-day—sparkled upon the exploring Gaston, conjuring the radiant halls of Europe before him. "*The Barber of Seville!*" he presently exclaimed. "And I happened to hear it in Seville."

But Seville's name brought over the padre a new rush of home thoughts. "Is not Andalusia beautiful?" he said. "Did you see it in April, when the flowers come?"

"Yes," said Gaston, among the music. "I was at Cordova then."

"Ah, Cordova!" murmured the padre.

"*Semiramide!*" cried Gaston, lighting upon that opera. "That was a week! I should like to live it over, every day and night of it!"

"Did you reach Malaga from Marseilles or Gibraltar?" said the padre, wistfully.

"From Marseilles. Down from Paris through the Rhone Valley, you know."

"Then you saw Provence! And did you go, perhaps, from Avignon to Nismes by the Pont du Gard? There is a place I have made here—a little, little place—with olive-trees. And now they have grown, and it looks something like that country, if you stand in a particular position. I will take you there to-morrow. I think you will understand what I mean."

"Another resemblance!" said the volatile and happy Gaston. "We both seem to have an eye for them. But, believe me, padre, I could never stay here planting olives. I should go back and see the original ones—and then I'd hasten up to Paris." And, with a volume of Meyerbeer open in his hand, Gaston hummed: "'Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime.' Why, padre, I think that you have none of the masses and all of the operas in the world!"

"I will make you a little confession," said Padre Ignazio, "and then you shall give me a little absolution."

"With a penance," said Gaston. "You must play over some of these things to me."

"I suppose that I could not permit myself this indulgence," began the padre, pointing to his operas, "and teach these to my choir, if the people had any worldly associations with the music. But I have reasoned that the music cannot do them harm—"

The ringing of a bell here interrupted him. "In fifteen minutes," he said, "our poor meal will be ready for you." The good padre was not quite sincere when he spoke of a poor meal. While getting the *aguardiente* for his guest he had given orders, and he knew how well such orders could be carried out. He lived alone, and generally supped simply enough, but not even the ample table at San Fernando could surpass his own on occasions. And this was for him an occasion indeed!

"Your half-breeds will think I am one of themselves," said Gaston, showing his dusty clothes. "I am not fit to be seated with you." He, too, was not more sincere than his host. In his pack, which an Indian had brought from his horse, he carried some garments of civilization. And presently, after fresh water and not a little painstaking with brush and scarf, there came back to the padre a young guest whose elegance and bearing and ease of the great world were to the exiled priest as sweet as was his travelled conversation.

They repaired to the hall and took their seats at the head of the long table. For the stately Spanish centuries of custom lived at Santa Ysabel del Mar, inviolate, feudal, remote.

They were the only persons of quality present; and between themselves and the

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gente de razon a space intervened. Behind the padre's chair stood an Indian to wait upon him, and another stood behind the chair of Gaston Villeré. Each of these servants wore one single white garment, and offered the many dishes to the *gente fina* and refilled their glasses. At the lower end of the table a general attendant waited upon the *mesclados*—the half-breeds. There was meat with spices, and roasted quail, with various cakes and other preparations of grain; also the black fresh olives, and grapes, with several sorts of figs and plums, and preserved fruits, and white and red wine —the white fifty years old. Beneath the quiet shining of candles, fresh-cut flowers leaned from vessels of old Mexican and Spanish make.

There at one end of this feast sat the wild, pastoral, gaudy company, speaking little over their food; and there at the other the pale padre, questioning his visitor about Rachel. The mere name of a street would bring memories crowding to his lips; and when his guest would tell him of a new play, he was ready with old quotations from the same author. Alfred de Vigny they had, and Victor Hugo, whom the padre disliked. Long after the *dulce*, or sweet dish, when it was the custom for the vaqueros and the rest of the retainers to rise and leave the *gente fina* to themselves, the host sat on in the empty hall, fondly telling the guest of his bygone Paris, and fondly learning of the Paris that was to-day. And thus the two lingered, exchanging their fervors, while the candles waned, and the long-haired Indians stood silent behind the chairs.

"But we must go to my piano," the host exclaimed. For at length they had come to a lusty difference of opinion. The padre, with ears critically deaf, and with smiling, unconvinced eyes, was shaking his head, while young Gaston sang *Trovatore* at him, and beat upon the table with a fork.

"Come and convert me, then," said Padre Ignazio, and he led the way. "Donizetti I have always admitted. There, at least, is refinement. If the world has taken to this Verdi, with his street-band music— But there, now! Sit down and convert me. Only don't crush my poor little Erard with Verdi's hoofs. I brought it when I came. It is behind the times too. And, oh, my dear boy, our organ is still worse. So old, so old! To get a proper one I would sacrifice even this piano of mine in a moment—only the tinkling thing is not worth a sou to anybody except its master. But there! Are you quite comfortable?" And having seen to his guest's needs, and placed spirits and cigars and an ash-tray within his reach, the padre sat himself luxuriously in his chair to hear and expose the false doctrine of *Il Trovatore*.

By midnight all of the opera that Gaston could recall had been played and sung twice. The convert sat in his chair no longer, but stood singing by the piano. The potent swing and flow of tunes, the torrid, copious inspiration of the South, mastered him. "Verdi has grown," he cried. "Verdi has become a giant." And he swayed to the beat of the melodies, and waved an enthusiastic arm. He demanded every crumb. Why did not Gaston remember it all? But if the barkentine would arrive and bring the whole music, then they would have it right! And he made Gaston teach him what words he knew. "'Non ti scordar,'" he sang—"'non ti scordar di me.' That is genius. But one sees how the world moves when one is out of it. 'A nostri monti ritorneremo;' home to our mountains. Ah, yes, there is genius again." And the exile sighed and his spirit went to distant places, while Gaston continued brilliantly with the music of the final scene.

Then the host remembered his guest. "I am ashamed of my selfishness," he said. "It is already to-morrow."

"I have sat later in less good company," answered the pleasant Gaston. "And I shall sleep all the sounder for making a convert."

"You have dispensed road-side alms," said the padre, smiling. "And that should win excellent dreams."

Thus, with courtesies more elaborate than the world has time for at the present day, they bade each other good-night and parted, bearing their late candles along the quiet halls of the mission. To young Gaston in his bed easy sleep came without waiting, and no dreams at all. Outside his open window was the quiet, serene darkness, where the stars shone clear, and tranquil perfumes hung in the cloisters. And while the guest lay sleeping all night in unchanged position like a child, up and down between the ole-

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anders went Padre Ignazio, walking until dawn.

Day showed the ocean's surface no longer glassy, but lying like a mirror breathed upon; and there between the short headlands came a sail, gray and plain against the flat water. The priest watched through his glasses, and saw the gradual sun grow strong upon the canvas of the barkentine. The message from his world was at hand, yet to-day he scarcely cared so much. Sitting in his garden yesterday he could never have imagined such a change. But his heart did not hail the barkentine as usual. Books, music, pale paper, and print—this was all that was coming to him; and some of its savor had gone, for the siren voice of life had been speaking with him face to face, and in his spirit, deep down, the love of the world was restlessly answering that call. Young Gaston showed more eagerness than the padre over this arrival of the vessel that might be bringing *Trovatore* in the nick of time. Now he would have the chance, before he took his leave, to help rehearse the new music with the choir. He would be a missionary too. A perfectly new experience.

"And you still forgive Verdi the sins of his youth?" he said to his host. "I wonder if you could forgive mine?"

"Verdi has left his behind him," retorted the padre.

"But I am only twenty-five," explained Gaston, pathetically.

"Ah, don't go away soon!" pleaded the exile. It was the plainest burst that had escaped him, and he felt instant shame.

But Gaston was too much elated with the enjoyment of each new day to understand. The shafts of another's pain might scarcely pierce the bright armor of his gayety. He mistook the priest's exclamation for anxiety about his own happy soul.

"Stay here under your care?" he said. "It would do me no good, padre. Temptation sticks closer to me than a brother!" and he gave that laugh of his which disarmed severer judges than his host. "By next week I should have introduced some sin or other into your beautiful Garden of Ignorance here. It will be much safer for your flock if I go and join the other serpents at San Francisco."

Soon after breakfast the padre had his two mules saddled, and he and his guest set forth down the hills together to the shore. And beneath the spell and confidence of pleasant, slow riding, and the loveliness of everything, the young man talked freely of himself.

"And, seriously," said he, "if I missed nothing else at Santa Ysabel, I should long to hear the birds. At home our gardens are full of them, and one smells the jasmine, and they sing and sing! When our ship from the Isthmus put into San Diego, I decided to go on by land and see California. Then, after the first days, I began to miss something. All that beauty seemed empty, in a way. And suddenly I found it was the birds. For these little scampering quail are nothing. There seems a sort of death in the air where no birds ever sing."

"You will not find any birds at San Francisco," said the padre.

"I shall find life!" exclaimed Gaston. "And my fortune at the mines, I hope. I am not a bad fellow, father. You can easily guess all the things that I do. I have never, to my knowledge, harmed any one. I did not even try to kill my adversary in an affair of honor. I gave him a mere flesh wound, and by this time he must be quite recovered. He was my friend. But as he came between me—"

Gaston stopped; and the padre, looking keenly at him, saw the violence that he had noticed in church pass like a flame over the young man's handsome face.

"There's nothing dishonorable," said Gaston, answering the priest's look.

"I have not thought so, my son."

"I did what every gentleman would do," said Gaston.

"And that is often wrong!" cried the padre. "But I'm not your confessor."

"I've nothing to confess," said Gaston, frankly. "I left New Orleans at once, and have travelled an innocent journey straight to you. And when I make my fortune I shall be in a position to return and—"

"Claim the pressed flower!" put in the padre, laughing.

"Ah, you remember how those things are!" said Gaston; and he laughed also and blushed.

"Yes," said the padre, looking at the anchored barkentine, "I remember how those things are." And for a while the

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vessel and its cargo and the landed men and various business and conversations occupied them. But the freight for the mission once seen to, there was not much else to hang about here for.

The barkentine was only a coaster like many others which now had begun to fill the sea a little more of late years, and presently host and guest were riding homewards. And guessing at the two men from their outsides, any one would have got them precisely wrong; for within the turbulent young figure of Gaston dwelt a spirit that could not be more at ease, while revolt was steadily smouldering beneath the schooled and placid mask of the padre.

Yet still the strangeness of his being at such a place came back as a marvel into the young man's lively mind. Twenty years in prison, he thought, and hardly aware of it! And he glanced at the silent priest. A man so evidently fond of music, of theatres, of the world, to whom pressed flowers had meant something once—and now contented to bleach upon these wastes! Not even desirous of a brief holiday, but finding an old organ and some old operas enough recreation! "It is his age, I suppose," thought Gaston. And then the notion of himself when he should be sixty occurred to him, and he spoke.

"Do you know, I do not believe," said he, "that I should ever reach such contentment as yours."

"Perhaps you will," said Padre Ignazio, in a low voice.

"Never!" declared the youth. "It comes only to the few, I am sure."

"Yes. Only to the few," murmured the padre.

"I am certain that it must be a great possession," Gaston continued; "and yet—and yet—dear me! life is a splendid thing!"

"There are several sorts of it," said the padre.

"Only one for me!" cried Gaston. "Action, men, women, things—to be there, to be known, to play a part, to sit in the front seats; to have people tell each other, 'There goes Gaston Villeré!' and to deserve one's prominence. Why, if I were Padre of Santa Ysabel del Mar for twenty years—no! for one year—do you know what I should have done? Some day it would have been too much for me. I should have left these savages to a pastor nearer their own level, and I should have ridden down this cañon upon my mule, and stepped on board the barkentine, and gone back to my proper sphere. You will understand, sir, that I am far from venturing to make any personal comment. I am only thinking what a world of difference lies between men's natures who can feel as alike as we do upon so many subjects. Why, not since leaving New Orleans have I met any one with whom I could talk, except of the weather and the brute interests common to us all. That such a one as you should be here is like a dream."

"But it is not a dream," said the padre.

"And, sir—pardon me if I do say this—are you not wasted at Santa Ysabel del Mar? I have seen the priests at the other missions. They are—the sort of good men that I expected. But are you needed to save such souls as these?"

"There is no aristocracy of souls," said the padre, almost whispering now.

"But the body and the mind!" cried Gaston. "My God, are they nothing? Do you think that they are given to us for nothing but a trap? You cannot teach such a doctrine with your library there. And how about all the cultivated men and women away from whose quickening society the brightest of us grow numb? You have held out. But will it be for long? Do you not owe yourself to the saving of higher game henceforth? Are not twenty years of *mesclados* enough? No, no!" finished young Gaston, hot with his unforeseen eloquence; "I should ride down some morning and take the barkentine."

Padre Ignazio was silent for a space.

"I have not offended you?" said the young man.

"No. Anything but that. You are surprised that I should—choose—to stay here. Perhaps you may have wondered how I came to be here at all?"

"I had not intended any impertinent—"

"Oh no. Put such an idea out of your head, my son. You may remember that I was going to make you a confession about my operas. Let us sit down in this shade."

So they picketed the mules near the stream and sat down.

"You have seen," began Padre Ignazio, "what sort of man I—was once.

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Indeed, it seems very strange to myself that you should have been here not twenty-four hours yet, and know so much of me. For there has come no one else at all"—the padre paused a moment and mastered the unsteadiness that he had felt approaching in his voice—"there has been no one else to whom I have talked so freely. In my early days I had no thought of being a priest. My parents destined me for a diplomatic career. There was plenty of money and—and all the rest of it; for by inheritance came to me the acquaintance of many people whose names you would be likely to have heard of. Cities, people of fashion, artists—the whole of it was my element and my choice; and by-and-by I married, not only where it was desirable, but where I loved. Then for the first time Death laid his staff upon my enchantment, and I understood many things that had been only words to me hitherto. Looking back, it seemed to me that I had never done anything except for myself all my days. I left the world. In due time I became a priest and lived in my own country. But my worldly experience and my secular education had given to my opinions a turn too liberal for the place where my work was laid. I was soon advised concerning this by those in authority over me. And since they could not change me and I could not change them, yet wished to work and to teach, the New World was suggested, and I volunteered to give the rest of my life to missions. It was soon found that some one was needed here, and for this little place I sailed, and to these humble people I have dedicated my service. They are pastoral creatures of the soil. Their vineyard and cattle days are apt to be like the sun and storm around them—strong alike in their evil and in their good. All their years they live as children—children with men's passions given to them like deadly weapons, unable to measure the harm their impulses may bring. Hence, even in their crimes, their hearts will generally open soon to the one great key of love, while civilization makes locks which that key cannot always fit at the first turn. And coming to know this," said Padre Ignazio, fixing his eyes steadily upon Gaston, "you will understand how great a privilege it is to help such people, and how the sense of something accomplished—under God—should bring contentment with renunciation."

"Yes," said Gaston Villeré. Then, thinking of himself, "I can understand it in a man like you."

"Do not speak of me at all!" exclaimed the padre, almost passionately. "But pray Heaven that you may find the thing yourself some day—contentment with renunciation—and never let it go."

"Amen!" said Gaston, strangely moved.

"That is the whole of my story," the priest continued, with no more of the recent stress in his voice. "And now I have talked to you about myself quite enough. But you must have my confession." He had now resumed entirely his half-playful tone. "I was just a little mistaken, you see—too self-reliant, perhaps—when I supposed, in my first missionary ardor, that I could get on without any remembrance of the world at all. I found that I could not. And so I have taught the old operas to my choir—such parts of them as are within our compass and suitable for worship. And certain of my friends still alive at home are good enough to remember this taste of mine, and to send me each year some of the new music that I should never hear of otherwise. Then we study these things also. And although our organ is a miserable affair, Felipe manages very cleverly to make it do. And while the voices are singing these operas, especially the old ones, what harm is there if sometimes the priest is thinking of something else? So there's my confession! And now, whether *Trovatore* has come or not, I shall not allow you to leave us until you have taught all that you know of it to Felipe."

The new opera, however, had duly arrived. And as he turned its pages Padre Ignazio was quick to seize at once upon the music that could be taken into his church. Some of it was ready fitted. By that afternoon Felipe and his choir could have rendered "Ah! se l' error t' ingombra" without slip or falter.

Those were strange rehearsals of *Il Trovatore* upon this California shore. For the padre looked to Gaston to say when they went too fast or too slow, and to correct their emphasis. And since it was hot, the little Erard piano was carried each day out into the mission garden. There, in the cloisters among the oleanders, in the presence of the tall

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yellow hills and the blue triangle of sea, the "Miserere" was slowly learned. The Mexicans and Indians gathered, swarthy and black-haired, round the tinkling instrument that Felipe played; and presiding over them were young Gaston and the pale padre, walking up and down the paths, beating time, or singing now one part and now another. And so it happened that the wild cattle on the uplands would hear *Trovatore* hummed by a passing vaquero, while the same melody was filling the streets of the far-off world.

For three days Gaston Villeré remained at Santa Ysabel del Mar; and though not a word of the sort came from him, his host could read San Francisco and the gold-mines in his countenance. No, the young man could not have staid here for twenty years! And the padre forbore urging his guest to extend his visit.

"But the world is small," the guest declared at parting. "Some day it will not be able to spare you any longer. And then we are sure to meet. And you shall hear from me soon, at any rate."

Again, as upon the first evening, the two exchanged a few courtesies, more graceful and particular than we, who have not time, and fight no duels, find worth a man's while at the present day. For duels are gone, which is a very good thing, and with them a certain careful politeness, which is a pity; but that is the way in the general profit and loss. So young Gaston rode northward out of the mission, back to the world and his fortune; and the padre stood watching the dust after the rider had passed from sight. Then he went into his room with a drawn face. But appearances at least had been kept up to the end; the youth would never know of the old man's discontent.

Temptation had arrived with Gaston, but was going to make a longer stay at Santa Ysabel del Mar. Yet it was something like a week before the priest knew what guest he had in his house now. The guest was not always present—made himself scarce quite often. Sail away on the barkentine? That was a wild notion, to be sure, although fit enough to enter the brain of such a young scapegrace. The padre shook his head and smiled affectionately when he thought of Gaston Villeré. The youth's handsome, reckless countenance would come before him, and he repeated Auber's old remark, "Is it the good Lord, or is it merely the devil, that always makes me have a weakness for rascals?" Sail away on the barkentine! Imagine taking leave of the people here — of Felipe! In what words should he tell the boy to go on industriously with his music? No, this could not be imagined. The mere parting alone would make it forever impossible that he should think of such a thing. "And then," he said to himself each new morning, when he looked out at the ocean: "I have given my life to them. One does not take back a gift." Pictures of his departure began to shine and melt in his drifting fancy. He saw himself explaining to Felipe that now his presence was wanted elsewhere; that there would come a successor to take care of Santa Ysabel—a younger man, more useful, and able to visit sick people at a distance. "For I am old now. I should not be long here in any case." He stopped and pressed his hands together; he had caught his temptation in the very act. Now he sat staring at his temptation's face, close to him, while there in the triangle two ships went sailing by. One morning Felipe told him that the barkentine was here on its return voyage south. "Indeed?" said the padre, coldly. "The things are ready to go, I think." For the vessel called for mail and certain boxes that the mission sent away. Felipe left the room, in wonder at the padre's manner. But the priest was laughing alone inside to see how little it was to him where the barkentine was, or whether it should be coming or going. But in the afternoon, at his piano, he found himself saying, "Other ships call here, at any rate." And then for the first time he prayed to be delivered from his thoughts. Yet presently he left his seat and looked out of the window for a sight of the barkentine; but it was gone. The season of the wine-making passed, and the putting up of all the fruits that the mission fields grew. Lotions and medicines were distilled from the garden herbs. Perfume was manufactured from the petals of the flowers and certain spices, and presents of it despatched to San Fernando and Ventura, and to friends at other places; for the padre had a special receipt. As the time ran on, two or three visitors passed a night with him; and presently there was

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a word at various missions that Padre Ignazio had begun to show his years. At Santa Ysabel del Mar they whispered, "The padre is getting sick." Yet he rode a great deal over the hills by himself, and down the cañon very often, stopping where he had sat with Gaston, to sit alone and look up and down, now at the hills above, and now at the ocean below. Among his parishioners he had certain troubles to soothe, certain wounds to heal; a home from which he was able to drive jealousy; a girl whom he bade her lover set right. But all said, "The padre is sick." And Felipe told them that the music seemed nothing to him any more; he never asked for his Dixit Dominus nowadays. Then for a short time he was really in bed, feverish with the two voices that spoke to him without ceasing. "You have given your life," said one voice. "And therefore," said the other, "have earned the right to go home and die." "You are winning better rewards in the service of God," said the first voice. "God can be served in other places than this," answered the second. As he lay listening he saw Seville again, and the trees of Aranhal, where he had been born. The wind was blowing through them, and in their branches he could hear the nightingales. "Empty! Empty!" he said aloud. "He was right about the birds. Death does live in the air where they never sing." And he lay for two days and nights hearing the wind and the nightingales in the trees of Aranhal. But Felipe, watching, heard only the padre crying through the hours: "Empty! Empty!"

Then the wind in the trees died down, and the padre could get out of bed, and soon could be in the garden. But the voices within him still talked all the while as he sat watching the sails when they passed between the headlands. Their words, falling forever the same way, beat his spirit sore, like bruised flesh. If he could only change what they said, he could rest.

"Has the padre any mail for Santa Barbara?" said Felipe. "The ship bound southward should be here to-morrow."

"I will attend to it," said the priest, not moving. And Felipe stole away.

At Felipe's word the voices had stopped, as a clock done striking. Silence, strained like expectation, filled the padre's soul. But in place of the voices came old sights of home again, the waving trees at Aranhal; then it would be Rachel for a moment, declaiming tragedy while a houseful of faces that he knew by name watched her; and through all the panorama rang the pleasant laugh of Gaston. For a while in the evening the padre sat at his Erard playing *Trovatore*. Later, in his sleepless bed he lay, saying now and then: "To die at home! Surely I may be granted at least this." And he listened for the inner voices. But they were not speaking any more, and the black hole of silence grew more dreadful to him than their arguments. Then the dawn came at his window, and he lay watching its gray grow warm into color, until suddenly he sprang from his bed and looked at the sea. The south-bound ship was coming. People were on board who in a few weeks would be sailing the Atlantic, while he would stand here looking out of the same window. "Merciful God!" he cried, sinking on his knees. "Heavenly Father, Thou seest this evil in my heart. Thou knowest that my weak hand cannot pluck it out. My strength is breaking, and still Thou makest my burden heavier than I can bear." He stopped, breathless and trembling. The same visions were flitting across his closed eyes; the same silence gaped like a dry crater in his soul. "There is no help in earth or heaven," he said, very quietly; and he dressed himself.

It was so early still that none but a few of the Indians were stirring, and one of them saddled the Padre's mule. Felipe was not yet awake, and for a moment it came in the priest's mind to open the boy's door softly, look at him once more, and come away. But this he did not do, nor even take a farewell glance at the church and organ. He bade nothing farewell, but, turning his back upon his room and his garden, rode down the cañon.

The vessel lay at anchor, and some one had landed from her and was talking with other men on the shore. Seeing the priest slowly coming, this stranger approached to meet him.

"You are connected with the mission here?" he inquired.

"I—am."

"Perhaps it is with you that Gaston Villeré stopped?"

"The young man from New Orleans? Yes. I am Padre Ignazio."

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"Then you will save me a journey. I promised him to deliver these into your own hands."

The stranger gave them to him.

"A bag of gold dust," he explained, "and a letter. I wrote it from his dictation while he was dying. He lived scarcely an hour afterwards."

The stranger bowed his head at the stricken cry which his news elicited from the priest, who, after a few moments' vain effort to speak, opened the letter and read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is through no man's fault but mine that I have come to this. I have had plenty of luck, and lately have been counting the days until I should return home. But last night heavy news from New Orleans reached me, and I tore the pressed flower to pieces. Under the first smart and humiliation of broken faith I was rendered desperate, and picked a needless quarrel. Thank God, it is I who have the punishment. My dear friend, as I lie here, leaving a world that no man ever loved more, I have come to understand you. For you and your mission have been much in my thoughts. It is strange how good can be done, not at the time when it is intended, but afterwards; and you have done this good to me. I say over your words, 'contentment with renunciation,' and believe that at this last hour I have gained something like what you would wish me to feel. For I do not think that I desire it otherwise now. My life would never have been of service, I am afraid. You are the last person in this world who has spoken serious words to me, and I want you to know that now at length I value the peace of Santa Ysabel as I could never have done but for seeing your wisdom and goodness. You spoke of a new organ for your church. Take the gold dust that will reach you with this, and do what you will with it. Let me at least in dying have helped some one. And since there is no aristocracy in souls—you said that to me; do you remember?—perhaps you will say a mass for this departing soul of mine. I only wish, since my body must go underground in a strange country, that it might have been at Santa Ysabel del Mar, where your feet would often pass."

"'At Santa Ysabel del Mar, where your feet would often pass.'" The priest repeated this final sentence aloud, without being aware of it.

"Those are the last words he ever spoke," said the stranger, "except bidding good-by to me."
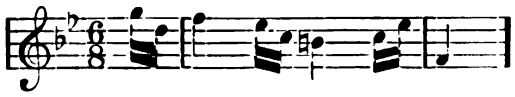
"You knew him well, then?"

"No; not until after he was hurt. I'm the man he quarrelled with."

The priest looked at the ship that would sail onward this afternoon. Then a smile of great beauty passed over his face, and he addressed the stranger. "I thank you," said he. "You will never know what you have done for me."

"It is nothing," answered the stranger, awkwardly. "He told me you set great store on a new organ."

Padre Ignazio turned away from the ship and rode back through the gorge. When he reached the shady place where once he had sat with Gaston Villeré, he dismounted and again sat there, alone by the stream, for many hours. Long rides and outings had been lately so much his custom that no one thought twice of his absence; and when he returned to the mission in the afternoon, the Indian took his mule, and he went to his seat in the garden. But it was with another look that he watched the sea; and presently the sail moved across the blue triangle, and soon it had rounded the headland. Gaston's first coming was in the padre's mind; and as the vespers bell began to ring in the cloistered silence, a fragment of Auber's plaintive tune passed like a sigh across his memory:



But for the repose of Gaston's soul they sang all that he had taught them of *Il Trovatore*. Thus it happened that Padre Ignazio never went home, but remained cheerful master of the desires to do so that sometimes visited him, until the day came when he was called altogether away from this world, and "passed beyond these voices, where is peace."

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CONQUERORS

BY RICHARD BURTON

ALL times and climes may claim you,
O conquerors, mystic ones:
How may my poor tongue name you,
Dreamers 'neath many suns?

Makers of stately story,
Shapers of wood and stone;
Painters of colored glory,
Lovers of rhythmic tone.

Weavers of fabrics wondrous,
To last thro' the changeful years;
Mages of harmonies thundrous,
Masters of mirth and tears.

Moulders of various beauty
To challenge all time, and rest
Secure in a sense of Duty
Done at an Art's behest.

Soldiers, who stood in battle
Rocks in a righteous cause;
Statesmen, who shook the rabble
Awake to the better laws.

Men of inventing vision
Who grapple with clod or cloud,
Till earth take a gleam elysian
And matter must speak aloud.

Pleaders for stricken masses,
Men of the speech that sings;
Prophets, whose light o'erpasses
The thicket of sensate things,—

All climes and times may claim you,
But one is your dream, your star:
Brothers-in-arms, we name you,
Builders of Good, ye are.

O Conquerors, courage, aspire,
Dream on, while ye kiss the rod;
One in your great desire,
And one in the thought of God.

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"Get down!"

THEY BORE A HAND

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

WHEN Mrs. Kessel with the two children saw the troops pack up and entrain their horses, she had plenty of things to do for the Major besides control her feelings. It had happened so many times before that it was not a particularly distinct sensation; but the going forth of an armed man is always thrilling—yes, even after twenty years of it. She did not think, I imagine, but she knew many wives of regular army officers whom Congress had forgotten, after the dead heroes had been heralded up and down the land and laid away. The "still small voice" of the army widow doesn't make the halls of Congress yell with rage at the stern facts. But she was accustomed, since the year of their marriage, to the departure of her besabred husband, and that was the "worse" for which she married him. The eldest girl was as near twenty as I can tell about such things. They were excited by the fast moving of events, and the flash of steel had benumbed their reflective quality, but papa was a soldier, and Spain had to be licked. Who could do it better than papa, Oestreicher, his orderly trumpeter, and the gallant Third, those nimble athletes who took the three bareback horses over the hurdles in the riding-hall? Who could withstand the tearing charge

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down the parade with the white blades flashing? Nothing but Oestreicher with his trumpet could stop that.

Oestreicher had told them a thousand times that papa could lick any one under any conceivable circumstances. They very well knew that he had followed the flying Arapaho village far into the night, until he had captured everything; they were familiar with the niceties of the Apache round-up at San Carlos, because Oestreicher had handed the Major a six-shooter at the particular instant; and the terrible ten days' battle with the revengeful Cheyennes, when the snow was up to the horses' bellies, had been done to death by the orderly. Papa had been shot before, but it hadn't killed him, and they had never heard of "yellow-jack" on the high plains. Papa did all this with Oestreicher to help him, to be sure, for the orderly always declared himself a full partner in the Major's doings, and divided the glory as he thought best.

Oestreicher, orderly trumpeter, was white and bald. He never stated any recollections of the time before he was a soldier. He was a typical German of the soldier class; a fierce red in the face, illuminated by a long yellowish-white mustache, but in body becoming a trifle wobbly with age. He had been following the guidon for thirty-seven years. That is a long time for a man to have been anything, especially a trooper.

Oh yes, it cannot be denied that Oestreicher got drunk on pay-days and state occasions; but he was too old to change; in his day that thing was done. Also, he had love-affairs, of no very complex nature. They were never serious enough for the girls to hear of. Also, he had played the various financial allurements of the adjoining town, until his "final statement" would be the month's pay then due. But this bold humanity welled up in Oestreicher thoroughly mixed with those soft virtues which made every one in trouble come to him. He was a professional soldier, who knew no life outside a Sibley or a barrack, except the Major's home, which he helped the Major to run. On the drill-ground the Major undoubtedly had to be taken into account, but at the Major's quarters Oestreicher had so close an alliance with madam and the girls that the "old man" made a much smaller impression. A home always should be a pure democracy.

The Kessel outfit was like this: It was "military satrap" from the front door out, but inside it was "the most lovable person commands," and Oestreicher often got this assignment.

In the barracks Oestreicher was always "Soda"—this was an old story, which may have related to his hair, or his taste, or an episode—but no man in the troop knew why. When they joined, Oestreicher was "Soda," and traditions were iron in the Third.

Oestreicher and the Major got along without much friction. After pay-day the Major would say all manner of harsh things about the orderly because he was away on a drunk, but in due time Oestreicher would turn up smiling. Madam and the girls made his peace, and the Major subsided. He had got mad after this manner at this man until it was a mere habit, so the orderly trumpeter never came up with the court-martialling he so frequently courted, for which that worthy was duly grateful, and readily forgave the Major his violent language.

For days Oestreicher and the women folks had been arranging the Major's field-kit. The Major looked after the troops, and the trumpeter looked after the Major, just as he had for years and years before. When the train was about to pull out, the Major kissed away his wife's tears and embraced his children, while Oestreicher stood by the back door of the Pullman, straight and solemn.

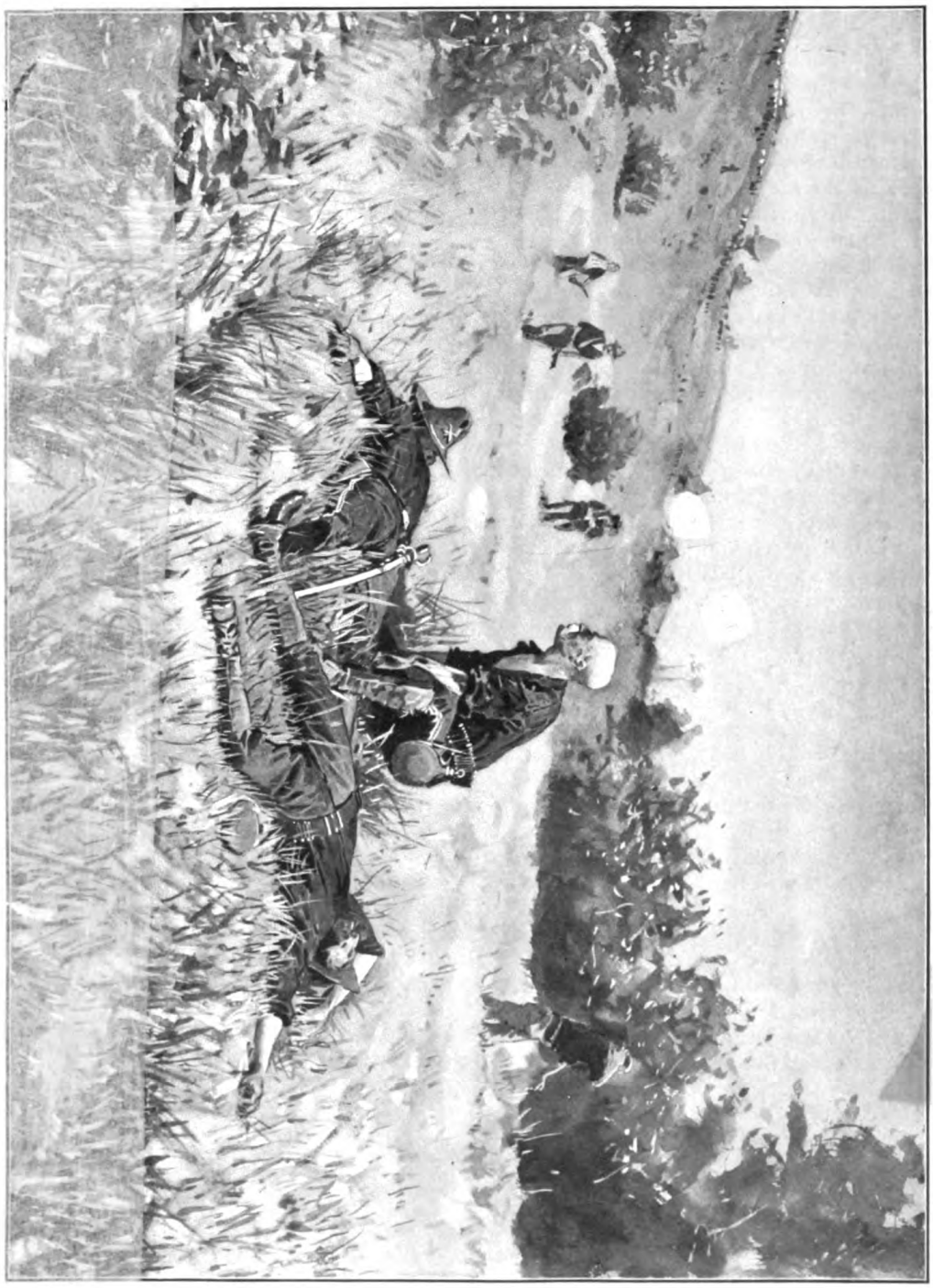
"Now look out for the Major," solicited the wife, while the two pretty girls pulled the tall soldier down and printed two kisses on his red burnt cheeks, which he received in a disciplined way.

"Feed Shorty and Bill [dogs] at four o'clock in the afternoon, and see that they don't get fed out of mess hours," said the orderly to the girls, and the women got off the cars.

And Oestreicher never knew that madam had told the Major to look out well for the orderly, because he was old, and might not stand things which he had in the earlier years. That did not matter, however, because it was all a day's work to the toughened old soldier. The dogs, the horses, the errands, the girls, the Major, were habits with him, and as for the present campaign—he had been on many before. It gave only a slight titillation.

Thus moved forth this atom of human-

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"THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO."

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ity with his thousands of armed countrymen to do what had been done before—set the stars and stripes over the frontier and hold them there. Indians, greasers, Spaniards—it was all the same, just so the K troop guidon was going that way.

The "shave-tails" could kick and cuss at the criminal slowness of the troop-train's progress, but Oestreicher made himself comfortable with his pipe and newspaper, wondering what kind of cousins Spaniards were to Mexicans, and speculating with another old yellow-leg on the rough forage of Cuba.

So he progressed with the well-known events to Tampa and to Daiquiri, and here he fell over a very bad hurdle. He could brown hardtack in artful ways, he did not mind the mud, he could blow a trumpet to a finish, he could ride a horse as far as the road was cut out, but the stiffened knees of the old cavalryman were badly sprung under the haversack and blanket roll afoot.

The column was well out on the road to Siboney when the Major noted the orderly's distress: "Oestreicher, fall out—go back to the transport. You can't keep up. I will give you an order," which he did.

The poor old soldier fell to the rear of the marching men and sat down on the grass. He was greatly depressed, both in body and mind, but was far from giving up. As he sat brooding he noticed a ragged Cuban coming down the road on a flea-bitten pony, which was heavily loaded with the cast-off blankets of the volunteers. A quick lawless thought energized the broken man, and he shoved a shell into his Craig carbine. Rising slowly, he walked to meet the ragged figure. He quickly drew a bead on the sable patriot, saying, "Dismount—get down—you d—— greaser!"

"No entiendo."

"Get down!"

"¿Por Dios, hombre, que va hacer?" and at this juncture Oestreicher poked the Cuban in the belly with his carbine, and he slid off on the other side.

"Now run along—vamose—underlay—get a gait on you!" sang out the blue soldier, while the excited Cuban backed up the road, waving his hands and saying, "¡Bandolero, ladron, sin verguenza! ¿Porque me roba el caballo?"

To which Oestreicher simply said, "Oh hell!"

Not for a second did Oestreicher know that he was a high agent of the law. Be it known that any man who appropriates property of your Uncle Samuel can be brought to book. It is hard to defend his action when one considers his motive and the horse.

The final result was that Oestreicher appeared behind the Third Cavalry, riding nicely, with his blanket roll before his saddle. The troops laughed, and the Major looked behind; but he quickly turned away, grinning, and said to Captain Hardier: "Look at the d—— old orderly! If that isn't a regular old-soldier trick! I'm glad he has a mount; you couldn't lose him."

"Yes," replied the addressed, "you can order Oestreicher to do anything but get away from the Third. Can't have any more of this horse-stealing; it's demoralizing;" and the regiment plodded along, laughing at old "Soda," who sheepishly brought up the rear, wondering what justice had in store for him.

Nothing happened, however, and presently Oestreicher sought the Major, who was cursing his luck for having missed the fight at Las Guasimas. He condoled with the Major in a tactful way he had, which business softened things up. While the Major was watching him boil the coffee in the tin cups over a little "Indian fire," he put the order in the flames, and it went up in smoke.

"You old rascal!" was all the Major said, which meant that the incident was closed.

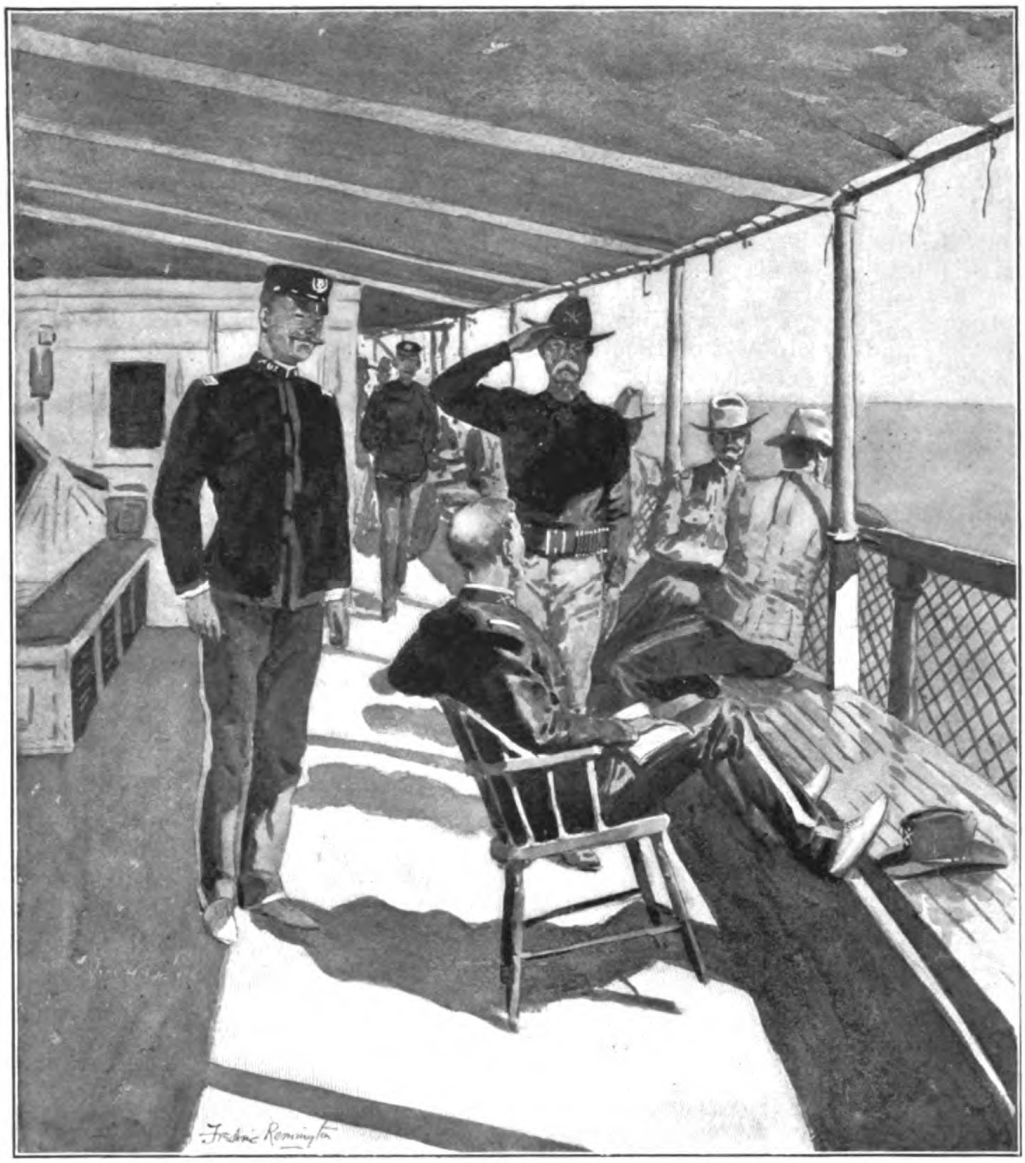
Right glad was the Major to have his orderly during the next week. Two years had taught Oestreicher how to stick a dog-tent and make a bed, and how to cook and forage. Oestreicher's military conscience never vibrated over misappropriated things to eat, and Fagin could not have taught him any new arts.

Then came the fateful morning when the Third lay in the long grass under the hail of Mausers and the sickening sun. "Will the Major have some water?" said Oestreicher, as he handed over one canteen.

"You go lie down there with the men and don't follow me around—you will get shot," commanded Kessel; but when he looked around again, there was Oestreicher stalking behind. He could fool away no more energy on the man.

Then came the forward movement,

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"I HOPE THE COLONEL WON'T GET MAD—"

the firing, and the falling men, and ahead strode the officer, waving his sword and shouting fiercely. Behind followed the jaded old trumpeter, making hard going of it, but determined to keep up. His eye was not on the blazing heights, but on the small of the Major's back, when the officer turned, facing him, and ran into his arms. Down over the Major's face came gushes of blood. He reeled—would have fallen but for the supporting arms of the soldier. The rush of men passed them.

They lay down in the grass. The orderly brushed the blood from the pale face, while he cut up a "first-aid" bandage and bound the wound. Then he gave him water; but the Major was far gone, and the orderly trumpeter was very miserable. Oestreicher replaced the Major's sword in its scabbard. Men came tottering back, holding on to their wounds.

"Say, Johnson," sung out Oestreicher to a passing soldier, "you ain't hit bad; gimme a lift with the Major here." The soldier stopped, while they picked up the unconscious officer and moved heavily off toward the Red Cross flag. Suddenly they

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lurched badly, and all three figures sank in the pea-green grass. A volley had found them. Johnson rolled slowly from side to side and spat blood. He was dying. Oestreicher hung on to one of his arms, and the bluish-mauve of the shirt sleeve grew slowly to a crimson lake. He sat helplessly turning his eyes from the gasping Johnson to the pale Major and the flaming hill-crest. He put his hat over the Major's face. He drank from his canteen. There was nothing to do. The tropical July sun beat on them until his head swam under the ordeal.

Presently a staff-officer came by on a horse.

"Say, Captain," yelled the soldier, "come here. Major Kessel is shot in the head. Take him, won't you?"

"Oh, is that you?" said the one addressed as he rode up, for he remembered Kessel's orderly. Dismounting, the two put the limp form on the horse. While Oestreicher led the animal, the Captain held the nearly lifeless man in the saddle, bent forward and rolling from side to side. Thus they progressed to the blood-soaked sands beside the river, where the surgeons were working grimly and quickly.

It was a month before two pale old men got off the train at Burton, one an officer and the other a soldier, and many people in the station had a thrill of mingled pity and awe as they looked at them. Two very pretty girls kissed them both, and people wondered the more. But the papers next morning told something about it, and no policeman could be induced to arrest Oestreicher that day when he got drunk in Hogan's saloon, telling how he and the Major took San Juan hill.

Time wore on, wounds healed, and the troops came back from Montauk to the yelling multitudes of Burton, the home station. The winter chilled the fever out of their blood. The recruits came in and were pulled into shape, when the long-expected order for the Philippines came, and the old scenes were re-enacted just as they had happened in the Kessel household so many times before, only with a great difference: Oestreicher was detached and ordered to stay in the guard of the post. This time the Major, who was a Colonel now, settled it so it would stay settled. An order is the most terrible and potent thing a soldier knows. Oestreicher shed tears, he pleaded, he got the women to help him, but the Major stamped his foot and became ossified about the mouth.

Clearly there was only one thing left for Oestreicher to do in this case, and he did it with soldierly promptness. He got drunk—good and drunk—and the Third Cavalry was on its way to Manila. When the transport was well at sea from Seattle, the Colonel was reading a novel on the after-deck. A soldier approached him saluting, and saying, "I hope the Colonel won't get mad—"

The Colonel looked up; his eyes opened; he said, slowly, "Well—I—will—be—d——!" and he continued to stare helplessly into the cheerful countenance of Oestreicher, orderly trumpeter, deserter, stowaway, soft food for courts martial. "How did you get here, anyway?"

Then the Colonel had a military fit. He cussed Oestreicher long and loud. Told him he was a deserter, said his long-service pension was in danger; and true it is that Oestreicher was long past his thirty years in the army, and could retire at any time. But through it all the Colonel was so astonished that he could not think—he could only rave at the tangle of his arrangements in the old orderly's interest.

"How did you get here, anyhow?

"Came along with the train, sir—same train you were on, sir," vouchsafed the veteran.

"Well, well, well!" soliloquized the Colonel as he sat down and took up his novel. "Get out—I don't want to see you—go away," and Oestreicher turned on his heel.

Other officers gathered around and laughed at the Colonel.

"What am I to do with that old man? I can't court-martial him. He would get a million years in Leavenworth if I did. D—these old soldiers, anyhow! They presume on their service. What can I do?"

"Don't know," said the junior Major. "Reckon you'll have to stay home yourself if you want to keep Oestreicher there."

It was plain to be seen that public sentiment was with the audacious and partly humorous orderly.

"Well—we will see—we will see!" testily jerked the old man, while the young ones winked at each other—long broad winks, which curled their mouths far up one side.

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THE DEATH OF OESTREICHER.

The Colonel has been seeing ever since. I have only just found out what he "saw," by a letter from an old friend of mine out in the Philippines, which I shall quote:

"You remember Colonel Kessel's old orderly—Oestreicher? Was with us that time we were shooting down in Texas. He was ordered to stay at Jackson Barracks, but he deserted. The men hid him under their bunks on the railroad train, and then let him on the transport at Seattle. Soldiers are like boys: they will help the wicked. One day he presented himself to the old man. Oh, say—you ought to have heard the old Nantan cuss him out—it was the effort of the 'old man's' life! We sat around and enjoyed it, because Oestreicher is a habit with the Colonel. We knew he wouldn't do anything about it after he had blown off steam.

"Well, the night after our fight at Cabanatuan it was dark and raining. What do you suppose I saw? Saw the 'old man' in a nipa hut with a doctor, and between them old Oestreicher, shot through the head and dying. There was the Colonel sitting around doing what he could for his old dog-soldier. I tell you it was a mighty touching sight. Make a good story that—worked up with some blue lights and things. He sat with him until he died. Many officers came in and stood with their hats off, and the Colonel actually boohooed. As you know, boohooing ain't the 'old man's' long suit by a d—— sight!"

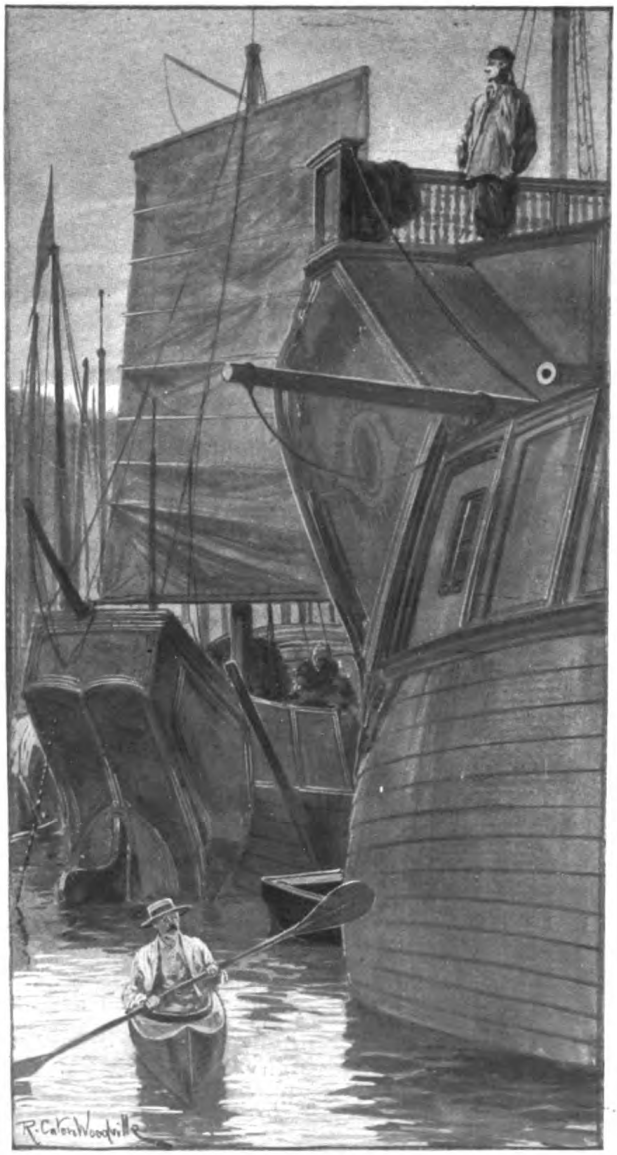
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A SUCCESSFUL COLONIAL EXPERIMENT

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

Author of "White Man's Africa," "The German Struggle for Liberty," etc.

FIFTY years ago many weighty and patriotic Englishmen held that Hong-kong was of no commercial value, and, besides, was a pestiferous place where no white man could be happy. To-day Hong-kong rivals New York as one of the great ports of the world—and, more strange still, she rivals New York in the excellence of her water-supply and immunity from malaria. This is a colony peculiarly interesting to us, for it is the nearest important post to the Philippines — only about 600 miles off — and has practically the same climate. What the Spaniards have not done for Manila in 300 years, the energy of an Anglo-Saxon people has accomplished in half a century. Less than 100 miles from Hong-kong is Macao, where for 300 years the Portuguese government has held a monopoly of Chinese trade, but has failed to establish a great commercial centre.* This sort of thinking amused me as I slipped my canoe down the long gangway of the United States transport *Pekin*, and paddled away amidst a wilderness of junks and steam-launches.



AMONG THE JUNKS AND BOATS IN THE HARBOR.

Caribbee of course turned her nose instinctively towards the float of the Hong-kong Boat Club; but I was in no hurry to go ashore just then. I was getting first impressions of a

* Hong-kong was occupied formally on January 26, 1841. On June 14 the first sale of land took place, and before the year expired the population had become 15,000. At present the ratable value of Hong-kong is over four million pounds, and the estimated revenue for 1897 nearly two and a half million silver dollars, worth less than half of the gold ones. The debt of the colony is only £341,800—less than two million gold dollars—borrowed at 3½ per cent. The trade of the colony amounts to over £20,000,000 per annum. In 1897 nearly 8,000,000 tons of shipping entered the port, borne by some 34,000 ships, which makes nearly 100 ships a day—an eloquent epitome of commercial importance.

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panorama that comes up before me now, when I try to recall the most beautiful seaport of my acquaintance. The only others I can think of in comparison are Quebec and Cape Town. I paddled in a wilderness of shipping so shifting, so confusing, it suggested Kiel in 1895, when the fleets of all the world gathered in that little German fjord to celebrate the opening of the Baltic Canal. Monstrous men-o'-war rose out of the harbor splash like islands of erratic metal-work, whose polished sides were winking down upon the small craft with mysterious eyes. Men-o'-war boats rowed by many banks of brawny bluejackets were hurrying to and fro, and fussy steam-launches shot past me as though bent upon filling me with water. But even while I danced up and down in the little cross sea they made, I could not fail to admire the tidy appearance not merely of those of the navy, but of those belonging to the mercantile houses doing business afloat. At first I kept a lookout and attempted to dodge them as they bore down upon me, but there were too many for me. I became a fatalist, and soon found that they got out of my way with less trouble than if I had attempted to alter my course. I began to count the ocean steamships and fully rigged three and four masted sailing-craft that crowded the anchorage, but I soon gave that up. There were too many. I strained my eyes to discover the American flag, and soon gave that up too. I had read that in the previous year, 1897, the whole of the American shipping coming to Hong-kong represented less than 77,000 tons; we are far behind the Germans, French, Norwegians, and even Japanese in this most important matter. Yet merchants recall the time when the stars and stripes were familiar signs on the steamers plying Chinese waters.

The native boats were chiefly remarkable for the children in them—every sampan seemed to have three or four, the youngest of whom was tied, like a man-o'-war sweep, so that it might not drift away in case it fell overboard. These sampans are the home of a large Chinese population; a guess would make it about a million, just as a water-snake develops into a sea-serpent by the time a sailor gets to see him. But I think it would be safe to allow 10,000 Chinese boats to Hong-kong, and five people to each boat, thus placing the Hong-kong "floating" population at 50,000. All these sampans are licensed and numbered, and the convivial bluejacket can get taken from the shore to his ship for the sum of ten cents. These sampans are so light that they scull readily, the whole family assisting at the oars. And they are at the same time admirably built for sailing. They have a roof over the stern, so that in the hottest days water travel is agreeable. All the native craft that I saw were well scrubbed outside and in, and whenever not under way, the family appeared ever busy cleaning up about their water home. The people who live in these sampans are born on the water; their graves are a rock at low tide.

At one place was a fleet of big junks, some of them coasters and some fit for long voyages to Formosa, Singapore, or Manila. Most of them had cannons whose muzzles reached out over the bow, stern, and sides; these evidently anticipated pirates, or possibly intended to seize a convenient opportunity of turning pirate themselves. Here and there a junk was letting off fire-crackers and burning Joss-sticks by way of securing from their favorite saint a sort of assurance policy against marine risks. It was a stirring picture, that tropical morning, of burning sunshine and stimulating color. All Hong-kong seemed afloat as I gazed aloft through the forest of junk rigging and steamship funnels; the very hills seemed swimming.

I steered for the boat-house by keeping an eye on the "Peak," some 1800 feet high, where people go to cool, and where lie the comfortable barracks of the soldiers of Queen Victoria. The sea-wall is a splendid structure, with stone landing-steps at convenient intervals. Beyond rises a row of palatial buildings belonging to the great banks and commercial houses whose private flags flit amidst the shipping over trim little launches. Behind this row of palaces rises tier upon tier of substantial European houses, each having about it more and more vegetation as it recedes from the purely business portion of this prosperous and crowded city. Only immediately along the water-front are wheeled vehicles available, and here we find an abundance of jinrikishas ready to take one at any hour and in any weather for the sum of three cents American money. Beyond the water-front Hong-

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kong is all up and down hill, so that the prime conveyance of the place is a chair which is borne by two coolies wearing conical hats and a loose set of bathing-drawers. These coolies are almost as interesting to watch as the sampan people. They keep a rapid march gait up hill and down, until the sweat makes a channel along their tender loins, and for doing this they earn as much in one day as an Irish stevedore expects for an hour, yet they are happy, store up money, and eventually buy a wife or two. Then it is their turn to ride.

According to the last official estimate (1897), the Chinese in Hong-kong numbered 235,010, and the "British and foreign community," 13,700. The total population, therefore, was 248,710. Under the name of Portuguese are reckoned 2267 inhabitants, about whom the one thing certain is that they are not pure white nor pure Chinese. In Hong-kong almost anything from a Filipino to a Zulu is called by courtesy a Portuguese. Those who may be correctly referred to as white people in Hong-kong number but 3269, exclusive of the garrison. Hong-kong supports three English daily newspapers and four Chinese. There are, as I write this, no newspapers at either Macao or Kiao-chau.

I paddled to the boat club, and found a gathering of Chinamen squatting in circles, enjoying a meal of which I could see only rice and chopsticks. It looked like a large Chinese social gathering. All about me were rowing-shells and canoes, showing that I was indeed in a very prosperous club-house devoted to water-sport. From the number of natives present I was inclined to think that there must be one or two Chinamen to each boat; but I was prepared for surprises, so I called for "Number One boy!" which means the janitor or chief caretaker of the place, and him I sent with my card to the secretary, who received *Caribbee* with generous hospitality for the few weeks of our stay in these waters. This is the most complete boat-house I have ever seen in the East. Connected with it is a splendid swimming-establishment, billiard and reading rooms, and excellent cricket and lawn-tennis grounds.

In Ceylon and Singapore I had soon learned the importance of sheltering the head from the sun, particularly in August. My hat was so big that my friends facetiously regarded it as a dinghy to my canoe. In Hong-kong, however, chairs and rickshaws are so cheap and ubiquitous that in the noontide heat a white man hardly crosses a street excepting under a canopy and with coolie assistance. When I proposed walking from the boat-house to the Hong-kong Club, a matter of a hundred yards, my friend looked upon me as a would-be suicide, and promptly hailed a chair with a sun-cover to it, in which I swung off pleasantly to a palace facing the sea.

This palace was "The Club" of Hong-kong. The native chair-coolie, or "cabby," knows very little English, but if his vocabulary is limited to one word, that word is club. Before this building congregate scores of chairs and rickshaws at all hours of the day and night, for wherever a coolie may pick up a fare, the first presumption in his mind is that he wishes to go to the Club. No club in New York fills as many wants as that of Hong-kong, nor do I know a New York club offering its members as many comforts, not to say luxuries. It is, externally, one of the most imposing buildings in a town crowded with good architecture; it need not shun comparison with the great clubs of Pall Mall. On entering, one is even more impressed by the magnificence of space, the splendor in architectural decoration, the cool and quiet after the out-of-door blaze, the all-pervading sense of comfort. Vast punkas swing to and fro over the heads of the reading and writing people; at meal-time the ceiling seems to move in waves of refreshing whiteness. The punka-coolie makes one soon forget that he is in a tropical latitude.

The club in the East practically includes in its membership every respectable white man. Officers of the army and navy, merchants, travellers, missionaries, government officials, bank clerks, engineers, dentists, brokers, sea-captains, lawyers — every man who reaches the average level of social decency joins his fellows in this social organization. Some come here for lunch, some to consult the newspapers, and nearly all find it a convenient place to meet by appointment and transact business as at a commercial exchange. A man who cannot get into "the club" in an Eastern settlement must be pretty low down in the human scale, for in the Far East the broad and

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generous maxim prevails that a white man is a good man until he goes out of his way to prove himself otherwise.

At the Hong-kong Club my room opened out upon a broad veranda, which ran entirely around the building on the third story. My bed was practically out-of-doors, and it caught every breath of air from the harbor. Soft-footed Chinamen in loose breezy tunics and trousers of spotless white flitted in and out of corridors, and waited upon me with the nearest approach to mechanical perfection that I have ever experienced in things of flesh and blood. I had only to clap my hands for a boy to make his appearance. The word "boy" is of Chinese derivation, though it sounds English. It strictly refers to a Chinese military servant or orderly, but has gradually been taken up in the white man's vocabulary to designate male domestic servants, not only of yellow and brown skins in Asia, but blacks as well from Cape Town to Cairo.

For the sake of the statistically minded reader let me note here that in 1897 the highest temperature recorded here in July was 90°; in August, 89°; in September, 91.8°; yet the average for those months was 82° in July; 81° in August, and 81° in September—what we New-Yorkers would devoutly pray for as delightfully cool summer weather. The mean temperature of Hong-kong in January (1897) was 63°; in February, 54°; in December, 61°. The averages fluctuate between 68° in winter and 76° in summer—a very small average range; yet in Hong-kong a calm day is almost unknown. There is a constant sea-breeze acting as a perpetual bracer against the ordinarily weakening effect of high thermometer.

With the sufferings of our volunteers in Manila before my eyes, my chief interest was to see how soldiers could be made comfortable in the tropics, and therefore it was with peculiar pleasure that I accepted the invitation of Major Greene to lunch with him at his regimental mess, which is perched on top of the Peak. The chair-coolies picked me up and carried me along at a walking gait of about four miles an hour, past the recreation-grounds and amidst beautiful shade trees, up and up, finally depositing me at the base of a steam-railway which, by means of a cable, takes passengers from the lower to the higher levels—a sort of shuttling between spring and summer.

As our little observation-car on the Peak Railway climbed up the slopes of this happy island, I felt as though Church's "Heart of the Andes" was revolving about me with no end of cocoanut and palm trees, gorgeous birds, shimmering bits of water, and the fairylike concomitants of a grand transformation scene in a *Robinson Crusoe* pantomime. Far below me the sampans looked like toothpicks, and the men-o'-war like launches. We lost sight of the wharves and warehouses, and our eyes rested on far-away islands rising from the sea in ever-changing combination. Cozy-looking bungalows lent human interest to the land, as did the many junk sails to the far-away waters. The Peak is only 1800 feet high, but that is enough to assure an agreeable breeze at all hours, and to make a light wrap a wise precaution even in summer.

Major Greene had been in Manila with me, and had made a report on the subject to his government, which lies in the archives of the British Intelligence Department, along with another from Tampa by Captain Lee. The barracks I visited are admirably designed for coolness and cleanliness. When the nights are unusually warm there are swinging-fans or punkas, worked by coolies, for Tommy Atkins as well as for his officers. No one will pretend that the British private emanates from a higher social class than the volunteer from Oregon or California, yet in Hong-kong the British warrior was spared much menial labor which in Manila American citizens were forced to perform.

The British private does hard drilling every day, but he does it early in the morning, and is seasonably dressed. He wears a helmet of thick pith which protects the back of his neck and enables him to march in the fiercest sun if necessary. In Manila, in August of 1898, only a few officers had helmets, and only one regiment of volunteers had even straw hats.

The whole garrison at Hong-kong comprises only 1500 white men. In addition there are 1300 native troops from India, and forty-five Chinamen engaged in the submarine mining department. I was told officially that in the previous year

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there had been only eleven deaths amongst the European troops.

The problem which Great Britain has solved at Hong-kong has much in common with what confronts us in Manila. England made her appearance in these waters as the public enemy of China. She has shown that the white man is a terror when he comes with a gun, and a blessing when the shooting is over. The British flag in China is the only flag in the Far East which to-day commands the affection as well as the respect of the native.

England has brought this about by selecting honest and capable men to fill administrative posts in her colonies. For instance, at Hong-kong I met Mr. Stewart Lockhart, who had just returned from a tour through the newly acquired Kowlung territory, some 200 square miles. He speaks Chinese fluently, and has devoted his life to perfecting himself in the language. He entered the public service when young, on a small salary, and has been steadily promoted, until now he is Colonial Secretary, with a handsome salary and the prospect of a long and honorable career. Chinese is a difficult language, and no man will learn it unless offered substantial inducement to do so, but in every British consulate in the Far East there is at least one white man who knows the consular business thoroughly and can scold a Chinese mandarin in his own language. I found only one American consul who had been in office more than one year, and that man, so far from getting a promotion, had had his small salary reduced from $3000 to $2500 per year, and was negotiating with a view to abandoning so thankless a service.

At Hong-kong the needs of the Chinese are carefully studied by officials who know the native customs and language. In the local Council I found two Chinese merchants, and the Governor assured me that they were most useful members of that body, for their advice in native matters enabled the government to avoid many causes of friction. In Hong-kong the white man does not mix socially with the native—at least I never saw a Chinaman at the Club; but in business matters I noticed that the white merchants entertained much respect for their yellow clerks and competitors, not merely because of their shrewdness in trade, but also because of their honesty.

England's policy in dealing with natives is to treat them firmly in essentials, and leniently where that is compatible with the public safety. The Chinaman under the British flag is not constantly reminded, as with us, that he is an inferior. He enters a British court of justice with security, knowing that his case will be heard by a well-paid and carefully selected jurist. Chickens come home to roost, and the injustice we have permitted in the United States to Chinese who have come to our shores has its avenger in the Philippines, where every Chinaman or half-breed now distrusts the American conqueror, and will continue to distrust him until he shall prove by good administration that the Yankee can govern honestly as well as fight bravely.

One fine day I paddled across the harbor to visit the vast establishment belonging to the Hong-kong and Whampoa Dock Company. Our Philippine fleet was enjoying the hospitality of this concern, one ship at a time. Vessels can dock here at much smaller cost than in either England or America. There are six granite docks, and along the waterfront a ship drawing twenty-four feet can be made fast while being operated on with a pair of shears capable of lifting seventy tons. It was high-water, and I aimed for the biggest of these docks, one capable of taking a ship 550 feet long and drawing thirty feet. Mr. Cooke, the assistant manager, kindly showed me some of the more interesting features of the place.

What struck me most, after all, was not that English capital and intelligence had established here a dock capable of berthing (with few exceptions) the largest steamers. That might have been expected of a nation whose trade and shipping in these waters are so great. But it was notable that in these docks not more than one per cent. of the people employed were white. The Chinaman has been so well educated at the expense of the British tax-payer that to-day, in the chief ship-building yard of the East, he is capable of filling nearly every position, from hammering off paint to manipulating the great hammer under which a shaft is forged. On the occasion of my visit I counted twenty-five vessels of different sizes in process of construction, nearly all of them, so far as I recall, of iron or composite. Machine-shops containing all the improvements known to

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England or America were in operation, apparently under exclusively Chinese control.

The men were receiving, I was told, wages ranging from 25 cents to half a dollar in gold a day, and there was no trouble in getting all the labor that was needed. Here, as everywhere, I heard that Chinamen are excellent workmen, so far as steadiness and industry are concerned. But Mr. Cooke did not seem to fear that they would in the near future displace the white mechanic. They work, it is true, for little money, but in these yards, at least, the Chinaman has his limits as regards machinery, and cannot do as much in a day's work as his more highly paid and better fed competitor in England, to say nothing of the United States. I asked if Chinamen showed any aptitude for invention, and was told they did not; their peculiar value lay in the repetition of the same sort of work day in, day out, without apparently any desire to change.

Industrially, Hong-kong is educating the new generation of Chinamen. The last official report (1898) on the colony mentioned 55 steam-launches, all built in the colony; 7 manufactories of mineral waters, 80 boat-building yards, 6 feather factories, 2 fire-cracker factories, 9 furnaces, 37 furniture factories, 12 for preserved ginger, 13 glass-works, 95 iron-ware shops, 12 iron foundries, 17 hand-wagon manufactories, 4 match factories, 19 matting factories, 20 oar-making shops, 30 rope and sail works, 7 soap factories, 4 sugar refineries, 7 tanneries, 21 tin-ware makers, 33 tobacco factories, and many more—most of them owned and operated by Chinese capital and labor—competing directly with the white man's work. At the same time the average rate of wages was, for Chinese domestic servants in Chinese employ, from $12 to $48 per year, with board and lodging. But remember that the silver dollar in China is worth less than 50 cents gold. Chinese servants in the service of white people received from $48 to $180 per annum—or from $2 to $7 a month (gold). Chinese workmen in trade got $48 (silver) per month. Blacksmiths and fitters earned from 35 cents to $1 50 per day (in silver). Carpenters and joiners, from 30 to 75 cents; masons and bricklayers, from 20 to 40; laborers, from 20 cents to $1 (silver) per day. And yet many employers in China complain to me that Chinese "cheap" labor is a delusion. They would rather pay more and get better work.

In the slums of Hong-kong nearly a quarter-million Chinese are crowded together in a manner that makes proper sanitation difficult to even the most honest administration. By rights the city should be a very wicked place, for it is a free port to which all in search of money or liberty can make their way with great facility from Canton, the most turbulent of Chinese cities. One night at ten o'clock I paddled ashore from H.M.S. *Blenheim*, and found awaiting me in the shadow of a neighboring building the chief detective-inspector, Mr. Hanson, whose very title inspired me with mysterious awe. With him were two Chinamen, whose only weapons were fans. They were detectives in plain clothes. We walked away from the European section of the town, and in a short while came to streets where the click of the banjo or samsim began to be heard in the upper stories, telling us that hereabouts people came for social distraction, if not improvement. These were mostly eating-houses, where simpering little Chinese girls went in and out, furnishing alleged entertainment to those in need of it. There was throughout our journey considerable odor of the kind peculiar to all Chinese streets—after Peking it seemed fragrant enough. My friends had warned me to irrigate myself with disinfectants before entering Chinatown, and purify myself anew before reappearing. Their fears proved groundless, though it was Saturday night, when slums are slummiest.

In the great Chinese theatre my first difficulty was to know which was the stage and which the audience; for each part of the house appeared to be equally accessible to spectators, much in the manner of a political convention. We took our places on the stage and watched a section of a highly stimulating historic drama, in which a noted robber is the funny man, and in which two mandarins escape by springing into a sampan and being sculled ashore. Here, as on the stage of Japan, much is left to the imagination. The mandarins really walk off the stage in full view of both audiences, while behind them glides a sampan-coolie apparently boring holes into the boards. His movement simulates the act of sculling, and that suffices in lieu of complicated stage-carpentering and a jerky

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property boat. All acting is founded on convention, and the Mongolian finds conventional movements highly economical and effective. For instance, at this performance a mandarin completely put to rout the brigand who sought his life. No money is here wasted on costly swords, nor is any risk incurred as to torn clothing. The mandarin tapped the brigand with his fan. That was enough. The miscreant promptly crouched backward, stood for a moment on his head, turned a back somersault with facility, and limped from the stage in a manner indicating that he was completely routed, and badly wounded into the bargain. This battle was much applauded. The play was evidently popular, for the audience laughed frequently. It was worth slumming it in Hong-kong if only to see a few laughing faces.

At eleven o'clock the theatre was out, and we looked into an opium-smoking place, where happy Chinese were reclining on broad flat mats arranged like berths on a steamer, one above the other. There is no law against opium-smoking. The houses are all under state control, and are perfectly clean and respectable.

Farther on there was a "Joss pidgin," or religious service, going on in a building open to the street, and we went in and stood by the four officiating priests while our Chinese detectives explained the situation. The priests were not strict Buddhists, for their heads were not wholly shaved—they had just enough hair left to braid a queue. They wore yellow robes, and were called Taoists. The service was a series of invocations calculated to drive away the evil spirits from those who had subscribed to this particular office. It would have been a strange devil to stand up against that music. One bonze struck a gong, another a sort of triangle, another made a xylophone noise on a little Joss, another played a flute, and still another had a clarinet which sounded as though it had a crack in it. At first I thought that these priests might object to our entering familiarly into their sacred precinct, but I was mistaken. The whole "Joss pidgin" was paid for beforehand, and they had to go through with it anyway, whether there was a congregation there or not. There were several candles and little Joss-sticks burning, and behind the chief priest was an altar. Also a bell tinkled at intervals, and the whole service, with its incantation and responses, recalled some of the outward features of a Roman Catholic mass. People from the street stopped for a time and then went on, much as they might at an open-air service of the Salvation Army. I suppose they were subscribers to the "Joss-pidgin" fund, and wanted to know now and then if they were getting their money's worth. The service had something to do with the feast of the Seventh Moon, and had for its motive the same sort of object aimed at by the Russian priests, who periodically pass about a city, sprinkling the streets with holy water, in the belief that they are preventing the plague.

I saw one drunken Chinaman only. I saw what we call the "disorderly" part of the town, yet throughout this quarter there was cleanliness and outward decency. All this I saw in a city where 235,000 Chinamen enjoy a liberty beyond anything they can experience in their own country, and where the standard of morality should be very low, because few of the natives have wives with them.

One day the commander of the Hong-kong naval station, Commodore Holland, took me to visit the walled city of Kow-lung, which lies within the territory recently ceded by China to Great Britain, and is specially reserved as Chinese territory through the influence of the mandarins, who derive an income from the place. It could not have been more than five miles from Hong-kong that our steam-launch turned into a big shallow cove surrounded by rocky mountains, at the end of which was the gray walled town.* The moment we were in near enough to distinguish objects ashore, I felt the influence of bad administration—rubbish about the landing-place, tumble-down buildings, neglected walls. A few native junks lay at anchor in the cove, and on the end of a stone pier some fishermen were lifting fish-nets up and down. A few children, mostly with sore eyes, looked at us indifferently as we walked towards the town, where a Chinese flag

* The total area of Hong-kong colony, including Kow-lung and Stone-Cutters Island, was in 1897 estimated officially as only 20,000 acres—less than some Western farms. Of this only 810 acres were cultivated—or, rather, capable of cultivation. On June 9, 1898, the colony was extended by incorporating land about Kow-lung, to the great satisfaction of the Chinese population. The new Hong-kong has an area of about 200 square miles—about the same area as Kiao-chau.

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warned us that there was a custom-house. But in China the customs service is one of civilization, for it is under the control of Sir Robert Hart. There was a lone European in charge, who kindly furnished us with a guide to see the famous cave at the top of a hill, where something very sacred happened many thousands of years ago.

While the commodore was in conversation over the antiquities of the neighborhood, I walked out into the back yard to watch the drilling of some coast-guard soldiers, who wore conical hats like the shells of limpets, native slippers, and a tunic buttoned up in European fashion. They had each a modern carbine, but in a rack hard by was a collection of pikes and tridents for use in case ammunition ran short. The recruits were not well set up, in our sense. They had the round-shouldered stoop common to the average Chinese laborer, and went through the manual with as little expression as the human face is capable of. The drill-sergeant was a Chinaman in white tunic and blue baggy trousers, who gave his orders in Chinese, and appeared no more of a soldier than the rest. The dress of the men was very gaudy, suggestive of something in the circus, though I cannot now remember the details of it, beyond that there were red and blue in it.

We were piloted through a great many lanes so narrow that it was not easy for more than two people to pass at the same time, particularly if either of them was carrying a parcel. On either side of these narrow passages were houses whose lower story consisted usually of an open shop, where squatted half a dozen Chinamen at work. In front of these shops ran, or rather stood, a stream of black oozy matter representing the accumulated draining of weeks, if not years. Here was gathered together all the household filth, under the noses of the men, women, and children, who ate and slept in the midst of it. High overhead were the poles marking the dwellings of the two mandarins, who did not wish this city to be cleansed on the English plan. I do not believe the Chinaman loves filth for its own sake; he is in dress and appearance a very clean person, and the manner in which he crowds into Hong-kong shows that he appreciates the benefits of good government. There are mandarins there who are handsomely paid to keep the city clean, but they find it more to their advantage to put the money into their pockets. We passed many surly dogs in Kow-lung — dogs of Esquimau appearance, with stiff hair and sharp noses, who sniffed and snarled, but seemed too much discouraged by their diet to do any real biting.

The town wall is about ten feet thick, and we climbed on top for the sake of the view. Pieces of antiquated artillery lay here and there, covered with Chinese inscriptions calculated to strike terror into the enemy's heart. Here was China indeed—the same dirty, ignorant China I had known in Manchuria and Shan-tung. There is a monotony about it, whether you study a bit of the Great Wall far in the north, or a village at the extreme south in the very shadow of a British colony.

Below us, on the way from Kow-lung to Hong-kong, was a Joss-house, which from our point of view seemed very picturesque, for it was half hidden in a grove of trees. We scrambled down the mountain, to the huge disgust of our carefully dressed clerical guide, and were soon saying chin-chin to a Buddhist bonze, whose feelings were divided between his natural hatred of the foreigner and his equally natural love of a piece of money. He was naked except for his breech-cloth, and had a certain professional cadence which everywhere belongs to those who have the cure of souls. This bonze showed us the altar, front and rear. There were two Josses here, one gifted with power of healing, and the other useful to those about to undertake a journey afloat. It was the sort of chapel that reminded me of the good peasants in Upper Austria and Bavaria. This bonze had a great respect for his Josses; he lit a lamp taper that was stuck in an iron bowl full of grease or vegetable oil—just the sort of lamp that I have seen in Spanish posadas; and by this light he expatiated on the virtues of his Josses—perhaps for the benefit of our Christianized boatswain. There were cobwebs about the walls and ceiling, but the furniture in general was kept pretty clean. Beside the chapel was a sort of reception-room, where he asked us to sit down and have a cup of tea; but we declined on the plea that it was already late. In this room was a collection of pikes and warlike pitchforks, much more gaudy than those at the custom-

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house. These, said the bonze, were for a guard of honor on great feast-days when people came to worship this particular Joss.

All things Chinese are connected with Joss — Joss pidgin — "church business," as we might say. If a junk is afraid of the sea, he starts off a counterfeit model junk of wood or paper. The devil is expected to mistake this junk for the real one, to seize it, drag it to the bottom, and then the real one is spared. That is Joss pidgin, and costs a little money only.

I am very grateful to Commodore Holland for having suggested a visit to a Roman Catholic missionary establishment. One cloudless blistering morning, when the sun seemed struggling to bore a hole into the middle of my back, my jinrikisha-coolies trotted me gayly along past the Royal Engineers' barracks, and by an enclosure where big swarthy men in red turbans—troops from the hills of British India—were drilling in the barrack-yard, to a clerical sort of building, over the door of which was cut in stone, *Asile de la Sainte Enfance.* Anything to do with little children is worth looking into, and whenever I am in a strange port and have nowhere to go, I always try to pay a visit to some kind of crèche, or foundling-hospital. Here I was at first discouraged because the bell-handle was missing, and there was a little iron grating across an aperture in the door not much bigger than my fist. However, I rapped hard, while a hundred coolies stood watching me with some curiosity, for the superstition is not yet wholly eradicated that missionaries use Chinese foundlings for devilish ends.

A sweet little Chinese face came to the iron wicket and peered at me for a moment. Then a lock turned, a bolt was drawn, and the heavy door swung open. The little Chinese girl said nothing to me, and of course I said nothing in reply; but after securing the heavy door again she smiled at me approvingly, and pattered ahead, after the manner of little girls who expect to be followed. I went in her wake, and she soon led me amidst massive stone cloisters to a reception-room, decorated with portraits of Europeans who were no doubt saints. At the Jesuit mission near Shanghai I had seen white saints dressed up like mandarins; but no such tribute was paid here to local prejudice. It seems odd at first to see a picture of our Saviour in the dress of a Chinaman, yet to the native, no doubt, it appears correct.

Soon the Mother Superior of the institution came in—a French lady—who welcomed me with a pleasant smile, and asked if I were a Catholic. I said no, but added that I was not very strong in matters of theology anyway; I was a wandering Yankee, and wanted to see what she was doing for the babies. She expressed herself pleased at this, for, to put it in her way, the opinion she thought most of was that of the hostile critic. And as a heretic I came, of course, to speak ill of the true faith!

So we started on our tour, and first of all I insisted on seeing the things that usually are dirty — the water-closets, sinks, bathing-places, kitchen, and sleeping-quarters. I found these in good condition, more so than the barracks of the regiment up on the hill.

Every day, said Mother Félicie, come nine or ten little foundlings to the door of the "Asile"—wretched little morsels of mortality—momentary midgets—nothing more. They are often dead before they can be bathed and placed in a little cot. They come full of disease, and their little struggles to live are too sad for words. I was shown a room full of tiny cribs, in each a wee baby. One or two might have been sleeping. The rest were dying, with little pathetic gasps, their helpless little eyes turned glassily to the light, and their little baby hands moving by instinct in search of a mother's breast. I could not stand much of this, though Mère Félicie, who has been twenty-nine years here, read the state of each case with the professional eye, and calculated almost to an hour the life there was in each little crib.

This "Asile" has been here nearly fifty years, and in that time some 32,000 have been treated in one way or another. The Mother Superior told me that only about one in ten of her foundlings grew up, and that in most cases they had difficulty in baptizing them before they died. But she gave me to understand that those who did grow up and leave the institution remained good Christians, and cherished gratitude towards the mission. I was officially told that in the year 1897 the number of persons baptized in Hongkong was 2103, of whom 1777 were native foundlings picked up by Roman

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IN THE GARDEN OF THE "ASILE DE LA SAINTE ENFANCE."

Catholic missionaries. This leaves only 326 baptisms that may be regarded as statistically normal—a rather small number for a total population of nearly a quarter of a million.

Then Mère Félicie took me to see the children who had survived. In most cases it was, if anything, more depressing than the sight of the little dying ones. Very few looked strong; many were ob-

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viously of tainted blood. Many had defective eyes, and a roomful was made up of the blind. The social statist could not but ask why, when China has already so many millions of people, Europeans should come here to help keep alive those who can never hope to be other than a burden upon their families, the state, or themselves. However, that did not diminish my admiration for Mère Félicie. She showed me little girls four years old making lace and doing all sorts of needle-work, which I could not fully appreciate. Blind girls were not merely making patch-work, but were actually darning stockings—a thing I have found impossible even with eyes open. Then I saw a blind Chinese woman thread her needle all by herself by means of her tongue. I could hardly believe my eyes.

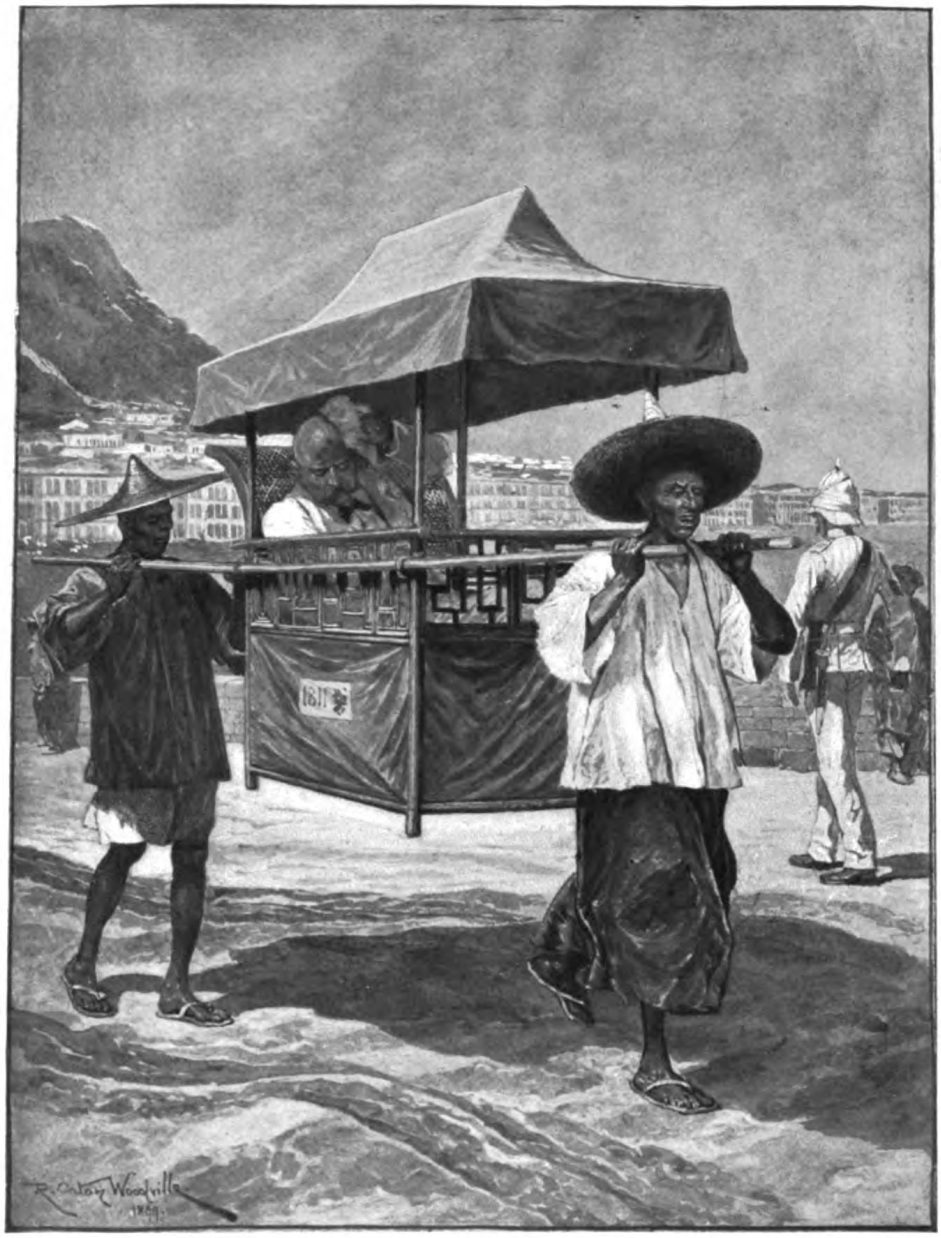
This mission is supported, I was told, by the contribution of one cent a month by little girls all over France. This produces a revenue of some twenty-odd thousand francs; the remainder of what is needed the mission has to raise itself by selling the work made by the little foundlings. "Just fancy," exclaimed the sweet Mother Félicie to me, "quatre piastres par jour que nous payons seul pour le riz." I of course expressed sympathy, though four dollars a day for rice enough to feed three hundred healthy orphans seemed getting pretty close to bed-rock. Nothing is taught here beyond needle-work and the usual three R's; nor could I learn that in Hong-kong any of the mission schools gave mechanical instruction. The machine-shop is the most effective missionary, however, in spite of Mother Félicie and all the other soft-hearted saints who give their heart and life-blood for the sake of saving souls. Good-by to the "Sainte Enfance," and once more out into the broiling sun, and to the forges and furnaces where yellow machinists are showing what they have learned from the white man.

In China to-day I find a competition little dreamed of when I first visited the country in 1876. Of course it must be borne in mind that the advantage enjoyed by the Hong-kong machinist in the matter of cheap labor is largely offset by the fact that his iron and steel have to pay much freight between the time they leave England and the time they are treated by a Chinaman. As it is, the profit is not very great. The only craft he builds to any extent is of that small tonnage that would be endangered by a long voyage out from the home port. I saw none but English-made machinery in the shops, although I was shown three copies of American tools that were doing excellent work. But I saw plenty of Yankee machinery when Mr. C. A. Tomes took me to see his rope-making establishment, which is managed by an American who has lived most of his life in Hong-kong. Here I was shown a hundred or more machines made in Massachusetts, turning out I forget how many millions of pounds or tons of beautiful Manila rope, ranging from ten inches in circumference to signal halyards. Here was all this high-priced and most complicated plant ministered to by operatives earning, I was told, less than ten American cents a day. And, furthermore, if at any time the factory chooses to shut down for a few days, the whole force of work-people is simply given a few hours' notice, whereupon it goes home until wanted again, and no grumbling.

I saw at Hong-kong the first matting factory ever attempted. Its machinery is kept secret, for the factory was started in 1898, and in the absence of patent rights in these waters, the owners (an Anglo-American house) fear that the enterprising Japanese might be tempted to copy the machinery and set up a rival establishment somewhere else. Hitherto matting has been made only by hand, and mainly in Canton. It is indeed carrying the war into the enemy's country when an American comes out to China, settles himself at the gates of her commercial metropolis, and starts in to undersell the native in his own specialty of Canton matting. And he does this by inventing for this very purpose a most costly and complicated assortment of machines, all made in Massachusetts by men who would think themselves ill-treated if they did not receive at least three gold dollars a day.

These machines are now being run by girls, who consider themselves well paid with seven cents of American gold—and even this is only on a day to day engagement. I never saw a tidier lot of factory operatives than the lot that chatted about in groups and wagged their little chop-sticks as they took the noon-time meal at the gates of this factory. They bought each her own supply of food from itin-

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ON THE WAY HOME FROM BUSINESS.

erant restaurateurs, and ate it as daintily as though it had been provided from the Club. I could not help trying to calculate how many square meals a factory girl in Massachusetts would be able to purchase on a salary of seven cents a day. These Chinese girls were all well dressed. Their hair was very tidily arranged. Their pretty little feet were bare, and, I am happy to say, of natural and very harmonious shape.

But these girls are mighty missionaries in their little way. They come from Chinese cities where the people regard the white man as a devil. They earn wages which to them seem generous. They are well treated. They experience justice for the first time in their lives; and when they return to their people they bear more satisfactory evidence touching the character of the white man than a regiment of professional preachers. The leaven is

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GYMKHANA SPORTS AT THE HONG-KONG RACES.

small compared to the lump of China—but there are signs of its working to-day.

Commodore, now Admiral, Holland took me one afternoon through the government shops where repairs for the navy were being carried out. Here, as at the private yards of the Hong-kong and Whampoa Dock Company, some two thousand Chinamen were working every manner of modern machinery employed in the fitting out of war-ships. The presence of a white man was hardly felt. The men only work eight hours a day, and are of course paid extra for over-time. This makes their wages higher than in private yards, but not very much.

That night I went through the industrial portion of the town after ten o'clock. I passed a Chinese machine-shop working away full blast. Junks were being loaded and unloaded with great energy, and as to the shops where small things were manufactured and sold, it was all like the Bowery of a Saturday night. No doubt many of those whom I saw in the machine-shops were such as had already been paid for a full eight-hour day's work in the government navy-yard.

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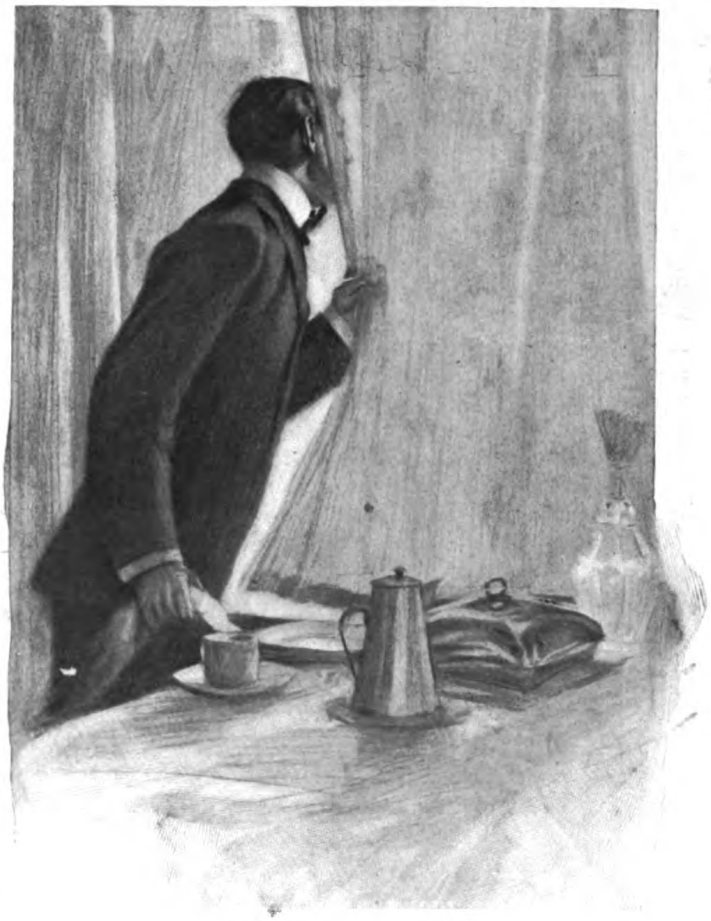
THE PURSUIT OF THE PIANO

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I.

HAMILTON GAITES sat breakfasting by the window of a restaurant looking out on Park Square, in Boston, at a table which he had chosen after rejecting one on the Boylston Street side of the place because it was too noisy, and another in the little open space, among evergreens in tubs, between the front and rear, because it was too chilly. The wind was east, but at his Park Square window it tempered the summer morning air without being a draught; and he poured out his coffee with a content in his circumstance and provision which he was apt to feel when he had taken all the possible pains, even though the result was not perfect. But now, he had real French bread, as good as he could have got in New York, and the coffee was clear and bright. A growth of crisp green water-cress embowered a juicy steak, and in its shade, as it were, lay two long slices of bacon, not stupidly broiled to a crisp, but delicately pink, and exemplarily lean. Gaites had already had a cantaloupe, whose spicy fragrance lingered in the air, and mingled with the robuster odors of the coffee, the steak, and the bacon.

He owned to being a fuss, but he contended that he was a cheerful fuss, and when things went reasonably well with him, he was so. They were going well with him now, not only in the small but in the large way. He was sitting there before that capital breakfast in less than half an hour after leaving the sleeping-car,



"HE HAD AN ALERT MOVEMENT."

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where he had passed a very good night, and he was setting out on his vacation, after very successful work in the June term of court. He was in prime health; he had a good conscience in leaving no interests behind him that could suffer in his absence; and the smile that he bent upon the Italian waiter as he retired, after putting down the breakfast, had some elements of a benediction.

There was a good deal of Gaites's smile, when it was all on: he had a generous mouth, full of handsome teeth, very white and even, which all showed in his smile. His whole face took part in the smile, and it was a charming face, long and rather quaintly narrow, of an amiable aquilinity, and clean-shaven. His figure, tall and thin, comported well with his style of visage, and at a given moment, when he suddenly rose and leaned from the window, eagerly following something outside with his eye, he had an alert movement that was very pleasant.

The thing outside which had caught, and which now kept his eye as long as he could see it, was a case of the shape of an upright piano, on the end of a long, heavy-laden truck, making its way with a slow, jolting progress among the carts, carriages, and street cars, out of the square round the corner toward Boylston Street. On the sloping front of the case was inscribed an address, which seemed to gaze at Gaites with the eyes of the girl whom it named and placed, and to whom in the young man's willing fancy it attributed a charming quality. Nothing, he felt, could be more suggestive, more expressive of something shy, something proud, something pure, something pastoral yet patrician, something unaffected and yet *chic*, in an unknown personality than the legend:

MISS PHYLLIS DESMOND,
LOWER MERRITT,
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Via S. B. & H. C. R. R.

Like most lawyers, he had a vein of romance, and this now opened in pleasing conjectures concerning the girl. He knew just where Lower Merritt was, and so well what it was like that a vision of its white paint against the dark green curtain of the wooded heights around it filled his sense as agreeably as so much white marble. There was the cottage of some summer people well above the village level, among pines and birches, and overlooking the foamiest rush of the Saco, to which he instantly destined the piano of Phyllis Desmond. He had never known that these people's name was Desmond, and he had certainly never supposed that they had a daughter called Phyllis; but he divined these facts in losing sight of the truck; and he imagined with as logical probability that one of the little girls whom he used to see playing on the hill-slope before the cottage had grown up into the young lady whose name the piano bore. There was quite time enough for this transformation; it was seven years since Gaites had run up into the White Mountains for a month's rest after his last term in the Harvard Law School, and before beginning work in the office of the law firm in New York where he had got a clerkship, and where he had now a junior partnership. The little girl was then just ten years old, and now, of course, the young lady was seventeen, or would be when the piano reached Lower Merritt, for it was clearly meant to arrive on her birthday; it was a birthday-present and a surprise. He had always liked the way those nice people let their children play about barefooted; it would be in character with them to do a fond, pretty thing like that; and Gaites smiled for pleasure in it. And then rather blushed in relating the brown legs of the little girl, as he remembered seeing them in her races over her father's lawn, to the dignified young lady she had now become.

He amused himself in mentally following the piano on its way to the Sea Board & Hill Country R. R. freight-depot, which he was quite able to do from a habit of Boston formed during his four years in the academic course, and his three years in the law-school at Harvard. He knew that it would cross Boylston into Charles Street, and keep along that level to Cambridge; then it would turn into McLane Street, and again into Lynde, by this means avoiding the grades as much as possible, and arriving through Causeway Street at the long low freight-depot of the S. B. & H. C., where it would be the first thing unloaded from the truck. It would stand indefinitely on the outer platform; and then, when the men in flat, narrow-peaked silk caps and grease-splotched overalls got round to it, with an air of as much personal indifference as if they were mere mechanical agencies,

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it would be pulled and pushed into the dimness of the interior, cool, and pleasantly smelling of pine, and hemp, and flour, and dried fruit, and coffee, and tar, and leather, and fish. There it would abide, indefinitely again, till in the same large impersonal way it was pulled and pushed out on the platform beside the track, where a freight-car marked for the Hill Country division of the road, with devices intelligible to the train-men, had been shunted down by a pony-engine in obedience to mystical semaphoric gesticulations, from the brakeman risking his life for the purpose among the rails, addressed to the engineer keeping his hand on the pulse of the locomotive, and his head out of the cab window to see how near he could come to killing the brakeman without doing it.

Gaites witnessed the whole drama with an interest that held him suspended between the gulps and morsels of his breakfast, and at times quite arrested the processes of mastication and deglutition. That pretty girl's name on the slope of the piano-case continued to look at him from the end of the truck; it smiled at him from the outer platform of the freight-house; it entreated him with a charming trepidation from the dim interior; again it smiled on the inner platform; and then, from the safety of the car, where the case found itself ensconced among freight of a neat and agreeable character, the name had the effect of intrepidly blowing him a kiss, as the train-man slid the car doors together and fastened them. He drew a long breath when the train had backed and bumped down to the car, and the couplers had clashed together, and the maniac, who had not been mashed in dropping the coupling-pin into its socket, scrambled out from the wheels, and frantically worked his arms to the potential homicide in the locomotive cab, and the train had jolted forward on the beginning of its run.

That was the last of the piano, and Gaites threw it off his mind, and finished his breakfast at his leisure. He was going to spend his vacation at Kent Harbor, where he knew some agreeable people, and where he knew that a young man had many chances of a good time, even if he were not the youngest kind of young man. He had spent two of his Harvard vacations there, and he knew this at first hand. He could not and did not expect to do so much two-ing on the rocks and up the river as he used; the zest of that sort of thing was past, rather; but he had brought his golf stockings with him, and a quiverful of the utensils of the game, in obedience to a lady who had said there were golf links at Kent, and she knew a young lady who would teach him to play.

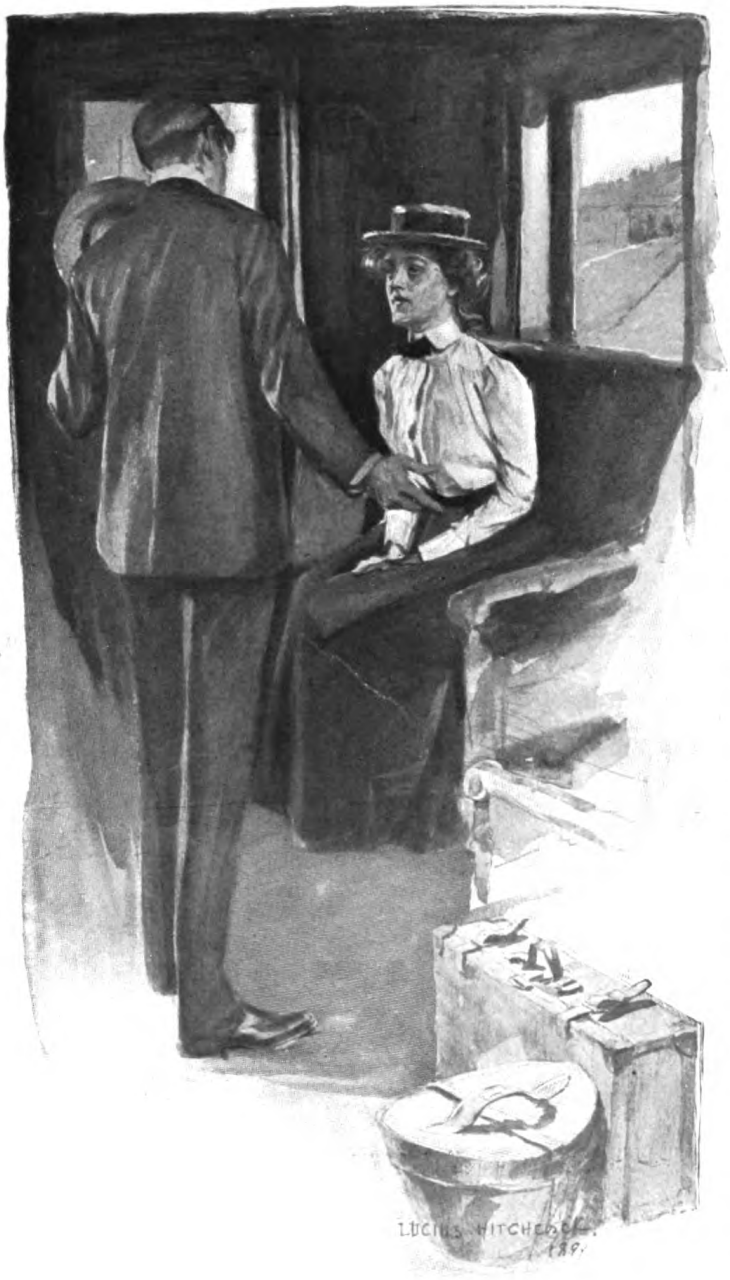
He was going to stop off at Burymouth, to see a friend, an old Harvard man, and a mighty good fellow, who had rather surprised people by giving up New York, and settling in the gentle old town on the Piscataniac. They accounted for it as well as they could by his having married a Burymouth girl; and since he had begun, most unexpectedly, to come forward in literature, such of his friends as had seen him there said it was just the place for him. Gaites had not yet seen him there, and he had a romantic curiosity, the survival of an intensified friendship of their Senior year, to do so. He got to thinking of this good fellow rather vividly, when he had cleared his mind of Miss Desmond's piano, and he did not see why he should not take an earlier train to Burymouth than he had intended to take, and so he had them call him a coupé from the restaurant, and he got into it as soon as he left the breakfast table.

He gave the driver the authoritative address, "Sea Board Depot," and left him to take his own way, after resisting a rather silly impulse to bid him go through Charles Street.

The man drove up Beacon, and down Temple through Staniford, and naturally Gaites saw nothing of Miss Desmond's piano, which had come into his mind again in starting. He did not know the colonnaded structure, with its stately porte cochère, where his driver proposed to leave him, instead of the formless brick box which he remembered as the Sea Board Depot, and he insisted upon that when the fellow got down to open the door.

"Ain't no Sibbod Dippo, now," the driver explained contemptuously. "Guess Union Dippo'll do, though;" and Gaites, a little overcome with its splendor, found that it would. He faltered a moment in passing the conductor and porter at the end of the Pullman car on his train, and then decided that it would be ridiculous to take a seat in it for the short run to Burymouth. In the common coach he got a very good seat on the shady side, where he put down his hand-bag. Then

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"WON'T YOU TAKE MY SEAT?"

he looked at his watch, and as it was still fifteen minutes before train-time, he indulged a fantastic impulse. He left the car and hurried back through the station and out through the electrics, hacks, herdics, carts, and string-teams of Causeway Street, and up the sidewalk of the street opening into it, as far as the S. B. & H. C. freight-depot. On the way he bet himself five dollars that Miss Desmond's piano would not be there, and lost; for at the moment he came up it was unloading from the end of the truck which he had seen carrying it past the window of his restaurant.

The fact amused him quite beyond the measure of anything intrinsically humorous in it, and he staid watching the exertions of the heated truckman and two silk-capped, sarcastic-faced freight-men, till the piano was well on the platform. He was so intent upon it that his interest seemed to communicate itself to a young girl coming from the other quarter, with a suburban, cloth-sided, crewel-initialled bag in her hand, as if she were going to a train. She paused in the stare she gave the piano-case, and then slowed her pace with a look over her shoulder after she got by. In this her eyes met his, and she blushed and hurried on; but not so soon that he had not time to see she had a thin face of a pathetic prettiness, gentle brown eyes with wistful brows, under ordinary brown hair. She was rather little, and was dressed with a sort of unaccented propriety, which was as far from distinction as it was from pretension.

When Gaites got back to his car, a few minutes before the train was to start, he found the seat where he had left his hand-bag and light overcoat more than half

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full of a bulky lady, who looked stupidly up at him, and did not move or attempt any excuse for crowding him from his place. He had to walk the whole length of the car before he came to a vacant seat. It was the last of the transverse seats, and at the moment he dropped into it, the girl who had watched the unloading of the piano with him passed him, and took the sidewise seat next the door.

She took it with a kind of weary resignation which somehow made Gaites ashamed of the greedy haste with which he had pushed forward to reserve the only good place, and he felt as guilty of keeping her out of it as if he had known she was following him. He involuntarily kept a remorseful eye upon her as she arranged her bag and umbrella about her, with some paper parcels which she must have had sent to her at the station. She breathed quickly, as if from final hurry, but somewhat also as if she were a delicate person; and she tried to look as if she did not know he was watching her. She had taken off one of her gloves, and her hand, though little enough, showed an unexpected strength with reference to her face and figure, and had a curious air of education.

When the train pulled out of the station into the clearer light, she turned her face from him toward the forward window, and the corner of her mouth, which her half-averted profile gave him, had a kind of piteous droop which smote him to keener regret. Once it lifted in an upward curve, and a gay light came into the corner of her eye; then the mouth drooped again, and the light went out.

Gaites could bear it no longer; he rose and said, with a respectful bow: "Won't you take my seat? That seems such a very inconvenient place for you, with the door opening and shutting."

The girl turned her face promptly round and up, and answered, with a flush in her thin cheek, but no embarrassment in her tone, "No, I thank you. This will do quite well," and then she turned her face away as before.

He had not meant his politeness for an overture to her acquaintance, but he felt as justly snubbed as if he had; and he sank back into his seat in some disorder. He tried to hide his confusion behind the newspaper he opened between them; but from time to time he had a glimpse of her round the side of it, and he saw that the hand which clutched her bag all the while, tightened upon it and then loosened nervously.

II.

"Ah, I see what you mean," said Gaites, with a kind of finality, as his friend Birkwall walked him homeward through the loveliest of the lovely old Burymouth streets. Something equivalent had been in his mind and on his tongue at every dramatic instant of the afternoon; and in fact ever since he had arrived from the station at Birkwall's door, where Mrs. Birkwall met them and welcomed him. He had been sufficiently impressed with the aristocratic quiet of the vast square white old wooden house, standing behind a high white board fence, in two acres of gardened ground; but the fine hallway with its broad low stairway, the stately drawing-room with its carving, the library with its panelling and portraits, and the dining-room with its tall wainscoting, united to give him a sense of the pride of life in old Burymouth such as the raw splendors of the millionaire houses in New York had never imparted to him.

"They knew how to do it, they knew how to do it!" he exclaimed, meaning the people who had such houses built; and he said the same thing of the other Burymouth houses which Birkwall showed him, by grace of their owners, after the mid-day dinner which Gaites kept calling luncheon.

"Be sure you get back in good time for *tea*," said Mrs. Birkwall for a parting charge to her husband; and she bade Gaites, "Remember it *is* tea, please; *not* dinner;" and he was tempted to kiss his hand to her with as much courtly gallantry as he could; for, standing under the transom of the slender-pillared portal to watch them away, she looked most distinctly descended from ancestors, and not merely the daughter of a father and mother, as most women do. Gaites said as much to Birkwall, and when they got home Birkwall repeated it to his wife, without injuring Gaites with her. If he saw what Birkwall had meant in marrying her, and settling down to his literary life with her in the atmosphere of such a quiet place as Burymouth, when he might have chosen money and unrest in New York, she on her side saw what her husband meant in liking the shrewd, able fellow who had such a vein of gay

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romance in his practicality, and such an intelligent and respectful sympathy with her tradition and environment.

She sent and asked several of her friends to meet him at tea; and if in that New England disproportion of the sexes which at Burymouth is intensified almost to a pure gynocracy these friends were nearly all women, he found them even more agreeable than if they had been nearly all men. It seemed to him that he had never heard better talk than that of these sequestered ladies, who were so well bred and so well read, so humorous and so dignified, who loved to laugh, and who loved to think. It was all like something in a pleasant book, and Gaites was not altogether to blame if it went to his head, and after the talk had been of Burymouth, in which he professed so acceptable an interest, and then of novels, of which he had read about as many as they, he confided to the whole table his experience with Miss Phyllis Desmond's piano. He managed the psychology of the little incident so well that he imparted the very quality he meant them to feel in it.

"How perfectly charming!" said one of the ladies. "I don't wonder you fell in love with the name. It's fit for a shepherdess of high degree."

"If *I* were a man," said the girl across the table, who was not less sweetly a girl because she would never see thirty-nine again, "I should simply drop everything and follow that piano to Phyllis Desmond's door."

"It's quite what I should like to do," Gaites responded, with a well-affected air of passionate regret. "But I'm promised at Kent Harbor—"

She did not wait for him to say more, but submitted, "Oh, well, if you're going to Kent *Harbor*, of course!" as if that would excuse and explain any sort of dereliction; and then the talk went on about Kent Harbor till Mrs. Birkwall asked, generally, as if it were part of the Kent Harbor inquiry, "Didn't I hear that the Ashwoods were going to their place at Upper Merritt, this year?"

Then there arose a dispute, which divided the company into nearly equal parties, as to whether the Ashwoods had got home from Europe yet. But it all ended in bringing the talk back to Phyllis Desmond's piano again, and in urging its pursuit upon Gaites, as something he owed to romance; at least he ought to do it for their sake, for now they should all be upon pins and needles till they knew who she was, and what she *could* be doing at Lower Merritt, N. H.

At one time he had it on his tongue to say that there seemed to be something like infection in his interest in that piano, and he was going to speak of the young girl who seemed to share it, simply because she saw him staring at it, and who faltered so long with him before the freight-depot that she came near getting no seat in the train for Burymouth. But just at that moment the dispute about the Ashwoods renewed itself upon some fresh evidence which one of the ladies recollected and offered; and Gaites's chance passed. When it came again he had no longer the wish to seize it. A lingering soreness from his experience with that young girl made itself felt in his nether consciousness. He forbore the more easily because, mixed with this pain, was a certain insecurity as to her quality which he was afraid might impart itself to those patrician presences at the table. They would be nice, and they would be appreciative,—but would they feel that she was a lady, exactly, when he owned to the somewhat poverty-stricken simplicity of her dress in some details, more especially her thread gloves, which he could not consistently make kid? He was all the more bound to keep her from slight because he felt a little, a very little ashamed of her.

He woke next morning in a wide, low, square chamber to the singing of robins in the garden, from which at breakfast he had luscious strawberries, and heaped bowls of June roses. When he started for his train, he parted with Mrs. Birkwall as old friends as he was with her husband; and he completed her conquest by running back to her from the gate, and asking with a great air of secrecy, but loud enough for Birkwall to hear, whether she thought she could find him another girl in Burymouth, with just such a house and garden, and exactly like herself in every way.

"Hundreds!" she shouted, and stood a graceful figure between the fluted pillars of the portal, waving her hand to them till they were out of sight behind the corner of the high board fence, over which the garden trees hung caressingly, and brushed Gaites's shoulder in a shy, fond farewell.

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It had all been as nice as it could be, and he said so again and again to Birkwall, who *would* go to the train with him, and who would *not* let him carry his own hand-bag. The good fellow clung hospitably to it, after Gaites had rechecked his trunk for Kent Harbor, and insisted upon carrying it as they walked up and down the platform together at the station. It seemed that the train from Boston which the Kent Harbor train was to connect with was ten minutes late, and after some turns they prolonged their promenade northward as far as the freight-depot, Birkwall in the abstraction of a plot for a novel which he was seizing these last moments to outline to his friend, and Gaites with a secret shame for the hope which was springing in his breast.

On a side track stood a freight-car, from which the customary men in silk caps were pulling the freight, and standing it about loosely on the platform. The car was detached from the parent train, which had gone off somewhere without it, and left it not only orphaned on this siding, but apparently disabled; for Gaites heard the men talking about not having cut it out a minute too soon. One of them called in at the broad low door, to some one inside, "All out?" and a voice from far within responded, "Case here, yet; *I* can't handle it alone."

The others went into the car, and then, with an interval for some heavy bumping and some strong language, they reappeared at the door with the case, which Gaites was by this time not surprised to find inscribed with the name and address of Miss Phyllis Desmond. He remained watching it, while the men got it on the platform, so wholly inattentive to Birkwall's plot that the most besotted young author could not have failed to feel his want of interest. Birkwall then turned his vision outward upon the object which engrossed his friend, and started with an "Oh, hello!" and slapped him on the back.

Gaites nodded in proud assent, and Birkwall went on: "I thought you were faking the name, last night; but I didn't want to give you away. It was the real thing, wasn't it, after all."

"The real thing," said Gaites with his most toothful smile, and he laughed for pleasure in his friend's astonishment.

"Well," Birkwall resumed, "she seems to be following *you* up, old fellow. This will be great for Polly, and for Miss Seaward, who wanted you to follow *her* up; and for all Burymouth, for that matter. Why, Gaites, you'll be the tea-table talk for a week; you'll be married to that girl before you know it. What is the use of flying in the face of Providence? Come! There's time enough to get a ticket, and have your check changed from Kent Harbor to Lower Merritt, and the Hill Country express will be along here at nine o'clock. You can't let that poor thing start off on her travels alone again!"

Gaites flushed in a joyful confusion, and put the joke by as well as he could. But he was beginning to feel it not altogether a joke; it had acquired an element of mystery, of fatality, which flattered while it awed him; and he could not be easy till he had asked one of the freight-handlers what had happened to the car. He got an answer—flung over the man's shoulder—which seemed willing enough, but was wholly unintelligible in the clang and clatter of a passenger-train which came pulling in from the southward.

"Here's the Hill Country express now!" said Birkwall. "You won't change your mind? Well, your Kent Harbor train backs down after this goes out. Don't worry about the piano. I'll find out what's happened to the car it was in, and I'll see that it's put into a good strong one, next time."

"Do! That's a good fellow!" said Gaites, and in repeated promises, demanded and given, to come again, they passed the time till the Hill Country train pulled out, and the Kent Harbor train backed down.

III.

Gaites was going to stay a week with a friend out on the Point; and after the first day he got so engrossed with the goings-on at Kent Harbor that he pretty well forgot about Burymouth, and the piano of Miss Phyllis Desmond lingered in his mind like the memory of a love one has outlived. He went to the golf links every morning in a red coat, and in plaid stockings which, if they did not show legs of all the desired fulness, attested a length of limb which was perhaps all the more remarkable for that reason. Then he came back to the beach and bathed; at half past one o'clock he dined at somebody's cottage, and afterwards sat smoking seaward in its glazed or canopied veranda till it was time to go

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to afternoon tea at somebody else's cottage, where he chatted about until he was carried off by his hostess to put on a black coat for seven or eight o'clock supper at the cottage of yet another lady.

There was a great deal more society than there had been in his old college vacation days, when the Kent Harbor House reigned sole in a perhaps somewhat fabled despotism; but the society was of not less simple instincts, and the black coat which Gaites put on for supper was never of the evening-dress convention. Once when he had been out canoeing on the river very late, his hostess made him go "just as he was," and he was consoled on meeting their bachelor host to find that he had had the inspiration to wear a flannel shirt of much more outing type than Gaites himself had on.

The thing that he had to guard against was not to praise the river sunsets too much at any cottage on the Point; and in cottages on the river, not to say a great deal of the surf on the rocks. But it was easy to respect the amiable local susceptibilities, and Gaites got on so well that he told people he was never going away.

He had arrived at this extreme before he received the note from Mrs. Birkwall, which she made his prompt bread-and-butter letter the excuse of writing him. She wrote mainly to remind him of his promise to stay another day with her husband on his way home through Burymouth; and she alleged an additional claim upon him because of what she said she had made Birkwall do for him. She had made him go down to the freight-depot every day, and see what had become of Phyllis Desmond's piano; and she had not dared write before, because it had been most unaccountably delayed there for the three days that had now passed. Only that morning, however, she had gone down herself with Birkwall; and it showed what a woman could do when she took anything in hand. Without knowing of her approach except by telepathy, the railroad people had bestirred themselves, and she had seen them with her own eyes put the piano-case into a car, and had waited till the train had bumped and jolted off with it towards Mewers Junction. All the ladies of her supper party, she declared, had been keenly distressed at the delay of the piano in Burymouth, and she was now offering him the relief which she had shared already with them.

He laughed aloud in reading this letter at breakfast, and he could not do less than read it to his hostess, who said it was charming, and at once took a vivid interest in the affair of the piano. She accepted in its entirety his theory of its being a birthday-present for the young girl with that pretty name; and she professed to be in a quiver of anxiety at its retarded progress.

"And, by-the-way," she added, with the logic of her sex, "I'm just going to the station to see what's become of a trunk myself that I ordered expressed from Chicago a week ago. If you're not doing anything this morning—the tide isn't in till noon, and there'll be little or no bathing to look at before that—you'd better drive down with me. Or perhaps you're canoeing up the river with somebody?"

Gaites said he was not, and if he were he would plead a providential indisposition rather than miss driving with her to the station.

"Well, anyway," she said, tangentially, "I can get June Alber to go too, and you can take her canoeing afterwards."

But Miss Alber was already engaged for canoeing, and Gaites was obliged to drive off with his hostess alone. She said she did pity him, but she pitied him no longer than it took to get at the express agent. Then she began to pity herself, and much more energetically if not more sincerely, for it seemed that the agent had not been able to learn anything about her trunk, and was unwilling even to prophesy concerning it. Gaites left him to question at her hands, which struck him as combining all the searching effects of a Röntgen-ray examination and the earlier procedure with the rack; and he wandered off, in a habit which he seemed to have formed, toward the freight-house.

He amused himself thinking what he should do if he found Phyllis Desmond's piano there, but he was wholly unprepared to do anything when he actually found it standing on the platform, as if it had just been put out of the freight-car which was still on the siding at the door. He passed instantly from the mood of gay conjecture in which he was playing with the improbable notion of its presence, to a violent indignation.

"Why, look here!" he almost shouted

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to the man in a silk cap and greased overalls who was contemplating the inscription on the slope of its cover, "what's that piano doing *here*?"

The man seemed to accept him as one having authority to make this demand, and responded mildly, "Well, that's just what I was thinking myself."

"That piano," Gaites went on with unabated violence, "started from Boston at the beginning of the week; and I happen to know that it's been lying two or three days at Burymouth, instead of going on to Lower Merritt as it ought to have done at once. It ought to have been in Lower Merritt Wednesday afternoon at the latest, and here it is at Kent Harbor Saturday morning!"

The man in the silk cap scanned Gaites's figure warily, as if it might be that of some official whale in disguise, and answered in a tone of dreamy suggestion: "Must have got shifted into the wrong car at Mewers Junction, somehow. Or maybe they started it wrong from Burymouth."

Mrs. Maze was coming rapidly down the platform toward them, leaving the express agent to crawl flaccidly into his den at the end of the passenger-station, with the air of having had all his joints started.

"Just look at this, Mrs. Maze," said Gaites when she drew near enough to read the address on the piano-case. She did look at it; then she looked at Gaites's face, into which he had thrown a sort of stony calm; and then she looked back at the piano-case.

"No!?" she exclaimed and questioned in one.

Gaites nodded confirmation.

"Then it won't be there in time for the poor thing's birthday?"

He nodded again.

Mrs. Maze was a woman who never measured her terms, perhaps because there was nothing large enough to measure them with, and perhaps because in their utmost expansion they were a tight fit for her emotions.

"Well, it's an abominable outrage!" she began. She added: "It's a burning shame! They'll never get over it in the world; and when it comes lagging along after everything's over, she won't care a pin for it! How did it happen?"

Gaites mutely referred her, with a shrug, to the man in the silk cap, and he again hazarded his dreamy conjecture.

"Well, it doesn't matter!" she said, with a bitterness that was a great comfort to Gaites. "What are you going to do about it?" she asked him.

"I don't know what *can* be done about it," he answered, referring himself to the man in the silk cap.

The man said, "No freight out, now, till Monday."

Mrs. Maze burst forth again: "If I had the least confidence in the world in any human express company, I would send it by express and pay the expressage myself."

"Oh, I couldn't let you do that, Mrs. Maze," Gaites protested. "Besides, I don't suppose they'd allow us to take it out of the freight, here, unless we had the bill of lading."

"Well," cried Mrs. Maze, passionately, "I can't bear to think of that child's suspense. It's perfectly heart-sickening. Why shouldn't they telegraph? They ought to telegraph! If they let things go wandering round the earth at this rate, the least they can do is to telegraph and relieve people's minds. We'll go and make the station-master telegraph!"

But even when the station-master was found, and made to understand the case, and to feel its hardship, he had his scruples. "I don't think I've got any right to do that," he said.

"Of course I'll pay for the telegram," Mrs. Maze interpolated.

"It ain't that exactly," said the station-master. "It might look as if I was meddling myself. I rather not, Mrs. Maze."

She took fire. "Then *I'll* meddle myself!" she blazed. "There's nothing to hinder *my* telegraphing, I suppose?"

"*I* can't hinder you," the station-master admitted.

"Well, then!" She pulled a bunch of yellow telegraph blanks toward her, and consumed three of them in her comprehensive despatch:

Miss Phyllis Desmond,

Lower Merritt, N. H.

Piano left Boston Monday P.M. *Broke down on way to Burymouth, where delayed four days. Sent by mistake to Kent Harbor from Mewers Junction. Forwarded to Lower Merritt Monday.*

"There! How will that do?" she ask-

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ed Gaites, submitting the telegram to him.

"That seems to cover the ground," he said, not so wholly hiding the misgiving he began to feel but that she demanded,

"It explains everything, doesn't it?"

"Yes—"

"Very well; sign it, then!"

"I?"

"Certainly. She doesn't know me."

"She doesn't know me, either," said Gaites. He added: "And a man's name—"

"To be sure! Why didn't I think of that?" and she affixed a signature in which the baptismal name gave away her romantic and impulsive generation: ELAINE W. MAZE. "*Now*," she triumphed, as Gaites helped her into her trap, "*Now* I shall have a little peace of my life!"

IV.

Mrs. Maze had no great trouble in making Gaites stay over Sunday. The argument she used was, "No freight out till Monday, you know." The inducement was June Alber, whom she said she had already engaged to go canoeing with Gaites Sunday afternoon.

That afternoon was exquisite. The sky was cloudless, and of one blue with the river and the girl's eyes, as Gaites noted while she sat facing him from the bow of the canoe. But the day was of the treacherous serenity of a weather-breeder, and the next morning brought a storm of such violence that Mrs. Maze declared it would be a foolhardy risk of his life for Gaites to go; and again she enforced her logic with Miss Alber, whom she said she had asked to one-o'clock dinner, with a few other friends.

Gaites staid, of course, but he atoned for his weakness by starting early Tuesday morning, so as to get the first Hill Country train from Boston at Burymouth. He had decided that to get in as much change of air as possible he had better go to Craybrooks for the rest of his vacation.

His course lay through Lower Merritt, and perhaps he would have time to run out from the train and ask the station-master (known to him from his former sojourn) who Miss Phyllis Desmond was. His mind was not so full of Miss June Alber but that he wished to know.

It was still raining heavily, and on the first cut beyond Porchester Junction his train was stopped by a flagman, sent back from a freight-train. There was a wash-out just ahead, and the way would be blocked for several hours yet, if not longer. The express backed down to Porchester, and there seemed no choice for Gaites, if he insisted upon going to Craybrooks, but to take the first train up the old Boston and Montreal line to Wells River and across by the Wing Road through Fabyans; and this was what he did, arriving very late, but quite in time for all he had to do at Craybrooks.

The next day the weather cleared up cold, after the storm, and the fat old ladies, who outnumber everybody but the thin young girls at summer hotels, made the landlord put the steam on in the corridors, and toasted themselves before the log fires on the spectacular hall hearth. Gaites walked all day, and at night he lounged by the lamp, trying to read, and wished himself at Kent Harbor. The blue eyes of June Alber made themselves one with the sky and the river again, and all three laughed at him for his folly in leaving the certain delight they embodied for the vague good of a whim fulfilled. Was this the change he had come to the mountains for? He could throw his hat into the clouds that hung so low in the defile where the hotel lurked, and that was something; but it was not so much to the purpose, now that he had it, as June Alber and the sky and the river, which he had no longer. As he drowsed by the fire in a break of the semicircle of old ladies before it, he suddenly ceased to think of June Alber and the Kent sky and river, and found himself as it were visually confronted with that pale delicate girl in thread gloves; she was facing him from the bow of a canoe in the train at Boston, where he had first met her, and some one was saying, "Oh, she's a Desmond, through and through."

He woke to the sound of a quick snort, in which he suspected a terminal character when he glanced round the semicircle of old ladies, and found them all staring at him. From the pain in his neck he knew that his head had been hanging forward on his breast, and in the strong belief that he had been publicly disgracing himself, he left the place, and went out on the piazza till his shame should be forgotten. Of course the sound of the name Desmond had been as much a part of his dream as the sight of that

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pale girl's face; but he felt, while he paced the veranda, the pull of a strong curiosity to make sure of the fact. From time to time he looked in through the window, without courage to return. At last, when the semicircle was reduced to the bulks of the two ladies who had sat nearest him, he went in, and took a place with a newspaper at the lamp just behind them.

They stopped their talk and recognized him with an exchange of consciousness. Then, as if compelled by an irresistible importance in their topic, they began again; that is, one of them began to talk again, and the other to listen, and Gaites from almost the first word joined the listener with all his might, though he diligently held up his paper between himself and the speaker, and pretended to be reading.

"Yes," she said, "they must have had their summer home there nearly twenty years. Lower Merritt was one of the first places opened up in that part of the mountains, and I guess the Desmonds built the first cottage there."

The date given would make the young lady whom he remembered from her childhood romps on her father's lawn somewhat older than he imagined, but not too old for the purposes of his romance.

The speaker began to collect her needlework into the handkerchief on her lap as she went on, and he listened with an intensified abandon.

"I guess," she continued, "that they pass most of the year there. After he lost his money, he had to give up his house in town, and I believe they have no other home now. They did use to travel some, winters, but I guess they don't much any more; if they don't stay there the whole winter through, I don't believe they get much farther now than Portland, or Burymouth, at the furthest. It seems to me as if I heard that one of the girls was going to Boston last winter to take piano lessons at the Conservatory, so as to teach; but—"

She stopped with a definitive air, and rolled her knitting up into her handkerchief. Gaites made a merit to himself of rising abruptly and closing his paper with a clash, as if he had been trying to read and had not been able for the talking near him. The ladies looked round conscience-stricken; when they saw who it was, they looked indignant.

V.

In the necessity, which we all feel, of making practical excuses to ourselves for a foolish action, he pretended that he had been at Craybrooks long enough, and that now since he had derived all the benefit to be got from the west-side air, it was best to begin his homestretch on the other slope of the hills. His real reason was that he wished to stop at Lower Merritt, and experience whatever fortuities might happen to him from doing so. He wished, in other words, to see Phyllis Desmond, or failing this, to find out whether her piano had reached her.

It had now a pathos for him which had been wanting earlier in his romance. It was no longer a gay surprise for a young girl's birthday; it was the sober means of living to a woman who must work for her living. But he found it not the less charming, for that; he had even a more romantic interest in it, mingled with the sense of patronage, of protection, which is so agreeable to a successful man.

He began to long for some new occasion of promoting the arrival of the piano in Lower Merritt, and he was so far from regretting his former interventions that at the first junction where his train stopped he employed the time in exploring the freight-house in the vain hope of finding it there, and urging the road to greater speed in its delivery to Miss Desmond. He was now not at all ashamed of the stand he had taken in the matter at former opportunities, and he was not abashed when a man in a silk cap demanded, across the twilight of the freight-house, in accents of the semi-sarcasm appropriate in addressing a person not apparently minding his own business, "Lost something?"

"Yes, I have," answered Gaites with just effrontery. "I've lost an upright piano. I started with it from Boston ten days or a fortnight ago, and I've found it everywhere I've stopped, and sometimes where I didn't stop. How long, in the course of nature, ought an upright piano to take in getting to this point from Boston, anyway?"

The man obviously tasted the sarcasm in Gaites's tone, and dropped it from his own, but he was sulkier if more respectful than before in answering: "'D ought a come right through in a couple of days. 'D ought a been here a week ago."

"Why isn't it here now, then?"

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"Might 'a' got off on some branch ro-ad, by mistake, and waited there till it was looked up. You see," the man continued, resting an elbow on the tall casing of a chest of drawers, and dropping to a more confidential level in his manner, "an upright piano ain't like a passenger. It don't kick, if it's shunted off on the wrong line. As a gene'l rule, freight don't complain of the route it travels by, and it ain't in a hurry to arrive."

"Oh!" said Gaites, with a sympathetic sneer.

"But it ain't likely," said the man, who now pushed his hat far back on his head, in the interest of self-possession, "that it's gone wrong. With all these wash-outs and devilments, the last fo't-night, it might 'a' been travellin' straight and not got the'a, yet. *What* d'you say was the *ad*dress?"

"Lower Merritt," said Gaites, beginning to feel a little uncomfortable.

"Name?" persisted the man.

"Miss Phyllis Desmond," Gaites answered, now feeling really silly, but unable to get away without answering.

"That ain't *your* name?" the man suggested, with reviving sarcasm.

"No, it isn't!" Gaites retorted, angrily, aware that he was giving himself away in fine shape.

"Oh, I see," the man mocked. "Friend o' the family. Well, I guess you'll find your piano at Lower Merritt, all right, in two-three weeks." He was now openly offensive, as with a sense of having Gaites in his power.

A locomotive-bell rang, and Gaites started toward the doorway. "Is that my train?"

The man openly laughed. "Guess it is, if you're goin' to Lower Merritt." As Gaites shot through the doorway toward his train, he added, in an insolent drawl: "Miss—Des—mond!"

Gaites was so furious when he got back to the smoking-room of the parlor-car that he was sorry for several miles that he had not turned back and kicked the man, even if it lost him his train. But this was only while he was under the impression that he was furious with the man. When he discovered that he was furious with himself, for having been all imaginable kinds of an ass, he perceived that he had done the wisest thing he could in leaving the man to himself, and taking up the line of his journey again. What remained mortifying was that he had bought his ticket and checked his bag to Lower Merritt, a place that he now wished never to hear of again, much less see.

He rang for the porter and consulted him as to what could be done toward changing the check on his bag from Lower Merritt to Middlemount Junction; and as it appeared that this was quite feasible, since his ticket would have carried him two stations beyond the Junction, he had it done. He knew the hotel at Middlemount, and he decided to pass the night there, and the next day go back to Kent Harbor and June Alber, and let Lower Merritt and Phyllis Desmond take care of themselves from that time forward.

While the driver of the Middlemount House barge was helping the station-master-and-baggage-man (they were one) put the arriving passengers' trunks into the wagon for the Middlemount House, Gaites paced up and down the long platform in the remnant of his excitement, and vowed himself to have nothing more to do with Miss Desmond's piano, even if it should turn up then and there and personally appeal to him for help. In this humor he was not prepared to have anything of the kind happen, and he stood aghast, in looking absently into a freight-car standing on the track, to read, "Miss Phyllis Desmond, Lower Merritt, N. H.," on the slope of the now familiar case just within the open doorway. It was as if the poor girl were personally there pleading for his help with the eyes whose tenderness he remembered.

The united station-master-and-baggage-man, who appeared also to be the freight agent, came lounging down the platform toward him. He was so exactly of the rustic railroad type that he confused Gaites with a doubt as to which functionary, of the many he now knew, this was.

"Go'n' to walk over to the hotel?" he asked.

"Yes," Gaites faltered, and the man abruptly turned, and made the gesture for starting a locomotive to the driver of the Middlemount stage.

"All right, Jim!" he shouted, and the stage drove off.

"What time can I get a train for Lower Merritt this afternoon?" asked Gaites.

"Four o'clock," said the man. "This

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freight goes out first;" and now Gaites noticed that up on a siding beyond the station an engine with a train of freight-cars was fretfully fizzing. The engineer put a silk-capped head out of the cab window and looked back at the station-master, who began to work his arms like a semaphore telegraph. Then the locomotive tooted, the bell rang, and the freight-train ran forward on the switch to the main track, and commenced backing down to where they stood. Evidently it was going to pick up the car with Phyllis Desmond's piano in it.

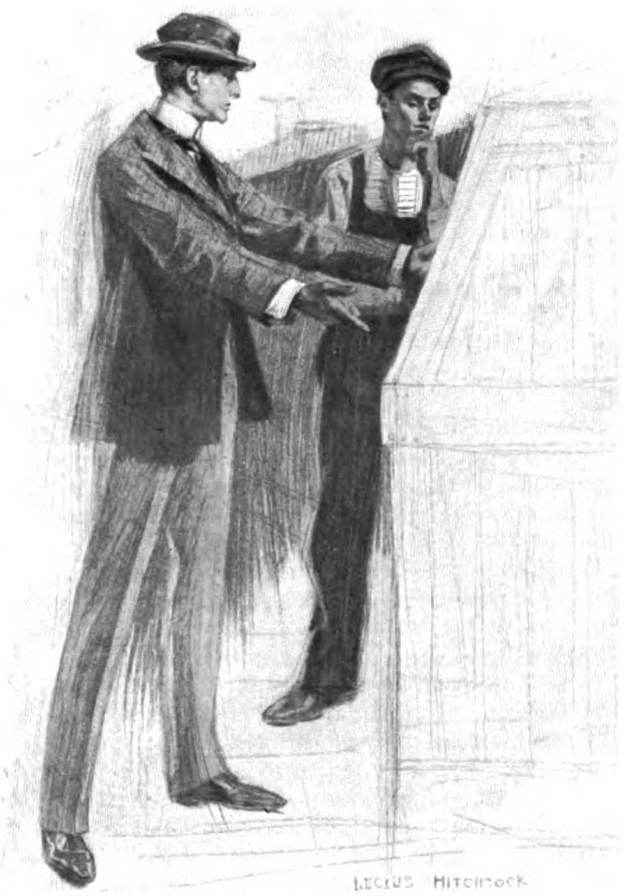
"When does this freight go out?" Gaites palpitated.

"'Bout ten minutes," said the station-master.

"Does it stop at Lower Merritt?"

"Leaves this cah the'a," said the man, as if surprised into the admission.

"Can I go on her?" Gaites pursued, breathlessly.



"WHAT'S THAT PIANO DOING HERE?"

"Wall, I guess you'll have to talk to this man about that," and the station-master indicated, with a nod of his head, the freight conductor, who was swinging himself down from the caboose, now come abreast of them on the track. A brakeman had also jumped down, and the train fastened on to the waiting car, under his manipulation, with a final cluck and jolt.

The conductor and station-master exchanged large oblong Manila-paper envelopes, and the station-master said, casually, "Here's a man wants to go to Lower Merritt with you, Bill."

The conductor looked amused and interested. "Eva travel in a caboose?"

"No."

"Well, I guess you can stand it fo' five miles, anyway."

He turned and left Gaites, who understood this for permission, and clambered into the car, where he found himself in a rude but far from comfortless interior. There was a sort of table or desk in the middle, with a heavy chair or two before it; round the side of the car were some leather-covered benches, suitable for the hard naps which seemed to be taken on them, if he could guess from the man in overalls asleep on one.

The conductor came in, after the train started, and seemed disposed to be sociable. He had apparently gathered from

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the station-master so much of Gaites's personal history as had accumulated since he left the express train at Middlemount.

"Thought you'd try a caboose for a little change from a pahla-cah," he suggested, humorously.

"Well, yes," Gaites partially admitted. "I did intend to stay over at Middlemount when I left the express there, but I changed my mind and decided to go on. It's very good of you to let me come with you."

"'Tain't but a little way to Lowa Merritt," the conductor explained, defensively. "Eva been the'a?"

"Oh, yes; I passed a week or so there once, after I left college. Are you acquainted there?"

"I'm *from* the'a. Used to wo'k fo' the Desmonds—got that summa place up the side of the mountain—before I took to the ro-ad."

"Oh, yes! Have they still got it?"

"Yes. Or it's got *them*. Be glad to sell it, I guess, since the old man lost his money. But Lowa Merritt's kind o' gone down as a summa reso't. Tryin' ha'd to bring it up, though. Knew the Desmonds?"

"No, not personally."

"Nice fo-aks," said the conductor, providing himself for conversational purposes with a splinter from the floor. He put it between his teeth and continued: "I took ca' thei' hosses, one while, as long's they *had* any, before I went on the ro-ad. Old gentleman kep' up a show till he died; then the fam'ly found out that they hadn't much of anything but the place left. Girls had to do something, and one of 'em got a place in a school out West—smaht, *all* of 'em; the second one kind o' runs the fahm; and the youngest, here, 's been fittin' for a music-teacha. Why, I've got a piano for her in this cah that we picked up at Middlemount, *now*. Been two wintas at the Conservatory in Boston. Got talent enough, they tell *me*. Undastand 't she means to go to Pohtland in the fall, and try to get pupils, *the'a*."

"Not if *I* can help it!" thought Gaites, with a swelling heart; and then he blushed for his folly.

VI.

Gaites found some notable changes in the hotel at Lower Merritt since he had last sojourned there. It no longer called itself a Hotel, but an Inn, and it had a brand-new old-fashioned swinging sign before its door; its front had been cut up into several gables, and shingled to the ground with shingles artificially antiquated, so that it looked much grayer than it naturally ought. Within it was equipped for electric lighting; and there was a low-browed æsthetic parlor, where, when Gaites arrived and passed to a belated dinner in the dining-room, an orchestra, consisting of a lady pianist and a lady violinist, was giving the closing piece of the afternoon concert. The dining-room was painted a self-righteous olive-green; it was thoroughly netted against the flies, which used to roost in myriads on the cut-paper around the tops of the pillars, and a college-student head waiter ushered Gaites through the gloom to his place with a warning and hushing hand which made him feel as if he were being shown to a pew during prayers.

He escaped as soon as possible from the refection which had hardly grown more lukewarm from the soup to the ice-cream, and went out to walk by a way that he knew well, and which had for him now a romantically pathetic interest. It was of course the way past the Desmond cottage, which, when he came in sight of it round the shoulder of upland where it stood, was curiously strange, curiously familiar. It wanted painting badly, and the grounds had a sadly neglected air. The naked legs of little girls no longer twinkled over the lawn, which was grown neglectedly up to low-bush blackberries.

Gaites hurried past with a lump in his throat, and returned by another road to the Inn, where his long ramble ended just as the dining-room doors were opened behind their nettings for supper. At this cheerfuler moment he found the head waiter much more conversable than at the hour of his retarded dinner, and Gaites made talk with him, as the young fellow lingered beside his chair, with one eye on the door for the behoof of other guests.

Gaites said he had found great changes in Lower Merritt since he had been there some years before, and he artfully led the talk up to the Desmonds. The head waiter was rather vague about their past; but he was distinct enough about their present, and said the young ladies happened all to be at home, just then.

"I don't know," he added, "whether you noticed our lady orchestra when you came in to dinner to-day?"

"Yes, I did," said Gaites. "I was very much interested. I thought they

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played charmingly, and I was sorry that I got in only for the close of the last piece."

"Well," the head waiter consoled him, "you'll have a chance to hear them again to-night; they're going to play for the hop. I don't know," he added again, "whether you noticed the lady at the piano."

"I noticed that she had a pretty head, which she carried gracefully, but it was against the window, and I couldn't make out the face."

"That," said the head waiter, with pride either in the fact, or for the effect it must produce, "was Miss Phyllis Desmond."

Gaites started, as satisfactorily as could be wished. "Indeed?"

"Yes; she's engaged to play here the whole summer." The head waiter fumbled with the knife and fork at the place opposite, and blushed. "But you'll hear her to-night yourself," he ended incoherently, and hurried away, to show another guest to his, or rather her, place.

Gaites wondered why he felt suddenly angry; why he resented the head waiter's blush as an impertinence and a liberty. After all, the fellow was a student, and probably a gentleman; and if he chose to help himself through college by taking that menial rôle during the summer, rather than come upon the charity of his friends, or the hard-earned savings of a poor old father, what had any one to say against it? Gaites had nothing to say against it; and yet that blush, that embarrassment of a man who had pulled out his chair for him, in relation to such a girl as Miss Phyllis Desmond, incensed him so much that he could not enjoy his supper. He did not bow to the head waiter when he held the netting-door open for him to go out, and he felt the necessity of taking the evening air in another stroll to cool himself off.

Of course, if the poor girl was reduced to playing in the hotel orchestra for the money it would give her, she had come down to the level of the head waiter, and they must meet as equals. But the thought was no less intolerable for that, and Gaites set out with the notion of walking away from it. At the station, however, which was in friendly proximity to the Inn, his steps were stayed by the sound of girlish voices, rising like sweetly varied pipes from beyond the freight-depot. Their youth invited his own to look them up, and he followed round to the back of the depot, when he came upon a sight which had, perhaps from the waning light, a heightened charm. Against the curtain of low pines which had been gradually creeping back upon the depot ever since the woods were cut away to make room for it, four girls were posed in attitudes instinctively dramatic and vividly eager, while as many men were employed in getting what Gaites at once saw to be Miss Phyllis Desmond's piano into the wagon backed up to the platform of the depot. Their work was nearly accomplished, but at every moment of what still remained to be done the girls emitted little shrieks, laughs, and moans of intense interest, and fluttered in their light summer dresses against the background of the dark evergreens like anxious birds.

At last the piano was got into the middle of the wagon, the inclined planks withdrawn and loaded into it, and the tail-board snapped to. Three of the men stepped aside, and one of them jumped into the front of the wagon and gathered up the reins from the horses' backs. He called with mocking challenge to the group of girls, "Nobody goin' to git up here and keep this piano from tippin' out?"

A wild clamor rose from the girls, settling at last into staccato cries.

"You've got to *do* it, Phyl!"

"Yes, Phyllis, you *must* get in!"

"It's *your* piano, Phyl. You've got to keep it from tipping out!"

"No, no! I won't! I can't! I'm not going to!" one voice answered to all, but apparently without a single reference to the event; for in the end the speaker gave her hand to the man in the wagon, and with many small laughs and squeaks was pulled up over the hub and tire of a front wheel, and then stood staying herself against the piano-case, with a final lamentation of "Oh, it's a shame! I'll never speak to any of you again! How perfectly mean! *Oh!*"

The last exclamation signalized the start of the horses at a brisk mountain trot, which the driver presently sobered to a walk. The three remaining girls followed, mocking and cheering, and after them lounged the three remaining men, at a respectful distance, marking the social interval between them, which was to be bridged only in some such moment of supreme excitement as the present.

It was no question with Gaites whether he should bring up the end of the pro-

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MILLICENT.

cession; he could not think of any consideration that would have stayed him. He scarcely troubled himself to keep at a fit remove from the rest; and as he followed in the deepening twilight, he felt a sweet, unselfish gladness of heart that the poor girl whom he had seen so wan and sad in Boston should be the gay soul of this pretty triumph.

The wagon drove into the grounds of the Desmond cottage, and backed up to the edge of the veranda. Lights appeared, and voices came from within. One of the men, despatched to the barn for a hatchet, came flickering back with a lantern also; lamps brought out of the house were extinguished by the evening breeze (in spite of luminous hands held near the chimney to shelter them), amidst the joyful applause of all the girls and the laughter of the men. A sound of hammering rose, and then a sound of boards rending from the clutch of nails, and then a sound of pieces thrown loosely into a pile. There was a continual flutter of women's dresses and emotions, and this did not end even when the piano, disclosed from its casing and all its wraps, was pushed indoors, and placed against the parlor wall, where a flash of lamp-light revealed it to Gaites in final position.

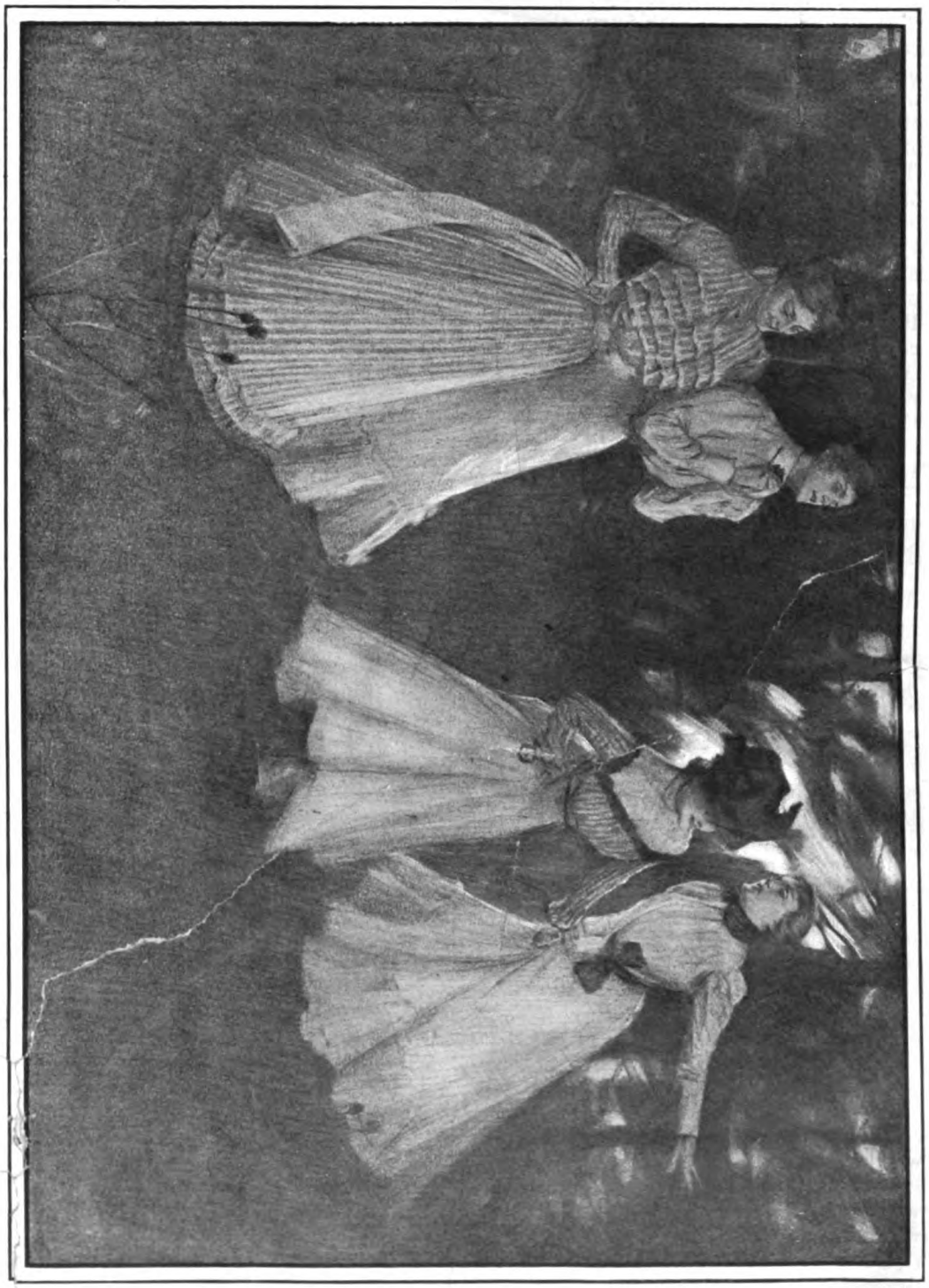
He lingered still, in the shelter of some barberry-bushes at the cottage gate, and not till the last cry of gratitude had been answered by the unanimous disclaimer of the men rattling away in the wagon, did he feel that his pursuit of the piano had ended.

VII.

"Can you tell me, madam," asked Gaites, of an obviously approachable tabby next the chimney-corner, "which of the musicians is Miss Desmond?"

He had hurried back to the Inn, and got himself early into a dress suit that proved wholly inessential, and was down among the first at the hop. This function, it seemed, was going on in the parlor, which summed in itself the character of ball-room as well as drawing-room. The hop had now begun, and two young girl couples were doing what they could to rebuke the sparse youth of Lower Merritt Inn for their want of eagerness in the evening's pleasure by dancing alone. Gaites did not even notice them, he was so intent upon the ladies of the orchestra, concerning whom he was beginning to have a troubled mind, not to say a dark misgiving.

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AGAINST THE CURTAIN OF LOW PINES.

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"Oh," the approachable tabby answered, "it's the one at the piano. The violinist is Miss Axewright of South Newton. They were at the Conservatory together in Boston, and they are such friends! Miss Desmond would never have played here—intends to take pupils in Portland in the winter—if Miss Axewright hadn't come," and the pleasant old tabby purred on, with a velvety pat here, and a delicate scratch there. But Gaites heard with one ear only; the other was more devotedly given to the orchestra, which also claimed both his eyes. While he learned, as with the mind of some one else, that the Desmonds had been very much opposed to Phyllis's playing at the Inn, but had consented partly with their poverty, because they needed everything they could rake and scrape together, and partly with their will, because Miss Axewright was such a nice girl, he was painfully adjusting his consciousness to the fact that the girl at the piano was not the girl whom [illegible] Boston, and whom he had [illegible] ally decided to be [illegible] The pianist was indeed [illegible] d, but to no [illegible] some one else [illegible] as little that the violinist was the illusion that had lured him on to Lower Mea[illegible] in pursuit of Miss Des[illegible] Miss Axewr[illegible] South Newton.

What remained for him to do was to arrange for his departure by the first train in the morning; and he was subjectively accounting to the landlord for his abrupt change of mind after he had engaged his room for a week, while he was intent with all his upper faculties upon the graceful poses and movements of Miss Axewright. There was something so appealing in the pressure of her soft chin as it held the violin in place against her round girlish throat that Gaites felt a lump in his own larger than his Adam's-apple would account for to the spectator; the delicately arched wrist of the hand that held the bow, and the rhythmical curve and flow of her arm in playing, were means of the spell which wove itself about him, and left him, as it were, bound hand and foot. It was in this helpless condition that he rose at the urgence of a friendly young fellow who had chosen himself master of ceremonies, and took part in the dancing; and at the end of the first half of the programme, while the other dancers streamed out on the verandas and thronged the stairways, he was aware of dangling his chains as he lounged with apparent aimlessness toward the end of the room where the ladies of the orchestra were resting from their fatigues. The volunteer master of ceremonies had half shut himself across the piano in his eager talk with Miss Desmond, and he readily relinquished Miss Axewright to Gaites, who willingly devoted himself to her, after Miss Desmond had risen in acknowledgment of his bow. He perceived that she was not nearly so tall as she had seemed when seated; and a woman who sat tall and stood low was as much his aversion as if his own abnormally long legs did not render him guilty of the opposite offence.

Miss Desmond must have had other qualities and characteristics, but in his absorption with Miss Axewright's he did not notice them. He saw again the pretty, pathetic face, the gentle brown eyes, the ordinary brown hair, the sentient hands, the slight, graceful figure, the whole undistinguished, unpretentious presence, which had taken his fancy at Boston, and which he now perceived had kept it, under whatever erring impressions, ever since.

"I think we have met before, Miss Axe[illegible]ght," he said boldly, and he had [illegible]re of seeing her pensive little [illegible]ge light up with responsive humor.

"I think we have," she replied; and Miss Desmond [illegible] emotional state seemed to be an [illegible] to whatever directly addressed itself to her, cut in with the cry:

"You have met *before*?

"Yes. Two weeks [illegible] Gaites. "Miss Axewr[illegible] at the S. B. & H. C. freight depo[illegible] that your piano started off all r[illegible]

He explained himself furt[illegible] "Well, I don't see what you di[illegible] Miss Desmond pouted. "It just go[illegible] this afternoon."

"Probably they 'throwed a spe[illegible] it, as the country people say," sug[illegible] the master of ceremonies. "But [illegible] well that ends well. The great thi[illegible] to have your piano, Miss Phyllis [illegible] coming up to-morrow morning to [illegible] it's got here in good condition."

"That's *some* compensation," said [illegible] girl ironically; and she added, with [illegible] kind of repellent lure with which we[illegible]

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know how to leave men the responsibility of any reciprocal approach, "I don't know whether it won't need tuning, first."

"Well, I'm a piano-tunist myself," the young fellow retorted, and their banter took a course that left Miss Axewright and Gaites to themselves. The dancers began to stray in again from the stairways and verandas.

"Dear me!" said Miss Desmond, "it's time already," and as she dropped on the piano-stool she called to Miss Axewright with an authority of tone which Gaites thought augured well for her success as a teacher, "Millicent!"

VIII.

The next morning when Gaites came down to breakfast he had a question which solved itself contrary to his preference as he entered the dining-room. He was so early that the head waiter had to jump from his own unfinished meal, and run to pull out his chair; and Gaites saw that he left at his table the landlord's family, the clerk, the housekeeper, and Miss Axewright. It appeared that she was not only staying in the hotel, but was there on terms which indeed held her above the servants, but separated her from the guests.

He hardly knew how to dissemble the feeling of humiliation mixed with indignation which flashed up in him, and which, he was afterwards afraid, must have made him seem rather curt in his response to the head waiter's civilities. Miss Axewright left the dining-room first, and he hurried out to look her up as soon as he despatched the coffee and steak which formed his breakfast, with a wholly unreasoned impulse to offer her some sort of reparation for the slight the conditions put upon her. He found her sitting on the veranda beside the friendly tabby of his last night's acquaintance, and far, apparently, from feeling the need of reparation through him. She was very nice, though, and after chatting a little while she rose, and excused herself to the tabby, with a politeness that included Gaites, upon the ground of a promise to Miss Desmond that she would come up, the first thing after breakfast, and see how the piano was getting along.

When she reappeared, in her hat, at the front of the Inn, Gaites happened to be there, and he asked her if he might walk with her and make his inquiries too about the piano, in which, he urged, they were mutually interested. He had a notion to tell her all about his pursuit of Miss Desmond's piano, as something that would peculiarly interest Miss Desmond's friend; but though she admitted the force of his reasoning as to their common concern in the fate of the piano, and had allowed him to go with her to rejoice over its installation, some subtle instinct kept him from the confidence he had intended, and they walked on in talk (very agreeable talk, Gaites found it) which left the subject of the piano altogether intact.

This was fortunate for Miss Desmond, who wished to talk of nothing else. The piano had arrived in perfect condition. "But I don't know where the poor thing *hasn't* been, on the way," said the girl. "It left Boston fully two weeks ago, and it seems to have been wandering round to the ends of the earth ever since. The first of last week, I heard from it at Kent Harbor, of all places! I got a long despatch from there, from some unknown female, telling me it had broken down on the way to Burymouth, and been sent by mistake to Kent Harbor from Mewers Junction. Have you ever been at Kent Harbor, Mr. Gaites?"

"Oh, yes," said Gaites. This was the moment to come out with the history of his relation to the piano; but he waited.

"And can you tell me whether they happen to have a female freight agent there?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Gaites, with a mystical smile.

"Then *do* you know anybody there by the name of Elaine W. Maze?"

"Mrs. Maze? Yes, I know Mrs. Maze. She has a cottage, there."

"And can you tell me *why* Mrs. Maze should be telegraphing me about my piano?"

There was a note of resentment in Miss Desmond's voice, and it silenced the laughing explanation which Gaites had almost upon his tongue. He fell very grave in answering, "I can't, indeed, Miss Desmond."

"Perhaps she found out that it had been a long while on the way, and did it out of pure good-nature, to relieve your anxiety."

This was what Miss Axewright conjectured, but it seemed to confirm Miss Desmond's worst suspicions.

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"IT SEEMED AS IF THEY MIGHT GO ON WALKING THERE FOREVER."

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"That is what I should like to be *sure* of," she said.

Gaites thought of all his own anxieties and interferences in behalf of the piano of this ungrateful girl, and in her presence he resolved that his lips should be forever sealed concerning them. She never in the world could take them in the right way. But he experimented with one suggestion. "Perhaps she was taken with the beautiful name on the piano-case, and couldn't help telegraphing just for the pleasure of writing it."

"Beautiful?" cried Miss Desmond. "It was my grandmother's name; and I wonder they didn't call me for my great-grandmother, Daphne, and be done with it."

The young man who had chosen himself master of ceremonies at the hop the night before, now proposed from the social background where he had hitherto kept himself, "*I* will call you Daphne."

"*You* will call me Miss Desmond, if you please, Mr. Ellett." The owner of the name had been facing her visitors from the piano-stool with her back to the instrument. She now wheeled upon the stool, and struck some chords. "I wish you'd thought to bring your fiddle, Millicent. I should like to try this piece." The piece lay on the music-rest before her.

"I will go and get it for her," said the ex-master of ceremonies.

"Do," said Miss Desmond.

"No, no," Gaites protested. "I brought Miss Axewright, and I have the first claim to bring her fiddle."

"I'm afraid you couldn't either of you find it," Miss Axewright began.

"We'll both try," said the ex-master of ceremonies. "Where do you think it is?"

"Well, it's in the case on the piano."

"That doesn't sound very intricate," said Gaites, and they all laughed.

As soon as the two men were out of the house, the ex-master of ceremonies confided: "That name is a very tender spot with Miss Desmond. She's always hated it, since I knew her, and I can't remember when I *didn't* know her."

"Yes, I could see that—too late," said Gaites. "But what I can't understand is, Miss Axewright seemed to hate it, too."

Mr. Ellett appeared greatly edified. "Did *you* notice that?"

"I think I did."

"Well, now I'll tell you just what I think. There aren't any two girls in the world that like each other better than those two. But that shows just how it is. Girls are terribly jealous, the best of them. There isn't a girl living that really likes to have another girl praised by a man, or anything about her, I don't care who the man is. It's a fact, whether you believe it or not, or whether you respect it. I don't respect it myself. It's narrow-minded. I don't deny it: they *are* narrow-minded. All the same, we can't *help* ourselves. At least, *I* can't."

Mr. Ellett broke into a laugh of exhaustive intelligence, and clapped Gaites on the back.

IX.

Gaites, if he did not wholly accept Ellett's philosophy of the female nature, acted in the light it cast upon the present situation. From that time till the end of his stay at Lower Merritt, which proved to be coeval with the close of the Inn for the season, and with the retirement of the orchestra from duty, he said nothing more of Miss Phyllis Desmond's beautiful name. He went further, and altogether silenced himself concerning his pursuit of her piano; he even sought occasions of being silent concerning her piano in every way, or so it seemed to him, in his anxious avoidance of the topic. In all this matter he was governed a good deal by the advice of Mr. Ellett, to whom he had confessed his pursuit of Miss Desmond's piano in all its particulars, and who showed a highly humorous appreciation of the facts. He was a sort of second (he preferred to say second-hand) cousin of Miss Desmond, and, so far as he could make out, had been born engaged to her; and he showed an intuition in the gingerly handling of her rather uncertain temper which augured well for his future happiness. His future happiness seemed to be otherwise taken care of, for though he was a young man of no particular prospects, and no profession whatever, he had a generous willingness to liberate his affianced to an artistic career; or, at least, there was no talk of her giving up her scheme of teaching the piano-forte because she was engaged to be married. He was exactly fitted to become the husband of a wage-earning wife, and was so far

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from being offensive in this quality that everybody (including Miss Desmond, rather fitfully) liked him; and he was universally known as Charley Ellett.

After he had quite converted Gaites to his theory of silence concerning his outlived romance, he liked to indulge himself, when he got Gaites alone with the young ladies, in speculations as to the wanderings of Miss Desmond's piano. He could always get a rise out of Miss Desmond by referring to the impertinent person who had telegraphed her about it from Kent Harbor, and he could put Gaites into a quiver of anxiety by asking him whether he had heard Mrs. Maze speak of the piano when he was at Kent Harbor, or whether he had happened to see anything of it at any of the junctions on his way to Lower Merritt. To these questions Gaites felt himself obliged to respond with lies point-blank, though there were times when he was tempted to come out with the truth, Miss Axewright seemed so amiably indifferent, or so sympathetically interested, when Ellett was airing his conjectures or pushing his investigations.

Still Gaites clung to the refuge of his lies, and upon the whole it served him well, or at least enabled him to temporize in safety, while he was making the progress in Miss Axewright's affections which, if he had not been her lover, he never would have imagined difficult. They went every day, between the afternoon and evening concerts, to walk in the Cloister, a colonnade of pines not far from the Inn, which differed from some other cloisters in being so much devoted to love-making. She was in love with him, as he was with her; but in her proud maiden soul she did not dream of bringing him to the confession she longed for. This came the afternoon of the last day they walked in the Cloister, when it seemed as if they might go on walking there forever, and never emerge from their fond, delicious, tremulous, trusting doubt of each other.

She cried upon his shoulder, with her arms round his neck, and owned that she had loved him from the first moment she had seen him in front of the S. B. & H. C. freight-depot in Boston; and Gaites tried to make his passion antedate this moment. To do so, he had to fall back upon the notion of pre-existence, but she gladly admitted his hypothesis.

The next morning brought another mood, a mood of sweet defiance, in which she was still more enrapturing. By this time the engagement was known to their two friends, and Miss Desmond came to the cars with Charley Ellett to see her off. As Gaites was going to Boston on the same train, they made it the occasion of seeing him off, too. Millicent openly declared that they two were going together, that in fact she was taking him home to show him to her family in South Newton and see whether they liked him.

Ellett put this aspect of the affair aside. "Well, then," he said, "if you're going to be in Boston together, I think you ought to see the S. B. & H. C. traffic-manager, and find out all about what kept Phyl's piano so long on the road. *I* think they owe her an explanation, and Gaites is a lawyer, and he's just the man to get it, with damages."

Gaites saw in Ellett's impudent, amusing face that he divined Millicent's continued ignorance of his romance, and was bent on mischief. But the girl paid no heed to his talk, and Gaites could not help laughing. He liked the fellow; he even liked Miss Desmond, who was so much softened by the occasion that she had all the thorny allure of a ripened barberry in his fancy. They both hung about the seat, where he stood ready to take his place beside Millicent, till the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" Then they ran out, and waved to the lovers through the window till the car started.

When they could be seen no longer, Millicent let Gaites arrange their hand-baggage together on the seat in front of them. It was a warm day, and she said she did believe she would take her hat off; and she gave it him, odorous of her pretty hair, to put in the rack overhead. After he had done this, and sat down definitively, she shrank unconsciously closer to him, knitting her fingers in those of his hand on the seat between them.

"Now," she said, "tell me all about yourself."

"About myself?"

"Yes. About Phyllis Desmond's piano, and why you were so interested in it."

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THE PROBLEM OF ASIA

II.

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

IN the relation of land power to the future of Middle Asia—between the parallels of thirty and forty north—natural conditions have bestowed upon Russia a pre-eminence which approaches exclusiveness. The share of other states, where any exists, is incidental; and with one conspicuous exception, which will be indicated later, is deficient either in numbers, position, or organization. This predominance will enable Russia to put forth her strength unopposed, directly, by any other of the same nature, in quarters outside of the extreme range that can with any probability be predicated of sea power. But where immediate opposition is not feasible, adequate restraint is frequently imposed by force exerted, or capable of exertion, in other quarters, by land or by sea—dependent, as all force is, partly upon its own intrinsic value and partly upon positions occupied. Such pressure is possible, more or less, in all conditions of life, where interests are extensive, various, or scattered. It is notably so in international life, where action in one quarter is continually hindered by the consciousness of weakness elsewhere. Brought into action for military ends, this means of constraint is known technically as "diversion."

To distraction and enfeeblement of this kind, should cause be given by the pursuance of a policy too selfishly exclusive, Russia is particularly liable, from her vast extent, inadequate internal communications, the number and power of the nations whose interests will suffer from such exclusion, and from the very favorable positions occupied by them for action that falls under the general head of diversion. The facility for this is the greater because the positions thus occupied, or open to occupation upon advantageous terms, are upon the Russian flanks, and, other things approaching equality, pressure or attack of a given amount upon a flank is applied to greater effect than upon the centre of a line, for the simple reason that each flank is more remote from the other than the centre is from either; concentration of effort, offensive or defensive, therefore, is more easily practised between the centre and a flank than between the flanks themselves. So many and great, indeed, are the opportunities of opposing states, due to position and strength, that, after all allowance made for the feebleness of alliances, or rather of co-operation, when compared with force concentrated in a single hand, it may still be believed that in potentiality the land and sea powers approach that condition of equilibrium which has been mentioned as one of the two factors that will tend to promote a peaceful and durable solution of the problem of Asia.

Unhappily the other factor, freedom from friction, is now conspicuous chiefly by its absence. Without attempting to pronounce upon the reasonableness of the feeling, it may safely be said that uneasiness, which is the mental equivalent of friction, is now notoriously prevalent in the councils of nations. In order that the worst result of such uneasiness—war—may be timely and effectually averted, a general appreciation of the conditions, and of the attitude necessary to be taken, is indispensable. Failing that, nations drift. Through ignorance of their strength and of their weakness, of the strength and weakness of those opposed to them, and of the elements in which strength or weakness consists, states and governments hesitate to act when action is opportune, are hasty when time is not ripe. In either case they act amiss, and incur danger, less or more; whereas, when thoroughly aroused to facts as they actually are, to the possibilities which they contain, and attentive to the preparations which circumstances demand, the common readiness and resulting mutual respect promote a measuredness and precision of action that more than aught else tend to preserve peace, by forestalling the occurrence of situations whence

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there is no escape but by war. It is doubtless this appreciation of relative powers and positions, joined to care so to maintain their own as to render a conflict arduous, even if not of uncertain issue, that now most effectually preserves peace among the states of Europe.

In like manner the nations closely concerned in the future of Asia—using the name in the broad sense that shall cover the entire continent—will most surely reach a solution of peace by a rational valuation of present advantages and disadvantages, of the interests at stake, and of the combinations possible, in the East; and then, by making provision, corresponding to their necessities and resources, and to their numbers and positions, as shown by these calculations. Thus will result an adjustment of power answering to the facts of the case, and a mutual understanding, tacit rather than expressed: conditions which are the logical opposites of friction and uneasiness, and which, as they already do in Europe, will avert war and preserve a healthy balance of control in these remote scenes of conflicting aspirations. Similarly, in this our study, having estimated the opportunities and drawbacks inherent in the position of Russia, we have next to consider those of the states which would naturally operate as checks upon her too exclusive predominance. In doing this, incidental account of course must be taken, not only of natural conditions, but of the artificial combinations, or alliances, which notoriously exist. The wisdom of the latter, as corresponding to a real national interest, is not here in question; with such facts we have to deal simply as they are.

Among the means of successful diversion which natural conditions put in the hands of sea power, the control of commerce is probably the most decisive. It corresponds to, and counterbalances, that exclusiveness of command which land power has over the interior of countries inaccessible to navigation; nor is there, upon the face of the deep, the home and realm of sea power, any other equivalent compensation for this exclusion from the land. In itself the sea is a barren tenure; only as the great common, the highway of commerce, the seat of communications, does it possess unique character and value. The concrete expression of this, the singular importance of the sea, is the merchandise in transit, the increment from which constitutes the material prosperity of nations. Surrender control of that, and the empire of the sea is like unto Samson shorn of his hair. It becomes the sea powers, therefore, in view of the solidarity of their interest in the approaching future, to consider seriously how far they will yield to the cry, now increasingly popular, for loosing the hold which, when belligerents, they have heretofore had over commerce in its broader sense. In view of the limitation of their means, otherwise, for enforcing their necessary policy, they should at least delay, and maturely weigh the general question, before, in deference to supposed particular advantage, they pledge themselves antecedently to the greater immunities now clamorously demanded. Time should be taken before signing away prerogatives sanctioned by long prescription, such as the seizure of so-called private property, embarked on mercantile venture: the claim of which to the title "private" is open to grave challenge. The acceptance of precise definitions upon a subject essentially so variable in its character as contraband of war is also to be deprecated; nor would it be amiss, while thus studying the whole subject, to review, in the light of the probable future, the concession that on the sea enemy's goods are covered by the neutral flag—a maxim which the eminent Liberal statesman Charles Fox said was neither good law nor good sense. The empire of the sea is doubtless the empire of the world; doubtless also its sceptre can be abdicated; but is it wise to do so?

It has been said that, viewing Russia as a whole, relatively to the middle zone of Asia, her advance has been, and promises still to be, by the flanks rather than by the centre. Such certainly are the present tendencies and indications. It is upon the flanks also, and upon the flanks chiefly, that opposition can be effectually made; but such opposition will be of the most forcible character, not only on account of the advantage already stated, inherent to flank attacks generally, but because it will be upon the line of the sea frontier—the seaboard—and accordingly upon the access to the sea, with which the interior, for its best welfare, requires untrammelled communication. It will be also in the hands of powers which, by the nature of their strength, and by their

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local positions in Asia, are essentially powers of the sea.

Let us, then, examine the conditions upon the flanks: first, as involving objects of interest—objectives of policy—control of which may be coveted; and, secondly, with reference to the positions—the local tenure—of the states which may be aiming there to exert influence, whether for advance or for its prevention, and to their intrinsic strength for such purposes.

Accepting the estimates already made of Russia's position and necessary aims, her interests may be condensed into access to the sea as extensive and as free as possible: on the east by the Chinese seaboard; on the west in two directions, viz., to the Persian Gulf, by way of Persia, and to the Mediterranean, from the Black Sea, or through Asia Minor. Such plans are deducible, not from knowledge of the councils of the Russian government, but from the history of the recent past, and from the clear natural conditions indicating the lines which offer least resistance to forward movement, whether in the physical obstacles to be overcome, or in the opposition of the populations. It is allowable to add to these conjectured projects the common surmise of Russian design upon India. This, if entertained, would be an advance by the centre rather than by a flank; but even here a study of the map would seem to show that progress through Persia would not only approach the gulf, but if successful would turn—would outflank—the mountains of Afghanistan, avoiding the difficulties presented by the severe features of that country and by the character of its inhabitants. Russia would thus obtain a better position, both in itself and in its communication with the north, for beginning and sustaining operations in India itself.

Such movements as here supposed on the part of Russia, upon the two flanks, might politically affect the interests of other states in a manner to arouse decided and reasonable antagonism; for exerting which they have formidable facilities, by position and otherwise. These advantages, however, rest ultimately upon the sea, and consequently they will not, unless carefully improved, outweigh—or even equal—the predominance by land which Russia has, owing to her territorial nearness and other conditions already mentioned. Moreover, as contrasted with the political unity of Russia and her geographical continuity, the influences that can possibly be opposed to her are diverse and scattered. They find, however, a certain unifying motive in a common interest, of unfettered commerce and of transit in the regions in question. It is upon the realization of this interest, and upon the accurate appreciation of their power to protect it—and not upon artificial combinations—that correct policy or successful concert in the future must rest. Effective co-operation between nations depends upon the necessity imposed by a common interest; the more clear and general, therefore, the understanding of the interest and of attendant conditions, the more certain and abiding the co-operation.

The regions whose political and social future is in doubt, and to be determined possibly by the relative effect exerted upon their inhabitants by the contrasting powers of the land and of the sea, in the struggle of these to influence commercial conditions, constitute the objectives of policy. They are, on the east, the Chinese Empire, and more particularly China proper; on the west, Turkey in Asia and Persia. The latter two are conterminous, the line of division being marked by a lofty but not impracticable mountain chain, extending to the southeast from the ranges of Armenia nearly to the Persian Gulf. Being substantially devoid of railroads, this tract is commercially backward, judged by modern standards. Its area, omitting Arabia, is about a million square miles, distributed between two lines, roughly parallel, indicated on the south by the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, on the north by the Black and Caspian seas. The breadth thus bounded is about five hundred miles—one-half the distance from New York to Chicago. The interior is susceptible of great development, and, specifically, it offers opportunity for railroad communication from the Mediterranean to the head of the Persian Gulf, branching through Persia to the borders of India. From such a trunk line once in operation, lateral extensions would of course follow as improvements increase.

The question of dealing with countries such as these and China, in which governments and peoples alike are content to be stationary, neither knowing nor desiring progress, is so troublesome that it will

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be postponed until the day when the outside more advanced civilization has need of them; or until, as now with China, the future need is emphasized by a present consciousness of its imminence, and by a movement, more or less general, to obtain positions that can be utilized for control or influence. Whatever the nature of such influences, be they most contrary one to another, they have always this in common: they need some circumstance of advantage, in the possession of visible power and position, which alone the native occupants understand as a motive for concession. According as the relative impulses from the north and from the south compare in unmistakable force, so will they prevail. There can be, of course, no question of dispossessing the present inhabitants, that being neither practicable nor desirable. The object can only be to induce them to place themselves under such conditions as shall contribute to their regeneration, to their own benefit and that of the world at large. Whether this shall be effected by a gradual assumption of rule, as in India, or by actuating the government in nominal possession, as now in Egypt, is a matter of detail concerning which prediction is impossible. Results in such cases are matters less of formal preordainment than of growth—of evolution—stage by stage.

In the past the history of such changes has commonly been that private commercial enterprise leads the way, and that the incapacity of the local government permits the occurrence of abuses, which necessitate the interference of a foreign state to protect the rights of its citizens. Interference cannot be confined to mere remedy of the past and engagements for the future, but seeks prevention by guarantees, usually of such a description as to confer a certain degree of local rule. This in turn, partaking of the vitality of its mother-country, tends to grow, as all life does. The seed, having been sown, germinates and thrives after its manner, which is not the manner of the soil; but, once planted, is ineradicable. Whether it overspreads the land depends not upon the native resistance, but upon its meeting counteracting influence of a nature essentially akin to its own.

This process is in India a matter of past history, which had its crisis in the days when Clive and Dupleix represented the rival alien influences of Great Britain and of France; but it has received various illustration in our own time. In Egypt its evolution is but lately complete, and there, as in India, quite contrary to what may have at first been expected, has resulted in the dominance of a single state. In China it has begun, and is still in progress. There it presents as yet only the competition of several nations; it remains to be seen whether, as has been the case in India and in Egypt, this condition will be radically modified by some sudden unanticipated event. That Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia will remain indefinitely strangers to experience of a like nature, is not to be imagined. There is no reason why they should, and there are very evident conditions which indicate that, although postponed, the first step is sure to be taken and the consequences sure to follow, although we cannot now foretell the time of the beginning nor the character of the issue.

Whatever the stage reached in a particular case, the general phenomenon has received sufficient demonstration to be accepted as a fact, in the light of which it becomes advisable to study the present, and to provide that the future should be less accidental than the past. This study can begin and rest upon the two generalizations already made: first, that the scenes of present movements are upon the two flanks of the same long line, the continuity of which is emphasized by the extension of Russian territory; and, second, that, from the obvious conditions, the struggle as arrayed will be between land power and sea power. The recognition that these two are the primary contestants does not ignore the circumstance that neither is a pure factor, but that each side will need and will avail itself, in degree, of the services of the other element; that is, the land power will try to reach the sea and to utilize it for its own ends, while the sea power must obtain support on land, through the motives it can bring to bear upon the inhabitants. To the second of these generalizations there is one conspicuous artificial exception. France, which on the immediate scene of interest is naturally a sea power, becomes by her formal and essentially subsidiary alliance with Russia an element of the land power in relation to the East. Other than that, the proclivities of the states concerned follow their

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natural interests—a condition which, by its greater healthfulness, promises a longer endurance. Hence ensues solidarity of interest between Germany, Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, which bids fair to be more than momentary, because the conditions seem to be relatively permanent.

Let us consider and state the conditions; for, taken together with those of Russia, they constitute the military, and therefore the political, situation on the flanks. Three of these states are preponderantly maritime, and in the matter of military force decisively naval. Germany is different; yet her commercial growth of late years places her necessarily on the side of those who wish commerce in these undeveloped regions to be unfettered. In common with the others, she must seek to provide against an exclusive control there, because she cannot expect such to fall to her. That she already seeks such provision is known, by the large additions proposed to her navy. We may assume, therefore, that in China, should necessity arise, the four states would be found following a common line of action, dependent upon naval force. Such force would find its bases near at hand, and yet, by simple naval predominance, adequately shielded from land attack—with the exception of Germany, which at Kiaochau is more vulnerable. Japan is protected by her strictly insular position, and Hong-kong by remoteness from the centres of possibly hostile land power. In the possession of the Philippines, the United States has—we may almost say forced upon her—a base similarly secure.

These conditions insure control of the sea to their navies, as now constituted. The power of the four states, if alive to the necessities of the case, outweighs, in bases and in ships, in passive and in active force, in foundation and in superstructure, the naval possibilites of Russia and of France. But this pure sea power receives aid from land conditions. Upon one flank of the Russian line lies the army of Japan; upon the other, five thousand miles away, that of Germany. The latter consideration, by its bearing upon the problem of Asia, illustrates the direct interest of the United States in the continued vigor of a European nation. The two extremes of the Russian line, thus open to attack, are most inadequately connected by rail. The Philippines and Hong-kong lie similarly upon the eastern flank of the general position, separated from it only by water distances which are short and absolutely safe. To these supports, and to the facilities for action by land power, is to be added the long access for sea power into the interior afforded by the Yang-tse-kiang. Battle-ships can ascend as far as Nanking, 230 miles from the sea, and vessels of very considerable fighting power to Han-kow, 400 miles farther. Steamers of a kind much employed in the American civil war can go to Ichang, a thousand miles from the river's mouth.

A military situation is also a political condition, the right understanding of which conduces to peace. Advantages such as the above, coupled with a reasonable certainty that there is no purpose to use them for political aggression—however actively they may be employed for the offensive in case war unhappily arises—tend to prevent attempts to obtain commercial monopoly through military force. There is, however, one very weak element in the position of the sea powers, and that is the location of the Chinese capital. Because of the nature of their force, inadequate of itself to territorial expansion, their aim must be to develop China through the Chinese, to invigorate and to inspire, rather than to supersede, the existing authority. It is to be wished, therefore, that the seat of government, despite the force of tradition, could be shifted to the Yang-tse-kiang, throwing itself frankly upon the river, as the core round which to develop a renewed China. Unless this be done, and in case the Peking authorities yield, as is the custom of Orientals, to the nearest strong pressure, it can hardly fail that a rival and opponent rule should gradually arise in the valley of the Yang-tse. The feebleness of the central government lends itself to such a revolution, which would be only a further development of the local independence already found. It may perhaps be for the welfare of humanity that the Chinese people and territory should undergo a period of political division, like that of Germany anterior to the French Revolution, before achieving the race patriotism which, in our epoch, is tending to bind peoples into larger groups than the existing nationalities. The issue is one that passes human foreordainment; but the contemplation

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of the two alternatives is not amiss to the preparation of the statesman.

From our summary it seems evident that the four maritime states named can, by their positions on the eastern side of Asia, seriously impede advance from the north. On the western flank, embracing Persia and Asiatic Turkey, with the Levant Basin of the Mediterranean, conditions are less clear. The centre of the Russian strength is nearer, the sea power of France more at hand to support the Russian navy of the Black Sea—circumstances which favor a local predominance that for centuries has been, and still is, a leading ambition of France. As an offset, the engagements of Italy in the present state of international alliances, and her national sympathy, based upon evident interest, should prompt her active support to any combination the natural tendency of which shall be to insure the balance of power in the Mediterranean, and the consequent free use of the Suez Canal. The conspicuous political sagacity of her people cannot fail to realize that her geographical position, close to Malta and central as regards the Mediterranean Basin, enables her, by means of her powerful navy, to be a factor of decisive importance in this field, the most influential and yet most precarious link in the chain of European communications with the farther East. Neither immediate interest nor local circumstances of advantage justify either Japan or the United States in expending here any part of the energies they require for more pressing duties; and the people of the latter would certainly be loath, probably to the point of refusal, to help perpetuate the abused power of the Sultan—the more so because their traditional friendship for Russia can be alienated only by the latter promoting a policy distinctly hostile to their interests. Yet, while this is so, Americans must accept and familiarize their minds to the fact that, with their irrevocable entry into the world's polity, first by the assertions of the Monroe doctrine, and since by their insular acquisitions—above all, the Philippines—and the interests at stake in China, they cannot divest themselves of concern, practical as well as speculative, in such a question as the balance of power in the Levant, or at the entrance of the Persian Gulf. In predominance in those quarters is involved, for the present at least, control of the shortest way from our Atlantic coast to our new possessions—that by way of the Red Sea; but still more is this road valuable to Great Britain and to Germany, whose policy in China is naturally in accord with, and therefore a support to, our own. Consequently, what affects them in the one region necessarily affects us in the other.

The question of Persia and Asia Minor, regarded from the point of view of our study, concerns the safety of the shortest connection of our natural supporters with the point of interest common to us and to them. It is not their only route, and in so far its importance is lessened. Its value to them also suffers diminution, in the opinion of many, from the hazardous nature of the voyage in time of war, through the narrow waters of the Mediterranean, the yet more contracted Red Sea, and with the very vulnerable link between them, the Suez Canal. When to this is added the length of the Mediterranean—2000 miles from Gibraltar to Suez—and the presence of the French navy, strongly based on the northern and southern coasts, it is not remarkable that a representative school of thought in Great Britain favors the frank relinquishment of so dangerous a course, and regards the canal simply as a convenience of peace. Yet while present political tenures continue, and still more if they are strengthened and developed on existing lines, it should be possible to reduce the perils of this transit, as expressed above, to a degree that would cast the balance in its favor, at least as an interior line for strictly military purposes, and against the greater security, but also much greater length, of the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope.

It is evident, however, that while such military security, if realized, depends primarily upon naval force, that force must rest for its foundation, its base, upon a reasonably secure territorial preponderance in the eastern Mediterranean, the great strategic centre of the route; upon a political condition there which shall assure, not a mere outpost like Gibraltar and Malta, but the support of an extensive population attached by ties of interest. The nucleus of such a combination already exists in the British occupation of Egypt, which, as before remarked concerning India,—and the same is true of the Philippines,—not only confers an advantage, but entails an impulse to action.

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Be the insecurity of the canal route what it may, the work of Great Britain in Egypt carries an obligation to insure its continuance despite a state of war; and the effort necessary to secure Egypt will secure the canal, except against momentary closure by the premeditated sinking of a vessel. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that such a mishap cannot be avoided by a rigorous military control of vessels in transit, and of the pilotage, which will prevent sinking in mid-channel. Moreover, even if the canal be choked, the way remains far the shortest, in time, for military purposes, requiring only the transfer of troops or munitions of war across the narrow neck of land.

Under conditions of war, the continuance of Egypt in its present tenure, and the security of the shortest route to the East, both depend ultimately upon the permanent political bias of the region now called Turkey in Asia, and in a subsidiary degree upon that of Persia. That this is so will readily appear if we imagine that, instead of the existing misrule, Turkey in Asia—Asia Minor, Syria, and Mesopotamia—formed a highly developed modern state, with an efficiently organized army and navy. Nothing can be said now of the power of France in the western half of the Mediterranean that would not be as true, and truer, of the control of such a state over much greater issues. In its presence, if hostile, Egypt would be insecure, as she was in the days of the Ottoman vigor; and the strategic importance of Egypt's position is a commonplace of the ages. This imagined state, touching the Black Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and the Levant, would control the issues from vast territories to the outer world. It does not now exist; but the creation of such a political entity, and its development on healthy lines, are as much one of the problems of Asia, and as important, as China itself. The latter is primarily and chiefly a region simply of production; the other, while not barren in this aspect, would fulfil the far more vital rôle of controlling communications. In superiority of interest to the world, therefore, it far excels.

In order to constitute here a political condition susceptible of durable progress, in place of the present impotent misrule, a process of development must begin from without; for it is sufficiently demonstrated that there is no internal source of regeneration under the actual tenure. Whatever shall happen, the existing populations must remain; but the fate of the government, be that near or remote, will depend upon its faculty of accommodation to the dominant, though alien, pressure. During the stages of advance, through military organization and economical administration, both conformable to the genius of the outside force, be that Russian or Western, the fleet that there finds its territorial base of action will continue to be, not native, but that of the external power; for a navy is the most delicate, most specialized form of military institutions, and hence the latest to mature into independent life. Nevertheless, during the period of tutelage, the result upon the maritime strategic field will be the same as though the naval organization, as well as the military, were composed of the inhabitants themselves. Both embodying the genius of the educating power, the combination of the two will control in her interest this central position of the world.

It is clear, indeed, that here and in China, as well as in Egypt, and wherever a numerous population already exists, the regeneration precursory to full attainment of civilization must proceed through, and by, the inhabitants already in possession of the soil. Concerning this there can be, and should be, no dispute. It appears little less certain that these now have not, either in themselves or in their existing governments, the power to begin and to continue the necessary reformation. The question therefore is, under what impulse, under the genius of what race or of what institutions, is the movement to arise and to progress? The determination of the answer depends upon a struggle, peaceful or otherwise, between the external powers —a conflict inevitable, irrepressible, because of their opposing political institutions, themselves the expression of the yet more vital force of contrasted national characters. Whatever the scene or the nature of the contest, whether it be decided upon the debatable ground itself or exterior to it, upon land or upon sea, by peaceful competition or by the arbitration of war, the issue depends upon a balance of force. That it is impossible of prediction is no reason for abandoning an

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attempt to appreciate the conditions. Quite the contrary; for, be the result what it may, there will enter into its determination not merely blind force, of numbers or of position, but intelligent direction as well, which shall be guided step by step, as emergency succeeds emergency, by informed understanding of the importance and character of the elements of the problem, and by a forecast—a long view—of the ends to be desired. This will be the more necessary on the part of the sea powers if they have the common interest that has been asserted; for, not being under a single head, community of action, without which they will be powerless, can proceed only from an accord based upon accurate comprehension of the issues at stake.

It must be observed that there is not in Levantine Turkey any free waterway, such as in China is given by the Yang-tse-kiang, opening a constant, ready access to the interior from the sea, although a certain analogy thereto is presented by the re-entrant angle formed by the coasts of Syria and Karamania, nigh to the apex of which lies the British island of Cyprus. The development of the interior, upon which alone is to be based that influence upon the inhabitants which shall bring them as a factor into the sphere of international relations, must be by land communications—by railroad—the main line of which, in the absence of watercourses navigable by large ships, will here form the core, around and from which the influences of civilization will grow. Failing immediate direct action by foreign governments, such development will fall to private enterprise, and will in its beginnings naturally follow the lines of least resistance and greatest advantage, which will be in the comparatively easy country that lies between and gives access to two seas—the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. Whatever the particular direction of such a road—which will depend chiefly upon local considerations—it must at once assume political, and therefore strategic, importance. This fact will probably induce a certain rivalry—based upon military as well as commercial reasons—to obtain the concession for building.

The recognition of a community of interest in the general question of Asia, as depending upon land and upon sea power, should influence those who possess the latter to guard sedulously against permitting this rivalry to degenerate into antagonism. This, if done, would illustrate conspicuously the healthful effect of broad general views upon immediate particular action. The nation that lays and administers such a road will, if politically discreet, affect the surrounding country by the daily evidences of benefit, conferred and to be expected; and thus, step by step, promoting organization and improvement, will secure that firm mass of territorial support which, when united to a sea power otherwise preponderant, will determine control. It is almost needless to say that the raw material of military power is in these regions abundant and good.

The considerations heretofore presented show the conditions and the possibilities upon the two extremities, or flanks, of that middle zone of Asia which is defined broadly by the thirtieth and fortieth parallels of north latitude. From them it may be inferred, concisely, that while the eastern regions—China and its dependencies—are of more immediate commercial concern to the rest of the world, and the decision of their future more imminent, those upon the west, finding their centre about the Levant and Suez, possess far greater military and ultimate importance, because they affect the question of communications between Europe, India, and China; not to speak of Australia, which also is therein interested, though less exclusively dependent. Unless Great Britain and Germany are prepared to have the Suez route to India and the Far East closed to them in time of war, they cannot afford to see the borders of the Levant and the Persian Gulf become the territorial base for the navy of a possible enemy, especially if it appear that the policy of the latter in the Pacific runs seriously counter to their own. From Gibraltar to India the Suez route is throughout comparatively narrow, and therefore stations which flank it—as Gibraltar, Algiers, Toulon, Malta, Aden, and the Persian Gulf—can more effectively exert control, because their comparative nearness cannot be overcome by a circuitous course. In the western basin of the Mediterranean such control, so far as dependent upon positions, irrespective of mobile force in ships—a most important qualification—is at present in the hands of France; but once past Sicily and Malta, the maritime situation changes with

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the geographical and political distribution. There is there no local dominant naval state, and the existence of such depends upon the political future of Asiatic Turkey and Persia.

It will be objected that for Great Britain and Germany to maintain their fleets in the Levant, dependent for re-enforcement and supply upon the home countries, is to occupy a position the communications of which, on account of the exposed stretch from Gibraltar to Malta, are unendurably defective, as the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link. The objection is perfectly sound, though not necessarily decisive even under present conditions, but it only makes clearer the need of a more solid territorial establishment in the Levant; one which, through the development of Asiatic Turkey, could afford a local self-sufficing base of naval operations. For, after all, nothing, not the sanding-up of the canal itself, can change the natural conditions which make Egypt the strategic centre of the chief highway between the East and West. It approached this even in the days of sailing-ships, as Nelson and Napoleon then recognized. Steam has made it so decisively; and before the canal was dug, travel had reverted to this route. In these days of big nations, Egypt, from its comparatively restricted habitable area, must remain the appendage of some greater state. Of which? Is it not apparent that the nearer at hand the stronger the tenure, because more susceptible of consolidation? As positions now are, British power territorially consolidated in the Levant, and with a preponderant fleet, can dominate the entire Mediterranean; for this, after all, is a small sea, which a superior fleet centrally placed can control to the full extent of security, as security is understood in war, and without difficulties exceeding those common to all military operations. Such a fleet would require simply to be able to receive harbor support at either end of the sea; for, while it must be able in case of urgency to go to either Gibraltar or Suez, with the certainty of finding needed supplies on the spot, it is not necessary to the protection of either that it be locally present. Nelson at Sicily and at Naples covered Sidney Smith before Acre and Alexandria. Granted a secure base of supplies in the Levant, Italy—too little considered in the question of the East—and Malta have the power, so far as position goes, to dominate the Mediterranean from east to west.

Not only is Great Britain for her own credit bound to hold Egypt, but the central position of the latter with reference to the whole Eastern world is such that, even under present drawbacks, it is hard to conceive any conditions in which supplies can fail to pour in from several quarters. In military situation, Egypt approaches an ideal; for to a local concentration of force, defensive and offensive, operative in two directions, towards Gibraltar or towards India, it adds several streams of supply, so diverse in origin that no one navy can take position to intercept them all. Reduced to the fewest, they flow in by two channels, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean: how shall any one fleet close both? If the Mediterranean be blocked, the Red Sea remains, always the shortest route for India, Australia, and the Cape, to aid to the full extent of their resources, the sole essential being to provide that their resources be adequate. In the same case, Great Britain herself has the Cape route. If this be thought over-long, all the more reason not to abandon that of Suez antecedent to necessity arising. Does some temporary cause, disaster or other, make the fleet itself temporarily inferior? What retreat surer than that of passing the canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, or the reverse? As for permanent naval inferiority, be it incurred at any time or any place, it means, of course, the collapse of British resistance.

In short, submitted to strict military analysis, it would appear that the proposition to abandon the Mediterranean and the Suez route, in favor of the Cape, is a strategic policy defensive rather than offensive, and proceeds from the assumption —probably not recognized—that in some way "war," to use Napoleon's jibe, "can be made without running risks." The truer solution for a state already holding Malta and Gibraltar would seem to be to grasp Egypt firmly, to consolidate local tenure there, and to establish in India, Australia, and the Cape sources—whether manufactories or depots—of necessary supply, in ammunition and stores, against the chance of temporary interruption on the side of England. If this be true under conditions of isolation, it is yet more true at a period when the interests of both Italy

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and Germany coincide in general direction with those of Great Britain.

Whatever decisions may be reached as to practical expediency, based upon the limitations of a nation's power, the considerations that have been presented show convincingly the overmastering and permanent influence of the strategic centre in the Levant, due to the aggregation there of several features, each of which is of the first natural importance. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that these inalienable characteristics will ever invest the region, as a whole, with the significance which in successive past epochs emphasized the names of Alexandria and of Constantinople, as the concrete expression of great complex facts. To our own age the like meaning is conveyed more impressively by the word Suez; for in that little isthmus and its canal is concentrated for western Europe the question of access to the greater East. All the considerations that have been advanced as regards Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Egypt, the basin of the Mediterranean, etc., are in this connection but accessory, deriving their importance from the effect they may have upon the great line of communications whose most decisive point is at the neck of land which joins Africa and Asia. Will it be the dictate, of prudence even, to forsake this line, for the long circumnavigation by the Cape of Good Hope? To pose the question with somewhat of brutal candor, is this shorter road possessed only by favor, subject to the will and power of foreign states? Is such a conclusion necessary, in view of evident rivalry of interests among other countries? And is it possible, without self-inflicted national humiliation, under existing conditions, the results, as these are, of a career which step by step has been increasingly to the lasting honor of Great Britain as a benefactor of mankind?

For some time to come, to the full reach of the farthest view opened by present indications, the world's general movement of assimilative progress will be, not north and south, but east and west; in both ways upon Asia, which now offers the greatest stimulant to all the tendencies that impel advance. The course and influence of these eastern and western movements will be modified and concentrated by the two isthmuses, Panama and Suez, where the shortest line compels the removal of natural obstacles by artificial means, which in the case of the latter have already been successful. Speaking broadly, the two canals will mark a line of division, south of which the efforts of commerce and of politics will be intrinsically much less important than those which occur to the north. Great, however, as will be the consequence of both canals, that of Suez must remain the greater; partly because there is not to it—nor in any near future can be—such an alternative as is presented by the transcontinental railroads of America; partly because there cluster about it natural conditions—the Strait of Gibraltar, the Black Sea and Dardanelles, the Red Sea and the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, the political decadence of Turkey—that have no equivalent in the case of the American isthmus, and also international jealousies, to which the existing political distribution of the Western Hemisphere is less conducive.

If the generalizations of the last paragraph be correct, the question naturally arises, should they entail any modification in political habits of thought? Concerning this, if the assertions themselves, and the precedent statements upon which they rest, are accepted, it follows, first, that they become the primary consideration in the direction to be given to external policy; by which is not meant that all other considerations are excluded, but that, being secondary, they are to be viewed with strict reference to the first, as subordinate or contributory to it. This affects the importance of South Africa to Great Britain, in so far as effort there affects the necessary concentration upon the Isthmus of Suez. As regards the United States, the value of the Caribbean Sea, being the outworks of the isthmus, is in every aspect largely increased, and all indications of political change affecting it even remotely must be sedulously watched; but, on the American continent, south of the points whence influence can be effectually exerted upon the isthmus, the Monroe doctrine loses much of its primacy. If national honor demand, we can continue to assert it in its utmost present extension; but in view of the rapid pronounced transfer of the world's ambitions and opportunities to Asia, it is undeniable that the centre of interest has shifted afar, for us as for others. If the new stake be as large and as imminent as is believed, it is to be pondered whether we do not weaken our

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power for efficient action there by continuing pledged to the political—which is the military—protection of states that bear us no love. Concentration—exclusiveness of purpose—is the condition of successful action in national policy, as well as in military enterprise. Rightly understood, the southern extremities of the Eastern and Western continents must for the time stand aside, as of subsidiary interest to the greater movements elsewhere occurring.

So far in our discussion attention has been fixed almost exclusively upon the peoples and the states external to Asia, or at least to the middle zone of so-called debatable ground, in apparent oversight of the teeming population of the latter. It has seemed, doubtless, as though these were being regarded as not even pawns in the game, but only as the stake to go to the stronger. Such, however, has not been the case. The condition of these peoples is not that of sheep to be owned, although in some respects it much resembles that of sheep without a shepherd; for strong and virile as may be their native characters in individual manifestation, much of the force of the Asiatic is expended in maintaining a dogged stationariness of development, which has settled at last into an apparent impotency for self-regeneration, whether of social institutions or of government. If this generalization be approximately correct—and there is much to justify it in the known conditions—it follows either that these races must remain thus immobile for an indeterminate future—which is unthinkable—or else that movement, progress, reform, must start from external impulses. In the latter case the question of the source and character of these impulses, in themselves, and in the changes that they would tend to beget in methods, and ultimately in character, organization, and action, is evidently of the first importance to the world. If the effective impulse should be mainly Slavonic, there will be a result of one character; if Teutonic, of another; if Asiatic, yet a different. Again, it will matter much whether races essentially homogeneous remain nationally one; or whether, from local distinctions now existing, they pass, at least for a time, into a condition of division into states politically independent and rivals. Far as the result lies beyond our present horizon, it is difficult to contemplate with equanimity such a vast mass as the four hundred millions of China, destined to increase by their natural prolificness, concentrated into one effective political organization, equipped with modern appliances, and cooped within a territory already narrow for it. The character of the civilization which it is destined to receive, from the influences now surrounding and impinging upon it, will go far to determine the future of the world; for civilization, in final analysis, means, not material development in the external environment, but the elevation of personal, and, through personal, of national character.

It is not, therefore, in negligence of the future of these peoples, but in consequence of the immense importance to them, and to all, of the direction that future shall take, that the question of the character and relative strength of the external contestants for influence possesses such immediate interest. The variance of the latter—if such it be—is the opening chapter of a long history, the end of which is involved in no small degree in these its beginnings. It is a long, long view, and foresight unquestionably fails to see the end; but this far it can surely reach—that the elements of danger and of good are so certainly great that there must now be serious prevision, by careful measurement of conditions, sustained watchfulness, and vigorous effort, to insure that nothing unduly sudden or extreme occur—nothing revolutionary; that there shall be gained time, the great element of safety, by the operation of which transformation is retarded into evolution. For whatever the character of the process, the result cannot be to obliterate the qualities of these races, but to introduce them as factors into our existing civilization, from which they have for ages stood apart; in like manner as the Teutonic genius entered into the civilization of Rome, not by sudden convulsion—though with many a throe—but through a protracted process of development, under the reciprocal influence of race characteristics essentially as diverse, almost, as those of opposite sexes. That the result was thus happily protracted—to our own great gain at this present moment—was due, as Mommsen has indicated, to the foresight—the long view—of Cæsar; partial, doubtless, even in so great a man, partly, it may be, even

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unconscious, but seeing, nevertheless, unto conviction, from afar, the dangers that the conditions foretold, and turning his attention with the intuition of genius to the provision of a barrier, by advancing the borders and consolidating the outworks of the Roman state, until positions were held which should insure delay—the primary, though not the final, aim of all defensive dispositions.

Our first necessity, therefore, is to recognize that for European civilization in its turn has now arrived an important period, a day of visitation; that a process has begun which must end either in bringing the Eastern and Western civilizations face to face, as opponents who have nothing in common, or else in receiving the new elements, the Chinese especially, as factors which, however they may preserve their individuality—as is desirable, and as the Latin and the Teuton still do—have been profoundly affected by long-continued intimate contact, and in such wise assimilated that the further association may proceed quietly to work out peacefully its natural results. To effect this does not demand the merging of national characteristics, but it does require more than material development, even the indwelling of a common spirit, a gift far more slow of growth than the process of material advance. Thus as the Latin civilization at the moment of decisive confrontation with Teutonic vigor found its expression in the Roman law and the imperial idea,—of which the centralized Church was the natural inheritor,—our own, while embodying many diverse national types, finds its unity in the hallowing traditions of a common Christianity; which is not the unimproved inheritance of a single generation, a talent laid up in a napkin, but an ever-swelling volume of inbred spiritual convictions, transmitted habits of thought, which by their growth from generation to generation, attest their unimpaired vitality.

Measured by this standard, the incorporation of this vast mass of beings, the fringe of which alone we have as yet touched, into our civilization, to the spirit of which they have hitherto been utter strangers, is one of the greatest problems that humanity has yet had to solve; but to us, having the light of past experience, there is concerning it no ground for doubt, much less for fear. The success with which, in our society of nations, the Latin and the Teuton types mingle, without losing their individuality or their respective spheres of manifestation and of influence, has been due mainly, if not exclusively, to that one spirit which during the critical period found its home in the hearts of each, and became the common possession of races so diverse and for so long estranged. In its sign, in truth, they conquered, for it broke down the wall of partition between them, as between the Jew and the Gentile, reconciling the antagonism of ages without impairing the permanence of type. We may be sure, therefore, that the difficulty now before us—of long estrangement, present lack of mutual comprehension, and ultimate unity to be attained—cannot be adequately regarded from the stand-point of mere commercial advantages—the short view of immediate interests. However such considerations may serve to further a policy suited to the wants of the distant future, it will be only as they are in a direction generally right, the determination of which must be otherwise estimated. All the factors already indicated in this paper, and such others as may hereafter appear in it or elsewhere, should be contemplated not only in the light of immediate advantage, but of that great inevitable future, when, aroused to the consciousness of power, and organized by the appropriation of European methods, these peoples, and especially China, shall be able to assert an influence proportionate to their mass, and to demand their shares in the general advantage. Those who live in that day will recognize then, what our duty to them requires us to realize now, how immense the importance to the world that their development has been not merely material, but spiritual; that time shall have been secured for them to absorb the ideals which in ourselves are the result of centuries of Christian increment.

For the gaining of this necessary time, we and our posterity have much to hope from the fact that our present world of civilization consists of strong opposing nationalities, and is not one huge consolidated *imperium*, such as that of which Cæsar laid the foundation; driven thereto because the individual declension of the Roman citizen had destroyed the material from which the more healthful organism of earlier days could have been reconstituted.

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STRATEGIC MAP OF ASIA.

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PLAYTHINGS OF KINGS

BY KATHARINE DE FOREST

ONE of the places in old Paris that I love to haunt is the beautiful palace known as the Hôtel de Soubise, in which sleep the archives of France. There is a sort of fascination about the building itself—a low harmonious gray structure—that appeals to one's sense of the fitness of things, as though these stately records, in measure as they had grown, had projected for themselves a visible and outward shell. It has had a rich and brilliant history, beginning in the fourteenth century, and reaching its zenith between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, when, in the hands of the Ducs de Guise and the Princes de Soubise, it became one of the most famous of palaces, mentioned by every historian of the time. In 1807 the archives were installed there; in 1847 the whole place was carefully restored, with the exact decoration and style of the fourteenth century. Each of the lofty rooms is full of the beauty of rare woods, of paintings signed by such names as Boucher, of carvings from the master hands of the ages. Paris is full of the splendor of the past, but this seems a past so particularly fresh and living that one has a special desire to question it; to find out what manner of men and women lived during those hundreds of years when human beings walked those shining floors, reflected themselves in those deep mirrors, and heard the same singing of the birds in the green branches of the trees that still surround the stately arcades of the court.

In this very place are some of the most minute and careful records of the daily lives of certain individuals of other days —the kings. Of a date seventeen years older than the founding of the house itself is this account-book of the time of John the Good, a small tome bound in wood and studded with silver nails; and after it stretch away the accounts of the French kings for four hundred years, splendid volumes written on parchment, with all the beauty of illumination, with sumptuous leather bindings, stamped with the arms of France. Everything is scrupulously recorded—a cake of soap for Louis XVI.; six pairs of tennis shoes for Henri II., bought, one notices, in the last year of his life; a game of marbles for Louis XI., also purchased when he was an old man. If it be true that when you know upon what a man spends his money you know what he is, these notes give opportunity for comparison between the natural tastes of kings and their achievements.

In spite of the fact that the reign of Charlemagne was much before the beginning of the archives, curiosity led me to go back to it to begin my researches. It would have been interesting to discover that he foreshadowed the great emperor he was to become by showing some originality in his amusements, but the only thing of which I found record was the beautiful chess-board, with men of carved ivory, which is preserved today in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Its size would justify the verses of an old romance of chivalry, "Ogier l'Ardennois," which shows the son of Charlemagne disputing with Baudinet, son of Ogier:

> De ses deux mains il saisit l'échiquier
> Il en frappe au front Baudinet
> Lui fend la tête d'où jaillit la cervelle
> Et le laisse gisant mort sur le marbre.

(With his two hands he seized the chess-board, He struck Baudinet with it on the forehead, Split open his head, from which gushed the brains, And left him lying dead on the marble.)

Another romance of the time shows the seigneur Regnault de Dourdonne killing the nephew of Charlemagne in the same manner. Was it because of these bloody issues, or rather because of the number of seigneurs and vilains they ruined, that the kings of France tried at this time—without result, for that matter—to prohibit games? This I have not been able to discover; but in confirmation of it I know that the good king Saint Louis, on his way to the Crusades, threw into the sea with his own hands the dice with which his brother the Duke of Anjou was in the habit of playing. Yet

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at the same time he himself possessed a splendid chess-board, sent him by the mysterious and redoubtable Oriental prince whose renown has spread abroad under the name of The Old Man of the Mountain. Tradition has it that it is the very one, entirely in rock crystal, that is in the Musée de Cluny. The conservateur of the museum, however, assures me that the chess-board of Cluny is of later date. It is certain that it is of about the middle of the fourteenth century, and that it has served as pastime for many successive princes.

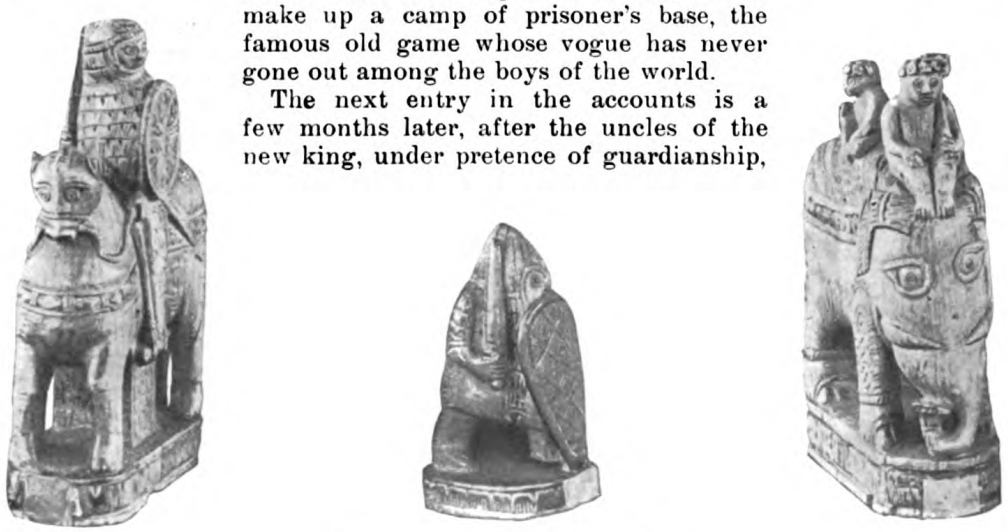


PIECE OF CHESS BOARD OF CHARLEMAGNE.

During the greater part of the fourteenth century chess-boards are the only playthings of which record is to be found in the royal inventories, on account of their precious material. On turning over the pages of the first account-book, that of John the Good—the king who was taken captive by the English after the battle of Poitiers—I find that in 1352 he bought from a merchant living in Paris, in the rue Neuve Notre Dame, two chess-tables; that the duchesse Jeanne de Bourgogne bought, in 1363, a chess-board of crystal studded with pearls, with the men in crystal and red marble; that the Queen of Navarre, her daughter, bought, in 1372, a similar game of jasper and crystal.

The wise and good Charles V., too, in the midst of his various researches into politics, ancient languages, theology, astronomy, alchemy, and other sciences in which he excelled, found time to divert himself with a chess-board which had "sixteen pieces of amber and sixteen pieces of jet." In the year 1380, when he entered into the last stage of that terrible malady which, says his historian, Froissart, "caused the hair to fall from his head, and the nails from his feet and his hands," the royal accounts show us the little dauphin, with the heedlessness of childhood, playing lightly with other children. There is the laconic entry that on the 23d of April, 1380, a sum of 16 sols was paid to Jehan Porquet, "a poor child" that the dauphin had sent for to make up a camp of prisoner's base, the famous old game whose vogue has never gone out among the boys of the world.

The next entry in the accounts is a few months later, after the uncles of the new king, under pretence of guardianship,



CHESS PIECES OF CHARLEMAGNE

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CHESS PIECE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

have divided the kingdom, and the Duke of Anjou has seized the treasures of the crown. The English have become menacing; the people, overburdened with taxes, massacre in the streets of Paris; and the little prince, prudently placed in the depths of the Louvre, we find amusing himself with quiet games in keeping with his mourning. "Sunday, the 23d of December, 1380," we read, "the Duke of Bourgogne gave to the king 40 sols for playing at dice."

Events succeeded each other with tragic swiftness. Everywhere, in England, in Flanders, in all the provinces of France, the people, tired of serfdom, revolt, and the boy is dragged from one bloody scene to another. His brain gives way in this atmosphere of treasons and massacres; fêtes and pleasures finish it. Just as he is of age to become a man he falls back into childhood. From that time he leads a double life. In his rare moments of lucidity he is the good, sensible, and just sovereign that the people call the "well-beloved." The rest of the time he is a poor half-wit whom women guard and divert with mascarades and games. In the accounts I found no record of the celebrated legend that it was by one of these women, Agnes Sorel, that playing-cards were invented in order to amuse this king. The account of the silversmith Poupart, however, mentions as furnished to Charles VI. in 1392 "three packs of cards in gold and divers colors, ornamented with different devices, painted by Jehan Gringonner." These, we find from other sources, were tarots, the Italian playing-cards which were introduced into France only a few years before his reign, and which up to that time had been considered only as a play for children. An incomplete pack of seventeen Italian tarots is preserved in the Cabinet of Prints in Paris, under the name of "Cards of Charles VI." You see among them the *Fool*, coiffed with a bonnet with ass's ears, and pursued by children throwing stones; the *Equerry*, dressed in a justaucorps of gold broché and red breeches; the *Emperor*, holding a globe and sceptre; the *Pope*, between two cardinals; *Love*, represented by three happy couples; the *Moon*, *Death*, etc.

The accounts throw a new light upon the last year of this melancholy sovereign. Historians have agreed in representing him as abandoned by everybody, in a state of imbecility, and in the greatest destitution, while the English Henry V., in accord with Isabelle of Bavaria, was taking possession of France under the title of regent. "Bread, bread, for I have none," was the celebrated cry of Talma, in the play of *Charles VI.* The records for the year of his death, 1422, show that he was neither abandoned, nor in want, nor imbecile. "Tuesday, the 3d March, 1422," is the entry, "there were paid 16 sols to Robinet de Roissy and Cerise, pages of the king, who played with him at tennis and backgammon in the Bois de Vincennes." The 2d of June we find a similar item.

There are few records concerning the games that enlivened the agitated childhood of Charles VII., nor those with which he amused himself in the voluptuous idleness of the court of Bourges, while Jeanne d'Arc and his captains won back his kingdom from the English. Tradition has it that La Hire invented for him the real French game of cards, piquet, which replaced the Italian tarots. Archæologists in the specimens of the cards of the fifteenth century think they recognize the personages of the court of the king

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at Bourges. *Apollo* is Charles VII. himself; the queen, with the device "*La foi est perdue*," is Marie d'Anjou or Agnes Sorel; the king *Sans-Souci* is Jacques Cœur; the king *Coursube*, Henry VI. of England; the queen *Tromperie*, Isabelle de Navière; the queen *En toi te fie*, Jeanne d'Arc. The accounts of the silversmith of Marie d'Anjou have the following item: "The 1st of October, 1454, to Messire Bouchier, merchant at Chinon, two games of cards and two hundred pins delivered to Monsieur Charles of France for play, 5 sols tournois."



CHARLES IX. HOLDING A RAQUETTE.—BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE.

The very word play seems incongruous with the name of Louis XI., that great politician of sinister memory, who caused the death of his own father from terror, and who by treason, the hatchet, poison, the gallows, or life-long imprisonment got rid of all his enemies; also, it must be confessed, the enemies of French unity. The accounts tell us nothing of his childhood; as a matter of fact, he had no childhood; but they give a curious revelation of the means by which he tried to divert his mind from his fears of all descriptions in his old age. While his enemies agonized in iron cages, in which they could not even stretch themselves, the king entertained himself with watching in other cages, less terrible, rare birds, for which he had a passion. In February, 1478, we find he bought for 100 sols "2 dozen birds called canaries." In 1480 he buys an iron cage, and gilded rings for perches, to put about in his room. In March of the same year he buys another dozen of canaries. In 1480 it is a "double cage covered with clean canvas in which to put quails, and a round cage in iron." In March, 1481, he buys a dozen and a half canaries, and in the same month a dozen dozen canaries, and two dozen goldfinches and linnets. So through a long list of similar mentions, up to the very last year of his life. In his sombre château of Plessis les Tours, guarded day and night by Scotch archers, his only society of counsellors, executioners, and astrologers was not sufficient to distract his mind from the terrible fear of death by which he was haunted. He summoned to the court conjurers and trainers with curious animals. Finally, two years before his death, in March, 1481, we find the strange record of a sum paid to Robert Gaultier, his upholsterer, for "two games of marbles and two games of balls."

In the accounts of his daughter, the wise Anne de Beaujeu, are numberless entries for sums paid to saltimbanques.

The accounts of Charles VIII. would seem to show that in this particular case the boy was father of the man, and that from his youth up the careless, reck-

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CHESS PIECE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

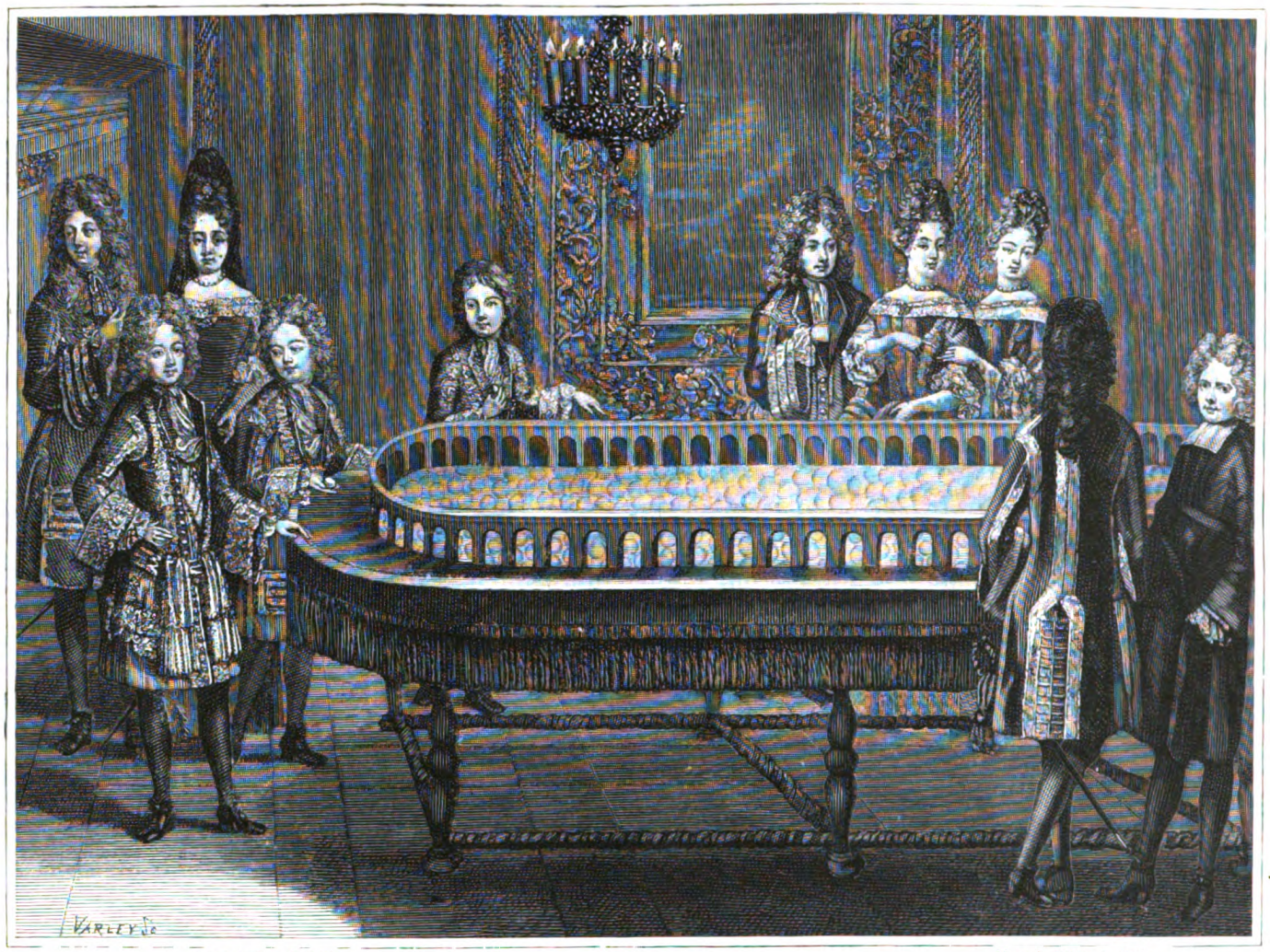
less king he was to become could be divined. While his sister is holding out against the entire French feudal system, we find him, in 1487, at seventeen years of age, principally concerned with the reparation of his chess-board, with having replaced in wood, by Jehan Daniel, manufacturer of combs, "a king and queen, and some lost pawns," and in having some new dice made for his backgammon-board. In 1492, sad year in which he was obliged to buy peace with England for 745,000 écus in gold, he develops a special taste for billiards. We find an item in the accounts of so many yards of green cloth that he had had nailed on to two tables in his own room in order to play with the queen. This by no means makes him neglect other games. Here we read of sums paid out for saltimbanques, here for paume, a sort of tennis, and *fluz*, a game of cards much in fashion; and in his twentieth year we find he has a large bill at a certain merchant's in Paris for spellicans, ninepins, backgammon, checkers, and similar games, and for a singular affair called a "house of Daedalus," which seems to be a sort of mythological chess-board, described in the royal accounts as "furnished with a tower at each end, with an alley in the centre, in the midst of which is a Minotaur, also 800 persons who play with Daedalus, six dice, and Twelve *Humboreaux*." We find that Charles VIII. also inherited his father's taste for birds.

For curious and charming details about Louis XII. and Francis I., the best source is certainly Rabelais. Pantagruel and Gargantua must not be taken as pure works of the imagination. They are based upon the amusements of the royal children of the sixteenth century, in which the great satirist lived. As he says in his preface, one must know how to extract the truth from the artificial form of the romance, "as the dog who breaks a bone to take from it the marrow." But the amusements by which, according to Rabelais, the education of Gargantua was conducted would require an article by themselves. We find, for instance, that in order to inspire a taste for horsemanship in the young Gargantua an enormous horse was made for him, which, by a singular mechanism, could be put through the paces of a real animal. Out of trunks of trees he himself



CHESS-BOARD OF ST. LOUIS.—CLUNY.

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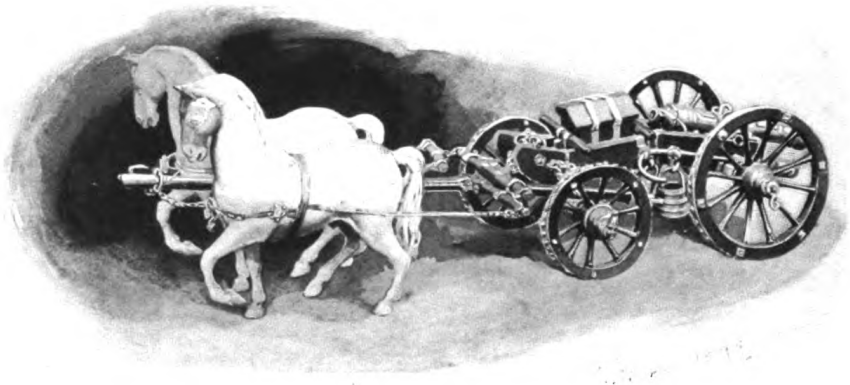


Mons. le Duc de Berry.
Mons. le Duc d'Anjou.

Mons. le Prince de Galles.
Mons. le Comte de Brienne.

THE PRINCES OF FRANCE PLAYING TRENTE ET QUARANTE.—BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE.

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CAISSON DRAWN BY IVORY HORSES, BELONGING TO THE KING OF ROME.—MUSÉE DU GARDE-MEUBLE.

made "horses for the chase," for "every day," for his room. In all he had ten or twelve relays, seven for the post, all of which he put to bed near him. He and his friends seem to have divided their time equally between play and study, and in the list of their games I have found 216, many of which have become standard amusements of children, such as ninepins, marbles, cup and ball, checkers, blind-man's buff.

The great antagonist of Francis I., Charles V., was evidently a chess-player, if we may believe the inventory of his possessions, which enregisters a wonderful chess-board in gold and ivory; while his aunt, Margaret of Austria, seems to have had an extraordinary passion for playthings. Not only had she a superb chess-board of silver, edged with chiselled gold, with thirty-two little personages of silver for men, as well as numberless sets of checkers of the most costly material, but, though twice a widow, and without children, up to her death she kept carefully all her childhood's toys. Among other things there was a child's housekeeping outfit in gold, with six tiny goblets, six cups, two jugs, a buffet, a candlestick, a warming-pan, and a distaff, the whole not weighing more than one marc, three ounces.



DOLL OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XV.—MUSÉE CARNAVALET.

Henri II., the son of Francis I., we remember particularly as the inventor of *paille-maille*, the immediate forebear of our modern tennis, whose name has been preserved in the English Pall Mall. He certainly had what in these days would be called a pronounced taste for sport. I find that when he was Duc d'Angoulême he spent entire days in playing ball, or

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d'escaigne, so called from the name of a sort of wooden racket which served the ball; and the curious mention in the accounts of which I spoke in the beginning shows that in 1559, the very year of his death, he bought six pairs of shoes for playing at *paille-maille*. He seems to have been also what we should consider "a good sort," to judge from Brantôme, who writes that the king was not only a fine player, but very generous. If he won, he divided the money between all on his side. If he lost, he paid for all.

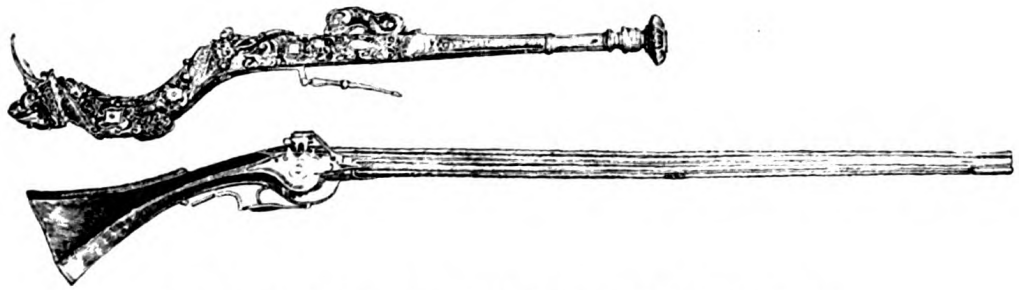


INFANT OF SPAIN, WEARING AT HIS BELT ALL HIS CHILDISH TOYS.—BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE.

Not less curious are two records concerning Francis II., Henri II.'s son, the husband of Mary Stuart, who reigned only seventeen months. In that very last year of his life, which was so full of conspiracies, put down by bloody executions, we find him paying a salary to a fine *paille-maille* player to become one of his suite, and buying "two aunes of black taffeta to make garters with which to fasten up the bottom of his breeches when they got torn in playing paume."

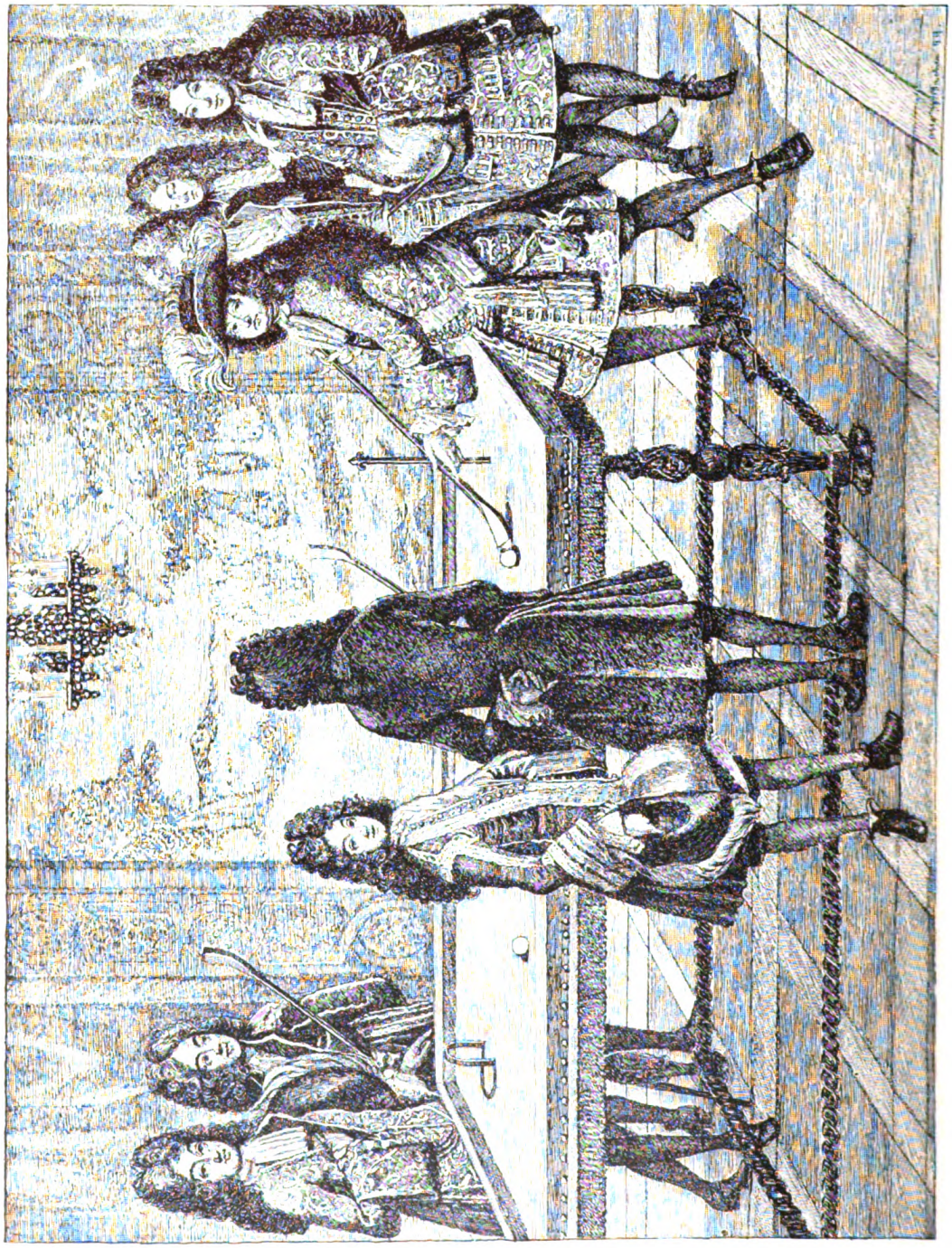


TWO GUNS BELONGING TO LOUIS XIII. AS A CHILD.



ARBALÈTE (CROSSBOW) BELONGING TO CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.
GUN BELONGING TO LOUIS XIII. AS A CHILD.

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LOUIS XIV. PLAYING BILLIARDS.

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When we come to the famous Catherine de Medicis, we find her already complex character singularly complicated by the records of the royal accounts. It is not surprising to find that this queen, who appears in the history of her time as the very personification of selfishness, ambition, perfidy, and cruelty, was fond of the chase. She had a passion for the crossbow, that precise and silent instrument of death. "She shot well," wrote Brantôme, "and when she went out for a promenade, always had some one carry her bow. When she saw a fine shot, she drew." The very weapon that she used is preserved in the Museum of Artillery in Paris. It is made of ebony, carved in fleurs-de-lis and dolphins, with garnitures in chiselled steel and gold, and on one side the initial C. What one understands less, however, is the mention in the inventory made after her death of sixteen magnificently dressed dolls. They could not have been simply relics of her childhood, for eight of them were in mourning, and from her account-book I find that she had them dressed in this way after the death of her husband, for whom she was not ashamed to mourn, that they might be in keeping with her apartments, hung in the same sombre tones. They were probably dolls to show the mode.

While I am speaking of dolls, let me say that it is not the first time that this favorite plaything of little girls appears in the history of royal princesses. The first mention that I have seen was in the accounts of Queen Marie d'Anjou, wife of Charles VII., of the purchase for the young Madeleine de France, from a merchant named Raoulin de la Rue, a follower of the court, of "a Paris doll, made in the fashion of a *damoiselle* on horseback, with a *valet à pied*." In 1493 Queen Anne de Bretagne, wife of Louis XII., had made and remade twice, at the price of seven livres tournois, a large doll to send to the Queen of Spain. As this sovereign was then forty-three years old, either this must have been for her children, or else, which I am more inclined to believe, it was intended to show in Spain the fashions of the court of France. That this was a yearly custom at a later time we can see from the accounts of the eighteenth century.

Two charming pictures of home life are suggested by some of the accounts contemporary with Catherine de Medicis. In those of Jean de Beauvalet, chaplain and tutor to the future Duchess of Parma, mention is made, in 1529, of "an expenditure of 10 livres for the *menus plaisirs* of Mademoiselle, her dolls, and some little gifts that she made." And in 1571 Claude of France, daughter of Henri II., ordered from a great Paris silversmith, Pierre Hoffmann, "a little silver tea set composed of a buffet, pots, plates, bowls, and other things such as they make in Paris, to send to the new-born child of the Duchess of Bavaria."

I should have liked to discover something exact about the amusements preferred by Mary Stuart during the short time that she was Queen of France, but found only a single allusion to them, and that a tragic one, her taste for billiards, in a book by the Seigneur de Brantôme. "After her death," he said, "her body was carried into a chamber adjoining that of her servants, tightly closed lest they might enter to perform for her some act of religion; something that only augmented their grief, for through a hole in the partition they could see her covered with a piece of cloth that had *been torn from her billiard table*."

History has grown more lenient with time to the memory of Charles IX., the king of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The legend which represented him as firing upon the Protestants from a window of the Louvre has of necessity disappeared in face of the fact that the window so long pointed out has been proved to be of much later construction than his reign. The world has ended by recognizing that the poor king, who died at twenty-four in the midst of bloody hallucinations, was never anything but an unconscious tool in the Machiavelian schemes of his mother. The history of the playthings confirms this. Unlike all the other Valois, he had no taste whatever for libertine and violent amusements. He was fond of paume, but the thing he cared for most was a forge that he had built in an isolated room of the Louvre, where he spent his time plying a locksmith's trade. He would probably have made an excellent mechanic. Unfortunately destiny insisted on his being a king.

The character of Henri III., his brother, was exactly opposite. He inherited

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all the Italian defects of his mother, even to a childish superstition that made him wear, like her, pagan talismans at the same time with holy relics. He was fond of jewels and all feminine adornments, and of little dogs, of which he often carried two or three in a sling hung from his neck, and for which he spent as much as 100,000 écus a year. He loved birds to such a point that he built at Fontainebleau an aviary that had a European reputation. For games of chance he had a most extraordinary fondness, and no prince in history ever lost upon them so much money. His great passion, however, was for cup and ball, or the game called *bilboquet*, which seems to have been invented about 1585. In an old book of that date, by Lestoile, I find the mention: "At this time the king began to carry a cup and ball in his hand, even going through the streets, which he played with as do little children. In his imitation, the Ducs d'Esparron and de Joyeuse, who were followed in that by gentlemen, pages, lackeys, and young men of every sort." But in the last years of his life I find record of a most extraordinary trait, which no historian seems to have mentioned, and which throws a singular light on the character of this miserable king. This is a childish taste for cutting out pictures, and these of the greatest value, such as miniatures and illuminations. He always carried little scissors upon his person, and occupied himself with this stupid amusement on all occasions, even in the gravest meetings of the council. The walls of his oratory were entirely tapestried with these meaningless things.

No record exists in the accounts of playthings for Henri IV., King of Navarre, during his childhood. As one would expect, his only amusements were those of the peasant children with whom he was brought up in that plain old château of Billières, which you see today on the route from Biarritz to Pau. His grandfather ordered that he should be dressed like the people of the country, fed, like them, on brown bread, beef, cheese, and garlic, and allowed to run at large over the rocks. This education, worthy of the ancient Romans, gave him a strong mind and body, but, unfortunately, did not guarantee him in the slightest degree against libertinage and the love of play. His correspondence with his minister Sully is full of notes, written in a style that is charming, in which he confesses, sometimes not without embarrassment, the sum lost the evening before. He played principally a game of cards called *reversis*, in which the most important card was named quinola. All the court imitated the king, and many great families ruined themselves at play. Sully finished by entirely losing his temper with the king, and finally, in January, 1609, we see Henri IV. going humbly to make peace with his minister, and promising to play no more. A board which served at the same time for backgammon and draughts for Henri IV. is in the Museum of the Louvre. It is of engraved walnut incrusted with ivory, in certain places tinted green. In the midst of each square is the initial H. On one side are a sword and royal sceptre, on the other are two emblems representing force and peace.

Louis XIII. is certainly the king whose childhood is best known to us.

I know of no more charming nor suggestive study of a child in existence than the diary kept by the physician Jean Héroard, who watched over this royal prince, and noted from his birth his smallest actions and words. You cannot resist the temptation to quote from it, even where it is not question of his playthings and his pleasures. It was in the beginning of March, 1601, that Marie de Medicis gave to Henri IV. the son who was to be the king Louis XIII. He was extremely precocious. At two he said his prayers, and when asked who he was, answered, prettily, "Papa's little valet." His first plaything was a toy coach, in which he put four dolls, whom he called the Queen, Madame and Mlle. de Guise, and Madame de Guiercheville. But, like all children, he seemed to prefer simple to expensive toys. He was very fond of his drum; he went with his father to the *paille-maille* court, where he amused everybody with his efforts to throw the ball with all his little might; he drove in a little chariot with the other children of the court. But his favorite playthings of all were the dolls made for him at Fountainebleau at the pottery of Bernard Palissy. They represented both animals and people. At seven he bought, himself, at the pottery, for three écus, a figure of the king, that he used to kiss

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and have his nurse carry about. A few months later we see him playing tea party with a collection of little figures, to the great amusement of the seigneurs and court ladies, who, he has insisted, shall come with him to his room to look on. There are dogs, cattle, foxes, squirrels, sheep, angels, and at one end of the table is a figure of himself, with, opposite, a Capuchin monk.

The following year he gives as a present to his brother, the little Duc d'Orléans, "a little nurse in pottery," and it is this very figure, I am told by the conservateur of the Museum of Cluny, which is to be seen to-day in the museum. One of these toys gives him an opportunity for showing himself an *enfant terrible.* His father one day, picking up a little pottery monkey, said it looked like M. de Guise. A little while after, M. de Guise came in.

"Monsieur, what is this?"

"It is your likeness."

"How do you know?"

"Papa said so."

These pottery figures, so often charming in modelling, had perhaps a strong influence upon the taste Louis XIII. always had for art. When he was only three he began to draw. At five he sent for a painter, listened with great attention to his suggestions, and began to work with palette and brush himself.

"I will paint you a beautiful little cherubim," he said to his governess, Madame de Montglat.

"Ho!" said she, "you are a fine painter! You wouldn't know how to paint fair weather."

"Yes, I would."

"How would you do it?"

"I would take some white, then flesh-color, and blue."

"But you wouldn't know how to make the sun or the moon."

"Yes, I would."

"How would you make the sun?"

"I would take some yellow and red, and I would mix them."

"And the moon?"

"I would take some white and yellow; I would mix them; then I would make a face; then that would be the moon."

At six the dauphin modelled in wax; at ten, at the Fair of St. Germain, he refused a diamond chain offered him by his mother, saying he preferred pictures; and in the very last days of his life, according to his *valet de chambre*, Dubois, he "worked a long time at painting certain grotesques, with which he diverted himself ordinarily." He was equally fond of music, and at the same time that we find him playing the flute and violin, we see him amusing himself with building a house, carrying the stones, paving a path, nailing up the hangings of his bed, casting little cannons in a forge that he had had built. At six he plays being a *valet à pied;* at thirteen he plays at being cook, and we see him making "smothered eggs." In short, he seemed to interest himself in anything and everything except such things as belong to the profession of being a king, and his greatest merit was to recognize this sufficiently soon to leave at a very early date the direction of the government to such a minister as Cardinal de Richelieu.

In a sovereign who was to be present at so many battles without ever having a fancy for organizing a single campaign, or even taking command at the moment of action, it is curious to note that his favorite amusement above everything else was playing soldier. At three he drilled with the soldiers of his guard, had a little soldier's suit, and a little gun. At ten he dresses up as a sentinel, and plays at mounting guard. We see his officers lending themselves to the fancy.

"What is your name?" asks his under-governor.

"Captain Louis."

"You are well dressed! Some sergeant who is your comrade furnishes you what is necessary?"

"Yes."

Five years later, on the eve of seizing violently the power by the assassination of Marshal d'Ancre and exiling his mother, we see Louis XIII. playing soldier with the same childishness. At eleven he had fifty-five guns. His cabinet of arms followed him everywhere all through his life, and one of his amusements was to take these pieces apart and clean them. Louis XIII. played billiards as soon as he was tall enough to reach the table, and was also fond of checkers. He had a passion for hunting.

As might be supposed, the son of Henri IV. had many toys of great value, but these do not seem to have interested him so much as the plays that he improvised. A Cupid sown with diamonds mounted

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on a dolphin, with an engraved emerald in the stomach, given him by Margaret of Valois, does not seem to have amused him particularly; neither does a little cimeter studded with diamonds, nor a silver boat with golden wheels, *allant à la Hollandaise;* nor yet a doll's tea set in silver, bought, according to the accounts, by his mother, with little figures covered with diamonds.

Louis XIV. was king at five. One of the principal griefs of the historians against Cardinal de Mazarin was his having totally neglected to have the heir to the crown taught anything necessary for a king. This reproach seems to be justified. Louis XIV. had a swimming-teacher, fencing and dancing masters, and a writing-teacher. These were his only professors. The result was that though he was a good fencer, an excellent rider, and such a remarkable dancer that up to twenty-five he danced himself in the ballets that he gave at the court, in everything else his ignorance was apparent.

One finds, with the greatest surprise, that this king, who was to show himself so extraordinarily virile, liked, as a boy, the plays of little girls. His first playthings were a quantity of little toys in gold, enamelled silver, and silver gilt. The accounts record a doll's tea set, a little furnace, four candlesticks, two egg-cups, five chairs, a table, an easy-chair, nine little booths for a fair, filled with figures in enamel, two little brooms, and endless groups representing knife-grinders, Sedan chairs with bearers, and so on. A curious feature of the time of Louis XIII. was the introduction of toy apartments as gifts, filled with dolls wonderfully dressed in appropriate costumes, and under Louis XIV. the art of doll-dressing reached its apogee. We see also in the accounts Madame de Thianges giving at this time to the Duc de Maine, bastard son of the king, a toy whose arrival made an event at the court. It was called *la Chambre du Sublime*, and was a salon as large as a table, filled with "a quantity of little figures of well-known personages, *beaux esprits et femmes de lettres.*"

Exactly at what age Louis XIV. emancipated himself from dolls I have not been able to find out, but it was no doubt while he was still young, for he emancipated himself only too rapidly. But to the very last day of his life he kept a curious taste for automatic toys. At seventy-two he amused himself with a "moving tableau," in which there were more than a hundred personages, and which had been made by a Carmelite monk, the Père Sebastian. He had an automatic deer mounted by a Diana, and a silver hare mounted upon a pedestal, in which was the mechanism. Also he had a series of Chinese and Japanese automatic figures; and the King of Siam, informed, no doubt, of this taste of the king's, gave him a present of "two Japanese ladies, each carrying in her hands a little dish and a silver cup, and when the cup is full of a cordial, the two ladies start off on a promenade."

So soon as Louis XIV. was old enough to have the strength, he went in, nevertheless, with ardor for sports of all sorts, such as paume, *paille-maille*, fencing, riding, and, above all, the famous "game of war," of which one reads so much during his reign. His mother formed for him a whole army of little soldiers of his own age, all sons of grands seigneurs.

It was to the great stupefaction of the courtiers that on the death of Mazarin they heard this prince of twenty-three, who up to that age had seemed absorbed in play, declare in the tone of a master that from that time on there would be but one chief minister in the kingdom—himself. These same men, however, need only to have looked below the surface at the boy's games to see that he would never be a second Louis XIII. The father always wanted to obey, the son to command. Cardinal Mazarin alone had sufficient penetration to say, "In that child there is the stuff of four kings."

After 1661 everything changed at the court. The king did not banish his favorite amusements, but they became ordered ceremonies for enhancing the splendor of his court. He himself preferred billiards to everything else, and there were two magnificent billiard-rooms at Versailles, in one of which he played before the court. About 1695 backgammon became greatly in vogue there, "because," says the *Mercure Galant*, "of its great distinction, and because *there reigns in it a great sincerity;*" from which it may be seen that cheating at play was not uncommon even in the court of Louis XIV. As a matter of fact, it is only in the nineteenth century that this came to be considered a lack of honor.

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One finds from the accounts that Louis XIV. had made for his little son, the grand dauphin, when he was eight, a wonderful army of leaden soldiers, composed of twenty squadrons of cavalry and ten battalions of infantry, moved by springs. This truly royal plaything cost not less than 30,000 livres, an enormous sum for the time.

Louis XV., king at five, and a delicate, fragile, and much-spoiled child, we find at seven consoling himself for the death of his governess, Madame de Ventadour, with a game of billiards. All the royal châteaux had rooms for billiards, which, with the chase, was the amusement of the king. His passion was for automatic figures. He had brought him, one day at Versailles, a head which spoke "toute seule" a certain number of sentences, and he afterwards gave a reward to the inventor.

You do not need to go to the royal account-books to learn the two passions of Louis XVI.—those for mechanics and for geography. But I find curious confirmation of his taste for the former in the copy of a letter by Marie Antoinette that has been sent me from the archives of Vienna. It is dated the 17th of April, 1775, and reads: "My tastes are not the same as those of the king, who has none except for mechanics and hunting. You will agree that I would appear with rather poor grace beside a forge. I would not be Vulcan, and the rôle of Venus might displease him." Louis XVI. set up a workshop in the Tuileries, where he wrought keys and locks with a locksmith's apprentice that he admitted to the palace. It was this very boy who betrayed the king in 1792 by showing the hiding-place of the iron casket in which he kept the papers that were his ruin. Some of Louis XVI.'s tools are still preserved, and I have seen beautiful specimens of his work in the different museums, especially a wonderful desk with secret drawers in the Musée des Souverains. One of his amusements was making maps; and that he was very fond of cards is confirmed by a collection of his playing-cards exposed in the archives, on which the king has written the names of the persons with whom he was in the habit of playing. Marie Antoinette had a passion for card-playing, at which she lost extravagant sums, as well as the entire court. "Young Castellane," says one of the records of the time, "was forced to leave the paternal mansion for having lost his entire fortune in a single evening."

Paris has many souvenirs of the playthings of the little dauphin who died in the Temple, as she has of the little King of Rome. Among those of the former is a little sword in the Museum of Artillery, enriched with emeralds and diamonds; in the Musée du Garde-Meuble is a beautiful little bibelot in gold, a toy cannon drawn by ivory horses, with gold harnesses incrusted with garnets and turquoises, with which he used to play; in the Musée des Souverains another little cannon in gilded brass. The rattle of the King of Rome is also to be seen in the Musée des Souverains, as well as a toy cannon that was one of his favorite playthings, a little trumpet in gilded brass, with cord of red silk and silver, and a sabretache in red cloth embroidered with gold.

The history of the great Napoleon has been so published in minute detail of late that it is scarcely worth while to write again here even his amusements. Let me allude only to his great fondness for chess. You remember that he was beaten by the so-called Russian automaton, made by the Baron de Kaempfen — a table in which the works were ostensibly shown, but which enclosed a living player. Napoleon never played for money, and never encouraged in any way any sort of public game.

It has become simple and natural in our own times to consider sovereigns as men and women like the rest of us, and to read charming tales of their playthings, such as those of the dolls of Queen Victoria of England, or of Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. But to look back upon play in rapid survey through four centuries, as in these notes, it has seemed to me to become invested with a dignity that lifts it into a subject of importance in itself. The greatest artists and craftsmen of the ages have worked for it. Some of the striking features of the retrospective section at the Exposition of 1900, in Paris, will come under the head of the Playthings of Kings.

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SOME UNSOLVED SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

IN the various preceding papers of this series I have endeavored to outline the story of the achievements of our century in the various fields of pure science. In so broad an attempt, within such spacial limits, it has of course been impossible to dwell upon details, or even to hint at every minor discovery. At best one could but summarize the broad sweep of progress somewhat as a battle might be described by a distant eye-witness, telling of the general direction of action, of the movements of large masses, the names of leaders of brigades and divisions, but necessarily ignoring the lesser fluctuations of advance or recession and the individual gallantry of the rank and file. In particular, interest has centred upon the storming of the various special strongholds of ignorant or prejudiced opposition, which at last have been triumphantly occupied by the band of progress. In each case where such a stronghold has fallen, the victory has been achieved solely through the destructive agency of newly discovered or newly marshalled facts—the only weapons which the warrior of science seeks or cares for. Facts must be marshalled, of course, about the guidon of a hypothesis, but that guidon can only lead on to victory if the facts themselves support it. Once planted victoriously on the conquered ramparts, the hypothesis becomes a theory —a generalization of science—marking a fresh coign of vantage, which can never be successfully assailed unless by a new host of antagonistic facts. Such generalizations, with the events leading directly up to them, have chiefly occupied our attention.

But a moment's reflection makes it clear that the battle of science, thus considered, is ever shifting ground and never ended. Thus at any given period there are many unsettled skirmishes under way; many hypotheses are yet only struggling toward the strongholds of theory, perhaps never to attain it; in many directions the hosts of antagonistic facts seem so evenly matched that the hazard of war appears uncertain; or, again, so few facts are available that as yet no attack worthy the name is possible. Such unsettled controversies as these have, for the most part, been ignored in our survey of the field. But it would not be fair to conclude our story without adverting to them, at least in brief; for some of them have to do with the most comprehensive and important questions with which science deals, and the aggregate number of facts involved in these unfinished battles is often great, even though as yet the marshalling has not led to final victory for any faction. In some cases, doubtless, the right hypothesis is actually in the field, but its supremacy not yet conclusively proved—perhaps not to be proved for many years or decades to come. Some of the chief scientific results of our century have been but the gaining of supremacy for hypotheses that were mere forlorn hopes, looked on with general contempt, if at all heeded, when the eighteenth century came to a close—witness the doctrines of the great age of the earth, of the immateriality of heat, of the undulatory character of light, of chemical atomicy, of organic evolution. Contrariwise, the opposite ideas to all of these had seemingly a safe supremacy until the new facts drove them from the field. Who shall say, then, what forlorn hope of to-day's science may not be the conquering host of to-morrow? All that one dare attempt is to cite the pretensions of a few hypotheses that are struggling over the still contested ground.

I.—SOLAR AND TELLURIC PROBLEMS.

Our sun being only a minor atom of the stellar pebble, solar problems in general are of course stellar problems also. But there are certain special questions regarding which we are able to interrogate the sun because of his proximity, and which have, furthermore, a peculiar interest for the residents of our little globe because of our dependence upon this particular star. One of the most far-reaching of these is as to where the sun gets

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the heat that he gives off in such liberal quantities. We have already seen that Dr. Mayer, of conservation-of-energy fame, was the first to ask this question. As soon as the doctrine of the persistence and convertibility of energy was grasped, about the middle of the century, it became clear that this was one of the most puzzling of questions. It did not at all suffice to answer that the sun is a ball of fire, for computation showed that, at the present rate of heat-giving, if the sun were a solid mass of coal, he would be totally consumed in about five thousand years. As no such decrease in size as this implies had taken place within historic times, it was clear that some other explanation must be sought.

Dr. Mayer himself hit upon what seemed a tenable solution at the very outset. Starting from the observed fact that myriads of tiny meteorites are hurled into the earth's atmosphere daily, he argued that the sun must receive these visitants in really enormous quantities—sufficient, probably, to maintain his temperature at the observed limits. There was nothing at all unreasonable about this assumption, for the amount of energy in a swiftly moving body capable of being transformed into heat if the body be arrested is relatively enormous. Thus it is calculated that a pound of coal dropped into the sun from the mathematician's favorite starting-point, infinity, would produce some six thousand times the heat it could engender if merely burned at the sun's surface. In other words, if a little over two pounds of material from infinity were to fall into each square yard of the sun's surface each hour, his observed heat would be accounted for; whereas almost seven tons per square yard of stationary fuel would be required each hour to produce the same effect.

In view of the pelting which our little earth receives, it seemed not an excessive requisition upon the meteoric supply to suppose that the requisite amount of matter may fall into the sun, and for a time this explanation of his incandescence was pretty generally accepted. But soon astronomers began to make calculations as to the amount of matter which this assumption added to our solar system, particularly as it aggregated near the sun in the converging radii, and then it was clear that no such mass of matter could be there without interfering demonstrably with the observed course of the interior planets. So another source of the sun's energy had to be sought. It was found forthwith by that other great German, Helmholtz, who pointed out that the falling matter through which heat may be generated might just as well be within the substance of the sun as without; in other words, that contraction of the sun's heated body is quite sufficient to account for a long-sustained heat-supply which the mere burning of any known substance could not approach. Moreover, the amount of matter thus falling toward the sun's centre being enormous—namely, the total substance of the sun—a relatively small amount of contraction would be theoretically sufficient to keep the sun's furnace at par, so to speak.

At first sight this explanation seemed a little puzzling to many laymen and some experts, for it seemed to imply, as Lord Kelvin pointed out, that the sun contracts because it is getting cooler, and gains heat because it contracts. But this feat is not really as paradoxical as it seems, for it is not implied that there is any real gain of heat in the sun's mass as a whole, but quite the reverse. All that is sought is an explanation of a maintenance of heat-giving capacity relatively unchanged for a long, but not an interminable, period. Indeed, exactly here comes in the novel and startling feature of Helmholtz's calculation. According to Mayer's meteoric hypothesis, there were no data at hand for any estimate whatever as to the sun's permanency, since no one could surmise what might be the limits of the meteoric supply. But Helmholtz's estimate implied an incandescent body cooling—keeping up a somewhat equable temperature through contraction for a time, but for a limited time only; destined ultimately to become liquid, solid; to cool below the temperature of incandescence—to die. Not only so, but it became possible to calculate the limits of time within which this culmination would probably occur. It was only necessary to calculate the total amount of heat which could be generated by the total mass of our solar system in falling together to the sun's centre from "infinity" to find the total heat-supply to be drawn upon. Assuming, then, that the present observed rate of heat-giving has

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been the average maintained in the past, a simple division gives the number of years for which the original supply is adequate. The supply will be exhausted, it will be observed, when the mass comes into stable equilibrium as a solid body, no longer subject to contraction, about the sun's centre—such a body, in short, as our earth is at present.

This calculation was made by Lord Kelvin, Professor Tait, and others, and the result was one of the most truly dynamitic surprises of the century. For it transpired that, according to mathematics, the entire limit of the sun's heat-giving life could not exceed something like twenty-five millions of years. The publication of that estimate, with the appearance of authority, brought a veritable storm about the heads of the physicists. The entire geological and biological worlds were up in arms in a trice. Two or three generations before, they hurled brickbats at any one who even hinted that the solar system might be more than six thousand years old; now they jeered in derision at the attempt to limit the life-bearing period of our globe to a paltry fifteen or twenty millions.

The controversy as to solar time thus raised proved one of the most curious and interesting scientific disputations of the century. The scene soon shifted from the sun to the earth; for a little reflection made it clear that the data regarding the sun alone were not sufficiently definite. Thus Dr. Croll contended that if the parent bodies of the sun had chanced to be "flying stars" before collision, a vastly greater supply of heat would have been engendered than if the matter merely fell together. Again, it could not be overlooked that a host of meteors are falling into the sun, and that this source of energy, though not in itself sufficient to account for all the heat in question, might be sufficient to vitiate utterly any exact calculations. Yet again, Professor Lockyer called attention to another source of variation, in the fact that the chemical combination of elements hitherto existing separately must produce large quantities of heat, it being even suggested that this source alone might possibly account for all the present output. On the whole, then, it became clear that the contraction theory of the sun's heat must itself await the demonstration of observed shrinkage of the solar disc, as viewed by future generations of observers, before taking rank as an incontestable theory, and that computations as to time based solely on this hypothesis must in the mean time be viewed askance.

But, the time controversy having taken root, new methods were naturally found for testing it. The geologists sought to estimate the period of time that must have been required for the deposit of the sedimentary rocks now observed to make up the outer crust of the earth. The amount of sediment carried through the mouth of a great river furnishes a clew to the rate of denudation of the area drained by that river. Thus the studies of Messrs. Humphreys and Abbot, made for a different purpose, show that the average level of the territory drained by the Mississippi is being reduced by about one foot in six thousand years. The sediment is, of course, being piled up out in the Gulf at a proportionate rate. If, then, this be assumed to be an average rate of denudation and deposit in the past, and if the total thickness of sedimentary deposits of past ages were known, a simple calculation would show the age of the earth's crust, since the first continents were formed. But unfortunately these "ifs" stand mountain-high here, all the essential factors being indeterminate. Nevertheless, the geologists contended that they could easily make out a case proving that the constructive and destructive work still in evidence, to say nothing of anterior revolutions, could not have been accomplished in less than from twenty-five to fifty millions of years.

This computation would have carried little weight with the physicists had it not chanced that another computation of their own was soon made which had even more startling results. This computation, made by Lord Kelvin, was based on the rate of loss of heat by the earth. It thus resembled the previous solar estimate in method. But the result was very different, for the new estimate seemed to prove that since the final crust of the earth formed a period of from one hundred to two hundred millions of years has elapsed.

With this all controversy ceased, for the most grasping geologist or biologist would content himself with a fraction of that time. What is more to the point, however, is the fact, which these varying estimates have made patent, that compu-

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tations of the age of the earth based on any data at hand are little better than rough guesses. Long before the definite estimates were undertaken, geologists had proved that the earth is very, very old, and it can hardly be said that the attempted computations have added much of definiteness to that proposition. They have, indeed, proved that the period of time to be drawn upon is not infinite; but the nebular hypothesis, to say nothing of common-sense, carried us as far as that long ago.

If the computations in question have failed of their direct purpose, however, they have been by no means lacking in important collateral results. To mention but one of these, Lord Kelvin was led by this controversy over the earth's age to make his famous computation in which he proved that the telluric structure, as a whole, must have at least the rigidity of steel in order to resist the moon's tidal pull as it does. Hopkins had, indeed, made a somewhat similar estimate as early as 1839, proving that the earth's crust must be at least eight hundred or a thousand miles in thickness; but geologists had utterly ignored this computation, and the idea of a thin crust on a fluid interior had continued to be the orthodox geological doctrine. Since Lord Kelvin's estimate was made, his claim that the final crust of the earth could not have formed until the mass was solid throughout, or at least until a honeycomb of solid matter had been bridged up from centre to circumference, has gained pretty general acceptance. It still remains an open question, however, as to what proportion the lacunæ of molten matter bear at the present day to the solidified portions, and therefore to what extent the earth will be subject to further shrinkage and attendant surface contortions. That some such lacunæ do exist is demonstrated daily by the phenomena of volcanoes. So, after all, the crust theory has been supplanted by a compromise theory rather than completely overthrown, and our knowledge of the condition of the telluric depths is still far from definite.

If so much uncertainty attends these fundamental questions as to the earth's past and present, it is not strange that open problems as to her future are still more numerous. We have seen how, according to Professor Darwin's computations, the moon threatens to come back to earth with destructive force some day. Yet Professor Darwin himself urges that there are elements of fallibility in the data involved that rob the computation of all certainty. Much the same thing is true of perhaps all the estimates that have been made as to the earth's ultimate fate. Thus it has been suggested that, even should the sun's heat not forsake us, our day will become month-long, and then year-long; that all the water of the globe must ultimately filter into its depths, and all the air fly off into space, leaving our earth as dry and as devoid of atmosphere as the moon; and, finally, that ether-friction, if it exist, or, in default of that, meteoric friction, must ultimately bring the earth back to the sun. But in all these prognostications there are possible compensating factors that vitiate the estimates and leave the exact results in doubt. The last word of the cosmic science of our century is a prophecy of evil —if annihilation be an evil. But it is left for the science of another generation to point out more clearly the exact terms in which the prophecy is most likely to be fulfilled.

II.—PHYSICAL PROBLEMS.

In regard to all these cosmic and telluric problems, it will be seen, there is always the same appeal to one central rule of action—the law of gravitation. When we turn from macrocosm to microcosm it would appear as if new forces of interaction were introduced in the powers of cohesion and of chemical action of molecules and atoms. But Lord Kelvin has argued that it is possible to form such a conception of the forms and space relations of the ultimate particles of matter that their mutual attractions may be explained by invoking that same law of gravitation which holds the stars and planets in their course. What, then, is this all-compassing power of gravitation which occupies so central a position in the scheme of mechanical things?

The simple answer is that no man knows. The wisest physicist of to-day will assure you that he knows absolutely nothing of the why of gravitation—that he can no more explain why a stone tossed into the air falls back to earth than can the boy who tosses the stone. But while this statement puts in a nutshell the scientific status of explanations of

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gravitation, yet it is not in human nature that speculative scientists should refrain from the effort to explain it. Such efforts have been made; yet, on the whole, they are surprisingly few in number; indeed, there are but two that need claim our attention here, and one of these has hardly more than historical interest. One of these is the so-called ultra-mundane-corpuscle hypothesis of Le Sage; the other is based on the vortex theory of matter.

The theory of Le Sage assumes that the entire universe is filled with infinitely minute particles flying in right lines in every direction with inconceivable rapidity. Every mass of tangible matter in the universe is incessantly bombarded by these particles, but any two non-contiguous masses (whether separated by an infinitesimal space or by the limits of the universe) are mutually shielded by one another from a certain number of the particles, and thus impelled toward one another by the excess of bombardment on their opposite sides. What applies to two masses applies also, of course, to any number of masses—in short, to all the matter in the universe. To make the hypothesis workable, so to say, it is necessary to assume that the "ultra-mundane" particles are possessed of absolute elasticity, so that they rebound from one another on collision without loss of speed. It is also necessary to assume that all tangible matter has to an almost unthinkable degree a sievelike texture, so that the vast proportion of the coercive particles pass entirely through the body of any mass they encounter—a star or world, for example—without really touching any part of its actual substance. This assumption is necessary because gravitation takes no account of mere corporeal bulk, but only of mass or ultimate solidarity. Thus a very bulky object may be so loosely meshed that it retards relatively few of the corpuscles, and hence gravitates with relative feebleness—or, to adopt a more familiar form of expression, is light in weight.

This is certainly heaping hypotheses together in a reckless way, and it is perhaps not surprising that Le Sage's conception did not at first arouse any very great amount of interest. It was put forward about a century ago, but for two or three generations remained practically unnoticed. The philosophers of the first half of our century seem to have despaired of explaining gravitation, though Faraday long experimented in the hope of establishing a relation between gravitation and electricity or magnetism. But not long after the middle of the century, when a new science of dynamics was claiming paramount importance, and physicists were striving to express all tangible phenomena in terms of matter in motion, the theory of Le Sage was revived and given a large measure of attention. It had at least the merit of explaining the facts without conflicting with any known mechanical law, which was more than could be said of any other guess at the question that had ever been made.

More recently, however, another explanation has been found which also meets this condition. It is a conception based, like most other physical speculations of the last generation, upon the hypothesis of the vortex atom, and was suggested, no doubt, by those speculations which consider electricity and magnetism to be conditions of strain or twist in the substance of the universal ether. In a word, it supposes that gravitation also is a form of strain in this ether—a strain that may be likened to a suction which the vortex atom is supposed to exert on the ether in which it lies. According to this view, gravitation is not a push from without, but a pull from within; not due to exterior influences, but an inherent and indissoluble property of matter itself. The conception has the further merit of correlating gravitation with electricity, magnetism, and light, as a condition of that strange ethereal ocean of which modern physics takes so much account. But here, again, clearly, we are but heaping hypothesis upon hypothesis, as before. Still, a hypothesis that violates no known law and has the warrant of philosophical probability is always worthy of a hearing. Only we must not forget that it is hypothesis only, not conclusive theory.

The same caution applies, manifestly, to all the other speculations which have the vortex atom, so to say, for their foundation-stone. Thus Professors Stewart and Tait's inferences as to the destructibility of matter, based on the supposition that the ether is not quite frictionless, Professor Dolbear's suggestions as to the creation of matter through the development of new ether ripples, and the same thinker's speculations as to an upper limit of temperature, based on the mechanical

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conception of a limit to the possible vibrations of a vortex ring, not to mention other more or less fascinating speculations based on the vortex hypothesis, must be regarded, whatever their intrinsic interest, as insecurely grounded, until such time as new experimental methods shall give them another footing. Lord Kelvin himself holds all such speculations utterly in abeyance. "The vortex theory," he says, "is only a dream. Itself unproven, it can prove nothing, and any speculations founded upon it are mere dreams about a dream."

That certainly must be considered an unduly modest pronouncement regarding the only workable hypothesis of the constitution of matter that has ever been imagined; yet the fact certainly holds that the vortex theory, the great contribution of our century toward the solution of a world-old problem, has not been carried beyond the stage of hypothesis, and must be passed on, with its burden of interesting corollaries, to another generation for the experimental evidence that will lead to its acceptance or its refutation. Our century has given experimental proof of the existence of the atom, but has not been able to fathom in the same way the exact form or nature of this ultimate particle of matter.

Equally in the dark are we as to the explanation of that strange affinity for its neighbors which every atom manifests in some degree. If we assume that the power which holds one atom to another is the same which in case of larger bodies we term gravitation, that answer carries us but a little way, since, as we have seen, gravitation itself is the greatest of mysteries. But again, how chances it that different atoms attract one another in such varying degrees, so that, for example, fluorine unites with everything it touches, argon with nothing? And how is it that different kinds of atoms can hold to themselves such varying numbers of fellow-atoms—oxygen one, hydrogen two, and so on? These are questions for the future. The wisest chemist does not know why the simplest chemical experiment results as it does. Take, for example, a waterlike solution of nitrate of silver, and let fall into it a few drops of another waterlike solution of hydrochloric acid; a white insoluble precipitate of chloride of silver is formed. Any tyro in chemistry could have predicted the result with absolute certainty. But the prediction would have been based purely upon previous empirical knowledge—solely upon the fact that the thing had been done before over and over, always with the same result. Why the silver forsook the nitrogen atom, and grappled the atom of oxygen, no one knows. Nor can any one as yet explain just why it is that the new compound is an insoluble, colored, opaque substance, whereas the antecedent ones were soluble, colorless, and transparent. More than that, no one can explain with certainty just what is meant by the familiar word soluble itself. That is to say, no one knows just what happens when one drops a lump of salt or sugar into a bowl of water. We may believe with Professor Ostwald and his followers, that the molecules of sugar merely glide everywhere between the molecules of water, without chemical action; or, on the other hand, dismissing this mechanical explanation, we may say with Mendeleef that the process of solution is the most active of chemical phenomena, involving that incessant interplay of atoms known as dissociation. But these two explanations are mutually exclusive, and no one can say positively which one, if either one, is right. Nor is either theory at best more than a half-explanation, for the why of the strange mechanical or chemical activities postulated is quite ignored. How is it, for example, that the molecules of water are able to loosen the intermolecular bonds of the sugar particles, enabling them to scamper apart?

But, for that matter, what is the nature of these intermolecular bonds in any case? And why, at the same temperature, are some substances held together with such enormous rigidity, others so loosely? Why does not a lump of iron dissolve as readily as the lump of sugar in our bowl of water? Guesses may be made to-day at these riddles, to be sure, but anything like tenable solutions will only be possible when we know much more than at present of the nature of intermolecular forces, and of the mechanism of molecular structures. As to this last, studies are under way that are full of promise. For the past ten or fifteen years Professor Van 't Hoof of Amsterdam (now of Berlin), with a company of followers, has made the space relations of atoms a special study, with the result that so-called

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stereo-chemistry has attained a firm position. A truly amazing insight has been gained into the space relations of the molecules of carbon compounds in particular, and other compounds are under investigation. But these results, wonderful though they seem when the intricacy of the subject is considered, are, after all, only tentative. It is demonstrated that some molecules have their atoms arranged in perfectly definite and unalterable schemes, but just how these systems are to be mechanically pictured—whether as miniature planetary systems or what not—remains for the investigators of the future to determine.

It appears, then, that whichever way one turns in the realm of the atom and molecule, one finds it a land of mysteries. In no field of science have more startling discoveries been made in our century than here; yet nowhere else do there seem to lie wider realms yet unfathomed.

III.—LIFE PROBLEMS.

In the life history of at least one of the myriad star systems there has come a time when, on the surface of one of the minor members of the group, atoms of matter have been aggregated into such associations as to constitute what is called living matter. A question that at once suggests itself to any one who conceives even vaguely the relative uniformity of conditions in the different star groups is as to whether other worlds than ours have also their complement of living forms. The question has interested speculative science more perhaps in our century than ever before, but it can hardly be said that much progress has been made toward a definitive answer. At first blush the demonstration that all the worlds known to us are composed of the same matter, subject to the same general laws, and probably passing through kindred stages of evolution and decay, would seem to carry with it the reasonable presumption that to all primary planets, such as ours, a similar life-bearing stage must come. But a moment's reflection shows that scientific probabilities do not carry one safely so far as this. Living matter, as we know it, notwithstanding its capacity for variation, is conditioned within very narrow limits as to physical surroundings. Now it is easily to be conceived that these peculiar conditions have never been duplicated on any other of all the myriad worlds. If not, then those more complex aggregations of atoms which we must suppose to have been built up in some degree on all cooling globes must be of a character so different from what we term living matter that we should not recognize them as such. Some of them may be infinitely more complex, more diversified in their capacities, more widely responsive to the influences about them, than any living thing on our earth, and yet not respond at all to the conditions which we apply as tests of the existence of life.

This is but another way of saying that the peculiar limitations of specialized aggregations of matter which characterize what we term living matter may be mere incidental details of the evolution of our particular star group, our particular planet even—having some such relative magnitude in the cosmic order as, for example, the exact detail of outline of some particular leaf of a tree bears to the entire subject of vegetable life. But, on the other hand, it is also conceivable that the conditions on all planets comparable in position to ours, though never absolutely identical, yet pass at some stage through so similar an epoch that on each and every one of them there is developed something measurably comparable, in human terms, to what we here know as living matter; differing widely, perhaps, from any particular form of living being here, yet still conforming broadly to a definition of living things. In that case the life-bearing stage of a planet must be considered as having far more general significance; perhaps even as constituting the time of fruitage of the cosmic organism, though nothing but human egotism gives warrant to this particular presumption.

Between these two opposing views every one is free to choose according to his preconceptions, for as yet science is unable to give a deciding vote. Equally open to discussion is that other question, as to whether the evolution of universal atoms into a "vital" association occurred but once on our globe, forming the primitive mass from which all the diversified forms evolved, or whether such shifting from the so-called non-vital to the vital was many times repeated—perhaps still goes on incessantly. It is quite true that the testimony of our century, so far as it goes, is all against the idea of "spontaneous

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generation" under existing conditions. It has been clearly enough demonstrated that the bacteria and other low forms of familiar life which formerly were supposed to originate "spontaneously" had a quite different origin. But the solution of this special case leaves the general [illegible] still far from solved. Who [illegible] what are the conditions necessary to the evolution of the ever-present atoms into "vital" associations? Perhaps extreme pressure may be one of these conditions; and, for aught any man knows to the contrary, the "spontaneous generation" of living protoplasm may be taking place incessantly at the bottom of every ocean of the globe.

This of course is a mere bald statement of possibilities. It may be met by another statement of possibilities, to the effect that perhaps the conditions necessary to the evolution of living matter here may have been fulfilled but once, since which time the entire current of life on our globe has been a diversified stream from that one source. Observe, please, that this assumption does not fall within that category which I mention above as contraband of science in speaking of the origin of worlds. The existence of life on our globe is only an incident limited to a relatively insignificant period of time, and whether the exact conditions necessary to its evolution pertained but one second or a hundred million years does not in the least matter in a philosophical analysis. It is merely a question of fact, just as the particular temperature of the earth's surface at any given epoch is a question of fact, the one condition, like the other, being temporary and incidental. But, as I have said, the question of fact as to the exact time of origin of life on our globe is a question science as yet cannot answer.

But, in any event, what is vastly more important than this question as to the duration of time in which living matter was evolved is a comprehension of the philosophical status of this evolution from the "non-vital" to the "vital." If one assumes that this evolution was brought about by an interruption of the play of forces hitherto working in the universe—that the correlation of forces involved was unique, acting then and then only—by that assumption he removes the question of the origin of life utterly from the domain of science—exactly as the assumption of an initial push would remove the question of the origin of worlds from the domain of science. But the science of to-day most emphatically demurs to any such assumption. Every scientist with a wide grasp of facts, who can think clearly and without prejudice over the field of what is known of cosmic evolution, must be driven to believe that the alleged wide gap between vital and non-vital matter is largely a figment of prejudiced human understanding. In the broader view there seem no gaps in the scheme of cosmic evolution—no break in the incessant reciprocity of atomic actions, whether those atoms be floating as a "fire mist" out in one part of space, or aggregated into the brain of a man in another part. And it seems well within the range of scientific expectation that the laboratory worker of the future will learn how so to duplicate telluric conditions that the play of universal forces will build living matter out of the inorganic in the laboratory, as they have done, and perhaps still are doing, in the terrestrial oceans.

To the timid reasoner that assumption of possibilities may seem startling. But assuredly it is no more so than seemed, a century ago, the assumption that man has evolved, through the agency of "natural laws" only, from the lowest organism. Yet the timidity of that elder day has been obliged by the progress of our century to adapt its conceptions to that assured sequence of events. And some day, in all probability, the timidity of to-day will be obliged to take that final logical step which to-day's knowledge foreshadows as a future if not a present necessity.

Whatever future science may be able to accomplish in this direction, however, it must be admitted that present science finds its hands quite full, without going farther afield than to observe the succession of generations among existing forms of life. Since the establishment of the doctrine of organic evolution, questions of heredity, always sufficiently interesting, have been at the very focus of attention of the biological world. These questions, under modern treatment, have resolved themselves, since the mechanism of such transmission has been proximately understood, into problems of cellular activity. And much as has been learned about the cell of late, that interesting

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microcosm still offers a multitude of intricacies for solution.

Thus, at the very threshold, some of the most elementary principles of mechanical construction of the cell are still matters of controversy. On the one hand, it is held by Professor O. Bütschli and his followers that the substance of the typical cell is essentially alveolar, or foamlike, comparable to an emulsion, and that the observed reticular structure of the cell is due to the intersections of the walls of the minute ultimate globules. But another equally authoritative school of workers holds to the view, first expressed by Frommann and Arnold, that the reticulum is really a system of threads, which constitute the most important basis of the cell structure. It is even held that these fibres penetrate the cell walls and connect adjoining cells, so that the entire body is a reticulum. For the moment there is no final decision between these opposing views. Professor Wilson of Columbia has suggested that both may contain a measure of the truth.

Again, it is a question whether the finer granules seen within the cell are or are not typical structures, "capable of assimilation, growth, and division, and hence to be regarded as elementary units of structure standing between the cell and the ultimate molecules of living matter." The more philosophical thinkers, like Spencer, Darwin, Haeckel, Michael Foster, August Weismann, and many others, believe that such "intermediate units must exist, whether or not the microscope reveals them to view. Weismann, who has most fully elaborated a hypothetical scheme of the relations of the intracellular units, identifies the larger of these units not with the ordinary granules of the cell, but with a remarkable structure called chromatin, which becomes aggregated within the cell nucleus at the time of cellular division—a structure which divides into definite parts, and goes through some most suggestive manœuvres in the process of cell multiplication. All these are puzzling structures; and there is another minute body within the cell, called the centrosome, that is quite as much so. This structure, discovered by Van Beneden, has been regarded as essential to cell division, yet some recent botanical studies seem to show that sometimes it is altogether wanting in a dividing cell.

In a word, the architecture of the cell has been shown by modern researches to be wonderfully complicated, but the accumulating researches are just at a point where much is obscure about many of the observed phenomena. The immediate future seems full of promise of advances upon present understanding of cell processes. But for the moment it remains for us, as for preceding generations, about the most incomprehensible, scientifically speaking, of observed phenomena, that a single microscopic egg cell should contain within its substance all the potentialities of a highly differentiated adult being. The fact that it does contain such potentialities is the most familiar of every-day biological observations, but not even a proximal explanation of the fact is as yet attainable.

Turning from the cell as an individual to the mature organism which the cell composes when aggregated with its fellows, one finds the usual complement of open questions, of greater or less significance, focalizing the attention of working biologists. Thus the evolutionist, secure as is his general position, is yet in doubt when it comes to tracing the exact lineage of various forms. He does not know, for example, exactly which order of invertebrates contains the type from which vertebrates sprang, though several hotly contested opinions, each exclusive of the rest, are in the field. Again, there is like uncertainty and difference of opinion as to just which order of lower vertebrates formed the direct ancestry of the mammals. Among the mammals themselves there are several orders, such as the whales, the elephants, and even man himself, whose exact lines of more immediate ancestry are not as fully revealed by present paleontology as is to be fully desired.

All these, however, are details that hardly take rank with the general problems that we are noticing. There are other questions, however, concerning the history and present evolution of man himself, that are of wider scope, or at least of seemingly greater importance from a human stand-point, which within recent decades have come for the first time within the scope of truly inductive science. These are the problems of anthropology—a science of such wide scope, such far-reaching collateral implications, that as yet its specific field and

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functions are not as clearly defined or as generally recognized as they are probably destined to be in the near future. The province of this new science is to correlate the discoveries of a wide range of collateral sciences—paleontology, biology, medicine, and so on—from the point of view of human history and human welfare. To this end all observable races of men are studied as to their physical characteristics, their mental and moral traits, their manners, customs, languages, and religions. A mass of data is already at hand, and in process of sorting and correlating. Out of this effort will probably come all manner of useful generalizations, perhaps in time bringing sociology, or the study of human social relations, to the rank of a veritable science. But great as is the promise of anthropology, it can hardly be denied that the broader questions with which it has to deal—questions of race, of government, of social evolution—are still this side the fixed plane of assured generalization. No small part of its interest and importance depends upon the fact that the great problems that engage it are as yet unsolved problems. In a word, anthropology is perhaps the most important science in the hierarchy to-day exactly because it is an immature science. Its position to-day is perhaps not unlike that of paleontology at the close of the eighteenth century. May its promise find as full fruition!

CAPTAIN JOHN ADAMS, MISSING

AN INCIDENT OF THE BOER WAR

BY DR. C. W. DOYLE

TWO days after the battle of Elands Laagte, in a little clearing on the right bank of Sunday's River, Captain John Adams, of her Britannic Majesty's Lancers, with a revolver ready to his hand, lay fast asleep, and undisturbed by the bright sunlight that streamed on his face—for he slept the sleep of exhaustion. He had been wounded, as the blood-stained bandage round his knee showed, and he was one of the "missing," whose numbers so greatly swell the British losses in the terrible war now proceeding in South Africa.

The pennon of the lance he had planted in the ground beside him was stiff, and the lance-head was blackened—for it had been used in the charge made by the Fifth Lancers at the end of that day of blood. But although the little flag had lost its jaunty flutter, it had attracted the attention of the young Boer scout, who was now leaning on his rifle and regarding the sleeper.

"It is a fool—and a very reckless fool!—who would display such evidence of his folly as this," thought the Boer, as he plucked the lance from the ground and put the Lancer's revolver in his own belt.

The sleeper's dress and accoutrements, identical with those of some prisoners he had seen despatched to Pretoria, showed him to be a soldier of the hated regiment that had refused quarter to the Boers whom they had ridden down on that day of wrath at Elands Laagte.

To the tall, fair-bearded Boer, whose young brother had been killed on that day—perhaps by this very Lancer—it seemed but right to send the sleeper's soul a-glimmering without any warning.

"'Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered,'" he muttered in his beard, as he clubbed his rifle to do this killing—he could not shoot the Lancer, for he might be within ear-shot of British scouts, and his horse was too tired for flight from pursuers. But before the blow could descend, an open book lying beside the sleeper caught the Boer's eye. Treading softly, he picked it up. It was a prayer-book of the Established Church of England, and on the fly-leaf was written, *John Adams, Captain, Fifth Lancers.*

"They are all hypocrites, and worse than the heathen," was the thought of the stern young Lutheran. "'God shall wound the head of His enemies,'" he muttered again, quoting from the psalm that had been chanted by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar.

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As he slipped the little book into his pocket, preparatory to resuming his grim work, something fell from its leaves to the ground. He picked it up—and it was the picture of a pretty, fair-haired child about three years old. So rough, and unlovely, and full of the horrors of war had been the past few days that the presentment of a little innocent child, seen at such a time and such a place, took him out of himself for a moment by the contrast it suggested.

At a lonely farm, in the loneliest corner of the Transvaal, he too had a little one, with fair hair and blue eyes, whose prayers, he knew, rose nightly at her mother's knee on his behalf to the God of Battles, who had doubtless listened to his Gretchen—for he had come through the hell of a modern battle unhurt.

A gleam of pity touched his mind as he regarded the picture in his hand. Perhaps the sleeping soldier was the father of the little maid. On the back of the photograph was the simple legend *My Own Sweet Dorothy*. He would wake the sleeper, then, for the sake of the "sweet Dorothy" across the sea, and give him a chance of settling his affairs with his Maker before despatching him.

Having assured himself once more that the sleeping Lancer was unarmed, he touched him with his rifle, saying, "John Adams, awake!"

The Captain opened his eyes—to find himself disarmed. In the excitement of the situation he struggled to his feet, but in the next instant a twinge of pain reminded him of his wound and made him feel faint. He swayed and would have dropped had not the Boer caught him and seated him on a fallen tree trunk. He revived shortly, only to realize in the same moment that he was helpless—and doomed! For the stern, determined Boer had that in his face that forbade any hope. Well, he would die like a man, at any rate. And then it occurred to him that the Boer might have killed him in his sleep! There might be some slight hope in such restraint on the Boer's part—there certainly was some reason. Drawing out his pipe, he proceeded to fill and light it. The man with the rifle should begin the game of life and death.

"You are John Adams?" asked the Boer, in English, and with an accent that told of education at Cape Town.

The Captain nodded affirmatively.

"Your little daughter's name is Dorothy?"

"Now how in the devil's name should you know that?"

"One who is so near to his end should not swear, John Adams. This is the source of my information," and the Boer turned the picture towards the other.

The sight of it was too much for the wounded man, who dropped his head between his hands and groaned aloud.

"Courage! John Adams," said the Boer; "and thank your sweet Dorothy for giving you a chance of making your peace with God."

They meditated awhile in silence—the Boer leaning on his rifle, and the Briton with his head between his hands.

Presently the latter looked up, and asked, "You have little ones of your own?"

"I have a little Gretchen, who is as sweet as your Dorothy."

"For the sake of your Gretchen, would you consider such a—such a request as one soldier might fairly ask of another?"

"Surely."

The proposal the Lancer was about to make was such as a Cavalier of Charles the First might have made to one of Cromwell's Ironsides—the prototypes of the Boers. He involuntarily raised his eyes to the impassive heavens before speaking, and a speck in the clear rarefied atmosphere of the uplands caught his attention. It came to his mind, with a curious thrill, that a pair of eyes far keener than his were watching this present session between Briton and Boer. (Such sessions had brought much good feeding to the vultures of Natal in the past few days. The bearded men and the men in *khaki* were alike good for hungry beaks.)

These anachronistic "seventeenth-century shepherds"—as some one has well styled them—who insist that God is on their side; who think to stay the March of the Ages with modern weapons of precision and dumdum bullets; and whose President incorporates truculent verses from the psalms of the warrior-king with his orders to the farmer-soldiers of the Transvaal to "shoot straight"--such men might possibly produce a few knightly foes amongst their thousands. These thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of the Captain as he considered the terms of his request.

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"What is your wish?—make haste!" demanded the Boer.

"Admit me to fight with you for my life," said the Captain, simply.

"But you are disarmed—and wounded! How should you fight?"

"You have a rifle in your hand," returned the Lancer, "and my revolver in your belt—weapons enough for two."

The Boer smiled gravely, and said: "It is my business not only to fight, but to kill the enemies of my country. The present advantage lies with me, and it belongs to my country. I were a traitor to throw it away. Would not the blood you might shed hereafter be on my head?"

The argument was unanswerable, and once more the Captain looked up for an instant into the pitiless sky. The speck had circled low enough to be seen now as a vulture with broad wings and expanded tail. To the Captain it was a Messenger of Death.

"At least you will let me die like a soldier? You will shoot me?"

The Boer shook his head. "That, too, would be giving an advantage. My horse is tired, as you can see, and, attracted by the report of my rifle, your people would soon overtake me on the open plain. Then, too, the information I have obtained to-day is too important to our cause for me to be hampered with a prisoner, or even to let a wounded man, as helpless as you are, know that a Boer scout had been here. Therefore must I use this," and he held up the butt of his rifle.

The Captain nodded his head in assent to the Boer's reasoning. Other soldiers had died of the butt, he reflected.

"You will give me ten minutes in which to write a letter?" asked the Lancer.

"Yes."

The Captain took out his note-book and wrote rapidly. As he finished his writing, a broad shadow passed over it, and the ominous bird, now within fifty feet of them, uttered its harsh, malignant scream, and lit on a neighboring tree. Roused by its cry, a horse whinnied in a neighboring thicket.

The Boer started, and clubbed his rifle.

"It is my horse," said the Captain, holding up his hand. He then whistled on his fingers, and in a few seconds a charger emerged from the brush, and nuzzled its head against its master.

"It is a good beast," said the Captain, patting the horse's neck—"it is a good beast, and it shall be yours for such small mercy as you have shown me. As a consideration you will mail this note-book to my wife? Her address is in it."

The Boer would comply with his request.

As the Captain hung the horse's bridle over a branch that projected from the tree trunk on which he was sitting, a thought flashed through his mind, and he said: "It was accounted the best horse in a noted regiment, and it would soon carry you out of the reach of any possible pursuers. It is accustomed to fire"—the Boer smiled grimly—"therefore—" and he ended abruptly.

The Boer looked up, and the men's eyes met. "Therefore?" he asked.

"Therefore you will shoot me."

The Man of Doom hesitated.

"You are a man—and a soldier—and therefore not afraid of a little risk," resumed the Captain. "You would not like to tell your little Gretchen hereafter that, once in your life, you were afraid to take a small risk, in a small affair of outposts, and with a wounded and unarmed man," and the Captain tapped his empty pipe against the side of his boot.

"I fear *nothing*," said the Boer, quietly, "for I know that I shall 'lead captivity captive.' You shall have your wish. Prepare."

At that moment the foul bird of prey once more uttered its harsh cry, as though it were impatient. Involuntarily the men turned their heads and regarded it for an instant. In answer to the look in the Captain's eyes the Boer said: "I have a bullet for it also. Now let us say the Lord's prayer together—and may God have mercy on your soul!"

And Captain John Adams, folding his arms, faced his death with open eyes. The men's voices blended together in the great prayer:

> "Our Father which art in heaven,
> Hallowed be Thy name,
> Thy kingdom come—"

There was the crack of a rifle, and John Adams, Captain of her Britannic Majesty's Fifth Lancers, fell on his face, and was "retired" forever from active service.

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RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY DR. JAMES HERVEY HYSLOP

WE touch humanity at its tenderest spot when we discuss the immortality of the soul. There is no hope or aspiration which commands so tenacious a hold upon both the best and the worst of our beliefs as this. Very few can be induced to say that they do not wish it, or do not care whether it is a fact or not. The desire for it in the average man or woman stands at least next to the instinct of self-preservation, and has been for ages treated as so sacred that scepticism regarding it could not be tolerated until a large class had learned the virtues of the Stoics. Still, the mental and moral attitude toward it is various. The strong healthy man, rejoicing in physical life and the struggle for existence, and without asking any questions regarding the meaning of things, may be indifferent toward any future existence until disappointment and failure reach him; and the weak, who cannot try their strength with nature, nor fix any equation between their powers and desires, look to some future life to compensate them for the inequalities of the present. The religious type of mind has varied from the fetichistic notion to the highest conception of personal existence. And in any one of its most developed forms it is difficult to describe its attitude in any single proposition. Its general temper, however, is that of a pensive melancholy, an emotion that is the combination of joy and sorrow and that always tries a judicious compromise between the pessimism of the present and the optimism of the future. But the history of this conception that interests us here may be divided into three periods—mythology, Christianity, and scientific scepticism. Mythology, originating in the twilight of history and haunting the beautiful youth of man with such splendid visions of idyllic happiness, vanished into the limbo of poetry and illusion at the first touch of philosophic reflection. Christianity followed Greco-Roman scepticism with the promise, on certain conditions, of a personal immortality beyond the grave. It seized the corruption and despair of ancient civilization to transfer the golden age to the future. In the interest of this hope it ruled fourteen centuries of human history with a rod of iron. A thousand influences, economic, political, social, and religious, combined to give the belief tenacity and stability. But a day of reckoning came in which the whole scholastic fabric tumbled into ruins. The Renaissance reinstated the Greco-Roman habits of thought, and nature, a Medusa head on which religion thought it could not look and live, obtained the homage that had been the exclusive tribute of the divine. The immortal name of God, which had shed such a beautiful lustre over the speculations of both history and hope, began to set in thunder-clouds. Scepticism and physical science began an assault upon every defence which the supernatural had ever made. In quick succession followed the victories of Copernican astronomy, Newtonian gravitation, and Darwinian evolution, two of them taking the supernatural out of space, and the other out of time. The triumphs of physical science, covering heat, light, electricity, magnetism, telegraphy, telephony, phonography, and Röntgen rays, have seemed to leave no place for spirit in the kingdom of nature. Physiology followed all this up with a terrible onslaught upon psychology, which had always been weak in its appeals to facts, and too frequently indulged in the hopeless process of staring into a man's stomach for intellectual light, or of coddling the aspirations of the race by the equivocations and jargon of idealism. The outcome was at least an apparent victory for materialism. All phenomena seemed to be reducible to material laws and functions. Neither in the macrocosm nor in the microcosm had any place been left for the explanatory function of spirit. The terrific oracle of Oedipus, "Mayst thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art," seemed to haunt with despair the hopes of every one that tried to scan the mysteries of nature.

Both science and religion neglected a

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sporadic class of phenomena which have been the exclusive possession of a despised body of men and women who claimed to have obtained occasional intercourse with departed spirits. All early attempts to study these claims only revealed the most appalling amount of illusion and fraud. The mental pathology, the ignorance of mental and physical laws, and the gullibility that have characterized many of the most conspicuous devotees of spiritualism, to say nothing of the adventurers that have preyed with such impunity upon all classes of investigators, exercising a fiendish delight in playing upon the finest instincts of human nature, seeking for hope and consolation, until one could wish to see fools and knaves engulfed together in the darkness of annihilation—all these follies and crimes have pursued the progress of spiritualism with such persistence that insanity has been a pardonable verdict against all who have dared to tamper with its "phenomena." It is impossible to use the word without conjuring up a whole host of cabinet and slate-writing tricks as the proper representatives of the kind of evidence invoked for the "scientific" proof of immortality. The intelligent mind can hardly conceive a genuine supernormal fact after so many failures of spiritualism to meet the challenge made to science. Of this the general public is sufficiently aware, and I do not require to illustrate further than by reference to the report of the Seybert Commission. Hence my present duty in that direction is fulfilled if I make clear that I am conscious of the legitimate difficulties and objections to be raised against any charitable treatment of so illimitable a source of delusion.

But in spite of all this there was a large number of interesting and baffling phenomena, as judged by the known standards of science, and representing the personal experiences of intelligent people who would not parade them before the public, but concealed them with religious sacredness or prudent care to avoid the unpleasant notoriety which such facts would create after the fiasco of spiritualism. Still, they would pass from mouth to mouth in confidential intercourse until they vanished in the oblivion of tradition and mythology. It was the existence of such phenomena and their going to waste that finally convinced a few courageous men of the scandal to science that they were not investigated and recorded before they disappeared in neighborhood gossip. The consequence was that a society was organized, known as the English Society for Psychical Research, for the purpose of studying all the alleged phenomena of spiritualism. It had not intention either to prove or disprove the claims of that belief, but merely to collect, compare, and classify its alleged facts, and to record at once all that could be ascertained by the most thorough investigation of apparently supernormal events, leaving every individual to decide for himself whether he chose to assign them any serious value or not. This society is organized and sustained by such men as I name here, representative of its character, respectability, and scientific pretensions: Professor Sidgwick of Cambridge University, England; Professor Barrett of Dublin; Professor Oliver Lodge, of Liverpool; Professor Charles Richet, of Paris; Professor Max Dessoir, of Berlin University; Professor William James, of Harvard University; Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.; Sir William Crookes; the Marquis of Bute; Hon. A. J. Balfour, present leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons; Lord Rayleigh; the Bishop of Ripon; the Bishop of Carlisle; Alfred Russell Wallace, the rival of Darwin in the discovery of the law of evolution; Pierre Janet, the distinguished successor of Charcot in experimental hypnotism; and hundreds of other not less respectable in the annals of science.

The phenomena which this society set to investigate consisted of hypnotism, thought transferrence or telepathy, hallucinations, alleged clairvoyance, planchette and ouiga board performances, automatisms of all sorts, table-turning and "spirit rappings," apparitions, mediumistic phenomena, coincidences, and all physical or mental facts that appeared to bear upon alleged supernormal capacity. A large place was assigned to fraudulent phenomena in its investigations, especially as means to the study of illusions. The society has issued thirteen volumes of reports on such phenomena, each of about six hundred closely printed pages, and in addition to these, eight volumes of the *Journal* and two volumes entitled *Phantasms of the Living*. It is from this mass of material that I expect to draw the facts

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illustrative of its work and tendencies. I shall not dwell upon the data connected with the evidence for telepathy, or thought transferrence, interesting as that may be, because the material which has apparently a spiritistic significance is not only that which must interest the reader much more, but it is such that unless we accept the hypothesis of telepathy as a foregone conclusion we have no possible escape from spiritism. In this dilemma we may expect that scientific scepticism will not stumble at telepathy. I shall therefore confine my illustration of the facts with which psychical research has to deal very largely to the phenomena that, superficially at least, suggest the existence of spirits and their occasional communication with the living, though it may be in ways that are calculated to give the scientific mind pause.

There are but three types of phenomena that can lay any pretensions to having a spiritistic origin. They are "rappings," apparitions, and mediumistic experiences. The first class is connected with the physical phenomena of spiritualism, and has not been so seriously treated by the society as most of the devotees of spiritualism would desire, and I think that the course of investigators in this matter is correct. There are two reasons why little stress should be laid upon these physical phenomena. First, there is no class of facts more easily connected with fraud and illusion than this. They are too intimately associated with the immediate presence of the presumed human cause of them to obtain any reasonable assurance of a supernormal origin. Second, they are not evidence of spirits in most cases, even on the supposition that they are genuine, which the majority of them are proved not to be. The only phenomena that are entitled to any recognition whatever as even superficially spiritistic are those which bear upon the question of personal identity—that is, the persistence after death of the consciousness that we once knew as a living being. All other phenomena may be discarded as irrelevant to the problem. Consequently, dismissing the physical "facts" of spiritualism as either false or too dubious for serious discussion, I shall confine myself to apparitions and mediumistic phenomena, with perhaps occasional allusion to instances of telepathy and premonition where necessary. In choosing instances of apparitions I wish to have reference to their reliability as facts. We cannot forget the circumstance that "ghosts" have been the favorite objects of the most abject superstitions. The serious and hair-raising stories of old women and ignorant people have too often turned out the simplest fancies not to indulge a sense of humor at the very mention of them. Hence we require special credentials of such phenomena before we suspect any more important causes than window-curtains in the moonlight, tombstones, practical jokes with a sheet, or "wheels" in one's head. Hence I shall mention no instance of an apparition that does not come from an authority which will carry weight at least regarding its scientific interest, or that cannot be authenticated by sufficient testimony regarding its exemption from the suspicion of ordinary illusion, whatever the final explanation. I shall choose instances which command attention, even when we are able either to wholly explain them away or to discount their spiritistic significance.

The first instance that I shall quote is that of Lord Brougham, who, as every one must recognize, was thoroughly a man of the world. I give his own account of it. He was travelling with friends in Sweden when the experience occurred.

We set out for Gothenburg determined to make for Norway. About one in the morning, arriving at a decent inn, we decided to stop for the night. Tired with the cold of yesterday, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in, and here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning.

After I left the high-school, I went with G., my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the university. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our own blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve the doubts we had entertained of the "life after death." After we had finished our classes at the college, G. went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; more-

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over, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all his schoolboy intimacy had died out and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G., looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G., had disappeared.

Lord Brougham afterward ascertained that this G. had died on the very day of this experience. It produced a profound impression upon his mind, but wisely for his time and the lack of similar instances to suggest any supernormal significance, he treated it as possibly a dream or casual hallucination. But however we may choose to explain it, the experience comes from a source that satisfies one criterion of value, namely, respectability of origin. It is also one of the many cases on record in the society's archives of an appearance in pursuance of a promise to do so.

The second instance is one from Dr. G. J. Romanes, F.R.S., the distinguished disciple of Charles Darwin, and almost his peer in scientific reputation. He writes the account of his experience to Mr. Myers, the secretary of the Society for Psychical Research:

Toward the end of March, 1878, in the dead of night, while believing myself to be awake, I thought the door at the head of my bed was opened, and a white figure passed along the side of the bed to the foot, where it faced about and showed me it was covered, head and all, with a shroud. Then with its hands it suddenly parted the shroud over the face, revealing between its two hands the face of my sister, who was ill in another room. I exclaimed her name, whereupon the figure vanished instantly. Next day (and certainly on account of the shock given me by the above experience) I called in Sir W. Jenner, who said my sister had not many days to live. She died, in fact, very soon afterwards.

I was in good health, without any grief or anxiety. My sister was being attended by our family doctor, who did not expect anything serious; therefore I had had no anxiety at all on her account, nor had she herself. I have never, either before or after this, had such an experience.

This is what is called a case of premonition, and cannot represent the appearance of a discarnate spirit in any explanation of it.

John Addington Symonds was the subject of the following experience. His reputation as a scholar is too well known for comment. He says, writing to the society:

I was a boy in the sixth form at Harrow, and, as head of Mr. Rendall's house, had a room to myself. It was in the summer of 1858. I woke about dawn, and felt for my books upon a chair between the bed and the window, when I knew that I must turn my head the other way, and there between me and the door stood Dr. Macleane, dressed in a clergyman's black clothes. He bent his sallow face a little toward me and said, "I am going a long way—take care of my son." While I was attending to him I suddenly saw the door in the place where Dr. Macleane had been. Dr. Macleane died that night (at what hour I cannot precisely say) at Clifton. My father, who was a great friend of his, was with him. I was not aware that he was more than usually ill. He was a chronic invalid.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who will not be charged with superstition, narrates the following experience. It is found in his article on Apparitions in the Encyclopædia Britannica:

The writer once met, as he believed, a well-known and learned member of English University, who was really dying at a place more than one hundred miles distant from that in which he was seen. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the writer did mistake some other individual for the extremely noticeable person whom he seemed to see, the coincidence between the subjective impression and the death of the learned professor is, to say the least, curious.

Dr. Weir Mitchell reports an interesting case in the experience of his father, who was also a physician. His father had a patient in the insane asylum who had occasionally lucid intervals. One morning Dr. Mitchell went to the asylum to inform his patient of the death of his wife during the night. As he came in sight of his patient the man cried out: "You need not tell me. My wife is dead. I know it. She was here last night and told me herself." Supposing that there was no foundation for this story, Dr. Mitchell went to the manager and told him what had been said, and the manager entirely confirmed it by saying that he heard the man talking in the night and went to him to see what was the mat-

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ter. The man at once reproached him for disturbing him and for driving away his wife, who, he said, was there and had told him that she had just died. This case is interesting as associating a veridical apparition with a pathological condition of mind, and suggesting that if we should ever prove the survival of consciousness we might greatly disturb the ordinary and materialistic theory of insanity.

Dr. Liebeault, the distinguished physician of Nancy, in France, reports an interesting case which is not an apparition, but an instance of automatic writing that involves the same general phenomena as the apparitions above mentioned, and is given here because of the weighty authority from which it comes. He had a hypnotic patient who developed phenomena of the automatic sort which took the form of writing messages purporting to come from spirits. One of these was the following coincidence:

One evening, the 7th of February, 1868, about eight o'clock, just as we were about to sit down to dinner, this patient was seized with the desire to write. She was given some paper and she traced some indecipherable lines on it, and then on the following page rewrote them. After some excitement she became calm, and wrote that a certain person named Marguerite announced to her that she had just died. We supposed that this was the name of some friend living at the house of the teacher with whom she lived in Coblentz. We decided to ascertain whether the statement could be verified and whether the death had actually taken place. Mlle. B—— wrote to an English friend in the same house without revealing her motive. On the next mail she received a reply from this lady expressing some surprise at the motive in writing to her, but went on to say, all unconscious of what was wanted, that the friend of the lady who had done the automatic writing had died on the 7th of February about eight o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Keulemans, who was a draughtsman in the work done for the Encyclopædia Britannica, a man of very considerable intelligence and free from superstitions of any kind, according to the testimony of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, the secretary of the society, reports two interesting apparitions similar in import to those that have been told. Mr. Keulemans was living in Paris with his family, and on the breaking out of an epidemic of small-pox, sent his three children to London to escape it:

On the 24th of January, 1881, at half past seven in the morning, I was suddenly awoke by hearing Isidore's voice, as I fancied, very near me. I saw a bright, opaque mass before my eyes, and in the centre of this light I saw the face of my little darling, his eyes bright, his mouth smiling. The apparition, accompanied by the sound of his voice, was too short and too sudden to be called a dream; it was too clear, too decided, to be called an effect of the imagination. So distinctly did I hear his voice that I looked around the room to see whether he was actually there. The sound was of that extreme delight such as only a happy child can utter. I thought it was the moment he woke up in London, happy and thinking of me. I said to myself, "Thank God, little Isidore is happy as always."

Mr. Keulemans describes the ensuing day as one of peculiar brightness and cheerfulness. He took a long walk with a friend, with whom he dined, and was afterwards playing a game of billiards, when he again saw the apparition of the child. This made him seriously uneasy, and in spite of having received within three days the assurance of the child's perfect health, he expressed to his wife a conviction that he was dead. Next day a letter arrived saying that the child was ill; but the father was convinced that this was only an attempt to break the news; and, in fact, the child had died, after a few hours' illness, at the exact time of the first apparition. Mrs. Keulemans also confirms the statements of her husband indicating that he had had intimations of the child's death.

We have on record a large number of coincidental experiences by Mr. Keulemans, and among them one intimating the death of his father in Rotterdam while Mr. Keulemans was in London, and one intimating in much the same way the death of his grandmother, and also one intimating the sickness of his little daughter.

Robert Louis Stevenson reports to Mr. Myers four interesting experiences, which, though they are not apparitions representing coincidences with the death of any one, are the mental experiences of a man whose word will not be questioned, and are of that type which explain the original source of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. They are too long to quote here, but are one link in the chain of remarkable mental phenomena which it is the business of science to study rather than ridicule.

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I could quote a long case reported and corroborated by Mr. Andrew Lang, the Marquis of Bute, and Dr. Ferrier of London, which is one of the most remarkable instances on record. There is another, perhaps as good, by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, the brother-in-law of Charles Darwin, and an incident in premonition told by Mrs. Louis Chandler Moulton and Dr. E. W. Anthony, of Providence, Rhode Island. They are too long for repetition here. But they all represent that respectability of source which suggests at least the necessity for scientific investigation, and I do not quote them here for any other purpose.

Mr. Edmund Gurney, before his death, suggested that a census of hallucinations should be made, and confined to experiences which had been recorded within ten years of their occurrence. This was done, and it is from this record that I take this conclusion, though I have not chosen the above instances from it. The volume contains only the coincidental hallucinations for England and Wales, and records 350 of them, some of them recorded before they were verified, and representing apparitions coinciding with the death of the person seen. The committee, consisted of Professor Sidgwick of Cambridge University; Mrs. Sidgwick, his wife, and sister of Lord Salisbury; Mr. Frank Podmore, the keenest critic that psychical research ever had; Mr. F. W. H. Myers, the secretary of the society; and Miss Alice Johnson, of Newnham College, Cambridge. The object of the census was to test the hypothesis of chance as an explanation of such phenomena. The committee rejected 270 of the instances collected, as either not sufficiently authenticated, though like the others in general character, or too indefinite in details to use for theoretical purposes. They retained only 80 cases as certified beyond reasonable doubt. On the basis of the law of probabilities, whose technical features will have to be taken for granted here, they found that the coincidences were 350 *times larger than the law of chance required.* This was reckoning the apparition within twelve hours after the death of the person who appeared, though most of the apparitions seemed to occur very near the time of death. Reckoning them within one hour of death, the coincidences are 305,000 times larger than the law of chance requires, and this with only 80 cases out of the 350 collected. I understand that the American census sustains the same conclusion, and the committee announce their conviction in the following language: "*Between deaths and apparitions of the dying person a connection exists which is not due to chance.* This we hold as a proved fact." Farther than this the committee would not go at the time.

Common-sense must inevitably feel impressed with the spiritistic suggestiveness of such phenomena, in spite of the fact that some of them are undoubtedly not of that import, since they are coincidental apparitions of persons still living. But whatever their import, the strict scientist is likely, and with justice, to insist upon more satisfactory evidence of so gigantic a theory as the survival of the soul and communications with it. The terrible silence of the majority of the human race after death must impress the careful man with a feeling of scepticism regarding the alleged occasional returns from the grave. "Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more. And Pleiades and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them on the plains of Shinar." Hence the scientific mind will be wary, though it be ultimately forced to confess that apparitions, if sufficiently numerous, may suggest the probability that religion and spiritualism are right in the claim that man survives death. But the last test of the cautious inquirer is *experiment*, and he usually suspends judgment until all theories are verified by this crucial method of determining a controversy. Before taking up the consideration of experiments in mediumship to settle the matter, I may be permitted to refer to one experiment in the observation of even an apparition, an experiment that was somewhat carefully carried out.

Miss Goodrich-Freer, formerly known as Miss X., and editor of *Borderland*, and who has recorded an amazing number of coincidental experiences of a supernormal kind in her own life, was sent to a house that had the reputation of being haunted. She knew nothing more than this fact, and had never seen any description of the "ghost" that was said to appear there occasionally. On the first night she saw

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an apparition, and the description of it tallies quite well with that of other parties who claim to have seen it. This may pass for what it is worth, and it is only interesting as being the result of a deliberate experiment.

But the experimental work of the society bearing upon the evidence for a future life is of a different type from that which is identified with "ghosts." It is in the field of mediumship, which is familiar enough to the public in some of its aspects not to require explanation here. But there is one important warning to be made for the reader, and that is that the mediumistic phenomena which have interested the society do not take the form either of slate-writing or of cabinet tricks. These are the type of phenomena that have driven sane men away from the subject altogether. What we have in the case which has interested the society so much is the simple matter of automatic writing in a trance condition, if simple it can be called, and representing, on its face at least, messages from departed souls. Whether this is the interpretation to be put upon the phenomena is the open question. But superficially, however, they assume that form, and whether accepted as such or not, must be conceived in that way in order to understand their alleged import. They supply, on any theory whatever, the material that suggests personal identity, which is the first demand to be satisfied in any spirit hypothesis.

In this connection, however, we must remark another warning against illusion in regard to the meaning of mediumistic phenomena. Much, perhaps the most, that passes under that classification is nothing but the production of what goes in psychological parlance as "secondary personality." These are the results of subconscious mental processes. They are the imitation of real personality and consciousness, and are producible by hypnotic suggestion. Hypnotize a man and suggest to him that he make a speech, and he may do so in a way or in language that he could not do in the normal state. He seems to be another person altogether than himself. This is what is called "secondary personality." The most that passes for spiritistic is nothing more than this phenomenon. Any facts that can even approximate a spiritistic standard must do much more than this, and must represent incidents in the life of the alleged communicator that are free from three objections—(1) fraud, (2) telepathy, and (3) secondary personality. They must satisfy the most strict criteria for personal identity. The Piper case, which has justly become so celebrated, seems to supply these very conditions. I shall summarize as briefly as I can the results of four volumes of reports on this case.

The discovery of the case is due to Professor James of Harvard University. He tells the story in the following language:

> I made Mrs. Piper's acquaintance in the autumn of 1885. My wife's mother, Mrs. Gibbens, had been told of her by a friend during the previous summer, and never having seen a medium before, had paid her a visit out of curiosity. She returned with the statement that Mrs. Piper had given her a long string of names of members of the family, mostly Christian names, together with facts about persons mentioned and their relations to each other, the knowledge of which on her part was incomprehensible without supernormal powers. My sister-in-law went the next day, with still better results, as she related them. Amongst other things, the medium had accurately described the circumstances of the writer of a letter which she held against her forehead, after Miss G. had given it to her. The letter was in Italian, and its writer was known to but two persons in this country.

This was sufficient, with a large number of other and similar incidents in Professor James's report, to call the attention of the Society for Psychical Research to Mrs. Piper, and there began soon after the long series of experiments which have been conducted for thirteen years. The first task of the society was to eliminate the possibility of fraud. The phenomena were such that only what is known as the "detective system of fraud" was possible, inasmuch as slate-writing and cabinet performances did not enter into the case. This detective system consists in collecting information about sitters in various ways and palming it off as spiritistic. The first step made in the investigation of this aspect of the problem was to shadow Mrs. Piper with detectives to ascertain whether she either employed persons or collected information herself in this manner. It was found that she employed no such means for this end, so far as could be ascertained. But to settle this matter more effectively, Mrs. Piper was taken to England, under the auspices

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of the society, where she had never been before, and where she was not allowed to have any servants except such as were furnished by the persons under whose care she was. Her trunks were examined to see whether she had any of the usual apparatus for collecting information, and all her correspondence had first to pass through the hands of and be read by the parties with whom she was staying, before Mrs. Piper herself could receive it. Arrangements for sittings were not made directly with Mrs. Piper. She was simply under a general contract to sit for the society and its members at their pleasure. The persons who were to have sittings were entire strangers to Mrs. Piper, the arrangements being made under either a false name or no name at all, and the person introduced to her, when he arrived, under either a false name or none at all. All these precautions did not in the least diminish the quality of the material obtained at the sittings, as it should have done in the case of fraud. The general conclusion of the experimenters was that no theory which did not at least go as far as telepathy could adequately explain the phenomena obtained. On Mrs. Piper's return to this country the same general precautions were observed in arranging for sitters, all possibility of identifying them before the experiments being carefully provided for by withholding their names and introducing them under pseudonyms.

Now before indicating illustrations of the facts upon which the experimenters based the conclusion just mentioned, it is important to make a preliminary remark to avoid a misunderstanding which is very frequent. Many come to the reading of such facts with an exaggerated notion of what is to be expected of alleged spirit communications, and finding them below their fictitious and imaginary standard, feel disappointment, and wonder why men pretending to scientific wisdom speak so highly of trivial matters such as constitute much of the material in the reports. To this class of people it may as well be said once for all that we, as investigators of this subject, do not place any value upon the wonderful nature of the messages presented. We do not consider that the importance of the Piper phenomena depends upon the way the facts strike the imagination or the love of the marvellous. The only two facts that we emphasize, after eliminating the fact of fraud, are (1) the conditions under which the facts are obtained, and (2) their relation to the problem of personal identity. The contents of the "communications" may be as trivial or confused as you like, if only they satisfy the scientific criterion of authenticity and the unity of personality necessary to be supposed, if we are dealing with discarnate spirits.

It is a difficult matter to select incidents from the report of these English sittings, as the subject of experiment was too new to conduct it with the care and method that experience has later developed. Many various efforts were made to test the hypotheses of telepathy, clairvoyance, and spiritism, but the last rather incidentally. The contents of the "messages" also show such a fragmentary character that the pertinence of even a whole series of sittings can be best exhibited by summarizing them rather than copying the record of the sittings themselves. This is the course that I shall adopt.

In a long series of experiments, Professor Oliver Lodge, of Liverpool, obtained many incidents from alleged friends "on the other side" that were suggestive of personal identity, though most of them were amenable to the telepathic theory. The full names of certain dead relatives, with characteristic incidents in their lives, were given, and that were wholly beyond normal acquisition by Mrs. Piper. The verification in some instances had to be obtained by correspondence in different parts of the world. For instance, he put into the hands of the medium a locket containing the hair of a cousin Agnes. This name was soon given, the statement made that she had died of consumption, which was true; and mention made of a book connected with her and Professor Lodge, "a little book with some verses in it," which was also true; and also that the hair in the locket was hers, which was also true. The locket had been closed all the while. This Agnes also mentioned that Professor Lodge had some letters of hers, and alluded to a friend of hers by the name of "Lu," both of which were true. In one of the sittings an uncle purported to communicate, and mentioned a snake-skin which he used to keep in a box. Dr. Lodge remembered nothing of this, nor did a brother recall it when written to regarding it. A second inquiry of another brother brought

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out the fact that it was true. Allusion was also made to the circumstance that two of the Lodge boys had come near drowning in a stream. Professor Lodge could not recall this, but verified it by correspondence with some of the old inhabitants of his native place.

An interesting experiment was tried to see whether information representing contemporary incidents in London could be obtained in Liverpool. Mr. Gonner arranged with his sister to have the mother do something unusual at a certain hour on a Saturday morning. The mother was not to know that it was a request of the brother, and the sister was to leave the house when the action was decided upon, and a stranger left with the mother to keep a record of her doings. The sister also was not to know what was to be done. The mother decided to take a drive in the park, this being considered by her an unusual thing for her on a wet morning. At this hour Mrs. Piper was in a trance in Liverpool, and was asked to tell what Mr. Gonner's mother was doing. She succeeded in telling that Mrs. Gonner was "going out"; that she did not wish to do this, but was urged to do it; that she picked up a muff after coming out of her room; that she had some difficulty with her dress about her neck, and that she looked at a picture from her table. All of these were ascertained to be true, except the trouble with her dress about her neck, which was, however, quite probable, because she wore a garment that was hard to fasten about the neck, and it simply happened that the lady present to watch her had not seen this particular act.

I shall quote one sample of the sittings and record. It is with a Mr. Clarke:

"I want to talk to you about your uncle C. There is some one with him—E. He is your cousin. Well, he sends his love to you." "Is he in the body?" the sitter asked. "No; he is in the spirit." "How did he die?" asked the sitter. "There was something the matter with his heart and his head. He says it was an accident. He wants me to tell you that it was an accident. He wants you to tell his sisters. There's M. and E.; they are sisters of E. And there is their mother. She suffers here [pointing to abdomen]. Now how do you think I know this?" "I don't know," replied the sitter. "E. told me. His mother has been very unhappy about his death. He begs you for God's sake to tell them that it was an accident —that it was his head; that he was hurt there [makes motion of stabbing heart]; that he had inherited it from his father. His father was off his mind. You know what I mean—crazy. But the others are all right, and will be. And he wants you to tell them that his body is dead, but that he is living. He and his father are just trying to take comfort in each other. They are a little apart; they are not with the others in the spirit."

Mr. Clarke's comments on this passage, which is but one instance of many hundreds of pages, are as follows:

A striking account of my father's family in Germany. The names and facts are all correct. The father was disturbed in his mind for the last three years of his life, in consequence of a fall from his horse. The son committed suicide in a fit of melancholia by stabbing his heart, as described. The sister referred to as lame was bedridden for ten years.

But in spite of messages like this by the hundred, there was one feature of many of the sittings which made it extremely difficult to tolerate the spiritistic theory as against the telepathic. Most of the failures were connected with alleged incidents which the sitters did not know, while most of the correct cases were of what the sitters did know. This was a suspicious circumstance of much importance.

The second report contains much more matter that represents the spiritistic view, but I will select only one instance of it—the experiment of a lady whom Dr. Hodgson, the secretary of the American branch of the society, reports as a careful and thorough observer. She had some forty or more sittings with Mrs. Piper, and one of the incidents in them was the following, given in her own account of it. The communication purported to come from an old friend of this lady's, he having died some years before. She says:

I have received from T. (the friend mentioned), dictated through Mrs. Piper to her husband and sent me by post, seven letters at intervals from November 29, 1886, to January 22, 1889. Each contains some unintelligible matter, but each contains familiar allusions and the old-time opening and closing phrases, either of which is too long and individual to have been merely chanced upon. The post-office address of the first is worth mention. Mrs. Piper had learned from me neither name nor residence, nor had any other than my pet name Nellie been given at the sittings. On November 16, 1886, Dr. Phinuit (the "control," or secondary personality of the medium, the

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alleged spirit acting as intermediary for the communicating "spirit") told me that T. was dictating a letter to me. "How will you address it?" I asked. "T. knows your address, and will give it to the medium." November 29 a friend who had been sitting with Mrs. Piper brought me word that the promised letter had been mailed to

Miss Nellie Wilson,
Care David Wilson,
Reading, Massachusetts.

By applying at the post-office at Reading I was able to obtain the letter. I alter the names, but these points may be noted:

1. My surname is given correctly.

2. I have a cousin David Wilson, of whose relationship and friendship T. was well aware. His home, however, has always been in New York.

3. Reading was my home during my childhood and youth, but I removed from it thirteen years ago. I knew T. only subsequent to that removal.

4. While living there I wrote my name with the diminutive Nellie, but since then have preferred to write my baptismal name, Ella, or merely the initial E. T. was wont to use the initials merely.

At my next sitting, November 30, I inquired about this mongrel address. "T. was not strong enough," said Phinuit, "to direct where the letter should be sent, but he thought your cousin David would attend to your getting it. Your other friends here helped us on the rest of the address." "But they would not tell you to send to Reading." "Yes, they would; they did. It was Mary told us that." "Nonsense!" said I, thinking of a sister of that name. "Not Mary in the body, but Mary in the spirit," was the reply. "But I have no such friend," said I. "Yes, you have. It was Mary L.—Mary E.—Mary E. Parker told us that." I then recalled a little playmate of that name, a next-door neighbor, who moved away from Reading when I was ten years old, and of whose death I learned a few years later. I had scarcely thought of her for twenty years. The E. in the name I have not verified.

The wife and brother of Professor James had a sitting with Mrs. Piper in 1889, and were told that when they arrived home they would find a telegram on the table announcing the death of an aunt in New York. They stopped at the society's offices on the way home and recorded their experiences, and on arrival home found the telegram as they had been told. They knew of the aunt's illness, but did not previously know of her death, though expecting it.

As a very striking offset to these incidents, and to the many hundreds like them in this report, I may be permitted to outline the Hannah Wild case. This lady, before her decease, left a sealed letter in the hands of her sister, with the statement that if this sister ever obtained the contents of it from a medium, she could assume that she had heard from Hannah Wild. In the sittings with Mrs. Piper to determine the matter, while many little personal incidents in the life of Hannah Wild, such as her dying words, the sentence she used in handing the sealed letter to her sister, etc., were correctly given, yet after four separate attempts to give the contents of the letter Dr. Phinuit completely failed. All that was correct was known to the sitter, and in the one crucial matter of which she was wholly ignorant the experiment was marked by a distinct failure. This was a fact of tremendous importance, as it seemed to indicate that where telepathy is impossible spiritism fails. The failure can be readily explained on the spirit theory, but the disinterested scientist will not minimize the negative importance of such facts merely to satisfy the personal desires of the human race. And it must be said that, were it not that there are on record so many cases in which the knowledge imparted by Mrs. Piper could not have been telepathically obtained from the sitter, this Hannah Wild incident would be wellnigh fatal.

Since the publication of the second report on the case two new developments have occurred that give the record of the experiments a very superior value. First, the society arranged to have exclusive control of Mrs. Piper, regulating the admission of all sitters and the conditions under which they could sit. This enabled it to determine and attest the degree of secrecy attaching to the experiments. Second, automatic writing was developed by one of the most important "communicators." This enabled the society, or Dr. Hodgson, its secretary, to keep an absolutely perfect record of everything that was "communicated" and done at the sitting, so that the results can stand the most sceptical scrutiny. The subordination of the Phinuit "control" has also been marked by an important improvement in the "communications," which are more coherent and suggestive of the spiritistic theory. Finally, the Phinuit personality has wholly disappeared, and its place taken by a coterie of alleged spirits who claimed to be the "controls" of Stainton Moses, a re-

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markable medium in England, who died in 1892. This change has also been accompanied by a great improvement of the results at the sittings, whatever the theory required to explain them. The incidents that I shall detail here come from Dr. Hodgson's last report.

Dr. Hodgson and an acquaintance, who was an archsceptic on the subject of a future life, agreed that whichever of them died first he would "make it lively" for the other, if this doctrine was true and it was possible to do so. In 1892 this friend died suddenly in New York, and a few weeks afterward, at a sitting with Mrs. Piper by an old friend of the deceased, this person, who shall be known here, as in Dr. Hodgson's report, by the name of G. P., appeared, and indicated his personal identity by the following facts:

Mr. Hart (pseudonym) was the sitter. He put into the hands of the medium a locket, and G. P. recognized him at once, and stated rightly whose hair was in the locket. Mr. Hart then gave his watch, and G. P. gave the name George Hart, which was the name of the sitter's uncle, and which was engraved in the back of the watch, the sitter not remembering this fact, which was concealed from the medium. The pet name of the sitter's father was given, and then he was told that the studs he was wearing were given to him as a memento by the communicator's father and mother, which was true. Then G. P. mentioned the full names of two of his intimate friends—a Mr. and Mrs. Howard (pseudonyms)—and in connection with the latter the name of the daughter Katherine was mentioned, and the remark made: "Tell her she'll know. I will solve the problems, Katherine." Mr. Hart's notes on this incident are as follows:

> This had no special significance for me at the time, though I was aware that Katherine, the daughter of Jim Howard, was known to George, who used to live with the Howards. On the day following the sitting I gave Mr. Howard a detailed account of the sitting. These words, "I will solve the problems, Katherine," impressed him more than anything else, and at the close of my account he related that George, when he had last staid with them, had talked frequently with Katherine (a girl of fifteen years of age) upon such subjects as Time, Space, God, Eternity, and pointed out to her how unsatisfactory the commonly accepted solutions were. He added that some time he would solve the problems and let her know, using almost the very words of the communication at the sitting.

Mr. Hart added that he himself was entirely unaware of the circumstances, a fact that removes the incident from the telepathic theory in so far as the mind of the sitter is concerned.

Another friend of this G. P. had a sitting, and was asked: "How is your son? I want to see him some time." The sitter asked, "Where did you know him?" and received the answer, "In studies, in college." This was correct. The sitter's son was a classmate of G. P.'s at Harvard. In the course of the sittings he also described rightly the buildings of the sitter's summer residence, and gave correctly the name of the place at which his father's resided. Many other incidents which cannot be told so briefly were mentioned in the sittings, and strongly suggested the personal identity of the communicator.

But the most striking set of facts was connected with an experiment of Dr. Hodgson's. One Saturday morning the father and mother of G. P. were holding a sitting, and Dr. Hodgson seized the opportunity to try the following: G. P. was communicating, and Dr. Hodgson asked him to tell at the next sitting, not to be held by his parents, what his father did at a specified time that afternoon. Dr. Hodgson was not to know what was done or to be done. The father was to fix upon his course and to keep a note of what he did. On next Monday the sitting was held with Mrs. Howard, and G. P. reported correctly, in all their details, two of the things done, while the third was correct as regards the father's intention; but, though mentioning his intention to his wife, he forgot to write down and carry out the purpose. This would seem to indicate that, if there be a spiritual world at all, its contact with the material must be through the mental, and that no distinction can exist between a thought and an action. But we cannot speculate on that question.

At one of her sittings a lady of high intellectual qualities had an experience which she reports as follows: She had asked her husband in his dying moments a question which he was too weak to answer. She repeated the question at a sitting two years later and after his death. The answer was pertinent and correct.

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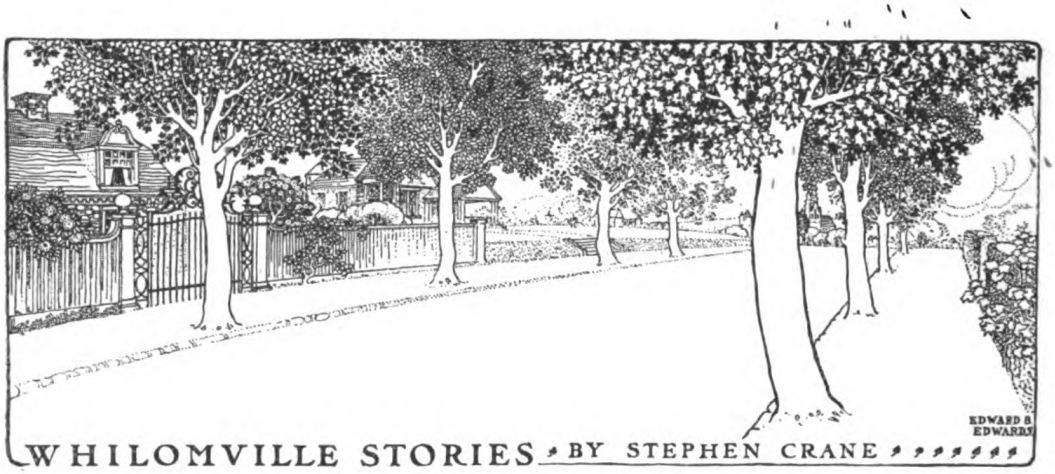
Dr. Hodgson concludes his summary of the G. P. incidents with this statement:

> The manifestations of this G. P. communicating have not been of a fitful and spasmodic nature; they have exhibited the marks of a continuous living and persistent personality, manifesting itself through a course of years, and showing the same characteristics of an independent intelligence, whether friends of G. P. were present at the sittings or not. I learned of various cases where in my absence active assistance was rendered by G. P. to sitters who had never previously heard of him, and from time to time he would make brief pertinent reference to matters with which G. P. living was acquainted, though I was not, and sometimes in ways which indicated that he could, to some extent, see what was happening in our world to persons in whose welfare G. P. living would have been specially interested.

In these few passages I have made selections from three hundred printed pages of Dr. Hodgson's reports, much of which is even more suggestive of spirit origin than what I have given, but requires too much explanation to exhibit its cogency in the limited space at command. I can only add to it the fact that since the publication of this report I have myself had seventeen sittings with Mrs. Piper—twelve personally, and five by Dr. Hodgson in my absence in order to shut out direct telepathy, and all under conditions effectually concealing my identity. The results leave me no alternative between spiritism and an infinite telepathy to account for the facts. I cannot even summarize them here. It would take two numbers of this periodical simply to state these facts. Not one incident in the whole series of experiments represents my own personal memories alone. Such as are verifiable at all, and they are extraordinarily numerous and pertinent, represent memories that are *common* to me and the communicators whom I once knew, and many of the incidents were wholly unknown to me and had to be verified by personal inquiries among friends in the Far West. They are of that intimate and personal character which defies all explanation by normal processes, all fraud being excluded from the case, unless the sceptic is willing to accept the responsibility of accusing the society for it. The fact is that my experiments were managed with a direct view to complicating all suspicions and accusations of fraud with the responsibility of the society's officers, and unless the public is willing to meet that challenge it must accept the consequences. For myself, being reduced to a choice between an omniscient telepathy and communication with discarnate spirits, I simply prefer the latter hypothesis as the more rational of the two in our present state of knowledge regarding supernormal phenomena. If any escape is to be furnished me from this position it must be provided by those who have not yet seen their way clear to the acceptance of telepathy in any form.

The importance of anything like scientific proof of a future life, if it be possible, will hardly be questioned by any one. But the strength of materialism, which is supported by almost every fact outside of psychical research, and the insane follies of spiritualism as it has been historically known, and its conspicuous failures to make its claims good, have made it unpopular, if not intellectually dangerous, to meddle with such phenomena as we are now beginning to study. The personal interest in the subject, I have reason to know, is widely enough extended, but either the integrity of religious faith, or the fear of social and other ostracism, or both, have been sufficient to suppress all publicity of that interest, so that we have the strange spectacle of men wasting enormous resources upon expeditions in search of the north pole, or in deep-sea dredging for a new species of useless fish to gratify the propensities of evolutionists, or in scanning the heavens for a new lump of shining dirt, and not one cent for investigations into the question of human destiny that affects present institutions scarcely any less than individual progress in eternity. Why is it so noble and respectable to find whence man came, and so suspicious and dishonorable to ask and ascertain whither he goes? Why do men take so much pride in their simian ancestry, though it requires, as Carlyle says, more than our civilization to prevent them from being ogres, and yet assume such aristocratic airs when the spiritualist offers them an existence hereafter no more irrational than the average intellectual and moral conversation of the present?

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WHILOMVILLE STORIES · BY STEPHEN CRANE · · · · · · ·

IX.—THE STOVE

I.

"THEY'LL bring her," said Mrs. Trescott, dubiously. Her cousin, the painter, the bewildered father of the angel child, had written to say that if they were asked, he and his wife would come to the Trescotts for the Christmas holidays. But he had not officially stated that the angel child would form part of the expedition. "But of course they'll bring her," said Mrs. Trescott to her husband.

The doctor assented. "Yes, they'll have to bring her. They wouldn't dare leave New York at her mercy."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Trescott, after a pause, "the neighbors will be pleased. When they see her they'll immediately lock up their children for safety."

"Anyhow," said Trescott, "the devastation of the Margate twins was complete. She can't do that particular thing again. I shall be interested to note what form her energy will take this time."

"Oh yes! that's it!" cried the wife. "You'll be *interested*. You've hit it exactly. You'll be interested to note what form her energy will take this time. And then, when the real crisis comes, you'll put on your hat and walk out of the house and leave *me* to straighten things out. This is not a scientific question; this is a practical matter."

"Well, as a practical man, I advocate chaining her out in the stable," answered the doctor.

When Jimmie Trescott was told that his old flame was again to appear, he remained calm. In fact, time had so mended his youthful heart that it was a regular apple of oblivion and peace. Her image in his thought was as the track of a bird on deep snow—it was an impression, but it did not concern the depths. However, he did what befitted his state. He went out and bragged in the street: "My cousin is comin' next week f'om New York."...."My cousin is comin' to-morrow f'om New York."

"Girl or boy?" said the populace, bluntly; but, when enlightened, they speedily cried, "Oh, we remember *her!*" They were charmed, for they thought of her as an outlaw, and they surmised that she could lead them into a very ecstasy of sin. They thought of her as a brave bandit, because they had been whipped for various pranks into which she had led them. When Jimmie made his declaration, they fell into a state of pleased and shuddering expectancy.

Mrs. Trescott pronounced her point of view: "The child is a nice child, if only Caroline had some sense. But she hasn't. And Willis is like a wax figure. I don't see what can be done, unless—unless you simply go to Willis and put the whole thing right at him." Then, for purposes of indication, she improvised a speech: "Look here, Willis, you've got a little daughter, haven't you? But, confound it, man, she is not the only girl child ever brought into the sunlight. There are a lot of children. Children are an ordinary phenomenon. In China they drown girl babies. If you wish to submit to this frightful impostor and tyrant, that is all very well, but why in the name of humanity do you make us submit to it?"

Doctor Trescott laughed. "I wouldn't dare say it to him."

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Trescott, deter-

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minedly, "that is what you *should* say to him."

"It wouldn't do the slightest good. It would only make him very angry, and I would lay myself perfectly open to a suggestion that I had better attend to my own affairs with more rigor."

"Well, I suppose you are right," Mrs. Trescott again said.

"Why don't you speak to Caroline?" asked the doctor, humorously.

"Speak to Caroline! Why, I wouldn't for the *world!* She'd fly through the roof. She'd snap my head off! Speak to Caroline! You must be mad!"

One afternoon the doctor went to await his visitors on the platform of the railway station. He was thoughtfully smiling. For some quaint reason he was convinced that he was to be treated to a quick manifestation of little Cora's peculiar and interesting powers. And yet, when the train paused at the station, there appeared to him only a pretty little girl in a fur-lined hood, and with her nose reddening from the sudden cold, and—attended respectfully by her parents. He smiled again, reflecting that he had comically exaggerated the dangers of dear little Cora. It amused his philosophy to note that he had really been perturbed.

As the big sleigh sped homeward there was a sudden shrill outcry from the angel child: "Oh, mamma! mamma! They've forgotten my stove!"

"Hush, dear; hush!" said the mother. "It's all right."

"Oh, but, mamma, they've forgotten my stove!"

The doctor thrust his chin suddenly out of his top-coat collar. "Stove?" he said. "Stove? What stove?"

"Oh, just a toy of the child's," explained the mother. "She's grown so fond of it, she loves it so, that if we didn't take it everywhere with her she'd suffer dreadfully. So we always bring it."

"Oh!" said the doctor. He pictured a little tin trinket. But when the stove was really unmasked, it turned out to be an affair of cast iron, as big as a portmanteau, and, as the stage people say, practicable. There was some trouble that evening when came the hour of children's bedtime. Little Cora burst into a wild declaration that she could not retire for the night unless the stove was carried up stairs and placed at her bedside. While the mother was trying to dissuade the child, the Trescotts held their peace and gazed with awe. The incident closed when the lamb-eyed father gathered the stove in his arms and preceded the angel child to her chamber.

In the morning, Trescott was standing with his back to the dining-room fire, awaiting breakfast, when he heard a noise of descending guests. Presently the door opened, and the party entered in regular order. First came the angel child, then the cooing mother, and last the great painter with his arms full of the stove. He deposited it gently in a corner, and sighed. Trescott wore a wide grin.

"What are you carting that thing all over the house for?" he said, brutally. "Why don't you put it some place where she can play with it, and leave it there?"

The mother rebuked him with a look. "Well, if it gives her pleasure, Ned?" she expostulated, softly. "If it makes the child happy to have the stove with her, why shouldn't she have it?"

"Just so," said the doctor, with calmness.

Jimmie's idea was the roaring fireplace in the cabin of the lone mountaineer. At first he was not able to admire a girl's stove built on well-known domestic lines. He eyed it and thought it was very pretty, but it did not move him immediately. But a certain respect grew to an interest, and he became the angel child's accomplice. And even if he had not had an interest grow upon him, he was certain to have been implicated sooner or later, because of the imperious way of little Cora, who made a serf of him in a few swift sentences. Together they carried the stove out into the desolate garden and squatted it in the snow. Jimmie's snug little muscles had been pitted against the sheer nervous vigor of this little golden-haired girl, and he had not won great honors. When the mind blazed inside the small body, the angel child was pure force. She began to speak: "Now, Jim, get some paper. Get some wood—little sticks at first. Now we want a match. You got a match? Well, go get a match. Get some more wood. Hurry up, now! No. *No!* I'll light it my own self. You get some more wood. There! Isn't that splendid? You get a whole lot of wood an' pile it up here by the stove. An' now what 'll we cook? We must have somethin' to cook, you know, else it ain't like the real."

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"Potatoes," said Jimmie, at once.

The day was clear, cold, bright. An icy wind sped from over the waters of the lake. A grown person would hardly have been abroad save on compulsion of a kind, and yet, when they were called to luncheon, the two little simpletons protested with great cries.

II.

The ladies of Whilomville were somewhat given to the pagan habit of tea parties. When a tea party was to befall a certain house one could read it in the manner of the prospective hostess, who for some previous days would go about twitching this and twisting that, and dusting here and polishing there; the ordinary habits of the household began then to disagree with her, and her unfortunate husband and children fled to the lengths of their tethers. Then there was a hush. Then there was a tea party. On the fatal afternoon a small picked company of latent enemies would meet. There would be a fanfare of affectionate greetings, during which everybody would measure to an inch the importance of what everybody else was wearing. Those who wore old dresses would wish then that they had not come; and those who saw that, in the company, they were well clad, would be pleased or exalted, or filled with the joys of cruelty. Then they had tea, which was a habit and a delight with none of them, their usual beverage being coffee with milk.

Usually the party jerked horribly in the beginning, while the hostess strove and pulled and pushed to make its progress smooth. Then suddenly it would be off like the wind, eight, fifteen, or twenty-five tongues clattering, with a noise like a cotton-mill combined with the noise of a few penny whistles. Then the hostess had nothing to do but to look glad, and see that everybody had enough tea and cake. When the door was closed behind the last guest, the hostess would usually drop into a chair and say: "Thank Heaven! They're gone!" There would be no malice in this expression. It simply would be that, womanlike, she had flung herself headlong at the accomplishment of a pleasure which she could not even define, and at the end she felt only weariness.

The value and beauty, or oddity, of the teacups was another element which entered largely into the spirit of these terrible enterprises. The quality of the tea was an element which did not enter at all. Uniformly it was rather bad. But the cups! Some of the more ambitious people aspired to have cups each of a different pattern, possessing, in fact, the sole similarity that with their odd curves and dips of form they each resembled anything but a teacup. Others of the more ambitious aspired to a quite severe and godly "set," which, when viewed, appalled one with its austere and rigid family resemblances, and made one desire to ask the hostess if the teapot was not the father of all the little cups, and at the same time protesting gallantly that such a young and charming cream-jug surely could not be their mother.

But of course the serious part is that these collections so differed in style and the obvious amount paid for them that nobody could be happy. The poorer ones envied; the richer ones feared; the poorer ones continually striving to overtake the leaders; the leaders always with their heads turned back to hear overtaking footsteps. And none of these things here written did they know. Instead of seeing that they were very stupid, they thought they were very fine. And they gave and took heart-bruises—fierce deep heart-bruises—under the clear impression that of such kind of rubbish was the kingdom of nice people. The characteristics of outsiders of course emerged in shreds from these tea parties, and it is doubtful if the characteristics of insiders escaped entirely. In fact, these tea parties were in the large way the result of a conspiracy of certain unenlightened people to make life still more uncomfortable.

Mrs. Trescott was in the circle of tea-fighters largely through a sort of artificial necessity — a necessity, in short, which she had herself created in a spirit of femininity.

When the painter and his family came for the holidays, Mrs. Trescott had for some time been feeling that it was her turn to give a tea party, and she was resolved upon it now that she was re-enforced by the beautiful wife of the painter, whose charms would make all the other women feel badly. And Mrs. Trescott further resolved that the affair should be notable in more than one way. The painter's wife suggested that, as an innovation, they give the people good tea;

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but Mrs. Trescott shook her head; she was quite sure they would not like it.

It was an impressive gathering. A few came to see if they could not find out the faults of the painter's wife, and these, added to those who would have attended even without that attractive prospect, swelled the company to a number quite large for Whilomville. There were the usual preliminary jolts, and then suddenly the tea party was in full swing, and looked like an unprecedented success.

Mrs. Trescott exchanged a glance with the painter's wife. They felt proud and superior. This tea party was almost perfection.

III.

Jimmie and the angel child, after being oppressed by innumerable admonitions to behave correctly during the afternoon, succeeded in reaching the garden, where the stove awaited them. They were enjoying themselves grandly, when snow began to fall so heavily that it gradually dampened their ardor as well as extinguished the fire in the stove. They stood ruefully until the angel child devised the plan of carrying the stove into the stable, and there, safe from the storm, to continue the festivities. But they were met at the door of the stable by Peter Washington.

"What you 'bout, Jim?"

"Now—it's snowin' so hard, we thought we'd take the stove into the stable."

"An' have er fiah in it? No, seh! G'w'on 'way f'm heh!—g'w'on! Don' 'low no sech foolishin' round yer. No, seh!"

"Well, we ain't goin' to hurt your old stable, are we?" asked Jimmie, ironically.

"Dat you ain't, Jim! Not so long's I keep my two eyes right plumb squaah pinted at ol' Jim. No, seh!" Peter began to chuckle in derision.

The two vagabonds stood before him while he informed them of their iniquities as well as their absurdities, and further made clear his own masterly grasp of the spirit of their devices. Nothing affects children so much as rhetoric. It may not involve any definite presentation of common-sense, but if it is picturesque they surrender decently to its influence. Peter was by all means a rhetorician, and it was not long before the two children had dismally succumbed to him. They went away.



"THE LAMB-EYED FATHER PRECEDED THE ANGEL CHILD TO HER CHAMBER."

Depositing the stove in the snow, they straightened to look at each other. It did not enter either head to relinquish the idea of continuing the game. But the situation seemed invulnerable.

The angel child went on a scouting tour. Presently she returned, flying. "I know! Let's have it in the cellar! In the cellar! Oh, it 'll be lovely!"

The outer door of the cellar was open, and they proceeded down some steps with their treasure. There was plenty of light; the cellar was high-walled, warm, and dry. They named it an ideal place. Two huge cylindrical furnaces were humming away, one at either end. Overhead the beams detonated with the different emotions which agitated the tea party.

Jimmie worked like a stoker, and soon there was a fine bright fire in the stove. The fuel was of small brittle sticks which did not make a great deal of smoke.

"Now what 'll we cook?" cried little Cora. "What 'll we cook, Jim? We must have something to cook, you know."

"Potatoes?" said Jimmie.

But the angel child made a scornful gesture. "No. I've cooked 'bout a million potatoes, I guess. Potatoes aren't nice any more."

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Jimmie's mind was all said and done when the question of potatoes had been passed, and he looked weakly at his companion.

"'Haven't you got any turnips in your house?" she inquired, contemptuously. "In *my* house we have *turnips*."

"Oh, turnips!" exclaimed Jimmie, immensely relieved to find that the honor of his family was safe. "Turnips? Oh, bushels an' bushels an' bushels! Out in the shed."

"Well, go an' get a whole lot," commanded the angel child. "Go an' get a whole lot. Grea' big ones. *We* always have grea' big ones."

Jimmie went to the shed and kicked gently at a company of turnips which the frost had amalgamated. He made three journeys to and from the cellar, carrying always the very largest types from his father's store. Four of them filled the oven of little Cora's stove. This fact did not please her, so they placed three rows of turnips on the hot top. Then the angel child, profoundly moved by an inspiration, suddenly cried out,

"Oh, Jimmie, let's play we're keepin' a hotel, an' have got to cook for 'bout a thousand people, an' those two furnaces will be the ovens, an' I'll be the chief cook—"

"No; I want to be chief cook some of the time," interrupted Jimmie.

"No; I'll be chief cook my own self. You must be my 'sistant. Now I'll prepare 'em—see? An' then you put 'em in the ovens. Get the shovel. We'll play that's the pan. I'll fix 'em, an' then you put 'em in the oven. Hold it still now."

Jim held the coal-shovel while little Cora, with a frown of importance, arranged turnips in rows upon it. She patted each one daintily, and then backed away to view it, with her head critically sideways.

"There!" she shouted at last. "That 'll do, I guess. Put 'em in the oven."

Jimmie marched with his shovelful of turnips to one of the furnaces. The door was already open, and he slid the shovel in upon the red coals.

"Come on," cried little Cora. "I've got another batch nearly ready."

"But what am I goin' to do with these?" asked Jimmie. "There ain't only one shovel."

"Leave 'm in there," retorted the girl, passionately. "Leave 'm in there, an' then play you're comin' with another pan. 'Tain't right to stand there an' *hold* the pan, you goose."

So Jimmie expelled all his turnips from his shovel out upon the furnace fire, and returned obediently for another batch.

"These are puddings," yelled the angel child, gleefully. "Dozens an' dozens of puddings for the thousand people at our grea' big hotel."

IV.

At the first alarm the painter had fled to the doctor's office, where he hid his face behind a book and pretended that he did not hear the noise of feminine revelling. When the doctor came from a round of calls, he too retreated upon the office, and the men consoled each other as well as they were able. Once Mrs. Trescott dashed in to say delightedly that her tea party was not only the success of the season, but it was probably the very nicest tea party that had ever been held in Whilomville. After vainly beseeching them to return with her, she dashed away again, her face bright with happiness.

The doctor and the painter remained for a long time in silence, Trescott tapping reflectively upon the window-pane. Finally he turned to the painter, and sniffing, said: "What is that, Willis? Don't you smell something?"

The painter also sniffed. "Why, yes! It's like—it's like turnips."

"Turnips? No; it can't be."

"Well, it's very much like it."

The puzzled doctor opened the door into the hall, and at first it appeared that he was going to give back two paces. A result of frizzling turnips, which was almost as tangible as mist, had blown in upon his face and made him gasp. "Good God! Willis, what can this be?" he cried.

"Whee!" said the painter. "It's awful, isn't it?"

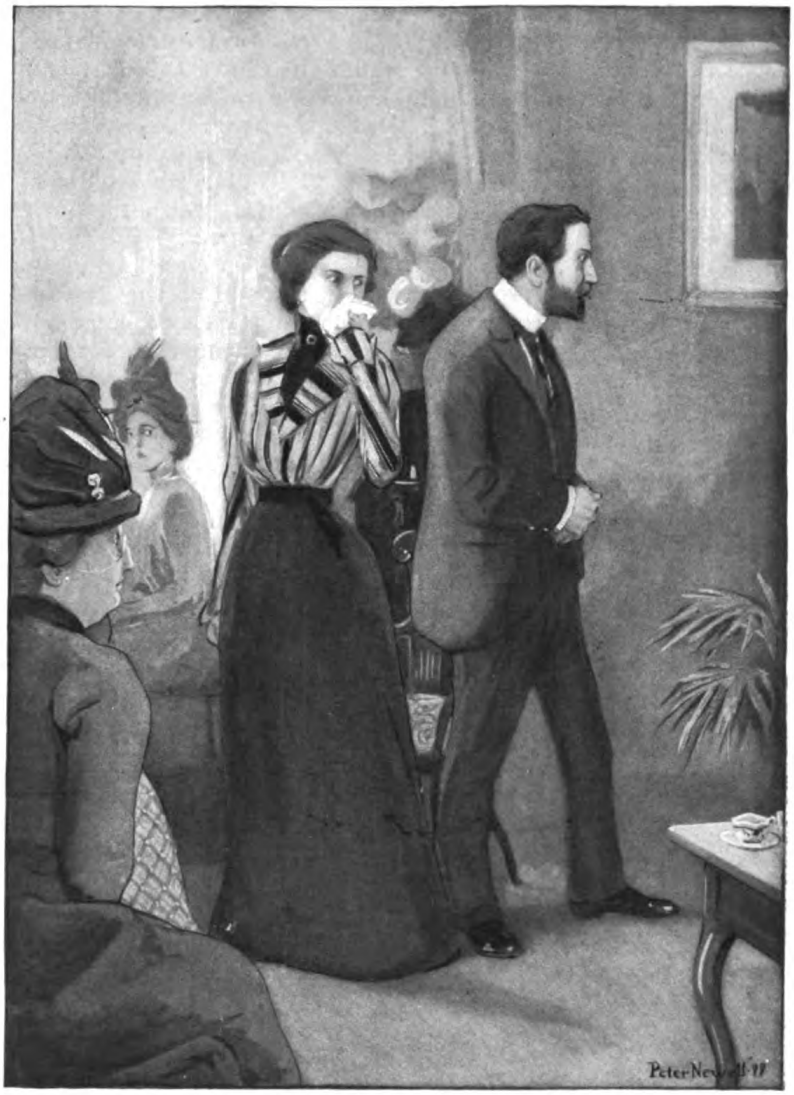
The doctor made his way hurriedly to his wife, but before he could speak with her he had to endure the business of greeting a score of women. Then he whispered, "Out in the hall there's an awful—"

But at that moment it came to them on the wings of a sudden draught. The solemn odor of burning turnips rolled in like a sea-fog, and fell upon that dainty, perfumed tea party. It was almost a personality; if some unbidden and extremely odious guest had entered the room, the

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effect would have been much the same. The sprightly talk stopped with a jolt, and people looked at each other. Then a few brave and considerate persons made the usual attempt to talk away as if nothing had happened. They all looked at their hostess, who wore an air of stupefaction.

The odor of burning turnips grew and grew. To Trescott it seemed to make a noise. He thought he could hear the dull roar of this outrage. Under some circumstances he might have been able to take the situation from a point of view of comedy, but the agony of his wife was too acute, and, for him, too visible. She was saying: "Yes, we saw the play the last time we were in New York. I liked it very much. That scene in the second act — the gloomy church, you know, and all that —and the organ playing—and then when the four singing little girls came in—" But Trescott comprehended that she did not know if she was talking of a play or a parachute.



"THE SOLEMN ODOR OF BURNING TURNIPS ROLLED IN LIKE A SEA FOG."

He had not been in the room twenty seconds before his brow suddenly flushed with an angry inspiration. He left the room hastily, leaving behind him an incoherent phrase of apology, and charged upon his office, where he found the painter somnolent.

"Willis!" he cried, sternly, "come with me. It's that damn kid of yours!"

The painter was immediately agitated. He always seemed to feel more than any one else in the world the peculiar ability of his child to create resounding excitement, but he seemed always to exhibit his feelings very late. He arose hastily, and hurried after Trescott to the top of the inside cellar stairway. Trescott motioned him to pause, and for an instant they listened.

"Hurry up, Jim," cried the busy little Cora. "Here's another whole batch of lovely puddings. Hurry up now, an' put 'em in the oven."

Trescott looked at the painter; the painter groaned. Then they appeared violently in the middle of the great kitch-

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en of the hotel with a thousand people in it. "Jimmie, go up stairs!" said Trescott, and then he turned to watch the painter deal with the angel child.

With some imitation of wrath, the painter stalked to his daughter's side and grasped her by the arm.

"Oh, papa! papa!" she screamed. "You're pinching me! You're pinching me! You're pinching me, papa!"

At first the painter had seemed resolved to keep his grip, but suddenly he let go her arm in a panic. "I've hurt her," he said, turning to Trescott.

Trescott had swiftly done much toward the obliteration of the hotel kitchen, but he looked up now and spoke, after a short period of reflection. "You've hurt her, have you? Well, hurt her again. Spank her!" he cried, enthusiastically. "Spank her, confound you, man! She needs it. Here's your chance. Spank her, and spank her good. Spank her!"



"'HURRY UP, JIM,' CRIED BUSY LITTLE CORA. 'HERE'S ANOTHER WHOLE BATCH OF LOVELY PUDDINGS.'"

The painter naturally wavered over this incendiary proposition, but at last, in one supreme burst of daring, he shut his eyes and again grabbed his precious offspring.

The spanking was lamentably the work of a perfect bungler. It couldn't have hurt at all; but the angel child raised to heaven a loud, clear soprano howl that expressed the last word in even mediæval anguish. Soon the painter was aghast. "Stop it, darling! I didn't mean—I didn't mean to—to hurt you so much, you know." He danced nervously. Trescott sat on a box, and devilishly smiled.

But the pasture-call of suffering motherhood came down to them, and a moment later a splendid apparition appeared on the cellar stairs. She understood the scene at a glance. "Willis! What have you been doing?"

Trescott sat on his box, the painter guiltily moved from foot to foot, and the angel child advanced to her mother with arms outstretched, making a piteous wail of amazed and pained pride that would have moved Peter the Great. Regardless of her frock, the panting mother knelt on the stone floor and took her child to her bosom, and looked, then, bitterly, scornfully, at the cowering father and husband.

The painter, for his part, at once looked reproachfully at Trescott, as if to say: "There! You see?"

Trescott arose and extended his hands in a quiet but magnificent gesture of despair and weariness. He seemed about to say something classic, and, quite instinctively, they waited. The stillness was deep, and the wait was longer than a moment. "Well," he said, "we can't live in the cellar. Let's go up stairs."

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THE DRAWER

TALES OF THE LINKS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I.—THE PHANTOM CARD

(*A Letter from Wilkinson Peabody, Esq., of New York, to Willie McGuffin, Greens-keeper at St. Willieboy's.*)

IT is said, my dear McGuffin, that confession is good for the soul, and that in some cases it is the first step towards absolution. I am in urgent need of forgiveness for a sin for which I have suffered punishment a hundredfold in the past five years—nay, a thousandfold, for day and night, sleeping and waking, have I been haunted by a miserable golf-card that would not down, and has so preyed upon my nervous system that I am fast becoming the merest shadow of my former self. Time and again have I resolved to expose my crime to the world, and so rid my conscience of its withering secret. As many times have I foozled my approach to its beginning; but now I am resolved to lay bare my soul to you, and abide by whatever result may come from my act. It may be that I shall derive no benefit from my act of confession, but I shall not be deterred by that possibility, for I can no longer suffer in silence. Therefore, my dear McGuffin, I send you this awful tale of duplicity and woe. Just as the priest is confessor of an errant soul in his parish, so are you, as greens-keeper of the St. Willieboy's Links, the father confessor of the sinning golfer, and I approach you humbly, in a meekness of spirit which comports not well with my scarlet coat and green plaid stockings, but is none the less the sincere emotion of a contrite heart. Do with my confession as you will. Lock it up in your breast and let my secret die with you, or publish it broadcast to the world. I leave my fate wholly in your hands; but, as you love the game, O McGuffin, give me advice — advice which shall relieve my tortured heart of its load of iniquity and apprehension.

My story, to come to the point at once, is one of crime, and of a crime than which there is none greater in the list of golfing wrong-doing. Even a failure to replace the divots pales into insignificance beside it, for it is the crime of putting in a false card, McGuffin—a card that lied, and won by the lie! Do you remember the first time you and I met, McGuffin? Five years ago, on a beautiful June afternoon, you came into the lounging-room of the St. Willieboy's Club house, at Dunwoodie-on-the-Hudson, and congratulated me upon my winning of the Class B cup in the June handicap. Do you remember how I rose as you spoke, grew red of face, and stammered out my thanks, and how you slapped me on the back, and told me not to be rattled by a first victory? How you said every good golfer had to have his first victory before he could hope to win his second? How you added that if I kept on as I had begun, the winning of cups would soon be an every-day affair with me; and, furthermore, how my agitation increased instead of decreasing as you went on? Ah, McGuffin, you little knew how unworthy I was of all the kind and encouraging things you said to me, or how every allusion you made to my "victory" wrung my very soul!

You did not know then, as I did, McGuffin, that my card was a lie, a living lie, a bad lie—a lie which must be wiped from the face of earth before I could look myself in the eye again and call myself an honest man.

Every one noticed—they must have—and some spoke of, my modest bearing in the hour of triumph. I did not swell around and brag about it. I did not cable my wife in Europe that I had won the trophy. I did not send marked copies of the papers announcing my victory to my eldest son, as another man would have done—but there was a reason, McGuffin, a potent reason. I did not do these things *because my card was a lie;* and I felt myself not a champion at that time, but a liar—an unmitigated liar.

I did not even take the trophy home with me that night: you remember it, don't you, McGuffin—the silver-backed hair-brush with the dragon's head etched upon it? Why? Again because my card was a lie, and every time I looked at it the dragon's mouth seemed to open and shout the words "Liar! Cheat! Scoundrel!" in my face; and once, upon my soul, McGuffin, as I tentatively ventured to touch it, the etched jaws of that dreadful beast opened sharply, and snapped at me with such violence that I fell back in dismay.

I went home that night and argued the situation over with myself. There were plenty of pros in favor of my keeping quiet and taking the honors, but for every one was the same

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insistent con: "Your card was a lie. You didn't make the round in 92; you made it in 94; and you won by the lie, for the second man was 93."

Among the pros was the hard luck of it all, as you will yourself realize as you read on. I was away ahead of any one else up to the seventh hole, where I made my wizard drive—a full 230 yards, McGuffin—and found my ball trapped in the marsh. To be penalized for that was surely not right, and to lift and tee up back of the marsh for a loss of two was a terrible sacrifice. There should have been a rule to meet the case, or rather an exception—indeed, there is now such an exception. But there wasn't then, and I confess it, McGuffin, I made one for my own use and advantage. I took the ball back, teed it up without penalty, brasseyed to the green in two, and holed out in two more, making four for the hole.

My opponent took my word for it, and my caddie, who was looking for apples, or butterflies, or whatever it is that caddies always are looking for while a tournament is in progress, had not observed my act, and what was under the rules a six hole was put down at four, beating Bogey himself by a stroke.

"Rattling good work," said my opponent. "But you deserved it on that drive."

I made no reply, but my face burned with the hot flush that suffused my cheeks. Several times, as we played on, I was about to confess the truth, but I argued my conscience down at the moment. I had really taken only four strokes, and I didn't expect to win, so I let it go, and played on. "What is the use, now the thing is done?" I asked myself. "It won't hurt anybody but myself." But when I came in and found myself a winner by a stroke—ah, McGuffin, McGuffin, I wanted to drop in my tracks, to smash my club upon some convenient rock, to take every ball in my locker and pummel it into a shapeless mass of gutta-percha. And the cheers of the fellows when the announcement was made! They are ringing in my ears yet. It seemed as if Patton, in proposing them, had cried, "Three sneers for Wilkinson!" and the hurrahs were like so many "Yahs" and hoots; and instead of rising and receiving them joyously, I bent my head down over my folded arms upon the table to conceal the blush of shame that surged up into my cheeks. And everybody said I was rattled with joy! Joy! Think of it, McGuffin! A self-convicted liar being rattled with joy!

"Confess at once or be forever branded," said conscience, and I sprang up to obey, but the words died in my throat, and the resolution faded in my breast as I looked upon the expectant faces of my friends. Instead of acknowledging then and there my sin, I thanked them for their cheers, and told the steward to take their orders, which he did, and they all drank to my continued success. My Scotch and soda burned my throat, my cigar grew rank to my taste, and as I passed by the caddie-house, on my way out, it seemed as if every one of those grinning little ball-losing imps was pointing the finger of scorn at me.

"It's too late to confess now," I moaned to myself when I went to bed that night, heart-sick and weary. "But I shall not be a thief even if I am a liar. That hair-brush will stay there until the silver crumbles into dust and the bristles fade before I will take it."

But, alas! it was not to be so. Circumstances over which I had no control forced me to be a thief as well, for a week later the accursed thing was sent to me by express, and with it came a letter from Catherington, our honorable secretary, telling me not to be so high-toned and sneer at the prizes the club put up; it was the honor of the victory, not the intrinsic worth of the prize, that counted; and I ought to be ashamed of myself to let the brush remain "knocking about the club-house as if it wasn't worth using on a bald head," like my own.

"Honor! Victory!" This to a man whose card was a lie!

I passed over the insulting allusion to my bald head, feeling myself unworthy to resent any disparaging references to my personal shortcomings.

I took the brush, paid the expressage on it, and pounded it with my brassey, stamped upon it with my hobnailed shoes, and lofted it over into the river with my jigger, a shapeless mass of silver, wood, and bristles; and at every crack with the brassey the infernal dragon's head on the back blared out: "Liar! Thief! Scoundrel!"

That night I tossed about, a prey to dreadful dreams. What if some one had seen and should tell? What if my caddie had observed my act, and should blackmail me? Think of that, McGuffin! Think of the terror of it all! Think of how the newspapers would gloat over the revelation, and what a startling headline "BLACKMAILED BY HIS CADDIE" would make for the New York *Whirald!* The idea was maddening, but I at last fell asleep, and I dreamed awful dreams. I dreamed that I was at the opera listening to *Siegfried*. Every one I knew, whose good-will I wished, whose esteem I treasured, was present, and when the fire-breathing "Fafner" came out, he was no longer "Fafner," but that other more terrible dragon from the back of the hair-brush, and instead of "Fafner's" barytone oozings of Wagner's measures, he bellowed forth to the audience: "There he is! Look at him! Wilkinson Peabody! The liar, thief, and scoundrel whose golf-card was a lie!" And the audience, with a mad cry of "Fore!" shrank away from me as from a leper. Can you imagine it, McGuffin?

But this was not all.

From that day to this, wherever I have gone, that card has followed me. If I have looked into my wife's eyes, it has been there, with the figure four constantly changing back and forth

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"LOOKING FOR BUTTERFLIES."

into a six. If I have gazed into my boy's face, the card has risen there, blurring his features. The very number was a mockery to me, and once at Newport, when a player behind me yelled "Fore!" I turned madly, and cried back at him, "Yes, hang you, four!" For six months afterward I did not play the game, but in the autumn I ventured back to St. Willieboy's and tried a single round. Every drive I made, every approach, every putt, that infernal card danced to and fro before my eye and took it off the ball. At the fourth hole, to my vision the disk bore the number six; at the sixth, the disk was numbered four. I was worn to a

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skeleton, and the doctors sent me South. At Aiken I played in the tournament, and for seventeen holes the phantom card left my vision and my mind, and I thought the hour of my release had come.

"Playing a stunning game," said Patlow, who was my opponent. "Quite up to your old form. I think you'll win again to-day."

But it was a vain thought, for with Patlow's remark up rose the spectral card once more, all the figures on it grinning derisively at me, and turning, it disclosed written upon its back in wriggling letters: "Win? Again? What have you ever won before?" The result was a foozle of my drive, a clean miss for my second, nine through the green, and eight putts, making seventeen for the hole; and the match was lost. I fled to St. Augustine, thence to Palm Beach—all through the South, seeking relief, but the card would not down.

Last spring I tried to make amends, and when in the May handicap at St. Willieboy's I came in a winner, I altered my card to show me a loser, although Whitman, who played with me, insisted that I had made a mistake in my count. I stuck to it, however, and a mug I had really won went to another man. But the phantom card would not be appeased. "Two lies don't make a truth," it cried out to me that night, and I groaned in despair. And so it has gone with me ever since. I cannot seem to rid myself of its awful presence.

That is the story, McGuffin. Under overwhelming temptation, and with no thought of profit, I put in a false card and won the trophy; but have I not suffered enough? Is there no reparation one can make? I appeal to you as a sort of high-priest of golfers for absolution, or for some hint as to how I may obtain it. For five years my wrong-doing has been ever with me. I have sought relief in every quarter, but have found none.

I implore you to relieve me, for if you cannot, I fear for the future. My very reason is tottering on its throne.

Yours humbly and imploringly,
WILKINSON PEABODY.

(*Note from Willie McGuffin to Wilkinson Peabody, Esq.*)

ST. WILLIEBOY'S LINKS, NEW YORK.
October 5, 1899.

DEAR MR. PEABODY,—Do you remember the exact date of the tournament to which you refer in your favor of yesterday? Was it June 10, 1894?

Yours respectfully,
W. MCGUFFIN.

(*Note from Wilkinson Peabody, Esq., to Willie McGuffin.*)

NEW YORK, *October 7, 1899.*

MY DEAR MCGUFFIN,—It was June 10, 1894. The date is burned indelibly upon my memory. I wish it were not. What has the date got to do with it?

Yours faithfully,
WILKINSON PEABODY.

(*Note from Willie McGuffin to Wilkinson Peabody, Esq.*)

DEAR MR. PEABODY,—Four was right. The Greens Committee, according to the records which I have, at their meeting held June 2, 1894, unanimously passed a local rule that a ball driven from the seventh tee into the swamp, distance 223 yards, might be lifted and teed anywhere two club-lengths back of the swamp, without penalty. I should have posted it, but neglected to do so. Your dragon was a liar himself; and I never knew a dragon who wasn't.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIE MCGUFFIN.

The above is a copy of a correspondence found by me among the papers of the late Willie McGuffin, of St. Willieboy's Links, who recently departed from our club owing some $3000 for moneys collected but not accounted for. The names of the principals are, of course, changed. The correspondence seemed to me to be of sufficient interest to publish, not only from a psychological point of view, and as pointing a very important moral as to the integrity of a golf-card, but because it has brought up before my mind a very grave question:

Was Mr. Peabody really absolved by the prior action of the Greens Committee, of which he was unconscious? Or should he still consider himself unworthy to associate with true golfers?

I incline myself to the latter belief.

IN THE WIND'S EYE.

GRANDFATHER REUBEN and Grandfather Benjamin were puttering about their respective fields, when Grandfather Reuben exclaimed, at the sight of a length of fence which happened to be lying on the ground,

"Those boys have been round here again."

"Nay, brother," said the other grandfather, "thee knows the wind blew very fresh last night."

"Yes," said Grandfather Reuben, unconvinced, "and thee sees the fence has fallen to windward."

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A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

"Now what's the matter, Susie Jones?" said Lucy Ovenshine.
"Oh! Look ee, do!" cried dusky Sue. "Your shadow's black as mine."

A FORCEFUL EXHORTATION.

MR. JAMES R. RANDALL, the author of "Maryland, my Maryland," while travelling in Georgia, heard that a negro orator was holding an out-door meeting at a station a few miles below Augusta, and having an hour or so at his disposal, and just enough money in his pocket to pay his way to and from the place in question, he purchased a round-trip ticket and boarded an outgoing train.

Upon his arrival at the objective point, the colored brother was about winding up what must have been — judging from his limpness and streaming face — a most fervent address.

"Brethren," he was saying, with gestures suited to his words, "all disher country roun' here is des full o' souls hung'rin'-ah an' thirstin'-ah fur salvation, an' dey can't git it; an' fur why? Dey can't git it 'cause dey 'ain't got no preacher fur to give it to 'em. An' why 'ain't dey got no preacher fur to give it to 'em? 'Cause dey 'ain't got no kiverin' for he haid while he is givin' of it to 'em; dat's de reason. An' what I wants you brethren an' sisters to do dis mornin' is to git a kiverin' fur he haid. I wants to see a church right here in disher place whar I'm stan'in'; an' while we's singin' of a hymn, I wants Br'er Jones an' Br'er Thompson an' Br'er Berryman an' Br'er Hill to pass roun' de hats, an' I wants you-all to give liberal to disher cause."

There was a movement among the brothers designated, when the proceedings were cut short by an imperious wave of the minister's hand.

"Stop, meh brethren an' sisters," he called out. "Stop des one minit, while I tells you all one mo' t'ing, 'cause ef I don't tell you dat one t'ing all de res' o' de t'ings whare I is bin tell you will drap th'ough, 'cause dey won't hab no bottom to hol' 'em. Word come to me dis mornin' dat Colonel Ringgold's chicken-house was rob night befo' las', an' dat de las' one o' his chickens was tooken off'n de roos'. An' what I wants to say to you-all is dat disher cause whare I's astin' you-all to give to am a good cause, an' I don't want no bad money to go in it, an' ef dere's any person here presen' dis mornin' whare had a han' in de robbin' o' dat roos', I asses 'im ef he *please* not to put nothin' in dat hat, 'cause dat money whare he put in might somehow or nother got mix up wid dat chicken money, an' I don't want to hab nothin' to do wid it."

It is needless to say that every brother and sister in the congregation contributed to the building of the new church edifice. Mr. Randall's sensations, however, as he explored his empty pockets, must be left to the imagination.

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THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

I SEEN a sight this mornin', wife, thet made my old heart sad,
  An' set the clock o' mem'ry back to when I wuz a lad.
An' yet it wa'n't so very much—them carpenters o' Moore's
  A-tearin' down the old school-house, to build a block o' stores.

You see, the land is wuth a bit, sence Liscom growed a town.
  The stores hev crowded up as ef they'd push the old shell down.
I s'pose it hed to go at last—yet somehow, I declar',
  'Twill seem like some old friend wuz gone, when the school-house isn't thar.

Jest fifty years ago—not quite, it lacks a month er tew—
  We fust met on the medder path, new scholars, me an' you.
An' you wuz cryin', 'cuz some boy hed rapped you with his slate,
  An' I—becuz I'd jest come out well warmed fer bein' late.

It wasn't much we said, I guess, but somehow, arter thet,
  We wuz the firmest kind uv friends—'cept now an' then a spat.
We chawed the selfsame quid uv gum, swapped apple-tarts fer luck,
  An' when we hed a candy ball we'd both take turns to suck.

How fast they flew, those happy years!—like white clouds in the sky;
  An' we growed older ez they went—an' kind uv off an' shy.
It's cur'us, when a boy an' gal hev chummed so long an' thick,
  Thar almost allus comes a time they break it sharp an' slick.

But thar's a mighty cur'us heap o' cur'us things befall,
  An' love—the kind thet lasts like gold—is the cur'usest uv all.
An' so it wa'n't so very strange thet, when we reached our teens,
  We kinder looked the other way, an' didn't hitch fer beans.

'Twuz gittin' on tow'rds hayin'-time, an' close uv school wuz near;
  You rekilect it, don't ye, wife—our graduatin' year?
I wuz the glummest sort uv cuss, I guess, thet ever walked;
  I couldn't git my tongue to speak, ner make out why she balked.

You wuz ez quiet ez a mouse, an' shy an' sober tew.
  You never gi'n me nod ner smile, but jest sed, "How-de-do?"
I swan I couldn't make it out! I thought you didn't care,
  'Cept, now an' then, I ketched a look thet made me walk on air.

Waal, things wuz goin' on like this when summer term wuz through,
  An' all the scholars hed to speak, to show how much they knew.
I wuz to speak "On Grampian Hills," an' you, "Thro' Tara's Halls,"
  With all the folks in Liscom town a-settin' round the walls.

My turn come fust, an' up I got, ez brave—but, oh! my knees
  Wuz jest a-goin' like the leaves uv them ere aspen-trees!
An' when I'd spoke a line er tew, thar wuz a dreadful blank,
  An' not another word would come, altho' I thunk an' thank.

While I wuz standin' thar like thet, my fingers clutchin' air,
  My eyes ez big ez coffee-cups, and fixed in stony stare,
I heerd a leetle teeny sob—a kind uv gaspin' cry—
  An' all to oncet the words come back, like sunshine in the sky.

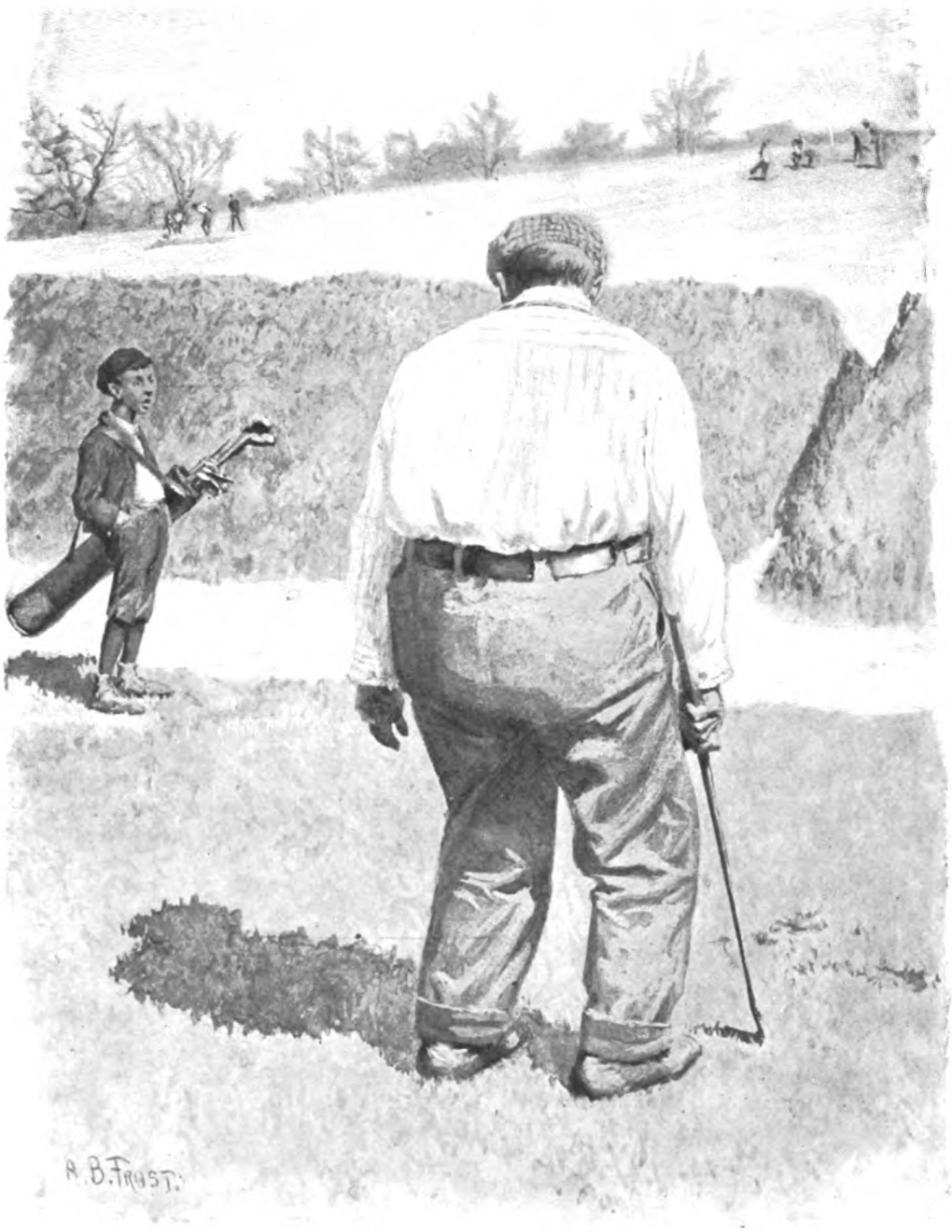
I knowed 'twuz you, an' thet you cared, becuz you loved me still.
  Oh joy! I shouted till each winder rattled in its sill.
I sawed the air this way an' thet; I did the thing up brown;
  An' when I made my bow, I swan, they stomped the stove-pipe down!

Waal, arter thet, things all turned out amazin' slick, you know;
  An' pretty soon the Liscom folks wuz sayin', "Told ye so!"
I wish they'd told me so at fust, when I wuz pesky glum,
  An' you wuz keepin' uv your smiles an' downcast eyes t' hum.

But somehow, wife, the dear old times seem further off to-day,
  Ez ef a link hed jest dropt out, er suthin' gin away.
I s'pose it's 'cuz we kinder tie to old, familiar things,
  An' when they vanish they onwind a lot o' buzzum-strings.

It's cur'us how these senseless things kin make us love 'em so.
  It must be God has gi'n 'em souls thet we're too blind to know.
But jest ez sure ez gospel, wife, when we go hum to rest,
  I 'spect to find the school-house thar, a mansion uv the blest!

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APRIL.

Drowsy Nature, caught a-napping,
Wakes at crack of April dawn.
All the little birds are gaping;
Even the solemn bunkers yawn.

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PREDESTINATION.

BILLINGS is an unlucky man in one respect. If there is a stray tack lying on the floor, or an obstacle to stumble over, he will surely find it, much to his discomfort. This peculiarity is not a stranger to other people, but it seemed to Billings—and he judged from the scars these encounters had afforded—that Fortune had more than favored him with one of her whimsical vagaries, and that at times such vagary made him a burden to himself. For instance, the other night he returned home to find that his wife had retired. Now Billings knew the way in the dark well enough, but there was one door that he dreaded. If there was the least chance of hitting it, he would surely do so. As he climbed the stairs, his wife called out,

"Is that you, George?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, now do be careful of that door."

There it was, that door again. And a dread seized him—a presentiment that he would find it. A match would easily have secured safety; but Billings never thinks of such things (which is probably the reason of his unfortunate peculiarity).

"George!" It was his wife again.

"Yes; I'm coming."

"Put your arms out so you won't strike the door."

Billings smiled grimly. As though his arms would save him! He knew better than that. Had not past experience proved the futility of stopping what Providence had in store for him? However, obedient to his wife's wishes, he stuck out his arms in front of him, and—

Smash!!! He found it. There was no mistake; and with his hands pressed to a bruised and bleeding nose, he sank groaning into a chair.

"Oh, George! how did it happen? Didn't you put your arms out?"

Billings groaned. "Yes, my dear, but I find my nose is even longer than my arms."

Poor Billings! His arms had gone each side of the door, and its edge had scraped an acquaintance with his nose.



BUT REGGY DIDN'T SEE IT THAT WAY.

"WHY, what a cute little boy! I'm going to be your sweetheart. Come, you may steal a kiss from me if you like. I won't tell"

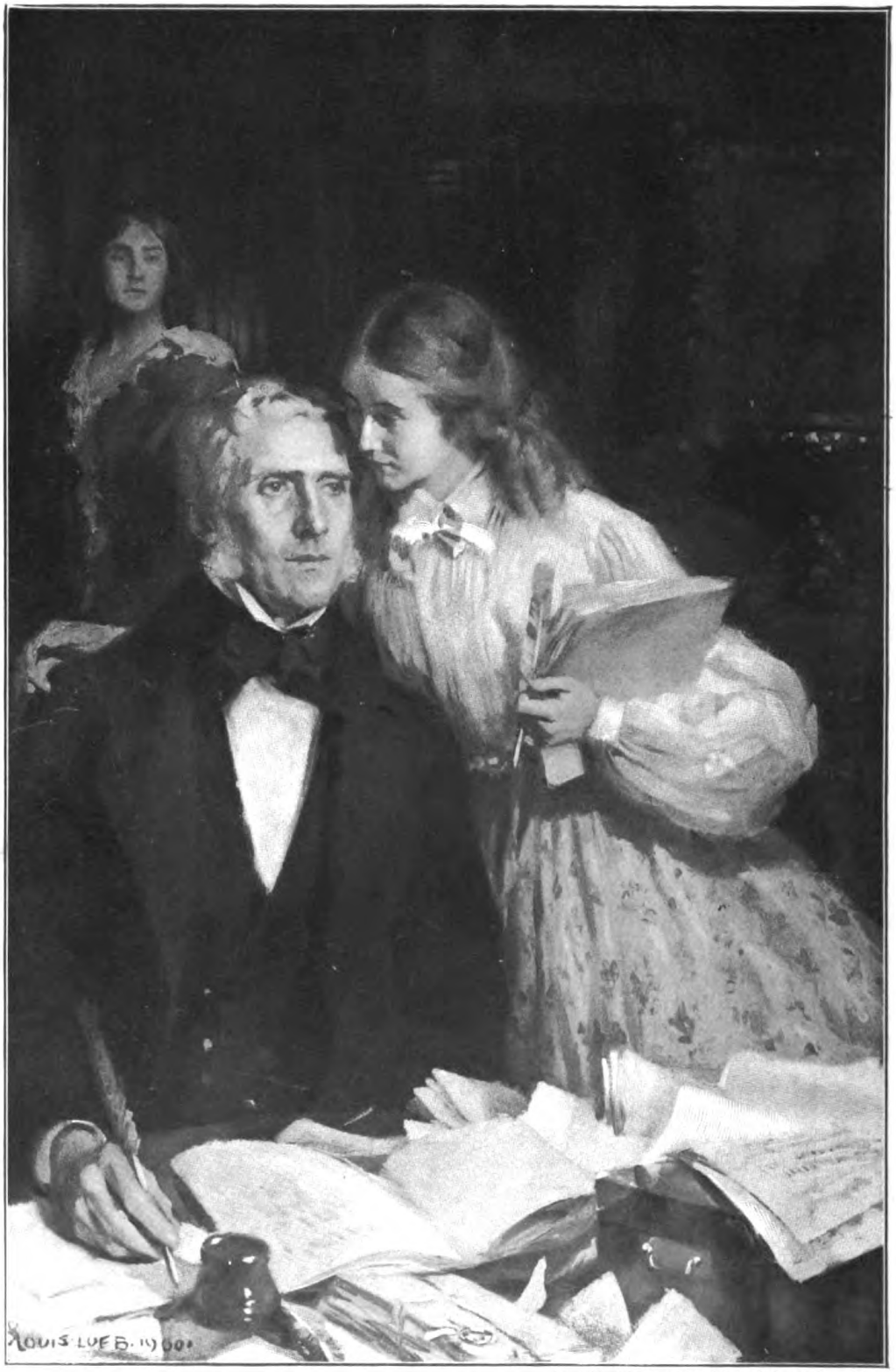
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See "The Mantle of Elijah," by I. Zangwill, p. 844.

"GOOD-NIGHT, ALLEGRA."

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. C MAY, 1900 No. DC

INSIDE THE BOER LINES

BY E. E. EASTON

THE conditions in the South-African republics a few days after the war opened were as unlike those at Cape Town a few days before war had been declared as the demands of President Kruger in his ultimatum and the reply he received from London.

When I left Cape Town on the night of October 12, determined to reach the Transvaal if possible, I carried with me an impression of chaos—of a city teeming with refugees from the gold-fields; of a tragic prorogation of the Colonial Parliament; a confused mass of English soldiers waiting for the trains that were to carry them north; of Afrikanders of Dutch and Huguenot descent who sat at their clubs with despair written on their faces; of Englishmen who fervently sang "God save the Queen."

At a little railway station on the Great Karroo I learned from the telegraph-operator the following afternoon that a message had just passed through stating that the Boers had opened hostilities by capturing an armored train near Mafeking, on the western border of the Transvaal. General Joubert had also arrived at Charlestown, just across the border in Natal; and there were rumors of Boer scouting parties having been sighted at various points in the northern part of the colony and in northern Natal.

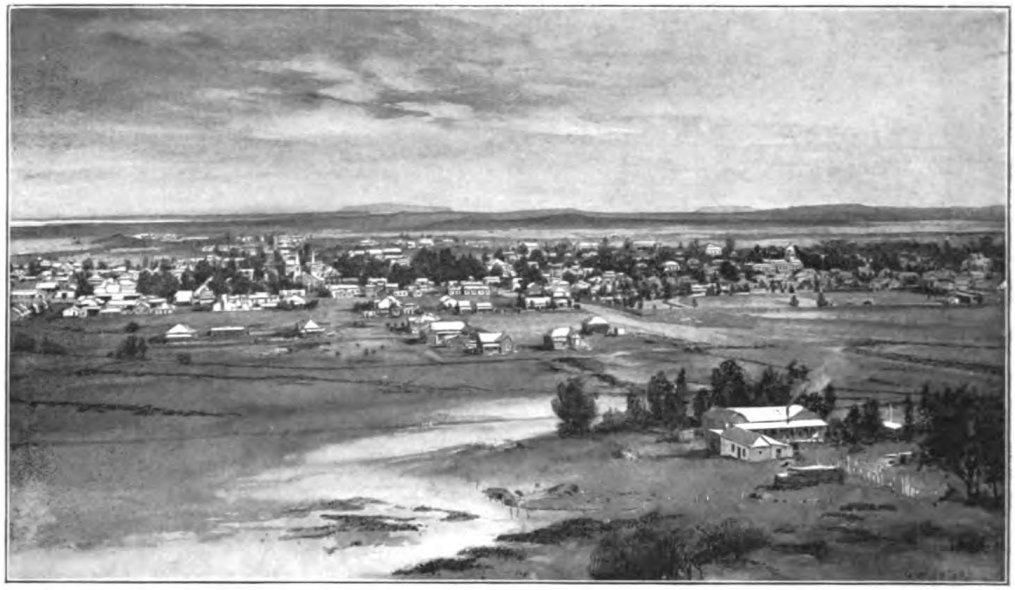
The only place where I could hope to get into the Orange Free State was at Norval's Pont, where the railroad crossed the Orange River. At De Aar, the most northern British base of supplies in the colony, where the railway branched, one line going to Kimberley and the other *viâ* Naauwpoort Junction to the Orange Free State, there was a rumor that the bridge at Norval's Pont had been destroyed by the Boers. I was told that the Transvaal government had issued an order prohibiting newspaper men from accompanying the burgher forces. I was told many harrowing tales of the treatment I might expect in the event I came in contact with a Boer scouting party or a commando. At De Aar, however, a compartment car belonging to the Netherlands South African Railway Company of the Transvaal was coupled to an engine. The train crew had orders to run to Norval's Pont, and if no armed forces of Boers were sighted, or no attempt made to capture the engine and crew, to leave the car at the bridge and return with the office effects of the station at that point. I had a suspicious feeling of loneliness when that engine and train crew started south again, leaving the car standing on the track near the Orange River. The station-master had also gone away on the engine. The rolling grass veld seemed endless to the south. The Orange River flowed sluggishly along at the base of the precipitous hills on its north bank. A number of Kafirs in their native dress of beads, bracelets, and unaffected modesty strolled along the platform of the deserted station, and after making grave salutes with their "knob-kerries" they disappeared along the winding path in the veld. The long steel bridge was intact. Two young Boer boys and a young woman dressed as a nurse anxiously watched the silent hills on the opposite side of the river. The engine belonging

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BLOEMFONTEIN, LOOKING SOUTH.

to the Cape government railway had been gone about an hour, when another steamed out from among those hills, crossed the bridge, and backed up to the lone car. There was no waste of time. With a long shrill whistle the train rumbled across the bridge. It was soon threading its way through the hills on the north bank of the river. In a short time it came out again on the open veld of the Orange Free State. That was the last train that crossed the Orange River. The middle span of the bridge was unbolted that night and dropped in the channel of the river.

A few miles across the border the car was attached to the regular train of the Orange Free State railway. This train was composed of compartment cars and a dining-car, all modelled after the European carriages. About ten miles farther on a stop was made at a laager, where there appeared to be between two and three thousand burghers in camp. They swarmed about the train with the same curiosity that is exhibited by the inhabitants of any little rural village in America. Most of them were dressed in ordinary civilian clothes. I noticed in the crowd a number of men wearing riding-breeches that were tight at the knees, full at the hips, and double-seated with chamois-skin. That might have been a big hunting party, such as one sees in southern California when the jack-rabbits become a pest. There were no swords dangling about men's legs; no men standing at statuesque attention before gorgeous figures with epaulets or men wearing monocles. There were young boys, and old men with white beards, middle-aged men, men who appeared to be farmers, and men whose features and dress would indicate that they were professional or business men. Most of them had two bandoleers of cartridges swung diagonally from either shoulder, a Mauser rifle and a revolver, but no bayonets. The only uniform was a yellow pukhari about their hats.

The two young Boer boys who had come across the Orange River in the same car with myself were the centre of attraction in the crowd. They seemed to be detailing interesting news of the situation south of the Orange River. Although I was expecting to be placed under arrest until I could prove my identity, I was simply asked by a curious but good-natured individual if I were going to Bloemfontein. He smiled when he told me I was an American. "Any one could tell by that accent that you were a Yankee," he said. A number of burghers came aboard, and the train started on to Bloemfontein. On either side of

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the railway the rolling veld, as far as the eye could see, was dotted with herds of cattle, sheep, and horses. Now and then farms were passed where the wheat was being cut. At each station where the train stopped men and women crowded the platform and inquired as to the news from the various camps.

These railway stations—and I subsequently found them to be uniform throughout the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and down in Natal—are all built of white sandstone, the out-buildings of the same material, while the "chef," or station-master, has a comfortable home near the station, which is also built of the same stone.



GREY COLLEGE (BOYS' SCHOOL), BLOEMFONTEIN.

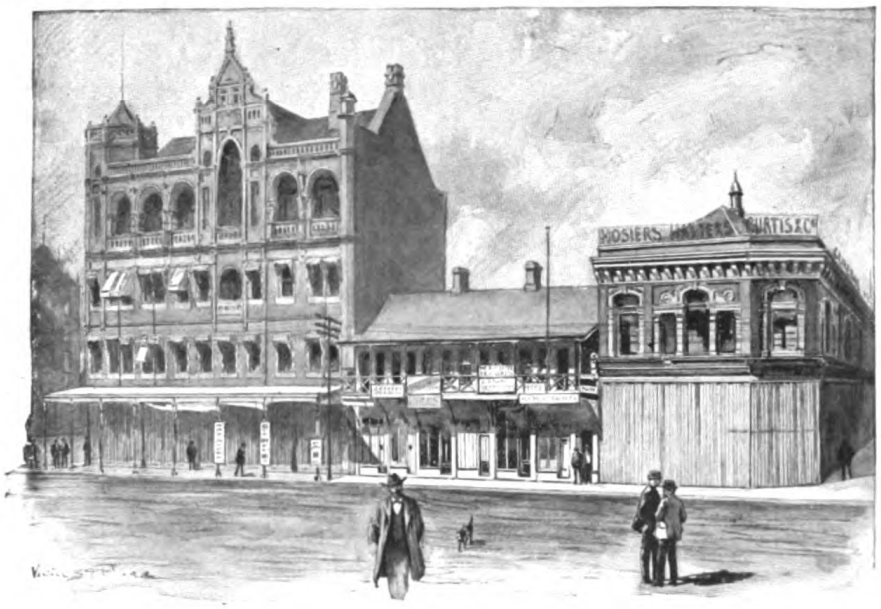
There was a large crowd in the station at Bloemfontein, the capital, when the train arrived. Another train loaded with burghers going south was standing on the main track. Although I was told that these burghers were from a section some distance north of Bloemfontein, most of those on the train seemed to have personal friends among the men, women, and children at the station. There was no excitement nor any air of braggadocio among the burghers. It was as unlike some of the farewell scenes in Cape Town when the English troops were starting north as a quarterly conference of Quakers is unlike a national political convention. Tall broad-shouldered farmers, with big rough hands, their rifles swung across their shoulders, reached out of the car windows, shaking hands with men and women. The women invariably inquired of the old men how they had left their "missus," some inquired after the health of the children, while some of the men discussed the difficulty of having their crops gathered, since every man in the State might soon be called to the front. Some of the young women passed in bouquets of flowers to their particular friends among the burghers, and when the train started there was a scramble to shake hands while saying good-by. There was not a sign of militarism—from a professional stand-point—about that long train of troops, save the yellow flag of the Free State which floated from the rear platform.

The city of Bloemfontein lies in the open veld. It reminds an American of a Kansas or Nebraska city; the streets are broad, and run east and west and north and south, forming perfect squares. There are a number of high kopjes northwest of the city, where the principal forts for the

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defence of the city are located. The general offices and the shops of the government railways in the State are located near the passenger station. In the centre of the city is the Market Square, where the farmers gather on Monday mornings to do their trading. The mercantile houses are mostly on this square, as are the hotels and the pretentious club of which the city boasts. On the western side of the city, facing the street leading from the passenger station, is the Government Building, containing the offices of the different executive departments. It is of the same design and material as the Department of Agriculture in Washington, but much larger. In front of the building is a bronze statue of John Brand, the first President of the Orange Free State. One block to the north is the Capitol Building. Externally it would compare favorably with most of the State capitols of America, while the interior furnishings and appointments are more ostentatious than those of the National Capitol at Washington. The executive mansion, or Presidency, as it is called there, is in the southwestern part of the city. If the counterpart of President Steyn's home were erected in the most fashionable and fastidious section of New York city or Washington, there would be no protest from the neighbors that it tended to plebeianism. Most of the homes in the city have small fruit and flower gardens about them. Grey College, near the Presidency, covers a solid square. President Steyn took the degree of B.A. there before going to England to study law.

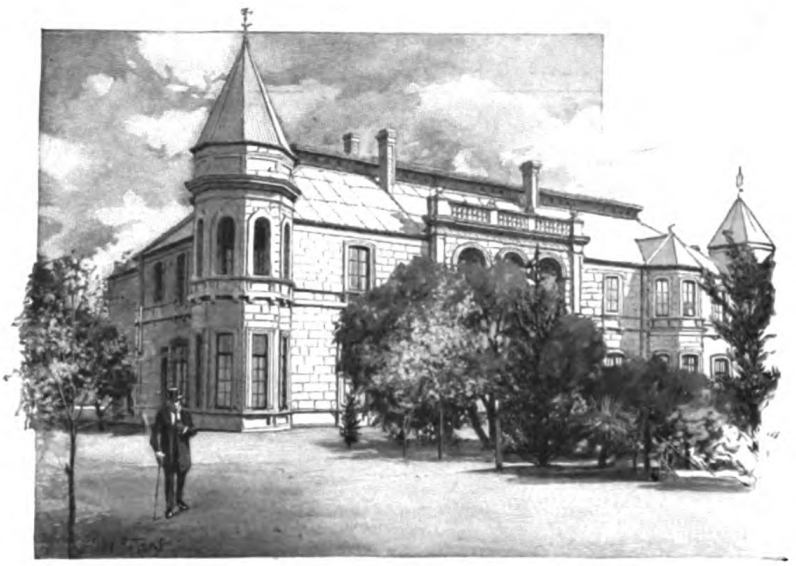
In the streets, the stores, the club, and the Government Building I heard English spoken as often as Dutch. There was no excitement or confusion, although war had just opened. Men and women seemed to know that a fearful struggle was beginning, but there was a quiet reserve about them—an air of grim determination which foreboded one of the bitterest struggles in the world's history.



A SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG A FEW DAYS AFTER WAR BEGAN, SHOWING BARRICADED STORES.

President Steyn spent Sunday afternoon and evening detailing to me the history of South Africa and the events which had finally made war inevitable, and caused his State to join the South-African Republic, although there was no question in the issue which directly involved the Orange Free State. During the evening most of the government officials of the State called to discuss with the President immediate plans of the campaign. Nearly every one of them had ridden horseback, or driven in the Cape carts, or trekked in ox-wagons, over most of the territory of the State and around its borders. Some knew every sluit, kopje, and range along the eastern border, others knew all the drifts, fords, and impassable places along the Orange River, while another was equally familiar with every foot of ground along the western border—knew just where water-supplies could be depended upon, as well as plenty of forage for the horses and cattle.

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PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

Sunday morning I watched the farmers driving into the city to church. Some of the carts contained children and women, but no men. As a race their features correspond with those of any particular European nation about as little as the second or third generation of children in the United States bear the distinctive characteristics of their English, German, Dutch, or French ancestry. The pronunciation of their own language has less similarity to the Holland Dutch than the American English has to that of England. They have words and idioms which they have taken from the French, the English, some of the native languages, and some that they have coined themselves. In speaking English they use the broad a's. The Afrikander Dutch sounds as euphonious to the ear as the Southern pronunciation in the States.

President Steyn said that poverty—European poverty—was unknown in his State. Business men and professional men who had also travelled in Europe said the same thing. Every one in the State could make a comfortable living. My brief observation was that there were just as many grades of individuals in Bloemfontein as in an American city of the same class. There were men who were content with a living, men with business ambitions, and men with professional ambitions. There were men who could be said to have achieved their ambitions in business and in their professions. Their homes appeared refined, and had as many modern conveniences as the homes of people who might be classed in the same station in life in Europe or America. Driving about the city, I noticed tennis-courts in four or five of the private gardens; these gardens belong to prominent



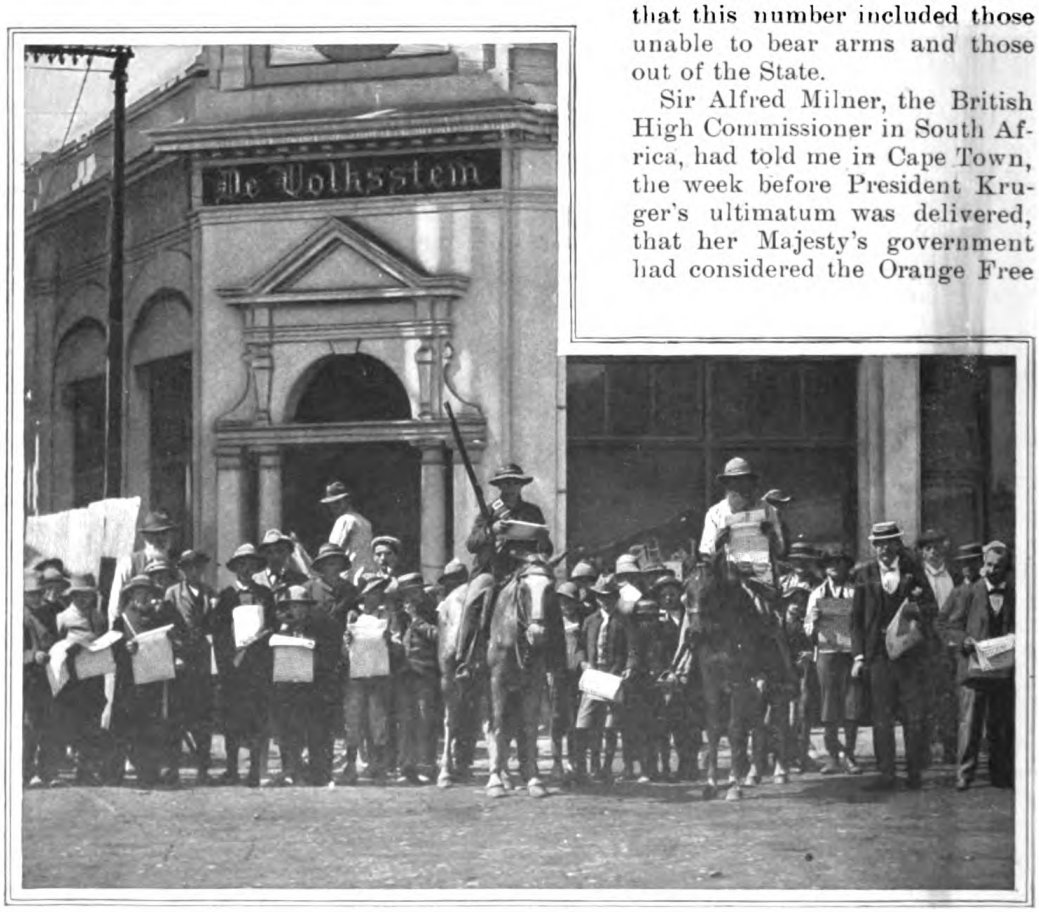
EXTERIOR OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES (RAAD HALL), BLOEMFONTEIN

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Boers, or rather "Afrikanders." In South Africa the farmers are called Boers or burghers, and the townsmen are referred to as burghers or Afrikanders. Abroad they are termed Boers, similar to Americans being called Yankees abroad, while in the South and West of America the term applies to New-Englanders particularly and to Northerners generally. During a conversation on the subject President Steyn made the assertion that the percentage of illiteracy in his State was insignificant as compared with that of England itself. The statistics he produced bore out his assertion. My own impression, gathered from various sources while on the way to South Africa, had been directly the opposite. It was as much a revelation as when I first went West in America and was told that Kansas had the smallest percentage of illiteracy of any State in the Union. He went further and said that there was a larger proportion of burghers in his State who had taken degrees at school than there was of those who had accomplished the same thing in England. While he had no statistics on this subject, he said that investigation would prove it to be correct.

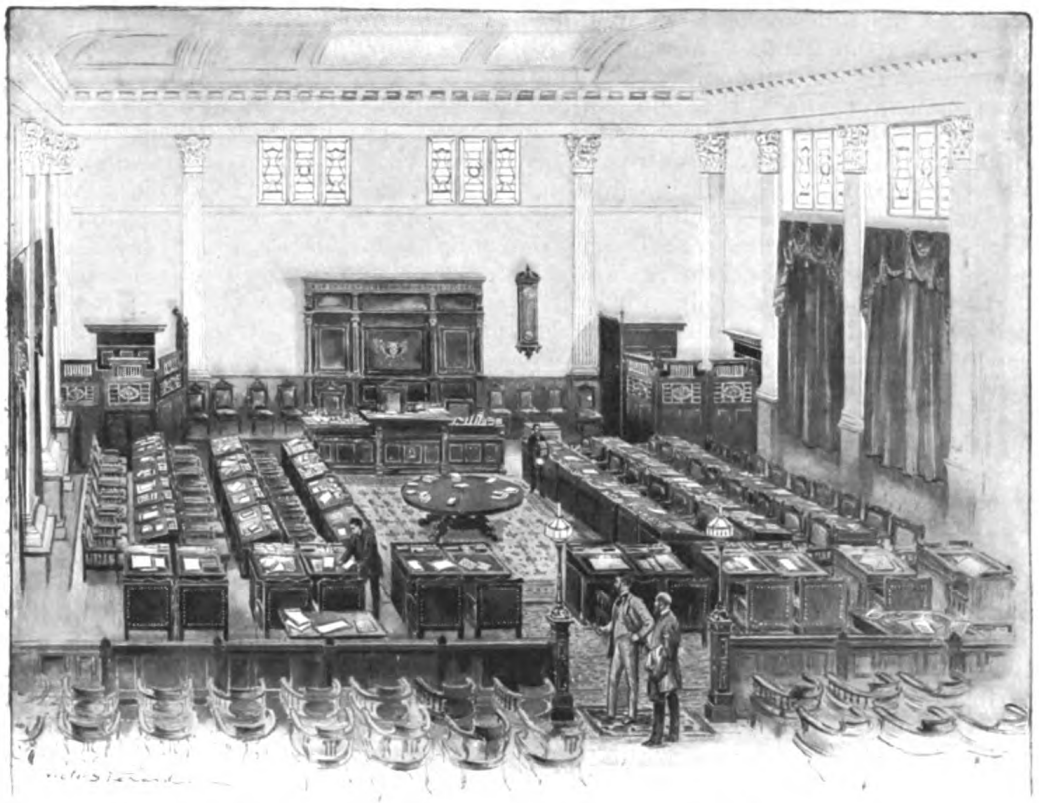
While on the way to South Africa a prominent Englishman who was on the boat declared that all the educated men in the Free State and the Transvaal would sympathize with the English in the event of war. If the English Colonial Office or the English War Office entertained the same belief, this may be one of the elements of misinformation which caused such a lack of adequate preparation for the war on the part of the English government. The first shot of the war had been fired three days before, when I was shown in Bloemfontein the official reports from each veld cornet's district in the State. The total number of burghers between the ages of sixteen and sixty who had not reported ready for duty, nor purchased rifles and ammunition, was less than two hundred. I was told that this number included those unable to bear arms and those out of the State.

Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, had told me in Cape Town, the week before President Kruger's ultimatum was delivered, that her Majesty's government had considered the Orange Free



READING THE SPECIAL EDITION OF "DE VOLKSSTEM" IN PRETORIA, AFTER WAR WAS DECLARED.

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INTERIOR OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, BLOEMFONTEIN.

State a model republic. My superficial observations in Bloemfontein just after the war opened convinced me that the citizens of that State were as deeply impregnated with the belief that, since war had come, the future prosperity of South Africa depended upon the local conduct of its political affairs as Sir Alfred Milner was convinced that the policy that must control the destiny of South Africa from the Zambesi to the Cape must emanate from London.

In the train in which I left Bloemfontein for the Transvaal border I found Mr. Fischer, the head of the Orange Free State Executive Council, or cabinet. I had met him the day before at his home. I had been told that he was the leading lawyer in the Free State previous to his appointment as a member of the Executive Council. He was sitting with a rifle across his knee, while two bandoleers of cartridges hung across his breast. In place of the white shirt and the Prince Albert suit he was wearing the previous day, he had on a woollen shirt and an ordinary tweed suit of business clothes. In the upper berth of the compartment was a blanket roll and a bag filled with ten days' provisions of hard bread, canned beef, and biltong. He was going to the camp near Van Reenen's Pass, on the eastern border of the Free State, to discuss the military situation with the burghers. He explained that since there might be fighting there, he was prepared.

"Education and financial circumstances are no grounds for distinction now," he said. "Every member of the Raad [the Free State congress] went to the front this morning dressed just as you see me now."

My train waited several hours at Kroonstad for a south-bound train loaded with burghers. It had proceeded but a short distance when the sun went down, and the cool evening breezes sprang up. I rolled up in a blanket in my compartment.

About an hour after sunrise the train, which had stopped during the night, started on again, making slow progress on the heavy grade from the Vaal River to the Witwatersrand. Long before we had reached the summit of the grade I

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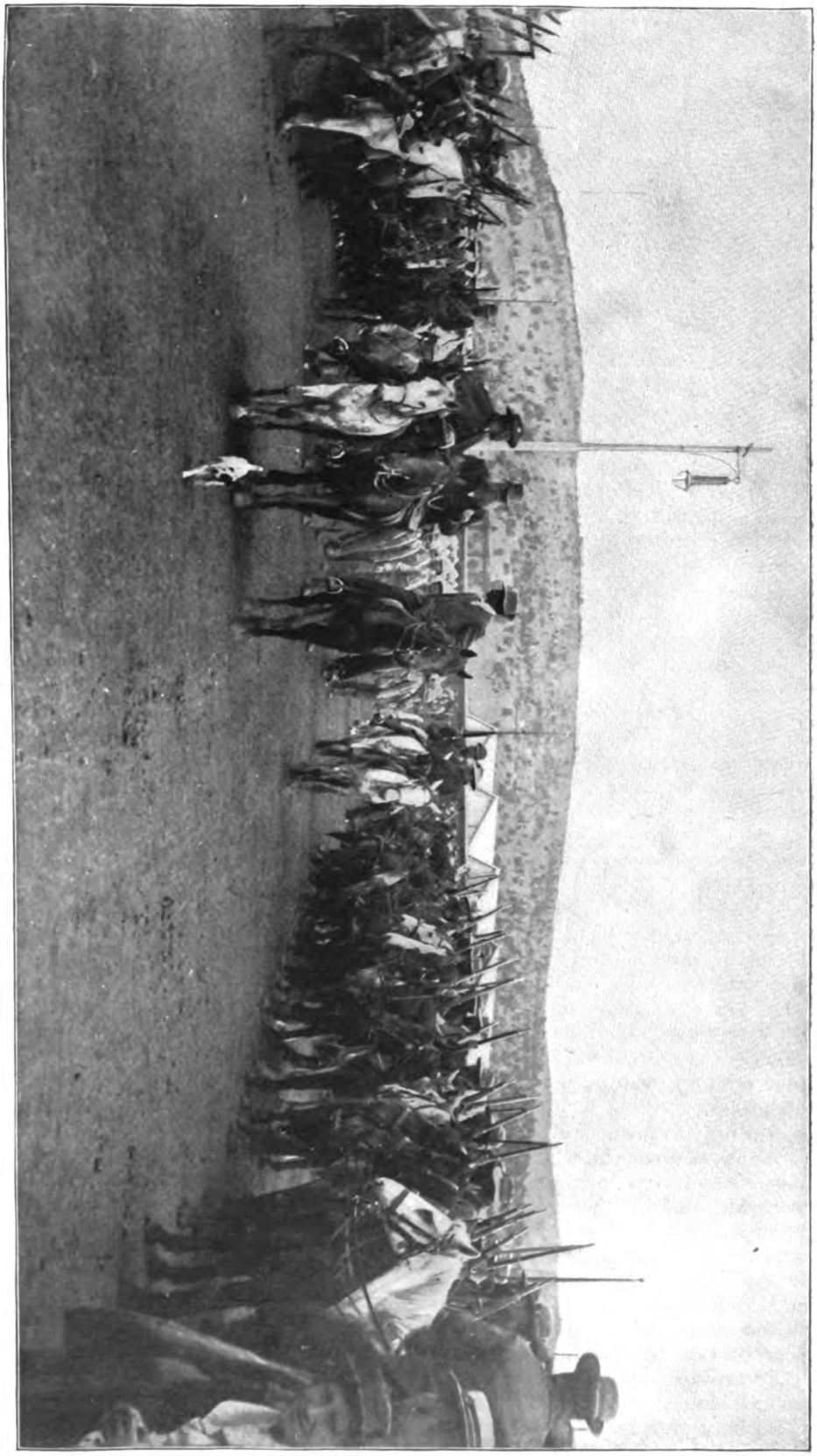
could see the tall smoke-stacks over the mines along the Rand. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear, and the veld rolls away in long swells, so that one can see for miles with perfect distinctness. The altitude of the Rand is a little over 6000 feet above sea-level. At Elandsfontein, the railway junction on the summit, there were six trains filled with Transvaal burghers going to join General Joubert. I was so interested in watching these men that I did not discover that I was in a Johannesburg car until the rest of the train had started on to Pretoria. I was told that a train would leave Johannesburg for the capital within two hours, and since it was only a matter of a half-hour's ride to this city, which had been the centre of all the agitation for the war, I remained in the car. The scenes along the Rand to Johannesburg were very depressing. On either side of the road were immense milling-plants, and corrugated-iron compounds where the natives who worked in the mines had been kept. Everything had a deserted air. Cottages and little retail stores were boarded up, while hungry-looking dogs slunk about the premises. A number of buildings had the Transvaal flag floating over them, as though the departed owners expected that emblem would protect their property in case the Boers should blow up the mines and the city of Johannesburg.

As the train entered Park station I could see a number of flags of different nationalities floating over the principal buildings of the city. I noticed a number of dwellings and business houses with this sign painted over the blockaded doors: "American Property." If the number of foreign flags which were floating in the city had any real significance, one could not help but have the impression at that time that there was little English property in the city.

As a whole, Johannesburg had the atmosphere of a cemetery. This metropolis of South Africa, which a few weeks before the war had boasted a white population of nearly 80,000 souls, was almost entirely deserted. Block after block of business houses and dwellings had their doors and windows barricaded with boards and corrugated iron. The exchanges and most of the hotels were heavily barred. Those who had fled with their families left their private homes at the mercy of their Kafir servants, while many foreigners, other than the English who had not been implicated in the Jameson raid, had secured permits from the Transvaal government to remain in the city. Large posters containing President Kruger's proclamation of martial law in the republic were placarded about the city. One of the articles of this proclamation absolutely prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors, while another required every person to have a passport in travelling from one city to another in the republic.

Before I arrived in Pretoria, General Piet Cronje had crossed into British territory on the western border of the Transvaal, practically surrounding Mafeking, and destroyed the railway bridges on either side of the town. He had also captured an armored train which had attempted to break through his lines. The railway on either side of Kimberley had been destroyed by the Orange Free State troops, the bridges blown up, the outside water-supply of the city cut off, and a commando had established itself between Kimberley and the base of supplies at De Aar. General Princeloo of the Orange Free State had sent scouting parties through Van Reenen's Pass, and these had had several skirmishes with the English troops in western Natal. The military campaign was just beginning to crystallize. There was no fear of an invasion from the north, since the regular Transvaal police along that border outnumbered the Rhodesian police. With Mafeking helpless, Kimberley practically so, and as many Boers along the Orange River as there were English troops in Cape Colony, all the interest in the war centred in Natal. There were known to be 23,000 English troops in Natal at the opening of the war. General Joubert made a cautious advance from Zandspruit, where the burghers had mobilized when the tension in the diplomatic negotiations reached its height. When his advanced scouting parties passed through Volksrust, at the border of the Transvaal, they learned that Charlestown, a few miles beyond, was entirely deserted. The Boers passed over Laings Nek, under the shadow of Majuba Hill, where their most brilliant victory in the war for independence in 1881 had been achieved, and with scouting parties thrown out in all directions, General Joubert's force was marching upon Newcastle. There had been no determined fighting on any of their borders,

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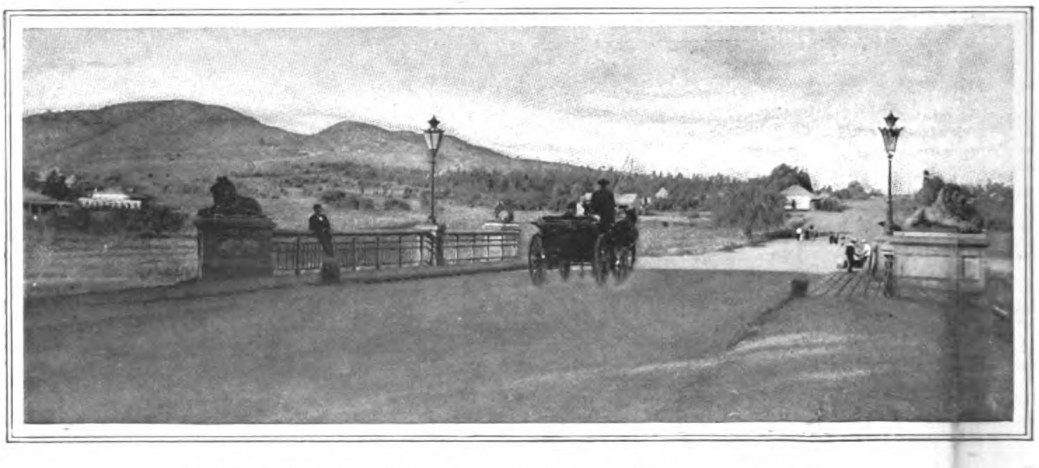


ARRIVAL IN PRETORIA OF BRITISH PRISONERS CAPTURED AT DUNDEE

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ARCADIA BRIDGE, PRETORIA, SHOWING FORTS IN THE DISTANCE.

and only small parties of men had been engaged in skirmishing.

I could not formulate my first impressions of Pretoria to include the idea that it was the seat of government of a small nation—the entire population less than that of many single American cities—which had opened hostilities with the greatest empire in the world. The city appeared to be at peace with the world and the elements. The warm sunshine, the flower-gardens, the fig-trees and the orange-trees, the groves of the eucalyptus-trees and the silver-oaks, that surrounded the homes of this city nestling among the foot-hills of the Magaliesberg Mountains, conspired to rob one's imagination of the glories and horrors of war. The street cars were running, the stores were all open, men were at work on a new government building, and I had driven half over Pretoria to get an idea of the city before I saw the first indications that the inhabitants were aware that their country was at war with the British Empire.

I was riding out towards Arcadia, one of the suburbs of Pretoria, when I passed a carriage containing a man about thirty-five years old and his family. He appeared to be a man of affluence; his carriage and team of dapple-gray horses were as *chic* as any to be seen in the fashionable cities of the world. He was dressed in a corduroy hunting-suit, and a bandoleer of cartridges hung across his chest. Protruding out of the deep cushions behind his right shoulder was the barrel of a Mauser rifle. It required but one glance at that carriage and its occupants to catch the spirit of the time and the people. Behind the carriage was a Kafir servant riding a Basuto pony, and leading a horse equipped with saddle-bags, rubber poncho, and a woollen blanket. On a little seat at the feet of the man sat a round-faced, bright-eyed boy, wearing an Eton jacket and a broad white collar. A little girl dressed in white, with her arms bare to the shoulder, lay in his lap. She was nestling on his breast, innocently fingering the bright steel bullets that protruded through the holes in the bandoleer. The father's face wore a mingled expression of iron determination and pity. He was watching his boy's face. I could not see the woman's face. She was stylishly dressed, but as the carriage passed she was leaning over an infant in her arms. My cab-driver said that was one of the wealthiest advocates in the Transvaal. He was going to the front as a burgher; his family were going to the station with him.

Before I drove into Church Square, where the government buildings are principally located, I had visited the suburbs of Sunnyside, Arcadia, and the district west of the city where the big brick artillery barracks are located. In these suburbs were beautiful villas and gardens, where the residences were, in some instances, of the most ostentatious modern architecture; others were thatched-roof cottages, surrounded with broad verandas, over which granadilla-vines were trained, and some were of the quaint old Dutch pattern. I had seen four public-school buildings, and churches of as many denominations as one sees in the average

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American city. There was a big electric-light plant near the business section of the city; telegraph and telephone wires lined the principal streets. There were department stores, wholesale stores, retail stores, tailoring establishments, book-stores, steam-laundries, hotels and clubs, bristling with enterprise. On Market Square I noticed an attractive building with the sign over the door "Staats Museum." The government buildings were of modern design, dignified and substantial, and seemed to have been built with an allowance for a healthy growth in the affairs of state.

Newsboys were running about the streets with special editions of Pretoria and Johannesburg papers, containing the news that General Joubert's scouts had reported that the British had fallen back upon Dundee, in one of the coal-mining districts of Natal, and were preparing for a decisive engagement in the vicinity. Men were standing in groups about the Raadzaal, the principal government building, discussing the situation.

President Steyn had given me a letter of introduction to the Transvaal State Attorney, Mr. J. C. Smuts. I inquired of an usher in the rotunda of the government building where I could find the State Attorney. He had just gone into the office of the Secretary of State. Clerks and secretaries were running about the corridors, exhibiting considerable animation; they were discussing their arrangements for leaving for the front the next day, in order to be in the expected battle. I had just reached the big double doors leading into the State Secretary's offices when a young man with a smooth face and fair complexion started out with a bundle of papers in his hand. The usher pointed him out as the State Attorney. After reading the letter of introduction he shook hands with the heartiness and grip of a man of determined character.

"I am rushed with work right now," he said, apologetically. "I must get away on the early morning train for Natal. We townsmen must be in the grim job that now confronts us." Then he took me into the office of Dr. F. W. Reitz, the Secretary of State. The office was as complete in its appointments as modern inventions—type-writers, desk telephones, messenger-bells, broad mahogany tables, paintings, and comfortable chairs, maps, and books—can make one. Secretary Reitz's face is in many respects similar to that of ex-President Harrison of America. His grandfather was an officer in the Dutch navy, and took part in the battle between the Dutch and English fleets off Dogger-Bank during the latter part of the last century. Dr. Reitz was born in Cape Colony, where his father was a farmer and represented his district in the Colonial Parliament. He graduated at the South-African College at Cape Town; afterward spent four years in England studying law. He was Chief Justice of the Orange Free State for thirteen years, and at the death of President Brand was elected as the second President of that state. He was re-elected for a second



F. W. REITZ, SECRETARY OF STATE.

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term, but resigned on account of ill health. He moved to Pretoria, where he was appointed as one of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court. On June 6, 1898, he was elected by the Volksraad as Secretary of State to fill the place of Dr. Leyds, who had been appointed ambassador of the republic in Europe.

To see Dr. Reitz, and to talk with him long enough to get an insight into his character, at the same time keeping in mind his career, is to appreciate the power Joseph Chamberlain was attempting to combat in diplomacy.

After a courteous greeting Dr. Reitz sat down in his big leather office-chair and began to pour humorous questions into me as to my experiences in getting into the "Boer" capital, and my impressions of the times and the people.

While we were talking, I could see through an open door into an anteroom where a tall, rugged-looking young man was pacing the floor with his hands clinched. Finally he came into the State Secretary's room, and after excusing the interruption, drew up a chair near the Secretary and began talking earnestly in a low voice. The older man shook his head firmly to the energetic arguments.

"The President does not see it in a proper light," the younger man insisted, raising his voice to a louder pitch. "If you will tell him that there is nothing pressing in the department now, he will consent."

"But I agree with the President that we cannot afford to lose you now. If you go, I will be about the only one left in the whole building," said the Secretary, and then he mentioned a long list of names to confirm his argument.

"But don't you see that I am of no earthly use to-day?" the younger man insisted. "I can't eat. It will be a decisive fight to determine if we can operate on the offensive for some time, or whether the whole war is to be dragged out on the defensive. The President has given Smuts permission to go, and there is no reason why I should stay. I will promise to be back as soon as this rub is over and clean up the work on my desk." He was flushed, and got up and paced the floor, totally oblivious of the presence of a third party.

The old Secretary's face was a study of mingled emotions. There was deep silence for several seconds, during which a clock under a painting which hung on the wall, showing the Boers "Fighting at Doornkop" during the Jameson raid, ticked solemnly.

"All right, Piet, go. God help us! The old President may be angry at first, but I will explain it to him. He was young once and can understand it."

The young man's face cleared from the depths of depression. In an instant he was alert and full of suppressed excitement. There was a suspicious look of feeling about the old Secretary's eyes as he pressed the young man's hand and then looked after him as he left the room.

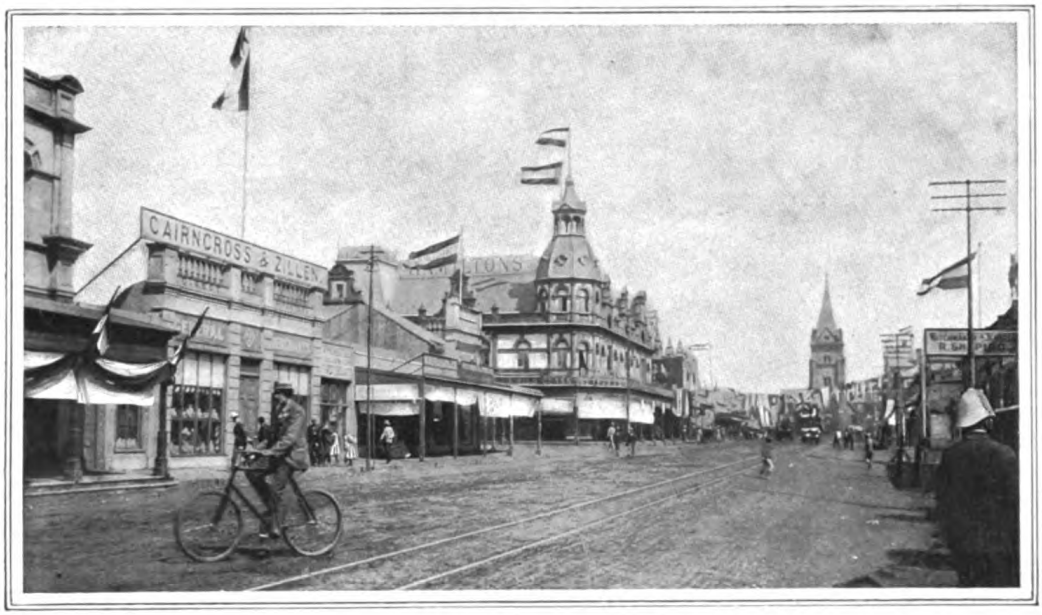
"Who was that gentleman, Mr. Secretary?" I ventured to ask.

"Excuse me," he replied, courteously. "That was Mr. Grobler, the Under State Secretary for Foreign Affairs."

"Mr. Smuts and Mr. Grobler are examples of what the younger generation of our people have accomplished in getting in perfect touch with the present day," the Secretary continued. "These sons of the conservative Boers were harmonizing the new with the old régime. The evolution was taking place as rapidly as they matured. Africa would have continued to be prosperous and live at peace with England and the world, growing and developing its marvellous resources, the younger element wiping out the conservatism, and substituting an enterprise that characterizes your own wonderful nation. But this war — but you have heard both sides of this question." He studied a moment, then he continued: "This younger generation of our race, which has imbued the republic with modern ideas, and was in as close touch with the element of Johannesburg as they were with their parents on their little farms out on the veld, is now the most determined of the two elements—the conservative and the progressive—that our liberty must not be fettered. Two of my sons are now at the front—here is a cable from my oldest son, who was completing his education in Europe. He is on his way home as fast as the steamer can bring him."

I was looking at the cable message, which was dated the same night on which President Kruger had issued his ultimatum, when a large door on the opposite side of the room opened, and a clerk informed the Secretary that he was wanted in the Executive Council room. While

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CHURCH STREET, PRETORIA, AFTER WAR HAD BEEN DECLARED.

he was collecting a number of papers on his desk I could hear the conversation of men in the adjoining room. Suddenly there was a deep roar—almost like that of a lion—and at the same time a bang on a table that made the windows rattle. And the voice—it was that of a man—continued its deep bellowing, and again there was a thundering bang on the table.

"The old President has met with some obstacle in his plans," said the Secretary of State, smiling at my look of surprise at the sound of such a human voice, and he disappeared with an arm-load of papers.

While he was gone I looked about the room, and there were several rows of official reports of the United States government on the shelves. There were some on agriculture, some on mining, some on commerce, and a number of volumes issued by the State Department.

When the Secretary returned he was chuckling to himself.

"General Cronje wants to assault Mafeking," he said. "He has wired that he can take the town in a hand-to-hand fight, but the old President won't listen to it. He says that the place is not worth the lives of fifty burghers, and has just issued an order that Cronje is to continue the siege and simply see to it that Colonel Baden-Powell and his troops do not escape. The Council was divided; some thought that Cronje should be permitted to storm the place. The President has just ordered that one of the big siege-guns shall be sent to Cronje."

Presently the big door opened and a couple of tall, serious-looking men came out, talking together. It was just about four o'clock. "The old President will be leaving now," Dr. Reitz said to me; "would you like to see him before he goes?" We started into an adjoining room. I had just reached the door when Dr. Reitz was stopped by one of the men who had come out, and they began discussing something.

For full two minutes I stood there looking at the man whom the historians of the world may some day class as among the few men whose names signify decades of history that have changed the political trend of the world. Although that may not be true, he was the man whose name was attracting more attention throughout the whole world at the time than that of any other individual. He was sitting in a big chair at the corner of the table. I could only see his back and profile; his massive shoulders were stooped, and his head was bent forward on his breast. He was wearing a pair of blue goggles with close-fitting screens to protect his eyes from dust. His iron-gray hair was combed directly back from his forehead over his head to his collar. On the big table on which

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RECEPTION OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS IN PRETORIA.

the President's hand was resting was a map of South Africa on a large scale, with every detail of the topography of the country noted. The light from one of the tall windows was reflected in the polished surface of the huge map. Numerous tiny flags were stuck about the map with black-headed pins. These flags were of different sizes, apparently to denote the comparative number of troops at a given point.

The clerk was detailing some information to the old President, who was listening intently, his features contracted, giving a wonderful expression of the man's determination, and the deep rough lines that furrowed his face brought out in striking prominence his massive features. Once seen, his face could never be forgotten. I have never seen any other like it in pictures or among living men. That face is a prototype of Oom Paul Kruger's character. From what I saw, and from what I have heard from men who have known him nearly all his life, there is no counterpart of his character in the world. One might consume many chapters of a large volume in attempting to analyze that face and the man, and when finished it would be full of striking contrasts, of descriptions of deep springs of originality, of marvellous characteristics, all supported by interesting anecdotes to explain peculiarities, but one would have to write a conclusion admitting that an analytical portrait of the man can only be written years after he has been buried, and South Africa's political history subsequent to the present struggle gives one a basis from which to judge the qualities of Paul Kruger's character.

He suddenly raised his head, spat fiercely into a big cuspidor, and issued an order in a voice which seemed literally to rumble from his massive chest, seized his silk hat and cane, and started for the door opening out into the corridor. A number of men in the other part of the room called out "good-night" to him in what were undeniably tones of affection. I followed him out through the corridor. Six troopers marched either side of him with drawn sabres, and as the burghers who happened to be in the rotunda said "good-night," he tipped his hat to them individually, and hastened into his carriage with remarkable agility for a man of his years and career.

I had an invitation to go down to his home and take coffee with him the following morning.

As I left the government building I noticed several big wagons, each drawn

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by from ten to sixteen oxen, moving slowly across the square. Old men, men in the prime of life, and boys who could not have been over fourteen or fifteen years of age were seated on the wagons, each with two bandoleers of cartridges and a Mauser rifle. They were "up-country Boers," who had trekked into the capital, and would leave for the front on the morning trains. They would spend the night loading their wagons, oxen, horses, and provisions.

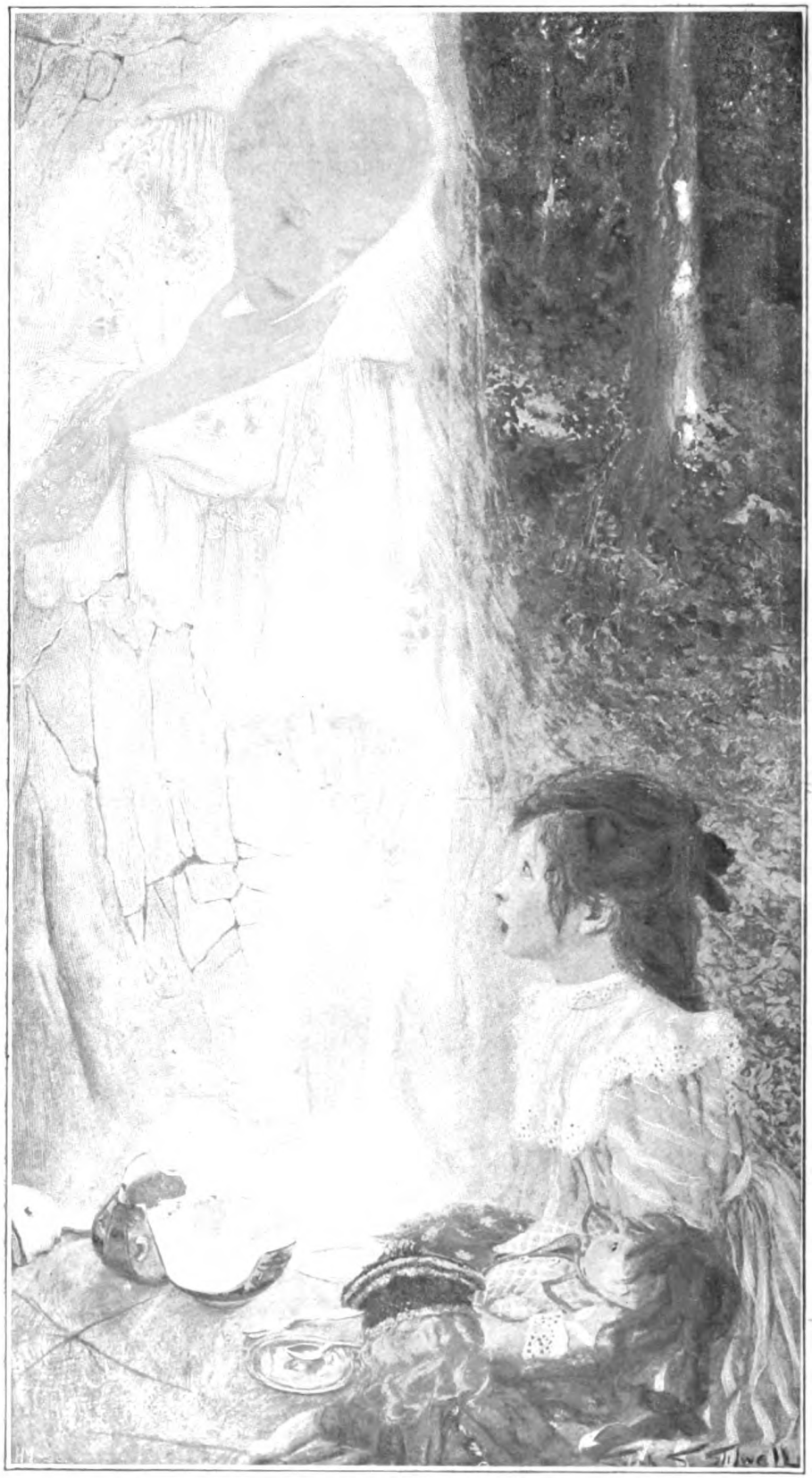
When I returned to my room that night I spent many hours trying to reduce the many impressions of the day into some tangible form, but it was impossible. I was in the capital of a republic at war with the British Empire. Its soldiers had none of the ideas of professional warfare. The only uniforms were those worn by the State Artillery—they were the standing army of the republic. It numbered exactly 400 men, including officers. Aside from this regular army, there were no men who could perform a military evolution. Every man between the age of sixteen and sixty, rich and poor, was transformed into a soldier the moment war was declared. The government furnished them nothing. Their horses, rifles, two hundred rounds of ammunition, and first eight days' supply of provisions must be purchased by the burgher himself. Their clothing consisted of what they chose to wear; they elected their own generals and veld cornets; the only discipline was that of the individual's regard for his general's orders. Detailed plans of battles would be formulated at war councils, called "krijgsraads," at which the veld cornets and generals consulted. The veld cornets would express the consensus of opinion of the burghers in their individual commandoes. No one received a cent of pay for his service. Under such conditions a stranger had no basis for a calculation as to results of such a war. That the burghers were filled with an indomitable determination no one could doubt. That every one was a sharpshooter was the reputation they had among themselves. The popular vacation for the townsmen every year had been to spend a month shooting big game in the northern districts of the Transvaal. The Boers from the veld shot springbok whenever they wanted a change of meat for the table. There were just so many men in the republic, and this total was exactly the limit of the resources of fighting-men. On the other hand was the British Empire, with its 400,000,000 inhabitants and its resources endless.

To try to make comparisons would seem ridiculous. Yet, as I looked out of my window that night over Pretoria, which was bathed in the soft light of the full moon, it appeared so peaceful, and the men whom I had met the previous day seemed so confident, that I went to bed wondering if comparative figures were a safe basis for a calculation as to when the war would end.



BURGHER PARK, PRETORIA.

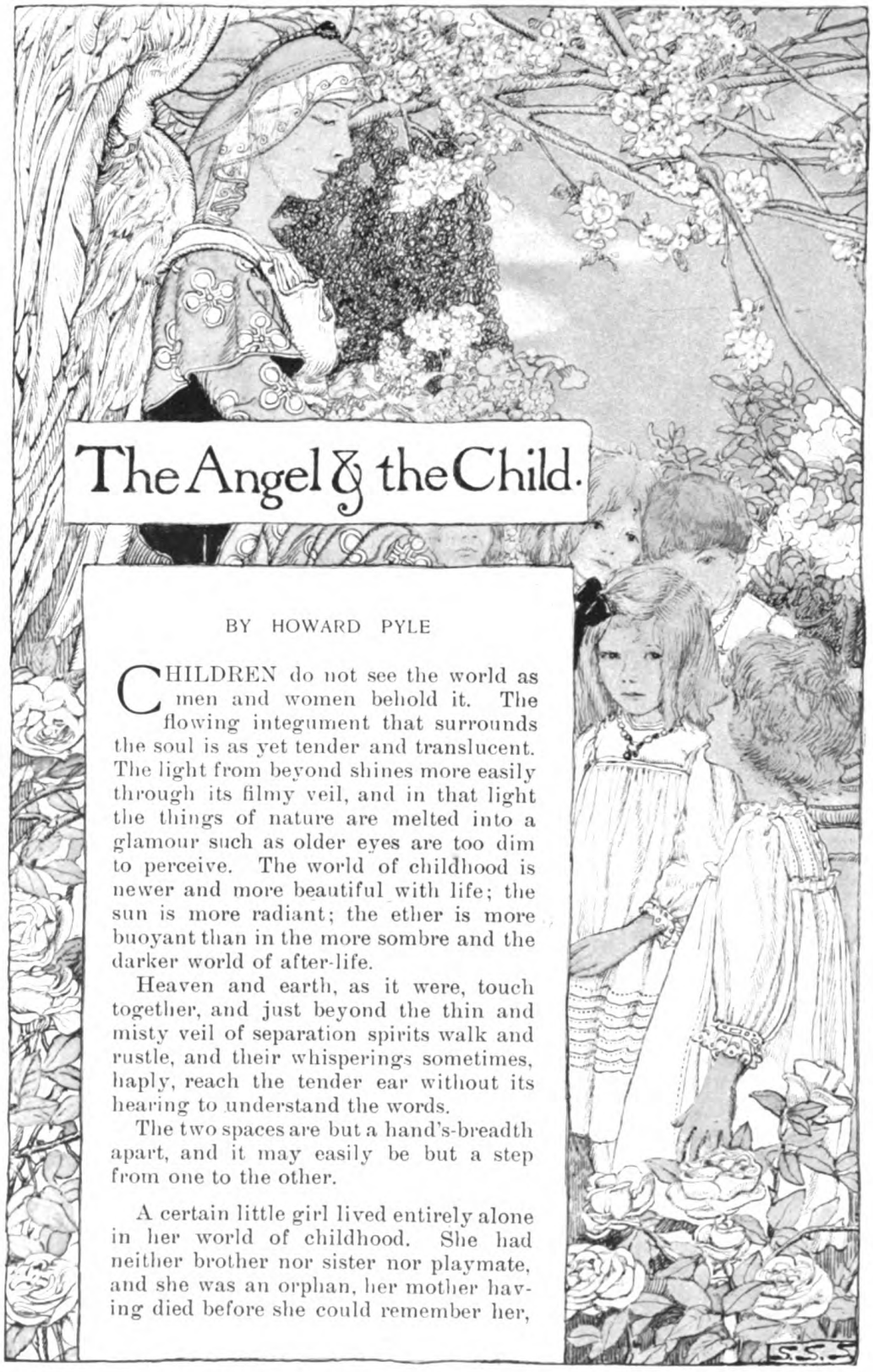
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The Angel & the Child.

BY HOWARD PYLE

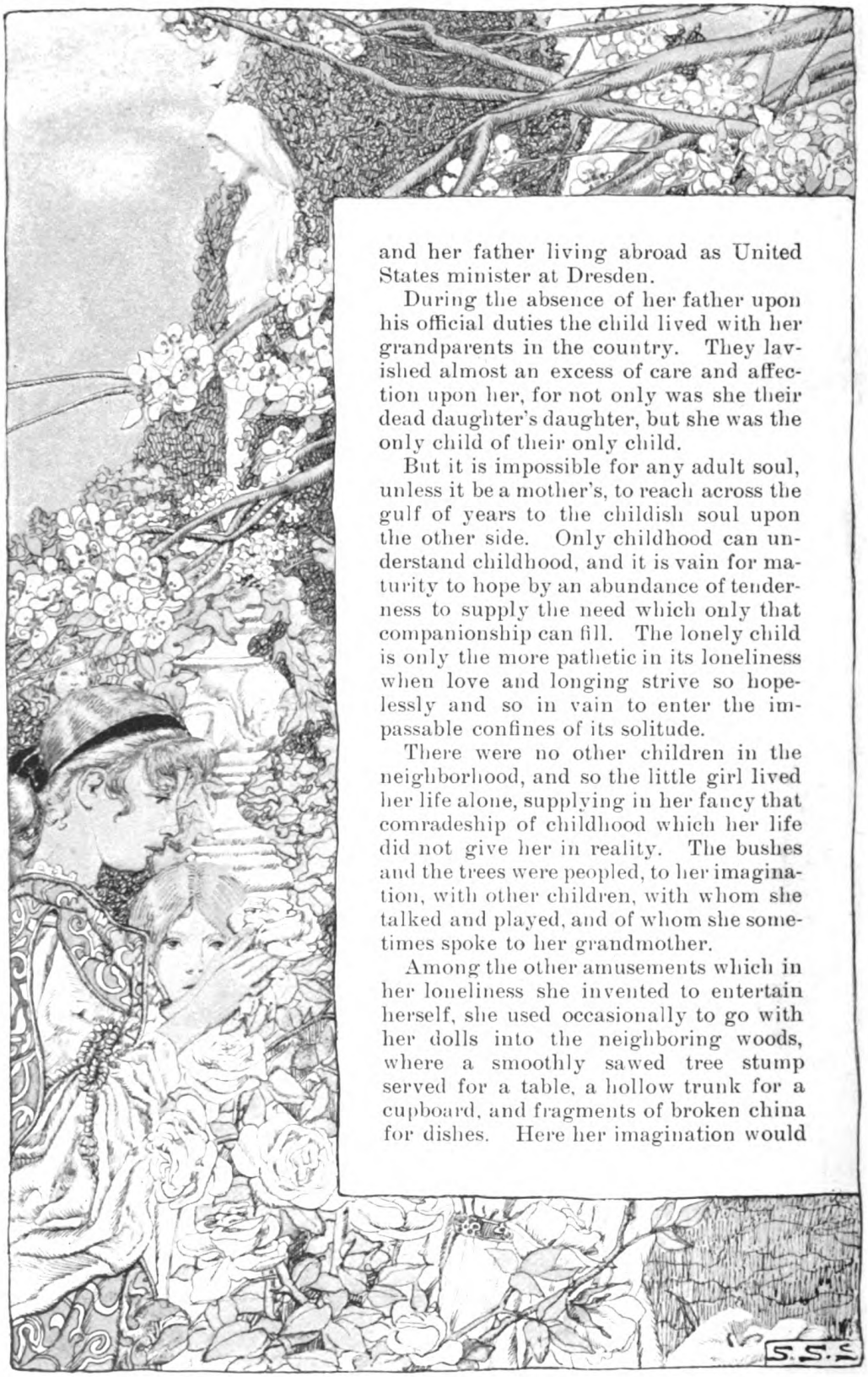
CHILDREN do not see the world as men and women behold it. The flowing integument that surrounds the soul is as yet tender and translucent. The light from beyond shines more easily through its filmy veil, and in that light the things of nature are melted into a glamour such as older eyes are too dim to perceive. The world of childhood is newer and more beautiful with life; the sun is more radiant; the ether is more buoyant than in the more sombre and the darker world of after-life.

Heaven and earth, as it were, touch together, and just beyond the thin and misty veil of separation spirits walk and rustle, and their whisperings sometimes, haply, reach the tender ear without its hearing to understand the words.

The two spaces are but a hand's-breadth apart, and it may easily be but a step from one to the other.

A certain little girl lived entirely alone in her world of childhood. She had neither brother nor sister nor playmate, and she was an orphan, her mother having died before she could remember her,

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and her father living abroad as United States minister at Dresden.

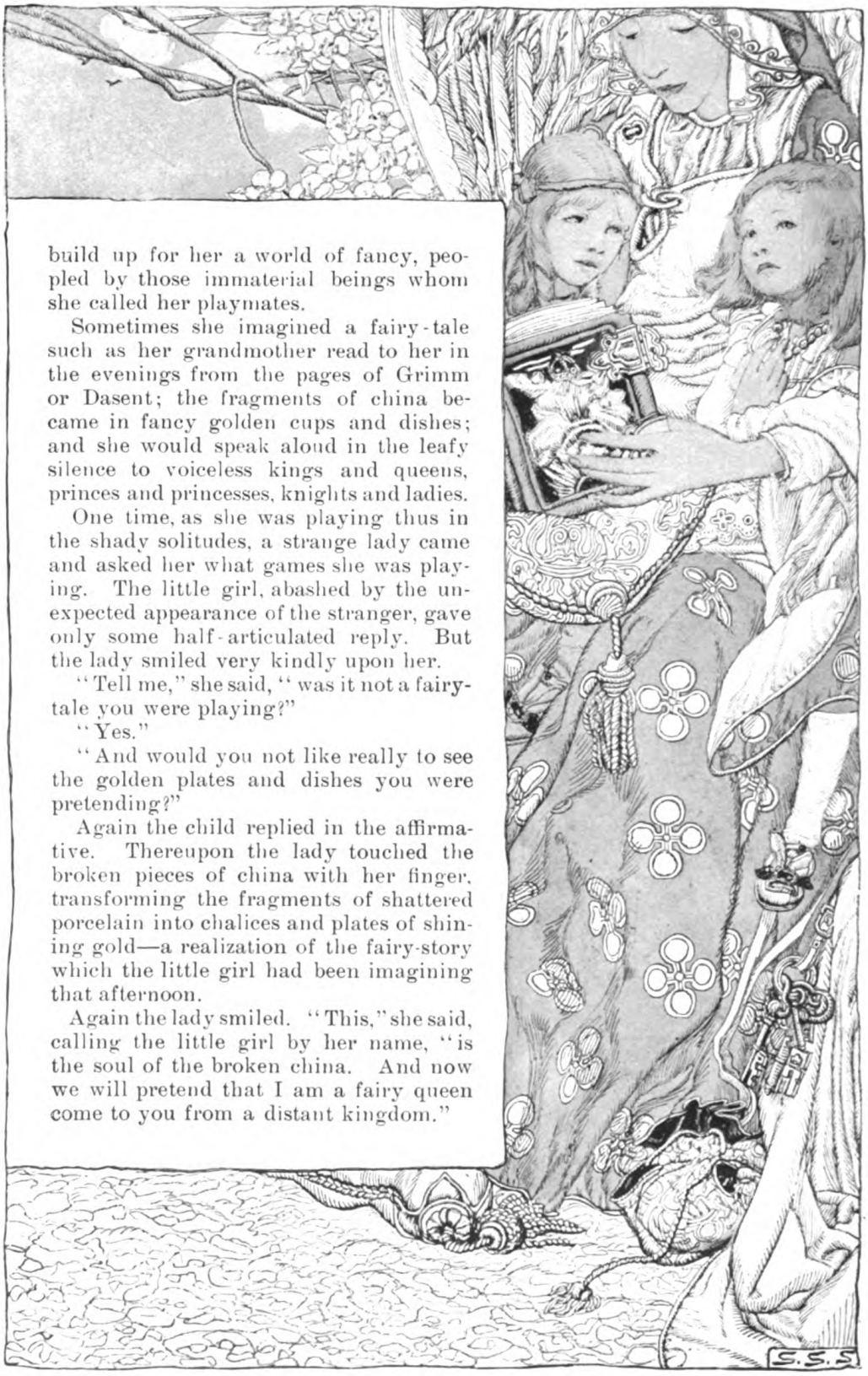
During the absence of her father upon his official duties the child lived with her grandparents in the country. They lavished almost an excess of care and affection upon her, for not only was she their dead daughter's daughter, but she was the only child of their only child.

But it is impossible for any adult soul, unless it be a mother's, to reach across the gulf of years to the childish soul upon the other side. Only childhood can understand childhood, and it is vain for maturity to hope by an abundance of tenderness to supply the need which only that companionship can fill. The lonely child is only the more pathetic in its loneliness when love and longing strive so hopelessly and so in vain to enter the impassable confines of its solitude.

There were no other children in the neighborhood, and so the little girl lived her life alone, supplying in her fancy that comradeship of childhood which her life did not give her in reality. The bushes and the trees were peopled, to her imagination, with other children, with whom she talked and played, and of whom she sometimes spoke to her grandmother.

Among the other amusements which in her loneliness she invented to entertain herself, she used occasionally to go with her dolls into the neighboring woods, where a smoothly sawed tree stump served for a table, a hollow trunk for a cupboard, and fragments of broken china for dishes. Here her imagination would

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build up for her a world of fancy, peopled by those immaterial beings whom she called her playmates.

Sometimes she imagined a fairy-tale such as her grandmother read to her in the evenings from the pages of Grimm or Dasent; the fragments of china became in fancy golden cups and dishes; and she would speak aloud in the leafy silence to voiceless kings and queens, princes and princesses, knights and ladies.

One time, as she was playing thus in the shady solitudes, a strange lady came and asked her what games she was playing. The little girl, abashed by the unexpected appearance of the stranger, gave only some half-articulated reply. But the lady smiled very kindly upon her.

"Tell me," she said, "was it not a fairy-tale you were playing?"

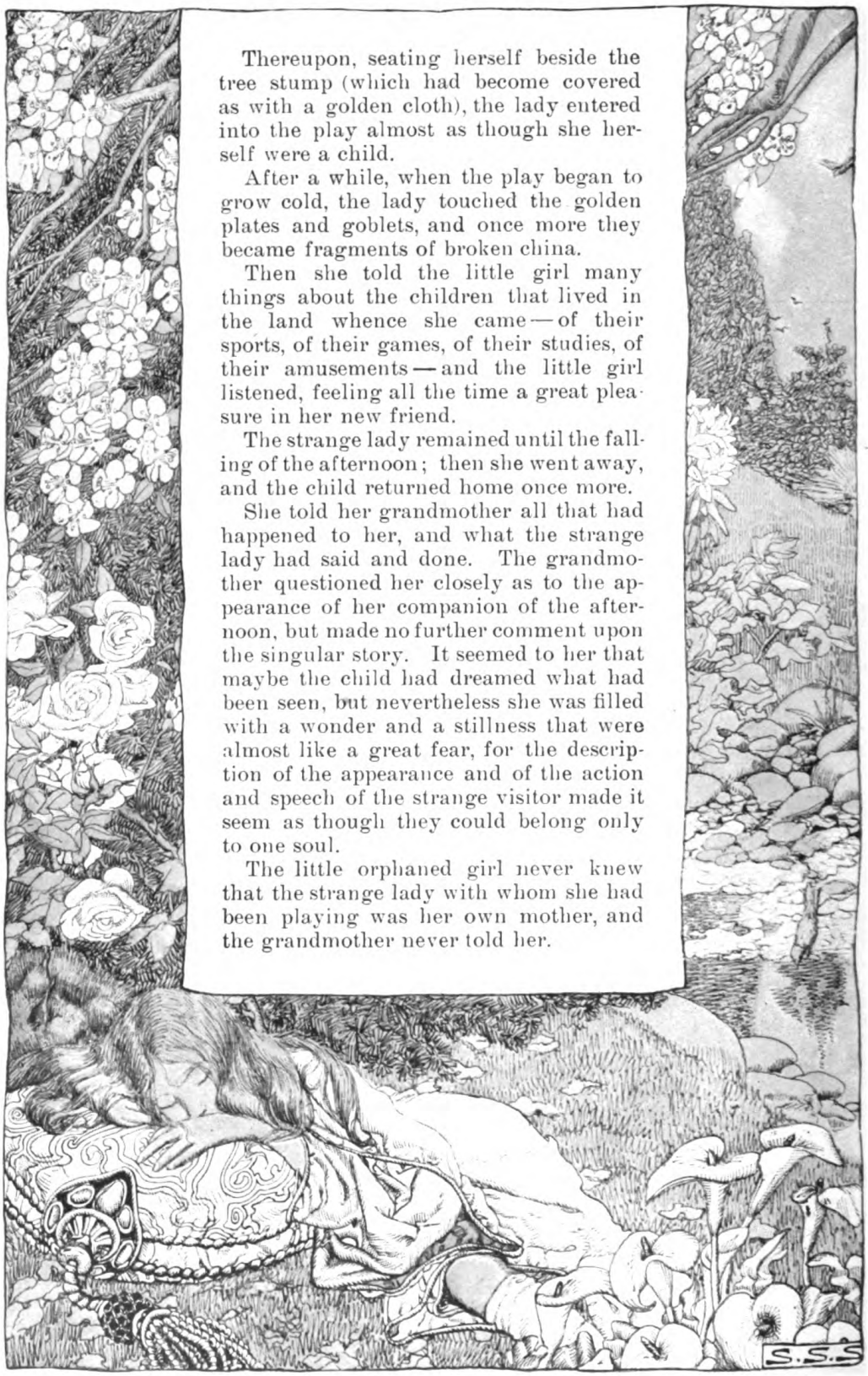
"Yes."

"And would you not like really to see the golden plates and dishes you were pretending?"

Again the child replied in the affirmative. Thereupon the lady touched the broken pieces of china with her finger, transforming the fragments of shattered porcelain into chalices and plates of shining gold—a realization of the fairy-story which the little girl had been imagining that afternoon.

Again the lady smiled. "This," she said, calling the little girl by her name, "is the soul of the broken china. And now we will pretend that I am a fairy queen come to you from a distant kingdom."

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Thereupon, seating herself beside the tree stump (which had become covered as with a golden cloth), the lady entered into the play almost as though she herself were a child.

After a while, when the play began to grow cold, the lady touched the golden plates and goblets, and once more they became fragments of broken china.

Then she told the little girl many things about the children that lived in the land whence she came — of their sports, of their games, of their studies, of their amusements — and the little girl listened, feeling all the time a great pleasure in her new friend.

The strange lady remained until the falling of the afternoon; then she went away, and the child returned home once more.

She told her grandmother all that had happened to her, and what the strange lady had said and done. The grandmother questioned her closely as to the appearance of her companion of the afternoon, but made no further comment upon the singular story. It seemed to her that maybe the child had dreamed what had been seen, but nevertheless she was filled with a wonder and a stillness that were almost like a great fear, for the description of the appearance and of the action and speech of the strange visitor made it seem as though they could belong only to one soul.

The little orphaned girl never knew that the strange lady with whom she had been playing was her own mother, and the grandmother never told her.

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THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

BOOK I

CHAPTER I.
ALLEGRA.

OH, there you are, Miss Ally, blazing away the gas. Here's a letter for you."

"Put it down, Gwenny."

Allegra's eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," did not lift itself from the paper on which her pen was rhyming, and the bed-room mirror before which she wrote continued to reflect only a curly head of reddish-brown hair.

The old Welsh family servant stared. Allegra's wont was to fall on her rare letters like a famished tigress and tear open their vitals in a twinkling. "You might be telling us the news from the young ladies," Gwenny said with asperity.

Allegra did not reply, but made a long erasure, frowned, and gnawed at her penhandle.

"You might be telling your mother the news from the young ladies," persisted Gwenny severely.

"Hasn't mother got a letter, too?"

"Not a scrap. Blood is cheaper than ink. *We* are of no account."

Allegra fidgeted, unwilling to be dragged from Parnassus either by domestic politics or the epistolary chatter of Dulsie or Mabel. Had she not been looking forward to the silence of the bedroom—the unruffled twin bed beside hers? Otherwise of what use to have packed the girls off to the gayeties of Cambridge?

"If they write, they must be well," she said curtly. "What other news can there be?"

"Indeed! Two girls going into a barracks of young men, like Daniel in the lions' den. A university isn't exactly Pabell Dofydd."

"Pabell—?" Allegra looked up for the first time.

A flush spread over Gwenny's sallow emaciated face. "I suppose *you'd* be saying 'the Tabernacle of the Lord.'"

Allegra laughed—a merry girlish laugh that dissipated the eye's poetic frenzy. "Is that Welsh?"

"And if it is, it's as good as English," and the fine frenzy passed to Gwenny's eye. The old woman had never forgiven the tyrannical prohibition of Welsh in the State Schools of her youth.

"You silly old Gwenny! I love funny words."

Gwenny threw the letter down on Mabel's bed. "It's like an oven in here," she said gruffly.

"Is it? So it is. Open the window, please."

Gwenny threw up the small-paned black sash viciously. A refreshing air blew in from the Thames. Allegra unconsciously drew a deep breath.

"Oh!" she cried, ecstatically: "what a beautiful moon!" She peered out into the warm June night, and thrilled at the mystery of the gray masses of foliage on the uninhabited bank opposite. Two wisps of cloud on the moon's face gave it a momentary appearance of an illuminated dial with hands, and she thought of the Clock Tower of the House of Commons, farther down the river, and then compassionately of her father, still prisoned by dull business in the stuffy national vestry.

"And who's been putting up that text?"

Gwenny's querulous voice reminded her that the Family Skeleton (as Dulsie had christened her) was still waiting to read the letter. She popped in her head. "I put it up," she said, smiling.

"It doesn't match the others—and it isn't printed nicely at all."

"It isn't printed at all. I wrote it."

The old woman put on her spectacles and read out slowly, with waxing mistrust, for her world was divided into Christians and Church-of-England:

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds),
To scorn delights and live laborious days.

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"Is that in the Bible?" she asked.

"It's in *my* Bible," said Allegra evasively.

"Your Prayer-Book is not the Bible," Gwenny reminded her resentfully. "I never saw anything in the Bible about fame, except 'And Herod the Tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus.'"

"Tetrarch! What a lovely word!" And Allegra's eyes relit as she wrote:

The purple Tetrarch vanquished by the Babe.

"Babe," she muttered, "cabe, fabe, labe, mabe, rabe, sabe, tabe." An anxious frown darkened her bright young brow as with an ink-stain. "Yabe, zabe, clabe, crabe, shabe, stabe. Is it possible there's no rhyme to babe? I never knew that before. Such a simple word, too!" She wondered lugubriously how the idyllists of the nursery had managed. Then some inner sprite whispered "Astrolabe," and she had a flash of joy, followed by a cloud of doubt. Could she possibly get Astrolabe in? And what did it mean exactly? Anxiously she turned the pages of her dictionary. A sigh of relief escaped her lips, and she wrote:

That star unkenned of earthly Astrolabe.

The banging of the door awoke her from bliss. Gwenny had gone. Allegra's lip quivered in remorse, and she rose as if to go after the old woman, but she went no farther than picking up the letter. She was only sixteen, aflutter with swift impulses, and her chin was pointed, which is said to be a sign of indecision. Soul and body seemed to play into each other, interflashing in a fascinating femininity. You had the sense of frank girlish blue-gray eyes, of an erect limber figure, of bubbling laughter, breaking into tears, of quick emotion and nervous half-hysteria, of humor playing about the closed mouth and the dancing eyes; of ambition reaching towards the coming years, and conceiving failure as more tragic than death, of high heroics mingled with schoolgirl giggles and love of candy—the woman half out of her shell.

Once the letter in her hand, Allegra's lapsed instinct reasserted itself, and she tore it open, anxious to know whether it was from Dulsie or Mabel, for the pointed penmanship of the early Victorian period was a symbol of the general absorption of woman's individuality into the ladylike. The contents, however, were not so prim.

"DARLING ALLEGRA,—O what a *fool* you were not to come! This is all I have time to tell you. Such fun! Connie makes a splendid chaperon. What a luck one of us is married! Concerts, dinners, and even a ball! They say this is the first year there has been one, for they have never had so many lady visitors, but this is the ideal place for balls, there are such quiet moonlit quadrangles to sit out the dances in. (Dulsie has a cold, but don't tell mother.) And then the *river!* The bumping is a joy forever. Tom's college went up two, and everybody says it was all owing to Tom being stroke. I was so *proud* of him, and I never knew how handsome he was till I saw him in his flannels. And I never knew how lovely Dulsie was till I saw her in Tom's cap and gown, just like the pictures of Kitty Clive as Portia. It was in Tom's rooms and he has such a lot of nice friends. He is in the very best set—all lords, and honorables and sporting men, and Lord Arthur Pangthorne, *such a handsome boy*, said it only needed to put a pipe in Dulsie's mouth and send her into the streets under the eye of a 'Bull-dog.' How we laughed! I only saw one good-looking Don, but all, even to the baldest, are more amiable than you would expect of such learned owls; indeed I do believe they would flirt, *if one held out a finger.* But of course they are the worst kind of detrimentals, for they are not allowed to marry at all. *Poor Monks!* Then we have seen all the sights, and the 'Backs' and the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and King's College Chapel, which is just too sweet for words, and makes you feel religious, and spine-shivery, and all that. But, talking of bumping, the real bumping only begins when all is over, and you row home on the sunshiny Cam, which isn't as big as *our* river but they are proud of it all the same and don't you remember father telling us he could have jumped across the Ilissus? And when you row home it is all one jam packed solid, such a swarm of parasols of every color, every boat scrunching into every other, and all the oars locking and crisscrossing, and everybody laughing and shouting and squeezing, and skiffs capsizing, and the people coming up like

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wet rats. Tom showed me a dripping Duchess, and it's a wonder we didn't *drop in* ourselves at the River God's 'At Home,' as Dulsie called it. I trembled for our new frocks, not because of mother's howling when we get home, but because—well, you know we've got only one change. I do wish I had bought one of those new little Spanish toques. Well, I really must *stop now*, for we have to take tea with the Master of I forget what—only it's not *Hounds*. But he is very important all the same, and says he admires father's speeches, although he doesn't agree that the paper duty should be repealed, as it would produce a swarm of cheap and nasty newspapers. I listened in silence, pretending to understand all about it. Well, good-by. Dulsie joins me in love and in thinking you a fool.

Affectionately yours,

MABEL.

"P.S.—Look in the second drawer and see if there isn't another pair of dress-gloves, and if not lend me the ones you were presented in—I dare say they'll fit, if you didn't make them dirty. The Family Skeleton will pack them up, as I know you hate being bothered."

Allegra's face grew wistful at the picture of the sunlit boats and the diamond-dripping oars, but she fixed her eyes on the text she had added to the bed-room decorations. "The Way of the Ungodly shall Perish," and other Methodistic sentiments from the Old Testament, chosen by Gwenny, were grown meaningless from years of familiarity, but Milton's lines had the acuteness of a trumpet call. Fame was indeed Allegra's present spur in more than one sense, for she was composing a heroic poem on it in the hope of attaining it. Allegra, in a word, was a Cornucopian.

The *Children's Cornucopia* was a weekly budget of tales and essays and verses, of unimpeachable moral tone, counting among its readers children of all ages, not excluding second childhood, and of all social planes, not excluding the highest, though had the writers known that in Allegra they addressed a Cabinet Minister's daughter, they might have dreamed wildly of state pensions. But the *Cornucopia's* chief circulation was among ill-to-do schoolboys and schoolgirls; a fact to the credit of the juvenile mob, begirt by importunate illustrations of ghosts and pirates. For, whereas your superior cherub has his reading matter sifted like his diet, the youngster of the streets lays out his infrequent penny to his heart's content. Nothing could be more elevating than the *Cornucopia's* "Answers to Correspondents," in which moral guidance was mixed with recipes for making rockets. Allegra herself had once received information on the training of rabbits, and though her rabbits had pined away, Allegra's faith in the Editor's omniscience was undisturbed. He was to her a divinity, shrined in Fleet Street from mortal gaze. The Cornucopians—that was the Editor's name for his gentle readers—felt like a happy family, over which he presided like a grandfatherly god. But perhaps the paper owed its success less to the Editor's austere principles and radiating benevolence than to its fostering the literary passion in its purchasers. The itch of writing is regarded as a malady of the mature, but it is in truth an infantile disease, which is worked out of the system early, save in an incurable minority, mostly fools. The *Cornucopia* was earliest to discover this, and by a back page of versified riddles, written by its readers, it provided an easy *gradus* to Parnassus. (Parnassus was a word often on the riddlers' pens.) My first was a lyric, and my second a sonnet, and my whole was a charade quite easy to guess. By this device a high heroic strain might be worked off as an acrostic, torsos of epics found the light as anagrams, and Clio assisted at the parturition of a palindrome. W. P. B. was the Cornucopians' humorous-melancholy synonym for failure. If Parnassus was Paradise, the Waste-Paper Basket was the Inferno, but under the cheery editorial tact there was no need to abandon hope if you entered here. Doubtless most of the doddering septuagenarians who feverishly bought the paper for their imaginary infants were riddling rhymesters; print was the bait at which they nibbled with toothless gums, and the ingenuous pseudonyms of Baby Bunting and Little Red Riding-Hood masked the poetic outpourings of still hopeful senescence.

But there was a broader path to Parnassus, for you might actually aspire to contribute unpaid matter to the prior pages, and sometimes—O golden spur!—money prizes were offered for the best poem or story. The same uncanny in-

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sight into human nature which had brought the *Cornucopia* into universal request had dictated its choice of the subject for competition—"Fame." Nothing obsesses the imagination of the unpublished so much as the trials and triumphs of the literary aspirant. The amateur author's pet theme is the professional author, to wit, himself magnified and haloed. Five pounds awaited the best hundred lines on "Fame" in heroic couplets; two pounds the second best, while half a guinea consoled the Pegasus that was placed.

In Allegra's day-dream world nothing loomed so vast and shining as this same "Fame," and so she had been working desperately what time Dulsie and Mabel assisted at the May-term festivities. To-night or never the poem must be finished. Posted to Fleet Street the first thing in the morning, it would just arrive in time. In the remorseless progression of the days the term of the competition had arrived.

Allegra's poem was a haggis of motley allusions in the catholic spirit of her favorite Milton. Chatterton and Apelles, and the Cid, Plato and Byron and Charlemagne, Mrs. Siddons and Thermopylæ and Clio, were blended with Paladins, Crusaders, Seraphim, and the Holy Grail. Parnassus came three times and Fame's Scroll four, not including its "Bead-Roll." But the main note was martial. Armor clanked and the bugle blew throughout.

But alas! the poetess did not feel that her verses, even in their eleventh incarnation, had risen to the height of their great argument; they had not even risen to her own height. But she had so set her mind on the big prize, on thrilling that little inner circle of Cornucopians, whose rustling laurels kept one another from sleep; to say nothing of the vaster circle of mere readers, which was as the circle of the horizon. If her inspiration did not come to-night, all was lost.

And it had come, it was coming. Gwenny's entrance and Mabel's letter had not disconcerted it. The moon had even given it a fillip. She resumed her bent posture at the dressing-table under the gas-globe: her eyes shone, her heart sang, her cheeks glowed. Verses seemed to hover about her head like a whirl of bright butterflies: she had only to pin them down.

And then suddenly something fell with a little thud on her paper: not a butterfly, but a poor singed moth, tumbled from the gas-globe. Allegra's cheek grew as pale with pity. She touched the sprawling insect delicately with her pen, helping to set it on its legs again. It crawled off lop-sided, with one-winged spasmodic efforts to fly. She was glad when it dragged itself out of sight. Alas! it was but the pioneer of a suicidal swarm, that kept fluttering round the candescent orb. Allegra waved them away with her handkerchief, but they returned recklessly—strange dingy fluffy creatures of all sizes and shapes, spawn perhaps of the abnormal heat wave, whirring dizzily downwards, frizzled and contorted. Allegra was sorry the old woman had opened the window; and though, now that her consciousness was directed to the point, she felt the room oppressively hot, the descent of a daddy-long-legs with its legs shrivelled short made the air from without even more intolerable. With a sharp tug she shut out the night and the river.

In vain. An invading cohort seemed to be already in possession—an army bent on storming the fiery position. Insect after insect plumped on her paper, scorched into a hobbling creature, disfranchised of the æther. Some she aided as best she could: others, wriggling in fragmentary life—fricassees of nerves, they seemed to her tortured fancy—she stamped out of their agony, though she had to clinch her teeth, and there was sickness at her heart.

What fatal perversity drew them to self-slaughter? she wondered. Why had Nature given them so self-destructive an instinct? Or was this perhaps their hell—were they sinners under metempsychosis? She examined the wounded with new interest, striving to read spiritual remorse behind their physical writhings. Well, souls or moths, she would be no party to their punishment.

She turned down the gas till she could hardly see, but the episode had added a vivid image to her couplets.

With flaming heart he sought the heart of flame,
And crippled fell upon the page of Fame.

She plodded away, almost happy again at this windfall. But the flame was still sufficiently seductive, and more souls or moths continued to illustrate the image

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literally. Allegra burst into tears. She could bear it no longer. Fame, purchased at such a price—was it worth having? She looked at her watch. Past ten o'clock. No, there was no other room to go to, without disturbing some one or being disturbed.

Fame—or the well-being of the moths? It was too vexatious. Here was the very summit of Parnassus in view. And the poem could not be finished, the post could not be caught. Perhaps she might rise with the dawn. But how could the Muse work at such pressure? To-night she had had the leisurely feeling of the long calm hours 'twixt her and the post. No, the dream was over. Her tears of pity turned to self-pity as she extinguished the gas. She sat in the darkness, too miserable to brush her hair, forgetting even to open the window and look at the moon.

Presently she heard her younger sister Joan ascending the stairs to the neighboring bed-room, which she shared with Dulsie.

"Asleep, Ally?" came a careless cry as Joan passed the door.

"Yes!" Allegra answered, crossly. "I mean, I want my room to myself."

"Don't be so cock-a-hoop about it. I've got two beds of my own!"

Allegra heard Joan singing as she undressed, and she envied the light-heartedness of Youth.

CHAPTER II.

"ELIJAH."

AFTER a vague period of numb misery and wandering thoughts, Allegra found her brain turning out fresh couplets, and presently lo! she was afire with the old eagerness, intensified by dread of everything now being too late; the Muse flown, the post lost, the prize missed. She held her watch to the moonlight and discovered it was eleven o'clock.

"At the eleventh hour!" she murmured dramatically, pleased with the position. "All may yet be snatched from the flame!" She opened her door, and found the landing and staircases dark. She would go down to the now surely deserted drawing-room, where moths were improbable. She slid down two flights of banisters and arrived softly outside the drawing-room door. An unexpected bar of light stole from under it. Could her mother have fallen asleep in her arm-chair? She turned the door-handle quietly, then saw with a shock her father's whitening head and broad shoulders bent over a litter of papers on the round table, and at his elbow the red despatch-box that meant dry-as-dust Cabinet affairs. She remained glued to the threshold, hesitant whether to advance or retreat. Time was when she had shared the general indifference of the household to his convenience. When she was rearing rabbits on Cornucopian principles, she had once dumped the whole family down on his manuscript, as he sat writing. He had taken them up gently by the ears and placed them silently on the floor, and resumed his writing without a word of reproach; but somehow she knew she had sinned. His present attitude brought the episode back, and she had a lively twinge of remorse, conceiving now the horror of little rabbits' legs scurrying across the wet lines of "Fame." The memory decided her for retreat; but her father turned his head vaguely.

"Ah, come in, Mabel," he said pleasantly, not ceasing to write.

Allegra's face flushed up as if to match her hair. "I'm not Mabel," she said apologetically. "Mabel's at Cambridge."

He smiled; the wistful fascinating smile which had won over howling mobs, and which Allegra had inherited from him. In fact there were moments when he seemed only a whiskered and world-worn Allegra. Something of womanly sweetness shone in the brown eyes under the great white forehead, and sometimes the pain in them vanished in a gayety less boyish than girlish in its tenderness and humor.

"It's a wise father that knows his own child," he murmured; "then you must be Allegra. And why is Allegra roaming about at this hour?"

Allegra crimsoned deeper. Her literary passion had roots of virginal shyness; not even her sisters were in the secret. And how could one lay bare one's pity for moths? Not since that moment—a month ago—when she was curtsying to the Queen, walking backwards, had Allegra felt so uncomfortable.

"I didn't know any one was here," she murmured.

"Am I in your way, dear?" he said, with quick considerateness. "Do you want anything?"

"Oh, no, no, father; don't disturb

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yourself. I—I only—" she ended desperately. "May I use your ink?"

"Certainly, dear. And would you like the Great Seal too?"

His laughing eyes, gleaming benevolently behind his reading-glasses, met hers, and at once a great ease fell upon her. Then he did definitely disentangle her from her sisters. The Great Seal joke—though it had not been mentioned between them for years—was hers and his exclusively. In her imaginative childhood she had overheard a snuffy, red-nosed old gentleman, who she understood had just given up being Lord Chancellor, telling her father of what Her Majesty had said when he brought her back the Great Seal. The picture of a Great Seal flopping about the steps of the Throne fascinated the child; it completed her idea of the beautiful young Queen. She asked her father who would look after the Seal now, and her father told her the next Lord Chancellor, that official being the Keeper of the Great Seal. He showed her the title in an official list, and she read further how the creature was carried behind him by the Deputy-Sergeant-at-Arms and deposited upon the Woolsack. He told her some Chancellors he had known never parted with the Seal, day or night: which gave new pictures of its riding in carriages and sprawling at bedsides as well as squatting on sacks of wool vaguely connected with the Black Sheep. Two years later, when she had grown to glimmerings of doubt, every spark of scepticism was stifled for another term by his gravely hunting out for her the passage in the history of England that told how, when the sovereignty was abolished simultaneously with King Charles's head, the Great Seal had been thrown into the Thames, patently restored to its native element.

"But how did they fish him up when Charles the Second came back?" Allegra had inquired.

"They didn't—they got a new one."

Encouraged therefore by her father's mood, Allegra drew up a chair to the table, but though he abstractedly cleared a little place for her, he had apparently already forgotten her in the manuscript he was revising. One page he had tossed towards her, and the bold clear caligraphy of the Departmental Clerk flashed its sense upon her indifferent eye.

"And be it further enacted that the said Commissioners shall receive from time to time, for their guidance in the execution of their said Commission, such instructions, not being repugnant to the provisions of this Act, as shall for that purpose be issued to them by Her Majesty, through one of her principal Secretaries of State...."

Somehow it reminded her of Joan sharpening a slate-pencil, and she shuddered.

Poor father! To have things like that added to his domestic worries. No wonder his nice tawny head was growing all silver, losing even that "bimetallism" which Dulsie's wit had detected in it. A wave of tenderness for him began to heave her breast. But she chanced to see the clock, and she settled severely to her poetic task.

It was a colossal clock, purchased, like all the furniture, by the mistress of the house, and remarkable even after the Great Exhibition of bad taste had misled an artless nation into the rococo. The eye was enticed, not only by a floral gilt maze, populated with figures, but by bass-reliefs of allegorical cherubs surmounted by semi-detached and semi-attired statuettes of Grecian nymphs. The dial itself, tiny in size and swaddled in an ormolu wreath that depended from a crowning basket of ormolu flowers, would have been lost to the vision had it not been so near the summit of the structure. That clock alone would have told you the time of the century. It was the period when the simple outline of the Greeks was regarded as only the A B C of art; mere ground-theme for the pizzicato passages of a more enlightened posterity. Even these decorative convolutions were obscured in a gorgeous riot of minute involutions. Big ornaments had little ornaments on their backs, and little ornaments had lesser ornaments, and so *ad infinitum*. You could not see the forest for the trees, nor the trees for the twigs. The aim of the artist was not to conceal art but to conceal the article.

Even the plain round table at which Allegra and her father wrote had contrived to complicate itself below the surface: for its leg after losing itself in a bush of ornament reappeared as two, each striding as far as possible from the other, and sprouting forth a limbless cherub,

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which turned its back on its fellow. The demands of gravity were answered by further pedal bifurcations.

And Allegra's father, too, the Elijah of whose mantle there is question in this story, was early Victorian. His soul was of the old eternal pattern that seeks the Kingdom of God and is jarred by Ahabs and Jezebels, but his coloring was according to the epoch. He was tinged by Dickens, by Cobden, by Carlyle, by Combe's *Constitution of Man*, by the Great Exhibition, by the Chartists. If he vibrated to the Continental unrest, if the Rights of Man and the Brotherhood of Nations were in the background of his mind, the foreground was English, practical, concrete, solid. And his first thought was for England — England at peace, clean, contented, sober, happy—a beacon to a weltering Continent. Freedom was no nebulous figure, aureoled with shining rhetoric, blowing her own trumpet, but Free Trade, Free Speech, Free Meals, Free Education. He did not rage against the Church as the enemy, but he did not count on it as a friend. His Millennium was earthly, human; his philosophy, sunny, untroubled by Dantesque depths or shadows; his campaign unmartial, constitutional, a frank focussing of the new forces emergent from the slow dissolution of Feudalism and the rapid growth of a modern manufacturing world, steam-hatched. Towards such a man the House of Commons had an uneasy hostility. He did not play the game. Whig and Tory, yellow and blue, the immemorial shuffling of Cabinet cards, the tricks and honors—he seemed to live outside them all. He was no clubman in "the best club in England." He did not debate for argument's sake or to upset Ministers. He was not bounded by the walls of the Chamber nor ruled from the Speaker's chair: the House was resentfully conscious it had no final word over his reputation or his influence. He stood for something outside it, something outside himself, something large, vague, turbulent, untried, unplumbed, unknown—the People. The late-minted word Radical—which when the Queen came to the throne had only meant an out-and-out Reformer of the Franchise—had taken on a more sinister significance, a brazen resonance of strikes and trade-unions and the anarchy of Americanism, since Thomas Marjorimont had fallen a-prophesying.

And the paradox was that he was not of the mob himself. His very name of Marjorimont was an index of kinship with the inner gang that had owned and ruled England for centuries, and at whose privileges the dreaded Reform Bills had but nibbled. Fortune did her best to give him the happy life of a rich and nobly connected English gentleman, but he wedded himself to a daughter of the people as well as to democratic principles, and in despite of these leaden drags had by sheer strength of genius and honesty forced a great industrial measure on a kicking Tory Cabinet, and himself on the next Whig administration, still more reluctant to let in upon itself the on-sweeping flood of Radicalism. But he bore about him the marks of the fight: of the People's long distrust of a Tory sprig, whose very name of Marjorimont with its pretentious pronunciation as Marchmont was a lingual tripping-rope, scarcely removed by his formally spelling it Marshmont, as it was most easily pronounced: of the opposition of the Middle Classes, expressed in refusals of halls for him to speak in, or even hotel beds for him to sleep in: of the hatred of his own order for a "traitor," acutest in his noble relatives.

The late hours and lifeless air of the House of Commons had undermined what health was left from his oratorical crusades, and lately a touch of unearned hereditary gout—in ironic flouting of his theories of life—had added itself to a well-earned throat disease.

"Oh, there's a moth here, too." And Allegra started up in distress, chivying it away from the chandelier. "Please forgive me, father; I have interrupted you."

"No, no. I am glad to see you so kind to the lower creatures. You take after your mother."

"But aren't you kind, too?"

He smiled. "I wasn't always. Once I used to ride to hounds."

"What, and see foxes torn in pieces,—ugh!"

"Worse! Poor little hares."

"I should never have believed it of you."

"Ah!" He smiled mysteriously. "You evidently don't read the Tory papers."

"I don't read any papers; they're so dull compared to books."

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He shook his head. "Then you know nothing of contemporary history." His fingers fondled her hair. "Curl-papers are all little girls want, I suppose."

"But I don't use curl-papers," she said, indignantly. "It's all natural. But if the papers speak ill of you, why do you want more of them, cheaper and nastier ones?"

He smiled. "Oh! then you do know something of contemporary history." Allegra did not confess she owed all her information to Mabel's letter, and he went on. "But think how selfish it would be of me, Allegra, to object to the growth of newspapers merely because they might disparage me. I should be as bad as Mr. Dickens, who warned me at the Reform Club that we should only bring upon our heads the same flood of illiterate vulgarity that rages in the untaxed American press. He was violently abused in the States, you see."

"Was he? What a shame! I do wish you'd bring him in one day instead of those stupid politicians." She had a swift vision of herself surreptitiously kissing the novelist's coat tail, and perhaps slipping a manuscript into it.

Her father laughed heartily. "Thank you, thank you, my dear. If this is what you say of my Whigs and Radicals, what would you say if I brought you Tories?"

"I don't suppose I should see any difference. They would talk of amendments and divisions just the same, wouldn't they?"

He laughed again. "But what were *we* talking about?"

"You were telling me you used to hunt poor little hares."

"Don't make such faces at me—if I hadn't, you would never have been born."

Allegra shook her pen at him. "That's not hare, that's Great Seal."

"No, it's true. I see I've cried 'Wolf' too often, and you do read the Tory papers after all. But I sometimes speak the truth despite them. It all happened when I was staying at Llangollen Castle in the beginning of my political career before it had dawned on the old Viscount what a red Radical I was. Now I am as hated in the county as if I had shot foxes. Such a windy November morning it was, we could hardly sit our saddles! And I can still see Lady Barbara, a slim little thing my people rather wanted me to marry, bent forward like a reed. But we soon started a hare, and off we flew to the music of hounds and horn." A note of the old Pagan exultation crept into his voice. "On we went in the wind's teeth, up hill, down hill, over field and fence, the hare running straight and extraordinarily like a fox, and we almost thought it would give the dogs leg-bail, but at last the pack mobbed it in a patch of mangel-wurzel, and the Master and I dashed up just in time to be in at the death. But we were not. A tall, beautiful creature with flashing eyes like an angry wood-nymph flew out of a thicket, and with her bare hands beat off the bloodthirsty dogs—I never saw anything like it in my life—and snatched the poor screaming hare to her bosom."

"Was that mother?" cried Allegra, breathlessly.

"Guessed it in once."

"How splendid! But didn't the dogs fly at her?"

"No; they just skulked back. You see harriers are used to being beaten off from the carcase by the whippers-in, because nothing tastes so nice as hunted hare. But had they been fox-hounds—"

"And that's how you fell in love with her!"

"Fell is the word. Stronger than the wind, she lifted me—metaphorically—out of my saddle. Indeed, with her hair flying, she seemed like the spirit of the wind. And how she lashed out at us in Welsh, no more afraid of the lord of the manor than of his dogs. I didn't understand a word, but it sounded delicious. I wanted her to go on abusing us."

Allegra's eyes sparkled. Here was unexpected romance in the life of a father hitherto associated only with tiresome politics. She wished she had time to pursue the subject, but the little hands of the wee dial of the great clock were marching on. Her father's business might wait, but not hers. The Muse had been kind till the new moth appeared; and the laurels might still be for her brow. But as she dipped her pen into the ink the sprite that suggested verses suggested instead the speculation as to what her father thought of Fame. The question flowed off her tongue involuntarily.

"What do I think of Fame?" He looked at her awhile quizzingly. "Ah, that is a question you should put to Mr. Disraeli."

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"But I know what he thinks. To be famous when you are young is the gift of the gods. How I should like to see a famous man!"

"But you've seen the Prime Minister."

Allegra's lip curled. "Oh, I don't mean men like that. I mean heroes. Like the Duke of Wellington."

"That's not the only kind of hero."

"Of course not. There's Tennyson."

"Is he a *hero*?"

"You know what I mean—a great man."

"What is your idea of a great man?"

Unused to such Socratic searchingness, Allegra checked the reply on her impulsive tongue, and meditated, with lips adorably puckered.

"A great man is one who works for the world."

What "working for the world" was Allegra did not know exactly, but it was something that went to the sound of music and the throbbing of angelic wings, and you walked uplifted in a great light, with tears in your eyes.

The great Radical surveyed her with fresh interest. She had developed a personality, then, while he was not looking, this odd, fascinating child. He had let her soul run wild.

"And you think soldiers work for the world? I should rather say they provide work for the world—to repair the damage they do. Have you ever thought what War means, Allegra?"

"It means glory."

"It means fifty millions on the National Debt; it means—" Here the moth Allegra had tried to save fell opportunely. "That's what it means."

"Oh, poor thing!" Allegra forgot the argument.

"Yes," said her father sternly, "burnt moths, and torn hares, and drowned kittens, and all that you detest. How would you like it if Chelsea were cannonaded?"

"Oh, but that's impossible. No foreign foe can set foot on British soil. The last time it saw a battle was a century ago."

"And the next time may be next year. Bang! comes a bombshell through that window. It explodes; my head flies through the ceiling; yours through the door, and the clock up the chimney."

"You are joking."

"Joking? Have you never read an account of a battle, a siege?"

"Of course," she said resentfully, yet sinking into deep swamps of self-mistrust under this continued cross-examination. "I know all about the siege of Troy, and the charge of the Light Brigade. Doesn't Milton describe it all?—

'Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings.'

And then there's *Ivanhoe*—shining steel, and banners, and pawing horses."

"Horses! Yes, poor things. Stabbed with bayonets and disembowelled with cannon balls for causes they know nothing of. Ah, if only for the sake of the horses we must make an end of war."

She sat silenced, athrob with new thoughts. He resumed his work. "But you don't really think such things could happen here in England?" she said at last.

He glanced up. "Why not? What immunity has England? In any case War's a curse that comes home to roost. I saw the Queen giving away the Victoria Cross at the Garden of the Admiralty. Officers were wheeled up in Bath chairs. Their legs had been shattered by shells. One of them was my own cousin."

Who has gauged the blindness of youth, the thick scales of inherited or insinuated opinion, the unthinking stupidity of the most intelligent? One day a look, a touch—and the world is changed. Scarred and medalled soldiers had figured in Allegra's own poems, but somehow she had never really thought of their scars, only of their stars. War had been a pure artistic convention; a fine æsthetic frenzy. But now it would seem one's father's cousin might be hacked to pieces.

Allegra always counted that as the moment in which the first veil of happy illusion fell from her eyes. War was not, then, an exotic nebulous splendor, but a thunder-cloud that might burst over one's own door, in this dear cozy old England, amid these quiet carpeted houses, disturbing the snug succession of breakfast and dinner, of Easter and Christmas, and mutilating not vague foreigners, but persons one actually knew. Her mother, Gwenny, Joan, the snub-nosed page-boy, the polyglot governess, burly Wilson the coachman—each and all might become as the moth—formless, limbless, crawling lop-sided from the hell of war. Nay more! That warm breathing flesh she called herself might be stabbed and shattered. The planet lay

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suddenly bare and raw—a brutal arena of pitiless savagery. But she shuddered back into her warm self, into the domestic snugness of the drawing-room. And all that was left of that brutally vivid moment was a pale intellectual deposit—a conviction that it was impossible now to send her poem to the *Cornucopia*. It was full of War—the wrong thing glorified, the mischievous concept transmitted. How if it won and was published?— the whole world might be infected. Perhaps that was why the moths had been sent to her, she thought mystically. They suffered, to stay her pen. Pity for them and her ruined hopes gave new tears to her eyes, a swelling as of hysteria to her breast. She had come here to save her poem from the moths, and lo! she must herself destroy it. She gathered up her papers hastily.

"Good-night, Allegra," he murmured, relapsed into concentration. But she felt the parting inadequate to the new relation established between them that night: the strings seemed already loosening; they must be knotted. She leaned affectionately over his shoulder, stroking it, and letting her eye rest with a new sympathy on his manuscript:

"Her Majesty's justices of the peace and for the county, riding, division, district, borough, parish . . ."

From War to justices of the peace! What a fall! But then if War were sordid, justices of the peace might hold more poetry than appeared on the surface. To the aid of this argument from inversion sprang a line of her Milton:

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War.

But at this moment she became aware, by some subtle instinct of attraction, that her mother was in the room. She turned her head, and there in a hastily donned red wrapper stood the expected, beautiful figure, the white rat on her shoulder.

CHAPTER III.

"BELLONA."

SHE had eyes like a gazelle, and was, for all the marring of the years, still the wood-nymph of the windy morning. Her face was flower-soft and dark, flashing a hint of gypsy blood. She carried her tall figure with a sweet dominating dignity.

Allegra left her father instantly to go to her. The magnetism her mother had for her had been quickened by the story of the hare. She was about to express her regret if her voice and movements had awakened her mother, whose bedroom was just overhead, but Mrs. Marshmont anticipated her crossly:

"Why are you not in bed, Allegra?"

"I have been writing, mother."

"Oh, to the girls. Gwenny told me you had a letter and that you kept it to yourself. I dare say it makes fun of us."

"Oh, mother, how can you—?" She was about to produce it, when she remembered the reference to the Family Skeleton. She colored, feeling tangled in a double lie.

"How can I? When I find you and your father with your heads together—plotting against me!"

"My dear Mary!" The Minister threw a deprecatory smile over his shoulder. "Quite the contrary. I was telling Allegra of your virtues."

"I quite understand that she doubted them." Allegra quivered, struck speechless. But, as a cat will try to rub itself against those who swoon at its presence, she tried to take her mother's hand. Mrs. Marshmont pushed her away violently. "Go to bed!"

Allegra went without a word, hypnotized by this imperial Bellona, but choking with suppressed sobs.

"And don't sit up writing any more and wasting the gas" followed her out of the door; and behind her, as she went up stairs, came the reproach to her father: "If you were so desirous to speak of my virtues, Mr. Mar-jor-i-mont, I was ready to hear them; but of course *I* never hear a kind word."

The Mar-jor-i-mont was fatal. Allegra knew the ill augury of this mispronunciation of him as an aristocratic alien with whom his own wife had no rights of familiar speech. Poor father, poor mother, poor poem, poor moths, poor Allegra! Life was all at sixes and sevens. War? What was Peace? She thought she knew now why her imagination had always played with banners and trumpets. Anything to escape this squabbling sordid atmosphere, the flippancies of her sisters, the suspected peculations of cooks and page-boys. She had always lived alone, alone with her visions. Perhaps "'twere better done as others use," to sit out

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dances in moonlit quadrangles. But even then there were colds. She was trembling violently as she mounted the two flights, but she clinched her teeth, resolved not to let this yearning to scream terrify the household.

Outside Joan's door she could not resist crying: "Joan, are you asleep?"

"Of course I am," grumbled Joan. "What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night?"

"I wanted to tell you—I am not going to take any more fencing-lessons."

The statement surprised herself, but when she had uttered it, she saw she meant it. She must metaphorically beat her foil into a ploughshare: it had kindled her imagination with false lights.

"Cock-a-hoop again!" Joan sneered. "You think because you touched the Swedish Turnip yesterday, you could challenge the Three Musketeers."

The Swedish Turnip was the nickname of their fencing-master, a ruddy Swede, but Allegra was as surprised at Joan's reply as at her own remark. The misconception touched her sense of humor; her nervous currents passed off in a prolonged laugh.

"Crow away!" said Joan. "But wait till Jim comes home. He'll take you down."

"We shall see. Good-night." She went to her room, smiling and relieved, not troubling even to strike a light. But that beautiful moon shone on her as she knelt at her bedside, a sweet penitent in white.

"O God," she added extemporaneously. "Teach me to win back my mother's love, and teach her to be as gentle to my father as she is to hares and rats. Teach me what is Truth, what is Right. And oh, teach the silly moths to fear the flame."

CHAPTER IV.

HOME POLITICS.

WITH a heavy sigh the Minister rose from his work, pushed back his spectacles, and confronted his wife.

"You are vexed because I am working," he said gently. "But it is very important, this Bill—it is really, Mary."

"But you have time for Allegra!"

"Allegra did not disturb me."

"Oh, and *I* do."

"Don't be so unreasonable, sweetheart. Allegra came down here to write. If I had come up to you, this drafting—"

"What's your Honorable Andrew for?"

"He's not very well. I've worked him very hard at the Office."

"Oh, of course! Because he's your relation, he is to be cockered and pampered. *My* relations may starve."

"I thought we had done with that."

"No, we haven't done with that! What's the use of being a Cabinet Minister's wife if you can't throw a little patronage to your own kith and kin? Look at Lady Treville, with her godsons—only related to her by water!"

"My dear, you never will understand these things. If you are still harping on young Evanston, I've told you I'd rather give him a hundred a year out of my own pocket."

"Out of *my* pocket, you mean."

He waved his hand. "But it shall not be from the State's pocket."

"As if the State knew what's in its pocket! Except everybody's hands!"

"All the more reason for keeping ours out. I am sorry, Mary, but I can't discuss these things with you."

"I know; there is nothing you can discuss with me. I'm not wanted; I might as well be dead."

He drew nearer to her and put into his voice the caress he had not the courage to attempt otherwise. "Dearest, you know it's my only joy that you are alive."

She softened, and there was a half-sob in her voice. "It doesn't seem so. When once in the blue moon you do get home before midnight, you sneak in like a thief; you never dream of me. If it isn't writing, it's reading."

"I thought you would be asleep. You see, the House got counted out—the enemy caught us napping. It was vexatious, of course, but I consoled myself with the thought of a quiet hour's work—"

"I should have thought the day was long enough."

"At the Office there is always so much to do: oceans of correspondence, answers to members' questions to be got ready for the afternoon, and this morning a pig-headed deputation of Tory farmers into the bargain! And at the House it's worse. There's a fever in the air, half the time I have to be in my place listening or speaking, and even when I do settle myself in my den, I have to rush upstairs whenever the Division bell rings. Ah, my dear, the Treasury Bench is not so far from the galley bench."

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"Lord Ruston seems to thrive on it. His wife told me he never gets up till noon."

"The Foreign Office is a fixed tradition. Claridge really does the work, though the public has never heard of him. Ruston has only to take the credit; that can be done in the afternoons."

"But you've got a permanent official, too."

"That's what makes so much work," he said dryly. "I will not be swaddled in red tape. The precious hours I waste in listening to legends of my predecessors!"

"I don't care how it is," she said plaintively. "I see less and less of you every year."

"I know it's very hard on you." He ventured to caress the rat on her shoulder, as a first step towards caressing her.

"When you were a mere member you managed to come home for dinner, despite the Whips. Now you are a lord and master—"

"Ah, but I could pair then."

"And why can't you pair now?"

"If I did, my vote wouldn't be counted unto me for righteousness."

"Ridiculous! A parcel of old women's rules. A minister oughtn't to have to vote at all—it's understood he's with the Government."

He smiled. "That would be commonsense—not the British Constitution. The Premier himself has no legal existence." His hand slipped from the rat to her shoulder, and lay there tenderly. He felt easier in the conversational level to which the quarrel had fallen.

But Mrs. Marshmont had abrupt resources. "And then people tell me I ought to consider myself lucky!" she cried, bursting into tears and sinking into her easy-chair.

It was an uneasy easy-chair, in harmony with the clock and the leg of the table. Each arm consisted of a dog, the right rampant, the left couchant. On this odd throne Mrs. Marshmont would sit, patting the carved dogs as if they were alive, while her rat ran over them in the joyous security of their deadness.

Her husband knelt beside her, and put his face to hers, as if to share her tears. She did not repulse him.

"I know it's very hard on you," he repeated. "But, sweetheart, a minister is not his own master. I don't see how it's to be helped."

"No," she admitted lugubriously. "Now you need the money."

He winced, and his face drew away from hers, with a flush as swift as Allegra's. This self-suspicion that perhaps the salary had been a factor in his acceptance of a seat in the Cabinet poisoned his rare moments of human pleasure in the position. He had been so against it at the outset: it seemed dishonorable to take office from a Premier he had denounced. But his friends, almost to a man, were insistent. He owed it to the country, to his followers, to himself. It was the proverbial thin edge of the wedge. Through him, this great force of the future, Radicalism, would enter for the first time into the inmost councils of the Nation. The British Constitution, like Nature, did not make leaps. You could not expect earthquakes. A complete Radical Cabinet could not grow up in one night like Jonah's gourd. Once inside the Whig Cabinet he could wake it up, snap fingers at the Dukes. His mere presence would tinge the whole: a drop of live red blood in a cup of ditch water. And then what gnashing of teeth in the Tory camp when fronted with a coalition of Whigs and Radicals, in an invincible Liberal Party! And to these serpentine arguments his Continental friends had added by cable, eager to have a lover of mankind in the forging-place of British thunder-bolts.

He had given in. He had accepted the apple and munched it on the Treasury Bench. But there was a worm at the heart of it. He had exiled himself from the Paradise of Independence. The direct opposition of the Tories was a spur, but this purring of friends, this murmuring of compromise and conciliation, above all this courteous disregard of him at the Council Table, chafed his soul. The Premier sat bland, genial, surrounded with traditions and respect. With a few honest men he ruled all. Even the Dukes had only the privilege of agreeing with him, however imposing their names on the prospectus, however autocratic their Departmental sway.

"Wait, wait," the Marshmontites whispered. "You are paving the way for a real Radical Party."

"I am paving hell," he retorted. He tried, like the Dukes, to find consolation in his Department, but the formalism of the staff was wearing, especially in its in-

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sidious resistance to innovations, new and untried policies. He hated the beautifully written documents presented to him for signature, not dissection.

But of all this his wife knew little. Of a poor Welsh family, with a corresponding education, mitigated by a love of Shakspere—the medium through which her lover had taught her English—she had scarcely higher ideals than the gypsies whose blood she suggested. Her value lay in the realms of the unconscious; she was magnificently elemental.

If she sometimes betrayed herself in society, it was never a betrayal of vulgarity. She gave the air, not of lacking breeding, but of being a law unto herself. Thomas Marshmont, too, was autonomous, and like all men who marry halfmates, he lived his intellectual life apart, and this solitude was become so habitual by the time his children grew up, that they had never occurred to him as companions. Besides, they were mostly daughters, and girls seemed to him merely extensions and reduplications of their mother's personality, annexes to her individuality, if not, indeed, proofs of its predominance over his. The elder boy had passed from Harrow to Cambridge; the younger, Jim, was at Harrow now. And so this feverish, strenuous political life of his, vibrant with passions, clanging with tumults, girdled with wild hopes and fierce hatreds, colored with historic episodes, had been lived alone.

In the early days when he was fevering the provinces with great speeches, he would pass from a throbbing triumph to a cold railway carriage or a chill hotel bed. Even now his own house was only another hotel, with a faithful *clientèle.* It was pleasant to see the same faces, but he did not talk politics at the board. That he occasionally made a famous speech in the House his wife learnt from Gwenny, who alone read a newspaper. He made no more of it all than a business man makes of his day's doings, and in the same spirit his wife had been down twice to see him at work—once in the old House, where she was stuck like a ceiling decoration over the hot noisome chandelier, and once in the new and more commodious premises.

And now if she rudely reminded him of the profits of the business, could he wonder? He replied, more to convince himself than her:

"The money doesn't count at all. If it were the money, I'd gladly give up twice as much to save you an hour's pain."

She laughed, softened. "You silly old thing! That would give me twice as much pain. You always forget I have to manage on the money."

It was one of her delusions — based upon occasional capricious economies—that she administered his finances like a chancellor of genius; in verity, she dissipated his substance on a scale proportioned to her ideas of what befitted a family related to the peerage.

He leaned his face again to hers, and she wept again.

"We were happier at Hazelhurst. Why couldn't you have remained a country gentleman?"

He forbore to explain. At first he had imagined that the divine instinct which urged her to rescue hares was of a piece with that which urged him to save mankind, but he was soon disillusioned and permanently puzzled by psychological contradictions he had not the temperament to analyze away. He did not see that the crude, visible, physical fact touched a highly sensitive nerve-system, while complex mental suffering or a large outlook found no apparatus of sympathetic registration in her elemental nature. He said evasively: "We'll have our holiday at Hazelhurst, if you like."

She clapped her hands childishly: "Yes, let's go down—you and I alone—into the woods and waters. Let's go Saturday."

"I meant when the session's over."

She pouted. "Then let's go Saturday to Monday."

"You forget the Ruston dinner."

"Can't you cut that?"

"I wish I could. The reception is official. You know how I hate my Court dress."

She pushed his head away. "You love it more than me. You never will do the least thing I ask you."

"When you ask me something reasonable—"

"I won't go to Ruston's—I won't go in to dinner after Lady Trumper. It's too mortifying, a woman whose father was an apothecary. Your family is of the best in the land."

"But I am not the rose, if I live near it. Two lives are between me and the peerage—good sound lives, thank Heaven."

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"But even the nobodies crow over me. Mrs. North has the Queen's permission to drive down Constitution Hill."

Her very pettiness gave her an artless witchery—wonderful in a woman of her years. He kissed her eyes. "I had rather see you driving down Hazellhurst Hill."

"Then why won't you go?" she said, less fretfully. "We'll take the mid-day train. You shall have a whole morning's work with your stupid papers."

"Impossible, dearest. You forget this stupid paper." He pointed with a conciliatory smile to the formal summons: "Sir, you are requested to attend a meeting of Her Majesty's servants on Saturday at twelve o'clock at 10 Downing Street."

"Oh, bother the Cabinet Council! They can do without you."

"There you are right," he said bitterly.

"Then we'll go—yes?" she cried, joyous.

He winced again. Nothing could mark more sharply her alienation from his real life. He replied softly but sadly. "But, darling, I must be at the Council all the same. The War Spirit is gaining on this country—our own Allegra has imbibed the poison — and I believe, but this of course you mustn't breathe to a soul, we shall have fights over the Navy and Novabarba. I may not be able to effect much, but protest I must. Who knows? I may save the country a couple of millions."

"The country! The country!" She sprang up, and her voice rose too. "Your own fortune goes to ducks and drakes for want of management."

"There isn't so very much to manage." He smiled wistfully.

"But I have to manage on it—and even give dinner parties to your political friends."

There was a note of hysteria now. He tried the humorous. "Well, Mary, you don't want to give them to my enemies."

But she was the one woman in the world his smile could not soothe; also she had no sense of humor, a fact which her husband should have known by this time. "Oh, yes, make fun of me." Her eyes flashed fire; the beady eyes of the rat on her shoulder seemed to glitter sympathetically.

"My darling, be sensible," he pleaded, alarmed.

He wished to stroke her hair, but lacking the courage, he again stroked the rat. But she rejected the overture, plucking the rat away and setting it down on the table.

He snatched his papers from under the rodent's feet, and crammed them into the despatch-box. The action aggravated her wrath.

"Sensible!" she shrieked. "If I had been sensible, I never should have married you."

The shriek hurt him more than the sentiment. He hoped she had not changed her servants recently. Gwenny's stability in a world of flux was a background of comfort, like a permanent secretary to an easy-going minister. He did not know that this strange wife of his ruled servantdom like a queen, was the fetich of the kitchen, and the adored of the dismissed and downtrodden. He himself, tamed and contrite, said humbly: "I am sorry my work has spoiled your life. I should never have married you." What indeed had he given her in return for the joy of her beauty and wild grace, for the birth-pangs she had endured?

But she, misunderstanding: "And didn't I tell you to marry your Lady Barbara, Mr. Mar-jor-i-mont? Oh, I might have known it—a man who sets the dogs on animals, what pity could he have for a woman?"

She delivered her words dramatically, raising her hands, unashamed of the midnight and the household, like a Mrs. Siddons playing to an audience and perfectly in the normal order. No shrewish vulgarity, only the high dignity of the *tragédienne*. Allegra, lying sleepless in the heat, with the sheets thrown off, heard her—with a novel transferrence of sympathy to the poor statesman. She had listened to her mother's grievances so often that she took their truth for granted, convicting her silent father by his default. She waited tremblingly for hysterical developments, but instead, to her wonder and joy, fell a blessed peace.

It came from a twinge of the gout, which caught the Minister as (in the lack of anything to say) he locked his despatch-box with the precious key on his watch-chain. The groan he could not repress was the salvation of the situation. Instantly Mrs. Marshmont had him lying back in her own arm-chair between the two carved dogs, while his right foot lay prone on the masculine easy-chair, whose

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arms had pendent fringes and looked like Brobdingnagian clothes-brushes.

"Does *f'anwylyd* [my darling] feel easier now?" she cooed. But somehow for once her sympathy failed to soothe him: she had excited acuter pangs than physical. For the first time in his busy unselfish life he found himself wondering what it would have been like to marry a wife that understood. It was a thought his loyal bosom had not lodged, even in face of the obvious devotion of other wives to their husbands' Parliamentary careers, careers not always dignified by unworldly aspiration. But he must bear his burden alone—or only with God's whispered help. Perhaps it was the death of Bryden, his chief companion-in-arms, that gave him this new consciousness of solitude. He had not realized how Bryden had filled the void in his soul, Bryden the golden-mouthed, Bryden the Berserker of Peace. They had not been close comrades in the flesh, but their spirits were knit. He thought of him now with tears—"passing the love of women."

CHAPTER V.

TOM.

THE War Spirit continued to pursue the Right Honorable Thomas Marshmont with its irony.

When the girls returned from Cambridge, they brought Tom Marshmont back with them. He had succeeded ignominiously in his examinations, but he was the envied of some who had taken honors, and who had now to pass from the cloisters to the world. In that unpleasant period when life uplifts its crude question-mark, and consulted tutors murmur vague commonplaces, his contemporaries saw Tom Marshmont as secretary, consul, inspector, governor, attaché, diplomatist, future ambassador, anything, everything, his paternity being supposed to cover a multitude of pickings. He, however, saw himself in only one rôle—officer in a crack regiment. Cæsar was the one penman of the classics who had interested him and made him understand that blooded lips really spoke Latin once.

No ambition could have been more distressing to his father, brought violently down from his world-schemes to face another crisis in his own family. It was the last thing he had expected of his boy, though to outsiders the fresh-skinned, breezy giant was cut out by nature for a guardsman.

The inevitable interview took place at the top of the house, in the garret which had begun life as a nursery and was now the study of a minister of state. Before the children had grown too big for it, the great Radical—in the fiercest years of his political strife—had done all his writing and thinking in the common drawing-room, and his Blue Books and Hansards lay about him higgledy-piggledy. It was one way of being with his children and of placating his wife; and they ignored and interrupted his work at will. He in his gentle unselfishness made no personal claim, demanded no special attention. But the advent of a private secretary made it necessary to live up to this gentleman's title, and so the deserted garret was rediscovered and swept out. But the original furniture was still there, nor had any one troubled to remove the pictorial scraps pasted on the wall by the nursemaids. He wrote on the table at which his progeny had taken their tea and jam, and if a pigeon-hole adorned the wall, it was of the secretary's fixing. In the corner unregarded stood a large, ill-groomed rocking-horse with faded stripes and a moulted tail, and under his belly a battered regiment of tin soldiers stood at ease or lay careless, in a truce that had lasted since Tom's childhood (for Master Jim had preferred the reversion of his sisters' dolls).

The fat bullfinch that piped in its little white round-barred cage at the window was the only expression of the Minister's own personality, for this bullfinch was as much with him as the rat with his wife, or the Great Seal with the Chancellor of Allegra's infantile imagination. But, unlike the rat, which had been picked out by its mistress as a pet, the bullfinch had picked out the head of the household from among the general members, and had developed from a parlor ornament into a personality. It fell in love with the Minister, and sang its happiest in his presence, and gradually enforced equal recognition from his reluctant attention. It hopped on his writing-table by day, and was removed to his bed-room by night, where it slept in its cage under the shade of a silken bandanna. Nothing made it so spiteful as to be fooled by Dulsie masquerading in her father's hat and specta-

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cles. After a moment of ecstasy, it would open its mouth and hiss, its feathers flat with anger. Its presence brightened the garret, which, for the rest, was far pleasanter than the Minister's sunless den in the House of Commons, especially when the warm morning light sent long gold-dusty beams through the many-paned casement and inspired the bird to sing. What wonder if this study still remained the arena for Joan and Allegra's fencing-lessons, the Swedish Turnip's hours being fixed not to clash with the Minister's, and the central writing-table being rudely shifted to the region of the rocking-horse.

It was a bitterer fencing-match that the garret was now witnessing, the tragic contest of father and son.

"I never thought my own boy would hurt me like this," said the Minister, with a sigh.

"My dear father!" the young man retorted in an insulted but not insulting tone. "If you knew what I have had to suffer from your speeches! The chaff I've been subjected to! Every time there's been a cartoon in *Punch*—"

"You take *Punch* seriously!" his father interrupted sarcastically. "Why, even the ladies stick to their crinolines!"

"It's got to be taken seriously. All these skits about the Peace Party, and the way they're putting L.S.D. on the Arms of England, supplanting the Lion and the Unicorn by the hare and the puppy. People take you for a Quaker, sir, 'pon my honor they do."

"Nonsense! Everybody knows the Marshmonts are Church of England."

"How are they to know? You don't go to church, sir."

"I had not observed your own zeal in that direction. You didn't even come down to prayers this morning."

"I can't endure your mutilation of the service. The Prayer-Book must be discarded, forsooth, to please Gwenny!"

"And your mother, Tom," his father reminded him mildly. "That was our compromise. And it was very good of her, reared as she was in that fanatical Calvinistic Methodism, to agree to sit in the Marshmont pew at Hazelhurst Church. And that reminds me that your accusation is only true as regards London. No, no; I am proud to count Quakers among my friends, but nobody could possibly imagine *we* were Quakers ourselves."

"Everybody knows who and what the Mar-jor-i-monts are, but Marshmont is another pair of shoes." The father winced, reminded of his wife's "Mar-jor-i-mont," and too pained by this new issue to remonstrate. "Our name has been defaced out of all recognition. It's like pulling down a wing of an old house. A Mar-jor-i-mont is a fellow who serves king and country; a Marshmont you can quite figure in a broad-brimmed hat and drab toggery, like that Quaker chap who said he was tired of the British Lion."

"And who never wore a broad-brimmed hat in his life," said the father dryly.

"I go by *Punch*."

"In which Palmerston always sucks a straw."

"I don't care a straw about the details. I go by the broad fact."

"The broad-brimmed fiction, you mean."

Tom smiled. "I always heard you were good at Parliamentary repartee, sir. But the fact remains that up at Cambridge a cad once tried to 'thee' me in his talk. Perhaps he expected me to turn the other cheek. He certainly didn't expect to see his nose run claret."

"You were right to assert yourself, my boy. But the exploits of our ancestors do not commend themselves to me."

"Not Sir Rupert's at Marston Moor against the Roundheads? Not the first Earl's at Malplaquet? You don't see the beauty of a pedigree like that?"

"I prefer to think of the few scholars and divines behind us. Physical courage, no doubt, some of our progenitors had, in moments of bellicose intoxication; but I question if they had the higher nobility of every-day chivalry. At any rate I desire to see our own branch of the family carrying on the work of civilization, not of barbarism."

Tom gasped: "Barbarism! No wonder they call you a Quaker!"

"Whatever they call me, I desire to continue to call you my son." There was a tense silence. The neglected bullfinch on the writing-table seized the opportunity to recall itself to its master. It made its pretty little cooing noise—one high note, one low note. In vain.

"Is this a threat, sir?" asked Tom at last, in a quiet voice.

"Not at all, Tom. I had hoped you would carry on my work, be a true son to me."

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"I am sorry, sir. Elijah's mantle doesn't fit me. The soldier's uniform does."

His father's head drooped hopelessly. "I thought Harrow would have liberalized you more," he murmured.

"Is that why I didn't go to Eton?"

"Partly."

He sniffed sarcastically. "But even Byron wasn't ashamed of being a lord."

"If he had been, he would have been a greater poet."

The young man made a petulant movement. "It was lost time sending me to 'Varsity: you see what a mess I've made of it. I haven't got your head for books or figures. I ought to have gone straight from school into the service like so many chaps, like your own grandfather."

"Our grandfathers cannot rule us from their urns. Each generation must face life for itself—none must bind the others."

"And yet you would bind me!"

It was an unexpected blow—straight between the eyes—and the older man physically staggered back before it. There was another moment of silence. The bullfinch, thinking the tiresome conversation at an end, flew over and perched on his hand, but he tossed the creature impatiently into the air. As this was, however, his usual playful custom, the deluded bird returned to his hand, and as he had not the courage to undeceive it, it remained on its perch, fluffing all its feathers with joy, and putting its tail from side to side. The heart behind its little red breast was the only happy heart in the room.

When the father spoke again, his voice was husky but firm. "I have not the right to bind you."

"But will you help me? I am dependent on you."

"To curtail your independence would be to bind you."

"Thank you, father. I appreciate your attitude. Of course my ordinary allowance will not provide for a commission."

"You wish to purchase a commission!"

"How else?"

"There are a few regiments here and abroad—oh, I didn't suppose those appealed to you. But you know how I have voted year after year against this corrupt system."

"Oh, who pays attention to that annual motion! It's a standing joke. We have the best army in the world—why not let well alone? Come, father," and he smiled, "surely you wouldn't ask me to wait till the purchase system is abolished—till I am old and gray?"

"It will be abolished sooner than you think."

"Then I shouldn't want to join. Fancy messing with a lot of cads!"

"Cads! When they would have worked their way up by merit."

"Merit or not, they'd have dirty fingernails."

"For dirty work you don't want clean hands."

The young man laughed. "Wait till Louis Napoleon invades England, father—you'll change your tune."

"The first Napoleon didn't purchase even his rank as lieutenant. No, no, Tom; if there must be war, the French system's the finer. Every corporal carries a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack."

"England isn't France, no, nor America either. Our men require to be led by gentlemen. And are you going to examine a gentleman in Greek to see if he's likely to lead a forlorn hope? Can a man ride a horse? That's the question. Not Euclid's riders." And he laughed sunnily. "I'm afraid if they started examining for the Army as they've begun to do for the Civil-Service, I should be nowhere beside a half-starved sizar who's never been across an animal in his life."

The pain on the father's brow deepened, but he only said, "Well, let me know what regiment you wish to join, and the price, and I'll see what I can do."

"Thank you, sir. I shall not do our name discredit."

"Of that I am convinced—as the world understands credit. And, by-the-way, let me know at the same time how much you are in debt."

Tom smiled: "How did you know that, sir?"

His father let his stern mouth relax a little in return. "You forget I am a professional student of finance. I can see by your face you are not up to your neck."

"No, sir. But I rode a steeple-chase and backed my own mount, and I did get up to my neck—in mud—ha! ha! but not so deep in debt."

"Ah, and you paid that—but not your tailor!"

The young man smiled again, but his father frowned.

"And so you consider the gambling debt is the debt of *honor*, not the bill you

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owe your tailor." Tom looked gloomy, but his face grew cheerful again as his father continued: "Had you owed the gambling debt, I should not have helped you. The tailor must be paid instantly."

The bullfinch struck up a joyous whistle, as if in sympathy with snips and morals.

But the worst of Tom's troubles was before him. He had to face his mother and Allegra. To the former he broke the news that night in the drawing-room, after the girls had retired to bed.

"Go soldiering!" Mrs. Marshmont shrieked. "No, no; I won't have you murdered."

"But, mother," and the good-natured giant took her hot nervous hands, "I may never even see a battle."

"Yes, you will. You'll be sent out as soon as your uniform comes home, and you'll be killed by the first shot."

He laughed. "You are indeed a Cassandra."

"Cassandra or Cleopatra, I tell you you shall stay at home. Let go my hands!" She tore them from his good-humored grasp and pushed him violently backward against the mantel-piece. To her he was still the small boy she had slapped. With difficulty he saved his head from colliding with the great clock.

"You see," he said humorously. "It's just as dangerous to stay at home."

"Dangerous!" He had roused the hysteric note, and her hands went dramatically heavenwards. "And this is what I get for waiting on him hand and foot, and airing his under-garments myself, and lying awake sleepless till I hear his latch-key in the door! And a nice father—to arrange all this behind my back! I thought at least he had hands without hair, but he's an Esau of Esaus. What else can you expect of a hunter of God's creatures? And he hunts me—I crouch bleeding in the thicket. Because he has no heart, he can't understand how other people's hearts may drip blood. But I'll go to him—he sha'n't rob me of my first-born. Out of my way!" she screamed, as her first-born half-seriously barred her passage. She took him frenziedly by the shoulders and thrust him aside. Then she fell to wringing her hands and bemoaning herself in Welsh.

Allegra ran in, with flying hair, and a huddled-on dress. She had urged her sisters to descend with her to the scene of war, but Joan's mock recitation of "How do the waters come down at Lodore?" had turned their first anxiety to levity, for to all Allegra's apprehensions, Joan had retorted imperturbably with lines like

> And crashing, and lashing, and bashing, and gnashing;

or,

> And scowling, and growling, and howling, and yowling.

Allegra found her Viking of a brother leaning limp and helpless against the mantel-piece. In her new sympathy with men she understood at once how impotent he must feel against this feminine inconsequence: understood, too, how much more disconcerting and terrifying the outburst must be to him, so much away from home, than to the rest of the habituated household.

She sidled up to him. "What's the matter, Tom?" she murmured shyly.

"Your father and brother have conspired against me," the mother screamed. "The eagles' young shall suck up the blood of my first-born."

Allegra's eyes grew wide with terror. Was her mother mad? If not, what wild tragedy was afoot?

Tom's uneasy laugh made her easier. "It's all right, you little goose. I want to join some chums in the Guards, and mother's imagination already sees me dead instead of decorated."

"It isn't my imagination, it's my second sight. My mother saw my father shattered at the foot of the precipice before we knew there was a mist on the mountain paths. A hundred times she warned him of the Old Woman of the Mountain." She brought a touch of weirdness into this atmosphere of artificial furniture. Allegra shuddered.

"Well, if you see truly, it's got to come. So it would be silly to try to dodge it," said Tom, with British phlegm.

"But you mustn't go to war, Tom, indeed you mustn't," Allegra cried.

"And why not, pussy? For fear I'd be killed?"

"No; for fear you'd kill others."

"And why shouldn't he kill others?" Mrs. Marshmont interrupted fiercely. "Shall he let himself be hewn in pieces like the Amalekite?"

"War is wicked," Allegra declared, with stern white lips.

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Tom, relieved by this new opposition, burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oho! is thee, too, a Friend?"

"I am for Peace, not War. If we must fight, let us fight with the forces of evil around us, with the poverty and the pain. Think of the women and children crawling like beasts in the coal-mines. Oh, Tom, let us make England great, not big."

Tom's blue eyes danced with honest merriment.

"Why, mother, the child has been studying father's speeches."

The mother flashed angry eyes upon her. "I saw them plotting together."

"Why shouldn't I study father's speeches?" the girl asked hotly. "It would be better for you both if you had more respect for him. For he is in the right,—father is in the right. I have proved it, not from his speeches only. All the books say the same thing. Do you know how many people in England have no crust for their stomach, no bed for their back? Four millions. Four millions, while we eat four meals a day."

"And don't you do your share?" asked Mrs. Marshmont shrilly.

"I do, and I'm ashamed of it."

"The remedy is simple," Tom laughed.

"Not so simple as your ideas of political economy."

"Don't talk to your elder brother like that, miss," her mother snapped.

"If my starving would do any good, God knows I would starve. But the only way is to improve the general conditions. We must assure every man the fruits of his own industry. Is nine shillings a week the fair reward of the agricultural laborer? How can he bring up a family on nine shillings?" Her pretty eyes flashed with anger and tears.

"Hush, Allegra," said Mrs. Marshmont, reddening. "What do you know of bringing up families?"

"I've seen you bring up yours. I know what it costs."

"Do you indeed? If you did—if you understood the agonies and the anxieties I've been through for all of you—you would not treat me like this." And Mrs. Marshmont anticipated Allegra by bursting into tears.

Big-hearted Tom, startled, went over to her and put his arm round her. "Who is hurting little mother?"

Mrs. Marshmont let her wet face fall on his manly shoulder: "My Tom, my own boy, the only person in the house who has a kind word for me."

Allegra's overwelling tears froze on her eyelids. Her heart stiffened itself against this illogical parent. What kindness did she deserve, this woman who darkened her husband's unselfish life! No helpmate she, mar-mate rather.

Happy in the sudden lull, Tom purred over his mother, who cooed back. Allegra stood by stonily, watching with contempt her mother's gradual oblivion of the point at issue.

"Wait till you see me in my regimentals, mother," Tom ventured at last.

"My own handsome boy! But promise me my baby sha'n't get killed."

"Me killed! No, no, pet, of course not. General Marshmont, eh? How do you like that?"

"I sha'n't live to see it, *cariad anwyl*" (dear love).

"What! a slip of a girl like you!"

They kissed each other. Allegra turned on her heel and went back to bed, disgusted.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

It was in a dream of this night that the germ of Allegra's new poem came to her. Probably it all grew out of the nightmare that haunted her even by day, since she had begun to follow her father's footsteps through the maze of human misery. Political economy radiated back the glow of her young soul and became passionate and palpitating. Even statistics took on flesh and blood to her phantasy — very appalling flesh and blood sometimes. The four million paupers stood in a solid phalanx, ragged, hungry, dishevelled, and raucous, a Dantesque horror.

Perhaps, too, the poems of Deldon—which, despite their vast popularity, she had not known till she chanced on them among her father's pamphlets—contributed to her latest manner: Deldon with his strange blend of revolutionary Radicalism and celestial allegory, "the angel Israfel banging a drum," as the Edinburgh *Review* christened him. Anyhow Allegra's new poem was so beautifully vague, so vaguely beautiful, that she could not have explained what it meant, even to herself. The theme that gleamed so magically golden in her dream faded to drab in the cold dry light of day, yet a sort of elusive splendor still

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seemed to hover about it, and Allegra worked at it in shamefaced secrecy. It concerned a beautiful stone statue that stood solitary in a great deserted hall, amid the crumbled pillars of a ruined ancient palace, and all around it stretched a vast desert of sand. And through the hall blew the four winds, bearing "the music of humanity." From every part of the earth and from times long past came the passionate pitiful wail, long-sounding 'cello and violin notes, and a faint tremulous fluting of far-away miseries. And gradually, through æons measureless, the statue began to change: a heart of flesh developed under the stone, and the music broke upon the heart, and the heart throbbed and thrilled in pity. But alas! it could do nothing. It was only a living heart in a lifeless statue. And so now there was a new pain added to the world's pain: the pain of the heart that felt it all, and beat out its daily endless life, unseen, unheard, under the enduring marble peace of the beautiful stone figure, in the forlorn hall of crumbled pillars in the ruined ancient palace amid the vast stretches of sand.

The new poem was written in Spenserian stanzas, and served as a vent for all the novel forces seething in the girl's soul. But for this outlet she might have done something desperate. Indeed, she did once think of polishing her own shoes.

"Joan!" she said one night, as the two sisters coincided in thumping down their shoes outside their adjoining bed-rooms, "don't you think it's a shame that Saunders should clean our shoes?"

"I do indeed," said Joan. "Gwenny used to do them much better."

"I don't mean that. I think we ought to do them ourselves."

"You can. I've got better things to do with my time."

"What better things?"

"You know as well as I do."

Joan was not unlike Allegra, but she was shorter and plumper, and her chin was squarer. She was never in two minds about anything.

"You mean flannel waistcoats for the poor," said Allegra contemptuously.

"And woollen socks," added Joan imperturbably.

"You only pauperize them. You don't touch the real problem. How dare we give the poor presents? Our hands are not clean."

"And so you would clean them by blacking shoes?"

"Physical dirt might be moral cleanliness."

"Good heavens, Allegra, if only old Mrs. Rhys heard you! After mother and I have lectured her by the hour to scrub her floors and her children!"

"Give her more air and light—cleanliness will come of itself. If you squeeze her into a dog-kennel—"

"Why, when have you been to Mrs. Rhys's?"

"I've never been. I know on general principles."

"General principles! You'd know better if you went visiting with mother and me. That reminds me, where's that half-a-crown?"

"What half-a-crown?"

"The one you promised me in aid of that cotton-spinner who was caught in the machinery."

Allegra blushed. "Oh, I am so sorry, Joan. I forgot. I bought a book with it."

"And didn't even lend me the book?"

"It wouldn't have interested you. It was about the Factory Act."

"Oh, a present for father! You might have given him something nicer."

"Stop squabbling, you pair of nincompoops!" Dulsie's voice rang out. "I can't go to sleep."

While the great Spenserian mystical allegorical poem was on the stocks, the result of the Cornucopian competition was published in large capitals. With what a thrill Allegra read the name of the first-prize winner—Raphael Dominick—a name henceforward to be inscribed on "the Scroll." All through the length and breadth of England people must be speaking of him, waiting as anxiously as herself for the next number to read the epoch-making heroic couplets on "Fame." The second and third winners interested her scarcely at all—she noted with a touch of sadness that neither was feminine. Ah! women, they could not reach the heights: Pegasus was not to be ridden with a side-saddle. When the great poem appeared, Allegra and her sex shrank even more in her estimation. What majesty of diction! what clang of brazen rhyme! No victim, this great soul, of the false martial concept. Deeds of derring-do had their place, but sternly subordinated to moral heroism and lofty

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national purposes. It was a high pæan of spiritual beauty, of the faith that achieves, of the name that rises slowly to a star. Allegra read it with tears and flames. She re-read it under the elm-tree in the back garden; recited it to the heavens as she dashed through the Park on the mild steed which she shared with her sisters: she added its most inspiring couplet to her bed-room texts. She wondered over the poet. What was his history? How did he bear this dazzling glory? Famous at a bound, he would go from splendor to splendor. Young, of course he was. And married? Oh, Heaven forfend! Perhaps a nagging wife! Ah, women were poor creatures, with their whims and whams, their furbelows and flirtations and hysterics. They had no sense of national polity; still less could they make poems! She must burn her silly allegorical stanzas--flabby and meaningless beside this virile resonance. Oh, to smooth the path of such a man! She found herself mentally mothering him, shepherding his little ones. She looked up his address, given in last week's number as a guarantee of good faith. Mile End Road! It sounded like the places to which Joan and her mother took jellies. He was poor, then, this God-gifted genius. At this very moment he might be hungering for bread, like Chatterton. Great Heavens, he might be imbibing the fatal draught! Stop! Stay thy hand a moment, divine boy! Dost thou not hear Allegra dashing up the stairs to thy attic! She breaks through the door, she— But no! of course how foolish! there were the five pounds he had won.

Allegra came to herself with a little laugh, both of relief and self-mockery, and the blood returned to her whitened cheeks.

But she burnt the Spenserian stanzas —very dramatically —as one offering a burnt-offering for past vanities—and with a vow of self-consecration to the service of humanity. Fame was for the great: enough if she could find a humble channel of "work for the world." Perhaps her father would let her help *him*. Surely she could do something for him, copy something, look up something, especially with all her new wealth of knowledge anent Factory Acts and Pauper Statistics, her daily study of the newspapers, and "contemporary history." Yes, Providence had marked out her path. She would do for the statesman what his wife should have done for him; she would be at his beck; she would anticipate his call.

And in this religious uprising, this sense of the world as a selfish place of eating and drinking, she grew alien from Dulsie and Mabel, as mere exemplars of flippant womanhood, whose very church-going held no more spirituality than their croquet-matches. How could they enjoy, as they did, this empty egotistic round? An obscure poet, one Browning (of whose verses she had picked up a reviewer's copy, uncut, in the fourpenny box), seemed to supply the answer:

Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

The line recurred to her again and again, always in the presence of women, especially women with smug jewelry. Their radiating acquiescence in the injustice of things stung her to comprehensive disdain. Would she ever sink to that—turn vegetable? No, never; she swore it. Yet disquieting suspicions floated to her from her motley reading; in this very Browning, as in so many of the poets, there were lines suggesting that the passage of the years brought despair and cynicism. It was a pet theme, indeed, with the young Cornucopians, this desiccation of their emotions, the waning of the visions of childhood. Nay, Allegra herself had played with the idea as a literary exercise, sometimes even taking herself in, particularly when the glow of a red fire in the shadowy drawing-room at twilight added zest to her delicious misery. She had devoted a double acrostic to yearnings for her lost illusions, and coquetted with melancholia in a conundrum. But in her unliterary hours she knew that her heart of hearts was pulsing with love, and with faith in God, and Man, and Nature.

Allegra's seat at table faced the sideboard, and this sideboard very often drew her eyes between the courses, not because of the dishes on its marble top, but by virtue of its own eccentricities. Conventional enough in its great mirror, crowned by the gigantic gilt pineapple, it was supported on the wings and heads of eagles, themselves standing irrelevantly on carven books. The artist had got a sense of strain into the eagles' talons, but Allegra often wondered how the wings and heads could transmit this

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strain, yet themselves remain so buoyant and uncrushed.

Now she suddenly read a high allegory into the false design. Even thus would she—Allegra—bear the strain of the years with their prosaic burdens: joyous, unyielding, supporting herself firmly on great literature, spreading wings heavenward. A verse of the Psalms, often in Gwenny's mouth—"Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's"—mixed itself mystically with this imagery. Yes, age should not ossify *her:* she would remain always young, ardent, altruistic. And so, whenever the conversation at table hinged on levity and worldliness and young men, whenever a chance phrase illumined as with lightning the sordidness and vanity of this valley of tears and giggles, Allegra turned her eyes for comfort to the sideboard.

But sometimes even the eagle could not sustain her. She had perturbing visions of herself as old and tired, and zoological doubts about the eagle itself. In the flame of sixteen, one might glow and burn, but how would it be amid the ashes of forty?

In such a mood of apprehension Allegra wrote herself a letter. She addressed the envelope, "To Allegra at Forty."

"MY DEAR ALLEGRA,—Although we have not met for a quarter of a century, I take the liberty of addressing you still by your Christian name. It is possible you may not remember me, and, for my part, I do not know whether you are married and have lots of children (but I hope not, for how can we work for humanity if we have to be worried with nursery cares?), or whether your name is still Allegra Marshmont. I only know that you are very old. It may be, too, that you are very *blasée*, that you say all is vanity, and there is nothing new under the sun. Please, please, don't go on thinking that. Remember that day in the woods of Hazelhurst, when you walked in God's Cathedral, and Milton's organ rolled through the leafy aisles. Now as then, you are 'in your great Taskmaster's eye.' I can well imagine that during this vast stretch of time you have met with sad things and disappointments and disillusions, but yet the world is very beautiful and very wonderful, and there is so much we can do to make humanity nobler and happier. Ah, don't despair, Allegra dear. Think of the scent of the hawthorn, and the song of the blackbird, and how glorious it is to gallop across a moor or skate across a pond. I am just out, and you are very, very old, but I know that the sunlight prevails, and not darkness.

"So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness.

"You may sneer at the poets, but Keats is right. Yes, Evil shall never triumph over Good. Keats did not despair, though he knew he must die of consumption. Ah, if you should happen to have married a man like Keats, or Raphael Dominick—a man with the eye of faith and the lips of song—then you may at once throw this letter into the W.P.B. But if you despair of your own happiness, remember, dear, there is always the life of service. And, perhaps, if you have grown sick of the world, it is not the world but yourself that you are sick of. Perhaps you have fallen by the way—into the slough of selfishness. Perhaps, as Gwenny would say, the tares have choked the good seed. Perhaps you have abandoned your early ideals and sought for mere material happiness. No wonder, then, you have despaired of goodness and nobleness. Not believing in light, you have ceased to be a child of light. (See the twelfth chapter of St. John.) If this is so, then I pray you remember me, and repent for my sake. Be brave, strong, and if I may misquote Shakspere,

"To thy young self be true.

"Please take this as a letter from a dead person, and be solemnly impressed. For you know you will never see me or speak to me again, and this is the voice of a ghost; a ghost that shakes its long white finger at you, and reminds you that you, too, will be a ghost some day. Oh, but I didn't mean to frighten you. I dare say you will live many years more—unless you are dead already. Oh dear, and then this letter will be wasted, so I had better not make it any longer, but remain, your old friend,

ALLEGRA MARSHMONT."

She sealed the letter with black wax, and hid it among her unburnt poems.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE WATCH-TOWER OF THE SOUL

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

IN the high watch-tower of the soul
I tarry all day long.
The days flit by like flocks of birds,
But not one has a song.
My soul has found no other soul
To which it does belong.

In this deep loneliness God set
Each soul as in a shrine.
He bade His virgin she should keep
Her separate light ashine,
While others on strange hearths attend
The flames that are not mine.

When that I speak to them my voice
Falls from me like a star.
It trails their atmospheres, but not
The dim worlds where they are.
Than gulfs of time or seas of space
Our souls are set more far.

My soul is girt in secrecies
Like the petals of a rose.
My breath, which is among them, floats
On every wind that blows.
They are like sleep around a dream
There is no one that knows.

Yet that great wind that blows alway
From heart to heart will rove
Across all spirits and bear up
Some fragrances above.
I hear some voices that I know,
Some accents that I love.

I weep when that I feel their tears
Blown in mine eyes like rain.
My heart is touched by that which is
The faint dew of their pain.
I smile when that I see them smile,
And is this all in vain?

I smile when that I see them smile;
The gladness in their eyes
Like a slow dawn is in my heart,
Like a pale light in the skies.
But why they smile or why they weep,
These things are mysteries.

All night I watch from my high tower
The great world come and go.
Their faces flare along the dark
Like wandering stars below.
But who has seen two stars that touch?
And space has said me no.

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Though his sweet presence, like a light,
  Is shed about the place—
My love, to whom I am most near—
  I have not seen his face.
My tears, which are not his, must drop
  To reach his heart, through space.

He smiled and folded my two hands
  So close upon his breast.
"*These are my doves*," he said, "*and so*
  A little while shall rest."
But I, who smiled not, felt them grope
  Through space—they found no nest.

He smiled and said, "*Thy cheek shall lie*
  In my hand, hollowed so!"
But I, who smiled not, felt all time
  A wind betwixt us blow.
I leaned my cheek into a void
  Of which he did not know.

See they not how alone we are,
  Like faint clouds wandering—
All these who have not felt the breath
  Of any living thing?
Do they not know we are alone
  That they should dance and sing?

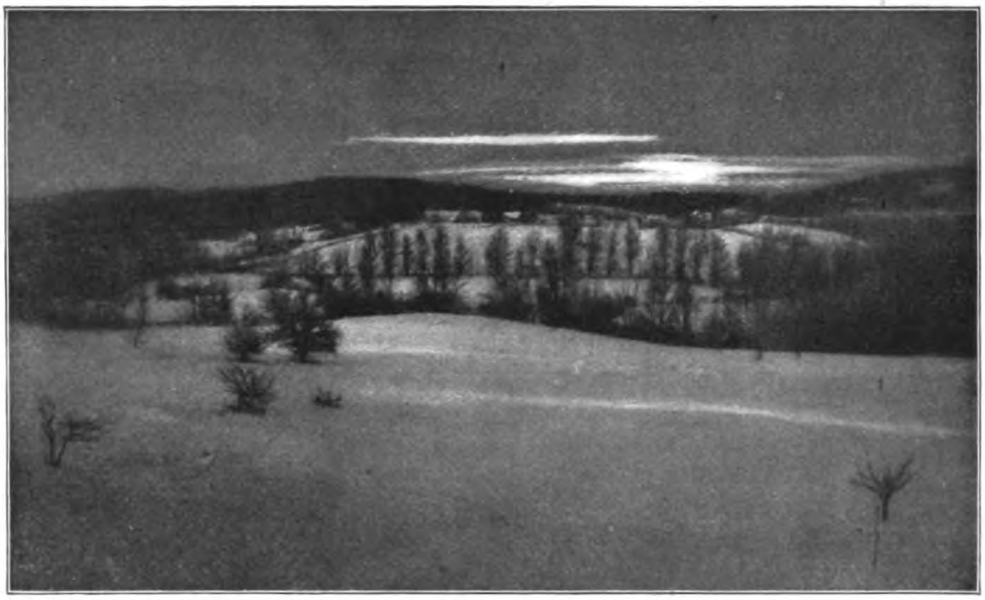
I will be silent in my soul
  Since God has girt me round
With His own silences in which
  There is no space for sound.
Only His voice perchance may drop
  Like dew upon the ground.

I will be silent, leaning so
  Myself into all space.
Love, didst thou think in all this life
  That thou couldst touch my face?
Nay, for God bade that I should turn
  Unto Himself for grace.

I will be silent, watching so
  Thy love-dawn breaking red.
("*I thought thy breast should warm mine own*
  A little while," he said.
An we were dead this might be so,
  But, love, we are not dead.)

In the high watch-tower of the soul
  I tarry all day long.
The days flit by like flocks of birds,
  But not one has a song.
My soul—it has no other soul
  To which it does belong.

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Twilight.

FROM A WINTER NOTE-BOOK*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

WE had walked abreast of the year from the very beginning, and that was when the first blood-root came up between the patches of April snow, while yet the big drift at the bottom of the meadow held fast. In the shadow of the woods and under the blown pine-needles clots of snow lay till far into May, but neither the season nor the flowers took any note of them, and, before we were well sure Winter had gone, the lackeys of my Lord Baltimore in their new liveries came to tell us that Summer was in the valley, and please might they nest at the bottom of the garden?

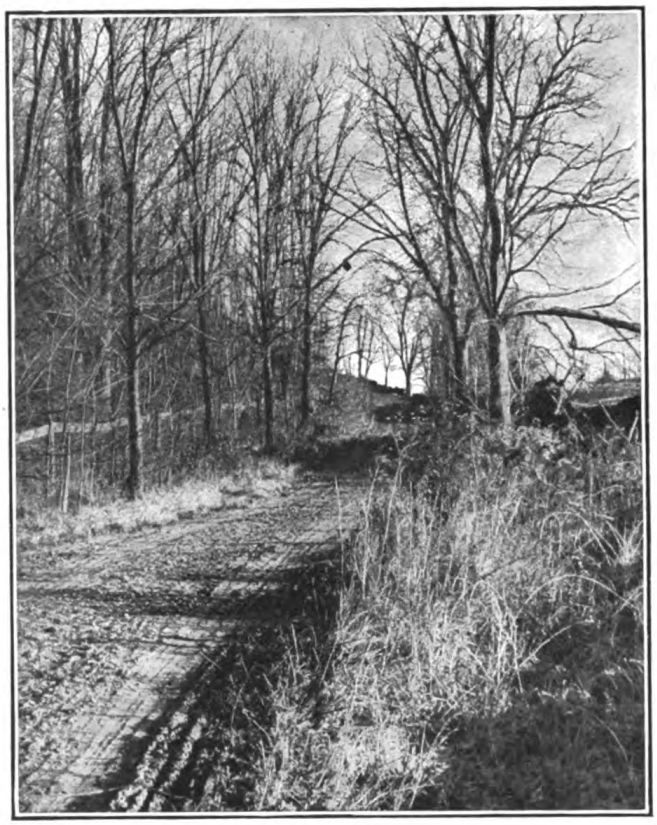
Followed Summer, angry, fidgety, and nervous, with the corn and tobacco to ripen in five short months, the pastures to reclothe, and the fallen leaves to hide away under new carpets. Suddenly, in the middle of her work, on a stuffy-still July day, she called a wind out of the Northwest, a wind blown under an arch of steel-bellied clouds, a wicked, bitter wind with a lacing of hail to it, a wind that came and was gone in less than ten minutes, but blocked the roads with fallen trees, toppled over a barn, and—blew potatoes out of the ground. When that was done, a white cloud shaped like a dumbbell whirled down the valley across the evening blue, roaring and twisting and twisting and roaring all alone by itself. A West-Indian hurricane could not have been quicker on its feet than our little cyclone, and when the house rose atiptoe, like a cockerel in act to crow, and a sixty-foot elm went by the board, and that which had been a dusty road became a roaring torrent all in three minutes, we felt that the New England Summer had creole blood in her veins. She went away, red-faced and angry to the last, slamming all the doors of the hills behind her, and Autumn, who is a lady, took charge.

No pen can describe the turning of the leaves—the insurrection of the tree-people against the waning year. A little maple began it, flaming blood-red of a sudden where he stood against the dark

NOTE.—The photographs illustrating this article were made by Arthur R. Dugmore, who visited Brattleboro, Vermont (the home of Rudyard Kipling), and remained there to witness the climatic changes that are described in this article. All of his photographs were made directly from nature, and upon the scenes described.

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THE ROAD-SIDE GROWTH ALL DEAD FROM FROST.

green of a pine belt. Next morning there was an answering signal from the swamp where the sumacs grow. Three days later the hill-sides as far as the eye could range were afire, and the roads paved, with crimson and gold. Then a wet wind blew, and ruined all the uniforms of that gorgeous army; and the oaks, who had held themselves in reserve, buckled on their dull and bronzed cuirasses and stood it out stiffly to the last blown leaf, till nothing remained but pencil shading of bare boughs, and one could see into the most private heart of the woods.

Frost may be looked for till the middle of May and after the middle of September, so Summer has little time for enamel-work or leaf-embroidery. Her sisters bring the gifts. Spring, windflowers, Solomon's-seal, Dutchman's-breeches, Quaker-ladies, and trailing arbutus, that smells as divinely as the true May. Autumn has golden-rod and all the tribe of the asters, pink, lilac, and creamy white, by the double armful. When these go the curtain comes down, and whatever powers shift the scenery behind work without noise. In tropic lands you can hear the play of growth and decay at the back of the night silences. Even in England the tides of the winter air have a set and a purpose; but here they are dumb altogether. The very last piece of bench-work this season was the trailed end of a blackberry-vine, most daringly conventionalized in hammered iron, flung down on the frosty grass an instant before people came to look. The blue bloom of the furnace was still dying along the central rib, and the side sprays were cherry red, even as they had been lifted from the charcoal. It was a detail, evidently, of some invisible gate in the woods; but we never found that workman, though he had left the mark of his big cloven feet as plainly as any strayed deer. In a week the heavy frosts with scythes and hammers had slashed and knocked down all the road-side growth and the kindly bushes that veil the drop off the unfenced track.

There the seasons stopped awhile. Autumn was gone, Winter was not. We had Time dealt out to us—more, clear, fresh Time—grace-days to enjoy. The white wooden farm-houses were banked round two feet deep with dried leaves or earth, and the choppers went out to get ready next year's stores of wood. Now chopping is an art, and the chopper in all respects an artist. He makes his own axe-helve, and for each man there is but one perfect piece of wood in all the world. This he never finds, but the likest substitute is trimmed and balanced and poised to that ideal. One man that I know has evolved very nearly the weapon of Umslopogaas. It is almost straight, lapped at the butt with leather, amazingly springy, and carries a two-edged blade

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THE WHITE FARM-HOUSES BANKED WITH LEAVES.

for splitting and chopping. If his Demon be with him—and what artist can answer for all his moods?—he will cause a tree to fall upon any stick or stone that you choose, uphill or down, to the right or to the left. Artistlike, however, he explains that that is nothing. Any fool can play with a tree in the open, but it needs the craftsman to bring a tree down in thick timber and do no harm. To see an eighty-foot maple, four feet in the butt, dropped, deftly as a fly is cast, in the only place where it will not outrage the feelings and swipe off the tops of fifty juniors, is a revelation. White pine, hemlock, and spruce share this country with maples, black and white birches, and beech. Maple seems to have few preferences, and the white birches straggle and shiver on the outskirts of every camp; but the pines hold together in solid regiments, sending out skirmishers to invade a neglected pasture on the first opportunity. There is no overcoat warmer than the pines in a gale when the woods for miles round are singing like cathedral organs, and the first snow of the year powders the rock ledges.

The mosses and lichens, green, sulphur, and amber, stud the copper floor of needles, where the feathery ground-pine runs aimlessly to and fro along the ground, spelling out broken words of half-forgotten charms. There are checkerberries on the outskirts of the wood, where the partridge (he is a ruffed grouse really) dines, and by the deserted logging-roads toadstools of all colors sprout on the decayed stumps. Wherever a green or blue rock lifts from the hill-side, the needles have been packed and matted round its base, till, when the sunshine catches them, stone and setting together look no meaner than turquoise in dead gold. The woods are full of color, belts and blotches of it, the colors of the savage—red, yellow, and blue. Yet in their lodges there is very little life, for the wood-people do not readily go into the shadows. The squirrels have their business among the beeches and hickories by the road-side, where they can watch the traffic and talk. We have no gray ones hereabouts (they are good to eat, and suffer for it), but five reds live in a hickory hard by, and no weather puts them to sleep. The woodchuck, a marmot and a strategist, makes his burrow in the middle of a field, where he must see you ere you see him. Now and again a dog manages to cut him off his base, and the battle is worth crossing fields to watch. But the woodchuck turned in long ago, and will not be out till April. The coon lives—well, no one seems to know particularly where Brer Coon lives; but when the Hunter's Moon is large and full he

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descends into the corn-lands, and men chase him with dogs for his fur, which makes the finest kind of overcoat, and his flesh, which tastes like chicken. He cries at night sorrowfully, as though a child were lost.

They seem to kill, for one reason or another, everything that moves in this land. Hawks, of course; eagles for their rarity; foxes for their pelts; red-shouldered blackbirds and Baltimore orioles because they are pretty, and the other small things for sport—French fashion. You can get a rifle of a kind for twelve shillings, and if your neighbor be fool enough to post notices forbidding "hunting" and fishing, you naturally seek his woods. So the country is very silent and unalive.

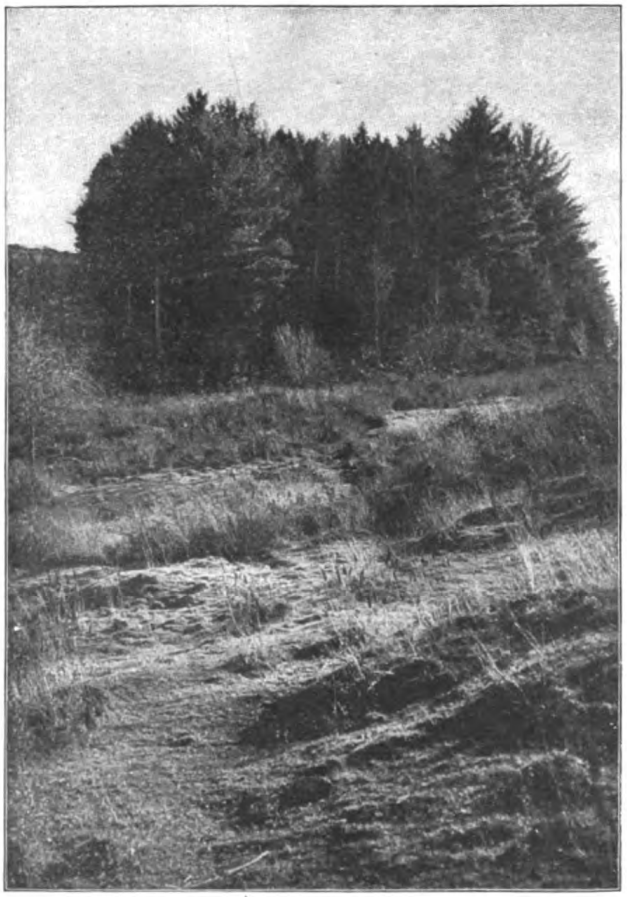
There are, however, bears within a few miles, as you will see from this notice, picked up at the local tobacconist's:

JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN! BEAR HUNT.

As bears are too numerous in the town of Peltyville Corners Vt. the hunters of the surrounding towns are invited to participate in a grand hunt to be held on Blue Mountain in the town of Peltyville Corners Vt. Wednesday, Nov. 8th, if pleasant. If not, the first fine day. Come one, come all!

They went, but it was the bear that would not participate. The notice was printed at somebody's Electric Print Establishment. Queer mixture, isn't it?

The bear does not run large as a rule, but he has a weakness for swine and calves which brings punishment. Twelve hours rail and a little marching take you up to the moose-country; and twenty-odd miles from here as the crow flies you come to virgin timber, where trappers live, and where there is a Lost Pond that many have found once but can never find again.



THE PINES HOLD TOGETHER IN SOLID REGIMENTS.

Men, who are of one blood with sheep, have followed their friends and the railway along the river valleys where the towns are. Across the hills the inhabitants are few, and, outside their State, little known. They withdraw from society in November if they live on the uplands, coming down in May as the snow gives leave. Not much more than a generation ago these farms made their own clothes, soap, and candles, killed their own meat thrice a year, beef, veal, and pig, and sat still betweentimes. Now they buy shop-made clothes, patent soaps, and kerosene; and it is among their tents that the huge red and gilt Biographies of the Presidents, and the twenty-pound family Bibles, with illuminated marriage-registers, mourning-cards, baptismal certificates, and hundreds of genuine steel-engravings, sell best. Here, too, off the main travelled roads, the wandering

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THE CHOPPER MAKES HIS OWN AXE-HELVE

quack — Patent Electric Pills, nerve cures, etc. — divides the field with the seed and fruit man and the seller of cattle-boluses. They dose themselves a good deal, I fancy, for it is a poor family that does not know all about nervous prostration. So the quack drives a pair of horses and a gayly painted wagon with a hood, and sometimes takes his wife with him. Once only have I met a peddler afoot. He was an old man, shaken with palsy, and he pushed a thing exactly like a pauper's burial-cart, selling pins, tape, scents, and flavorings. You helped yourself, for his hands had no direction, and he told a long tale, in which the deeding away of a farm to one of his family was mixed up with pride at the distances he still could cover daily. As much as six miles sometimes. He was no Lear, as the gift of the farm might suggest, but sealed of the tribe of the Wandering Jew—a tremulous old giddy-gaddy. There are many such rovers, gelders of colts and the like, who work a long beat, south to Virginia almost, and north to the frontier, paying with talk and gossip for their entertainment.

Yet tramps are few, and that is well, for the American article answers almost

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THE MAN WITH THE PLOUGHSHARE.

exactly to the vagrant and criminal tribes of India, being a predatory ruffian who knows too much to work. Bad place to beg in after dark—on a farm—very—is Vermont. Gypsies pitch their camp by the river in the spring, and *cooper* horses in the manner of their tribe. They have the gypsy look and some of the old gypsy names, but say that they are largely mixed with Gentile blood.

Winter has chased all these really interesting people south, and in a few weeks, if we have anything of a snow, the back farms will be unvisited save by the doctor's hooded sleigh. It is no child's play to hold a practice here through the winter months, when the drifts are really formed, and a pair can drop in up to their saddle-pads. But the doctors come and go. Four horses a day some of them use, and use up—for they are good men.

Now in the big silence of the snow is born, perhaps, not a little of New England conscience which her children write about. There is much time to think, and thinking is a highly dangerous business. Conscience, fear, undigested reading, and, it may be, not too well cooked food have full swing. A man, and more particularly a woman, can easily hear strange voices—the Word of the Lord rolling between the dead hills; may see visions and dream dreams; get revelations and an outpouring of the spirit, and end (such things have been) lamentably enough in those big houses by the Connecticut River which have been tenderly rechristened The Retreat. Hate breeds as well as religion—the deep, instriking hate between neighbors, that is born of a hundred little things added up, brooded over, and hatched by the stove when two or three talk together in the long evenings. It would be very interesting to get the statistics of revivals and murders, and find how many of them have been committed in the spring. But for undistracted people winter is one long delight of the eye. In other lands one knows the snow as a nuisance that comes and goes, and is sorely man-handled and messed at the last. Here it lies longer on the ground than any crop—from November to April sometimes—and for three months life goes to the tune of sleigh-bells, which are not, as a Southern visitor once hinted, ostentation, but safeguards. The man who drives without them is not loved.

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The snow is a faithful barometer, foretelling good sleighing or stark confinement to barracks. It is all the manure the stony pastures receive; it cloaks the ground and prevents the frost bursting pipes; it is the best—I had almost written the only—road-maker in the States. On the other side, it can rise up in the night and bid the people sit still as the Egyptians. It can stop the mails; wipe out all time-tables; extinguish the lamps of twenty towns, and kill man within sight of his own door-step or hearing of his cattle unfed. No one who has been through even so modified a blizzard as New England can produce talks lightly of the snow. Imagine eight-and-forty hours of roaring wind, the thermometer well down towards zero, scooping and gouging across a hundred miles of newly fallen snow. The air is full of stinging shot, and at ten yards the trees are invisible. The foot slides on a reef, polished and black as obsidian, where the wind has skinned an exposed corner of road down to the dirt ice of early winter. The next step ends hip-deep and over, for here an unseen wall is banking back the rush of the singing drifts. A scarped slope rises sheer across the road. The wind shifts a point or two, and all sinks down, as sand in the hour-glass, leaving a pot-hole of whirling whiteness. There is a lull, and you can see the surface of the fields setting furiously in one direction—a tide that spurts foam between the tree-boles. The hollows of the pasture fill while you watch; empty, fill, and discharge anew. The rock ledges show the bare flank of a storm-chased liner for a moment, and whitening, duck under. Irresponsible snow devils dance by the lee of a barn where three gusts meet, or stagger out into the open till they are cut down by the main wind. At the worst of the storm there is neither Heaven nor Earth, but only swizzle into which a man may be brewed. Distances grow to nightmare scale, and that which in the summer was no more than a minute's bareheaded run, is half an hour's gasping struggle, each foot won between the lulls. Then do the heavy-timbered barns talk like ships in a cross-sea, beam working against beam. The winter's hay is ribbed over with long lines of snow dust blown between the boards, and far below in the byre the oxen clash their horns and moan uneasily.

The next day is blue, breathless, and most utterly still. The farmers shovel a way to their beasts, bind with chains their large ploughshare to their heaviest wood-sled, and take of oxen as many as Allah has given them. These they drive, and the dragging share makes a furrow in which a horse can walk, and the oxen, by force of repeatedly going in up to their bellies, presently find foothold. The



THE DESERTED LOGGING-ROAD.

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WHERE THE TRAPPERS LIVE.

finished road is a deep double gutter between three-foot walls of snow, where, by custom, the heavier vehicle has the right of way. The lighter man when he turns out must drop waist-deep and haul his unwilling beast into the drift, leaving Providence to steady the sleigh.

In the towns, where they choke and sputter and gasp, the big snow turns to horsepondine. With us it stays still; the wind, sun, and rain get to work upon it, lest the texture and color should not change daily. Rain makes a granulated crust over all, in which white shagreen the trees are faintly reflected. Heavy mists go up and down, and create a sort of mirage, till they settle and pack round the iron-tipped hills, and then you know how the moon must look to an inhabitant. At twilight again the beaten-down ridges and laps and folds of the uplands take on the likeness of wet sand—some huge and melancholy beach at the world's end—and when day meets night it is all goblin country. To westward, the last of the spent day—rust-red and pearl, illimitable levels of shore waiting for the tide to turn again. To eastward, black night among the valleys, and on the rounded hill slopes a hard glare that is not so much light as snail-slime from the moon. Once or twice perhaps in the winter the Northern Lights come out between the moon and the sun, so that to the two unearthly lights is added the leap and flare of the Aurora Borealis.

In January or February come the great ice-storms, when every branch, blade, and trunk is coated with frozen rain, so that you can touch nothing truly. The spikes of the pines are sunk into pear-shaped crystals, and each fence-post is miraculously hilted with diamonds. If you bend a twig, the icing cracks like varnish, and a half-inch branch snaps off at the lightest tap. If wind and sun open the day together, the eye cannot look steadily at the splendor of this jewelry. The woods are full of the clatter of arms; the ringing of bucks' horns in fight; the stampede of mailed feet up and down the glades; and a great dust of battle is puffed out into the open, till the last of the ice is beaten away and the cleared branches take up their regular chant.

Again the mercury drops twenty and more below zero, and the very trees swoon. The snow turns to French chalk, squeaking under the heel, and their breath cloaks the oxen in rime. At night a tree's heart will break in him with a groan. According to the books, the frost has split something, but it is a fearful sound—this grunt as of a man stunned.

Winter that is winter in earnest does not allow cattle and horses to play about

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the fields, so everything comes home; and since no share can break ground to any profit for some five months, there would seem to be very little to do. As a matter of fact, country interests at all seasons are extensive and peculiar, and the day is not long enough for them when you take out that time which a self-respecting man needs to turn himself round in. Consider. The solid undisturbed hours stand about one like ramparts. At a certain time the sun will rise. At another hour, equally certain, he will set. This much we know. Why in the name of Reason, therefore, should we vex ourselves with vain exertions? An occasional visitor from the Cities of the Plains comes up panting to do things. He is set down to listen to the normal beat of his own heart — a sound that very few men have heard. In a few days, when the lather of impatience has dried off, he ceases to talk of "getting there" or of "being left." He does not desire to accomplish matters "right away," nor does he look at his watch from force of habit, but keeps it where it should be — in his stomach. At the last he goes back to his beleaguered city, unwillingly, partially civilized, soon to be resavaged by the clash of a thousand wars whose echo does not reach here.

The air which kills germs dries out the very newspapers. They might be of to-morrow or a hundred years ago. They have nothing to do with to-day — the long, full, sunlit to-day. Our interests are not on the same scale as theirs, perhaps, but much more complex. The movement of a foreign power, an alien sleigh on this Pontic shore, must be explained and accounted for, or this public's heart will burst with unsatisfied curiosity. If it be Buck Davis, with the white mare that he traded his colt for, and the practically new black sleigh-robe that he bought at the Sewell auction, *why* does Buck Davis, who lives on the river flats, cross our hills, unless Murder Hollow be blockaded with snow, or unless he has turkeys for sale? *But* Buck Davis with turkeys would surely have stopped here, unless he were selling a large stock in town. A wail from the sacking at the back of the sleigh tells the tale. It is a winter calf, and Buck Davis is going to sell it for one dollar to the Boston Market, where it will be turned into potted chicken. This leaves the mystery of his change of route unexplained. After two days' sitting on tenter-horns it is discovered, obliquely, that Buck went to pay a door-yard call on Orson Butler, who lives on the saeter where the wind and the bald granite scaurs fight it out together. Kirk Demming has brought Orson news of a fox at the back of Black Mountain, and Or-



THE FARMERS SHOVEL A WAY TO THEIR BEASTS.

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son's eldest son, going to Murder Hollow with wood for the new barn floor that the widow Amidon is laying down, told Buck that he might as well come round to talk to his father about the pig. *But* old man Butler meant fox-hunting from the first, and what he wanted to do was to borrow Buck's dog, who had been duly brought over with the calf, and left on the mountain. No, old man Butler did *not* go hunting alone, but waited till Buck came back from town. Buck sold the calf for a dollar and a quarter, and not for seventy-five cents, as was falsely asserted by interested parties. *Then* the two went after the fox together. This much learned, everybody breathes freely, if life has not been complicated in the mean time by more strange counter-marchings.

Five or six sleighs a day we can understand, if we know why they are abroad; but a metropolitan rush of traffic disturbs and excites.



GOING OUT FOX HUNTING.

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Father and Mother

A Mystery

W. D. Howells

The parlor of a village house, with open doors and windows; the Father and the Mother sitting alone among the chairs in broken rows; a piano with lifted lid; dust tracked about the floor

The Father: "Now it is over."
The Mother: "It is over, now,
And we shall never see her any more.'
The Father: "Have you put everything of hers away?
If I found anything that she had worn,
Or that belonged to her, I think the sight
Would kill me."
The Mother: "Oh, you need not be afraid;
I have put everything away."
The Father: "Oh, me!
How shall we do without her! It is as if
One of my arms had been lopped off, and I
Must go through life a mutilated man.
This morning when I woke there was an instant,
A little instant, when she seemed alive,
Before the clouds closed over me again,
And death filled all the world. Then came that stress,
That horrible impatience to be done
With what had been our child. As if to hide
The cold white witness of her absence were
To have her back once more!"
The Mother: "I felt that, too.
I thought I could not rest till it was done;
And now I cannot rest, and we shall rest
Never again as long as we shall live.
Our grief will drug us, yes, and we shall sleep,
As we have slept already; but not rest."
The Father: "We must, I cannot help believing it,
See her again some time and somewhere else."
The Mother: "Oh, never, any time or anywhere!"
The Father: "You used to think we should."
The Mother: "I know I did.
But that is gone forever, that fond lie

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With which we used to fool our happiness,
When we had no need of it. When we had
Each other safe we could not even imagine
Not having one another always."

The Father: "Yes,
It was a lie, a cruel, mocking lie!"

The Mother: "Why did you ask me, then?
Do you suppose
That if the love we used to make believe
Would reunite us, really had the power,
It would not, here and now, be doing it,
Now, when we need her more than we shall need her
Even in all eternity, and she—
If she is still alive, which I deny—
Is aching for us both as we for her?
You know how much she loved her home, and how
She suffered if she left it for a week;
You know how lost and heart-sick she must be,
Wherever she is, if she is anywhere;
And if her longing and if ours could bring us
Together as we used to dream it could,
How soon she would be here!"

The Father: "I cannot bear it!"

The Mother: "I shall not care, when you and I are old,
Years hence, and we shall have begun to be
Forgetful, as old people are, about her,
And all her looks and ways—I shall not care
To see her then. I want to see her now,
Now while I still remember everything,
And she remembers, and has all her faults,
Just as we have our own, to be forgiven.
But if we have to wait till she is grown
Some frigid, perfect angel, in some world
Where she has other ties, I shall not care
To see her; I should be afraid of her."

The Father: "She would not then be she, nor we be we."

The Mother: "I want to tell her how I grieve for all
I ever did or said that was unkind
Since she was born. But if we met above,
In that impossible heaven, she would not care."

The Father: "If she knows anything she knows that now
Without your telling."

The Mother: "I want *her* to say
She knows it."

The Father: "Yet, somehow she seems alive.
The whole way home she seemed to be returning
Between us, as she used when we came home
From walking and she was a child."

The Mother: "Oh, that
Was nothing but the habit of her: just
As if you really had lost an arm
You would have felt it there."

The Father: "Oh, yes, I know.

[*He lets his head hang in silence; then he looks up at the window opening on the porch.*

This honeysuckle's sweetness sickens me.

[*He rises and shuts the window.*

I never shall smell that sweetness while I live
And not die back into this day of death.

[*He remains at the window staring out.*

How still it is outside! The timothy
Stands like a solid wall beside the swath
The men have cut. The clover heads hang heavy
And motionless."

The Mother: "I wish that it would rain,
And lay the dust. The house is full of dust
From the road yonder. They have tracked it in
Through all the rooms, and I shall have enough
To do getting it out again."

The Father: "The sun
Pours down its heat as if it were raining fire.
But she that used to suffer so with cold,
She cannot feel it. Did you see that woman,
That horrible old woman, chewing dill
All through the services?"

The Mother: "Oh, yes, I saw her.
You know her: Mrs. Jayne, that always comes
To funerals."

The Father: "I remember. She should be
Prevented, somehow."

The Mother: "Why, she did no harm."

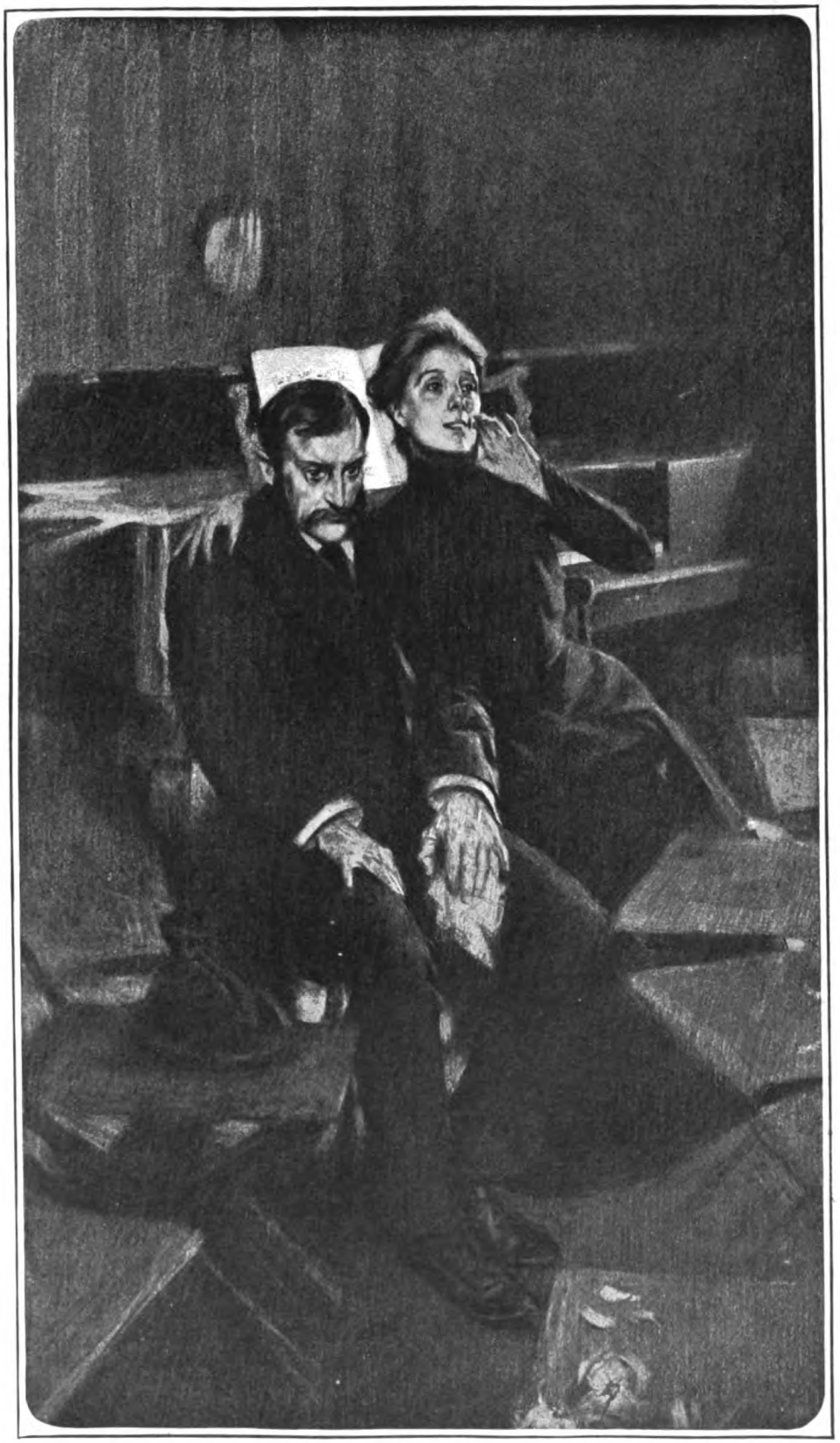
The Father: "I could not bear to have them stand and stare
So long at her dead face. I hate that custom."

The Mother: "I wonder that you cared. It was not *her* face,
Nor the form hers; only a waxen image
Of what she had been. Nothing now is she!
There is no place in the whole universe
For her whose going takes all from the earth
That ever made it home."

The Father: "Yes, she is gone,
And it is worse than if she had not been....
Hark!

The Mother: "How you startle me! You are so nervous!"

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"IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING HEARD WITHIN MY BRAIN."

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The Father: "I thought I heard a kind of shuddering noise!"

The Mother: "It was a shutter shaking in the wind."

The Father: "There is no wind."

The Mother (*after a moment*): "Go and see what it was.

It seemed like something in the room where she—"

The Father: "It sounded like the beating of birds' wings.

There! It has stopped."

The Mother: "I must know what it was.

If you will not go, I will. I shall die

Unless you go at once."

The Father: "Oh, I will go."

[*He goes out and mounts the stairs, which creak under his tread. His feet are heard on the floor above. After a moment comes the sound of opening and closing shutters.*

The Mother (*calling up*): "What is it? Quick!"

The Father (*calling down*): "It was some kind of bird

Between the shutters and the sash. I cannot

Imagine how it got there."

[*He descends the stairs slowly and comes into the room where the Mother sits waiting.*

The Mother: "What bird was it?"

The Father: "Some kind I did not know. I wish that I

Had let it in."

The Mother: "What do you mean by that?

Everything living tries to leave the house;

We stay because we are part of death,

And cannot go."

The Father: "It did not wish to go;

It was not trying to get out, but in.

I put it out once and it came again;

And now I wish that I had let it stay."

The Mother: "You are so superstitious; and you think...."

[*She stops, and they both sit silent for a time.*

The Father: "It may be our despair that keeps her from us."

The Mother: "You think, then, that our hope could bring her to us?"

The Father: "Not that, no."

The Mother: "Or, that we could make her live

Again by willing it sufficiently?"

The Father: "Oh no,

Not by our willing; by our loving, yes!

Not through our will, which is a part of us,

And filled full of ourselves, but through our love,

Which is a part of some life else, and filled

With something not ourselves, but better, purer."

The Mother: "Well, try."

The Father: "I cannot. Your doubt palsies me."

The Mother: "I cannot help it. If she cannot come

Unto my doubt, she cannot to my faith....

Oh! What was that?"

The Father: "The wind among the chords

Of the piano. They have left it open

After the singing."

The Mother: "But there is no wind!

You said yourself, just now, there was no wind."

The Father: "Perhaps it was our voices jarred the strings."

The Mother: "They could not do it; and it was not like

Anything that I ever heard before.

It was like something heard within my brain,

And there is something that I see within!

Hark! Look! Do your hear nothing? Do you see

Nothing? Or am I going wild?"

The Father: "No, no!

I hear and see it too. Are you afraid?"

The Mother: "No, not the least. But, oh, how strange it is!

What is it like to you?"

The Father: "I dare not say,

For fear that it should cease to be at all."

The Mother: "Do you believe that we are dreaming it?

That we are sleeping and are dreaming it?"

The Father: "He could not be so cruel!"

The Mother: 'He made death."

The Father: "There! You have hurt it, and it will not speak;

You have offended it. Speak to it!"

The Mother: "Child,

I did not mean to grieve you. Oh, forgive

Your poor old mother! Is she here yet, dearest?"

The Father: "Yes, she is here! Yes, I am sure of it—"

The Mother: "I seemed to have lost her—

No, she is here again!

How natural she is! How strong and bright,

And all that sick look gone! It must be true

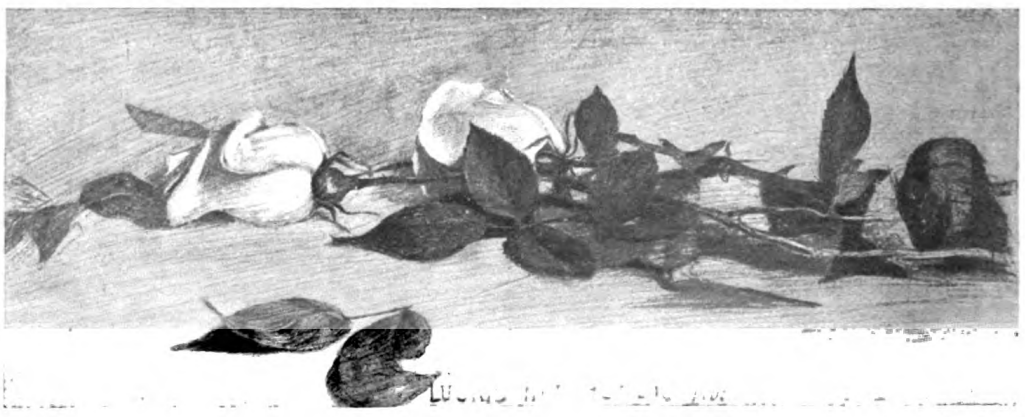
That it is she, but how shall we be sure

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After it passes? Where is it you see her?
Where is it that you hear her speak?"
The Father: "Within.
Within my brain, my heart, my life, my love!"
The Mother: "Yes, that is where I see and hear her too.
And oh, I feel her! This is her dear hand
In mine! How warm and soft it is once more,
After that sickness! Yes, we have her back,
Dearest, we have our child again! But still
How strange it is that she is all within,
And nowhere outside of our minds! Can you
Make her nowhere but in yourself?"
The Father: "In you—"
The Mother: "And I in you! I see her in your mind;
I hear her speaking in your mind. That shows
How wholly we are one. Our love has done it,
And we must never quarrel any more.
It was your faith; I will say that for you!
But are you sure we are not dreaming it?"
The Father: "How could we both be dreaming the same thing?"
The Mother: "We could if we are both so wholly one."
The Father: "We must not doubt, or it will cease to be.
See! It is growing faint!"
The Mother: "Oh, no, my child!
I do believe that it is really you.
And, father, you must not keep saying *It*,
As if she were not living. Now she smiles,
And now she is speaking! Can you understand
What she is saying?"
The Father: "It is not in words,
And yet I understand."
The Mother: "And so do I.
I wish that you could put it into words
So that we might remember it hereafter."
The Father: "But what she says cannot be put in words.
It is enough that we can understand
Better than if it were in words."
The Mother: "No, no!
Unless it is in words I am not sure.
Unless she calls you Father and me Mother—
Hush! Did you hear her?"
The Father: "Yes, I thought I heard her."
The Mother: "I am sure I heard her call us both, and now
I know it is not a hallucination.
Oh, I believe, and I am satisfied!
But, child, I wish that you could tell me something
About it, where you are! Is it like this?
In everything that I have read about it,
It seemed so vague—"
The Father: "She answers hesitating,
As we used, when she was a little thing,
To answer her in something that we thought
She would be none the happier for knowing.
Now we are as the children with her, and she is
As father and mother to us, and we must not
Question her."
The Mother: "Yes, I must; I will, I will!"
The Father: "There, she is gone! No; she is here again!"
The Mother: "No; we are somewhere else. What place is this?
Is this where she was? Did she bring us here?
It seems as if we now were merged in her
As she was merged in us before *we* came.
But all our wills are one. Oh, mystery!
I am so lost in this strange unity;
Help me to find myself, if you are here!
You *are* here, are not you?"
The Father: "Yes, I am here,
But not as I was there. I seem a part
Of all that was and is and shall be. This is life,
And that was only living yonder! I can find you,
I can find her, but not myself in it,
Or only as a drop of water may
Find itself in the indiscriminate sea."
The Mother: "I cannot bear it; I was not prepared!
Oh, save me, dearest! Save me, oh my child!
Speak to me, father, in the words we know,
And not in these intolerable rays
That leave the thought no refuge from itself.
I have not yet the strength to yield my own
Up to this universal happiness.
I still must dwell apart in my own life,
A prison if it need be, or a pang.
Come back with me, both of you, for a while. . . .
Why, I am here again, and you are here!
This is our house, with dust in it and death,
This is dear, dear earthly home! But where is she?
Call to her—tell her we are here again!"
The Father: "We could not make her come.
I am bewildered;
I scarcely know if I am here myself."

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The Mother: "Perhaps she never came at all, and we
Have only dreamed that we were somewhere else.
I feel as if I had awaked from sleep.
How long were we gone?"
The Father: "I cannot tell:
As long as life, or only for an instant."
The Mother: "It could not have been long, for there I see
The humming-bird poised at the honeysuckle
Still, that I noticed when we seemed to go.
Nothing has really happened! yet, somehow. . . .
I wonder what it was she said to us
That satisfied us so? Can you remember?"
The Father: "Not in words, no. It did not seem in words,
And if we tried to put it into words—"
The Mother: "They would be such as mediums use to cheat
Their dupes with, or to make them cheat themselves.
No, no! We ought not to be satisfied.
It is a trick our unstrung nerves have played us.
The selfsame trick has cheated both; or we
Have hypnotized each other. It is the same
As such things have been always from the first:
Our sorrow has made fools of us; we have seen
A phantom that our longing conjured up;
And heard a voice that had no sound; and thought
A meaning into mocking emptiness!"
The Father: "Then, how could it have satisfied us so?"
The Mother: "That was a part of the hallucination.
Nothing has happened, nothing has been proved!"
The Father: "Not to our reason, no, but to our love
Everything."
The Mother: "Then, let her come back again!"
The Father: "Twice would prove nothing more if once proved nothing.
We have had our glimpse of life beyond the veil;
As every one who sorrows somehow has.
The world is not so hollow as it was.
There still is meaning in the universe;
But if it ever is as waste and senseless
As only now it seemed, and the time comes
When we shall need her as we needed her,
We shall be with her again, or she with us,
Whether the time is somewhere else or here.
Come, mother—mother for eternity!—
Come, let us go, each of us, to our work.
I have been to blame for breaking you with grief
Which I should have supported you against.
Forgive me for it!"
The Mother: "Oh, what are you saying?
There is no blame, and no forgiveness for it
Between us two, nothing but only love."
The Father: "The love in which she lives."
The Mother: "I will believe it
If you believe it."
The Father: "Help me to believe!"



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Photograph by Bassano.

E. A. ABBEY.

THE ART OF E. A. ABBEY, R.A.

BY HENRY STRACHEY

TO describe Mr. Abbey as a "costume-painter" would be as essentially false as it would be superficially correct. The "costume-painter" is he who delights in the quaint fashions and lovely materials of our ancestors' clothes. His aim is to construct a picture which will bring in a curious and beautiful bit of armor and gorgeously colored slashed doublet which he happens to have about him, and which, being pretty to look at, are nice to paint. If any little incident, such as a Cavalier lover or a Puritan rival, can be thrown in, so much the better. The Academy-going public will be pleased, and so the chances increased of the picture being favorably hung. An archæological sauce is not without its uses: it attracts all the learned who like pictures, but who have no feeling for art. Now all these ingredients of a typical costume picture by themselves will not

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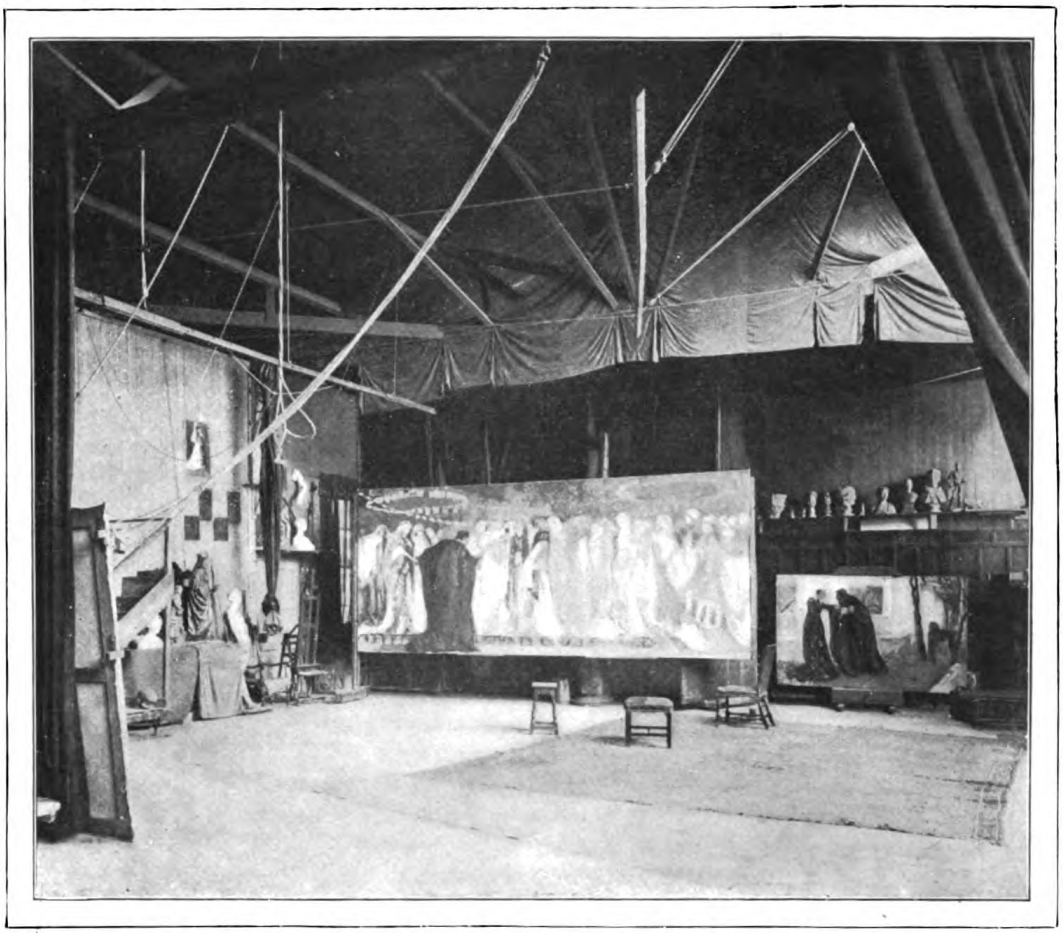
make a work of serious art, however good may be the execution of the painting. Something else must be present. What this something else is has been the aim of writers on art to define. Each critic considers that he has arrived at the truth, and often the result is plausible enough, till the next prophet demonstrates the falsity of the theory, and proposes a new one of his own instead. It is sad that this soul of art should be so indefinite, for people are led to disbelieve in its existence. But really it is intangible only when verbal description is attempted. People who possess the appreciation of art are seldom in doubt when confronted by an example; the doubts arise when they try to give reasons. Mr. Ruskin was sometimes driven to prove that pictures he sincerely admired were false in principle because they did not fit his last gospel. How many of his irritating paradoxes would have been unnecessary if he had recognized that true art cannot be forced into a formula! The best thing ever said on this subject is a sentence by Jean François Millet: "*L'art ne vit que de passion, et on ne peut pas de passionner pour rien.*"* Here is no hard-and-fast definition, but the recognition of the larger meanings of art. Neither costumes, nor mountains and trees, nor lovely faces alone will make real pictures; the "consecration and the poet's dream" must be there as well. How this consecration shall manifest itself must be left to the genius of each different painter.

To understand Mr. Abbey's pictures we must realize his mental stand-point. It is an entire misapprehension of his art if we assume, because he works through the medium of costume, that costume is his inspiration or his end. The vague poetic impulse at the back of an artist's mind has to find a concrete form to express itself. In the present instance the expression of Mr. Abbey's matured art has been by means of the dresses of the Middle Ages. But because the painter has shown such delight in the various garments of man, we must not say, with the Quaker lady whose husband had left off knee-breeches with a change of opinions, "Friend, does thy religion consist of trousers?" Rather we must consider what motive has guided Mr. Abbey into his present course.

* Art lives by passion alone, and one cannot become impassioned about nothing.

Mr. Berenson, in his book on the *Central Italian Painters*, in a most interesting chapter on "Illustration," sums up in the following words what he means by the term: "Illustration is everything which in a work of art appeals to us, not for any intrinsic quality, as of color or form or composition, contained in the work of art itself, but for the value the thing represented has elsewhere, whether in the world outside or in the mind within." And again: "Great art would be defined not as the blind imitation of nature, but as the reproduction of visual images haunting great minds." Images haunt most minds when they read literature or history, but the interest of these images depends on the quality of the mind that calls them up. Therefore Mr. Abbey's picture of Richard III. wooing the Lady Anne is not in the least made a work of art because of the elaborate setting of the stage, and the accuracy of the dresses and heraldry, and all the trappings of a mediæval state funeral. It is interesting because the scene in Shakspere's play called up, in a mind of exceptional visualizing power, images which were beautiful and expressive in themselves. Add to this, great capacity of form and color, and also of execution, and the result is the striking picture we saw at the Academy in 1896. Mr. Abbey is an illustrator of the greatest power and originality. Of course the word illustrator is here used in the special sense of Mr. Berenson, and not in the ordinary way, which means that a picture or drawing has direct reference to a book. Mr. Abbey has the power of calling up an endless series of mental pictures, and these he puts on canvas, and thus lets the world share in his visions. And what visions this painter has given us! The black procession attending the bier of Henry VI. in the *Richard III.* picture is one of those things which the ordinary imagination is dimly conscious of when fired by romantic poetry, but which is too vague to leave any distinct impression. But the painter not only sees the vision, but can make us see it too. And here we come to the question of the presentment. The object of primary importance is that the spectator's imagination should be fired; but to do this the painter's also must be kindled. He must choose shapes and colors that are intensely interesting to him, or else his work will be cold.

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ABBEY'S STUDIO.

Practically it matters very little to the right-minded spectator what the nature of the objects is out of which the painter chooses to fashion the conduit-pipe for his imagination. If mediæval costume touches the painter deeply enough to heat his imagination to that point at which it communicates warmth to others, the desired result has been attained. He who looks at the picture receives pleasurable sensations, not from the costumes, be they never so accurately studied, but from the contact with a mind which has the power of communicating the warmth with which it glowed when under the enthusiasm of visualized forms of beauty. Pictures such as Mr. Abbey's are often a stumbling-block to those who really possess the artistic sense, and for like reason too often, alas, to those who have no pictorial appreciation, but whose delight in painting is merely that of archæological studies and museum reminiscences. These people, when they find their favorite things represented, judge of the picture merely by its accuracy. So it happens that when the experts in mediæval tailoring and armory rejoice over a picture, the lover of art is apt to pass by, because these museum qualities are generally found in works in which learning has stifled the spirit. But to treat Mr. Abbey so would be to do a great injustice. His mind works in a particular way, and if he finds that the reconstruction of past ages gives scope to his imagination, it is neither a reason for praise nor for blame. What is essentially interesting is not the outward form, but "the passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

> "O lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

It is because Mr. Abbey puts this passion and life into his pictures that they are true works of art, and not because they are monuments of careful study.

This careful study is, no doubt, to some pictorially right-minded people, a great charm, and there is no reason why it

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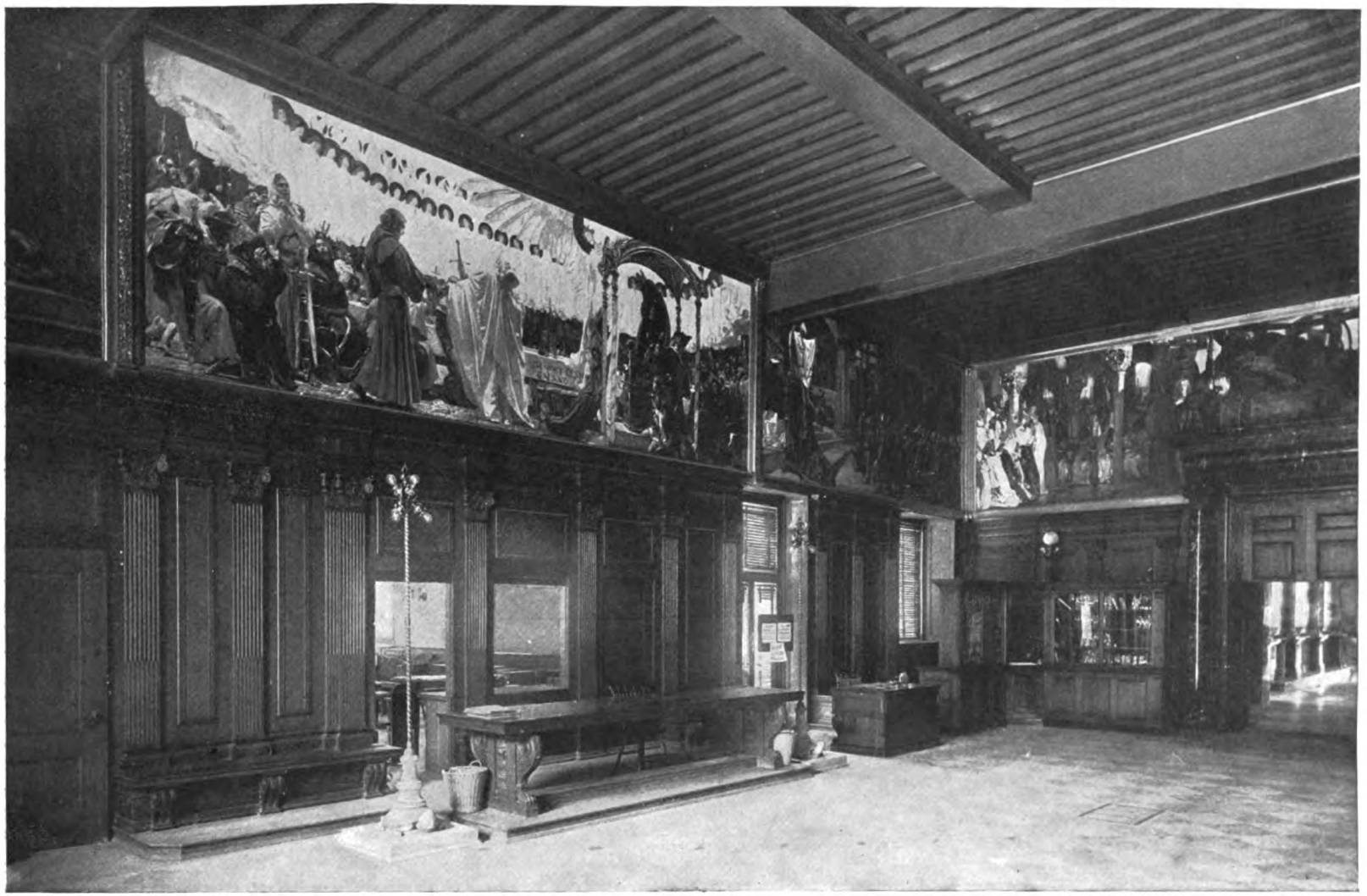
should not be, just as other people will be interested in the actual manipulation of the paint. To the present writer the question of what paints and ground were employed to produce the beautiful red of the Duke of Gloster's cloak is of more interest than whether the cloak is cut exactly to the fashion of 1483. But these are personal matters, and wholly outside the region of art. Not so, however, is the question of the actual painting of pictures — the finished surface of paint which meets the eye. This question of the painting, the technique, is of the utmost importance, for by it the painter speaks to us in a more subtle language than that of reason. The arguments, the incidents, and the imagery of "Paradise Lost" might all be reproduced in different language from that which was used by the poet. But what a difference! Take away from the argument the incomparable splendor and beauty of the Miltonic verse, and how different would be its effect! The verbal harmonies of the lines are needed to make us feel the greatness and majesty of the thoughts. So in a picture we must, to appreciate it truly, be mindful of the way in which the painter has expressed himself in his painting.

The world was for long accustomed to think of Mr. Abbey only as a master of black and white, and especially of pen drawing, and in this branch of art his technical power was conspicuous. His most important works in this direction were the illustrations of Shakspere's comedies, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. The originality of these illustrations was great—the artist visualized the familiar scenes of the plays in quite a different way from anything that had gone before. Instead of the conventional stage costume founded on Elizabethan dress, we saw Shakspere's people put back into an earlier time. The style of the clothes and accessories was much less familiar. The fantastic dresses of the period chosen by the artist—that of pre-Tudor times—gave scope for the marvellous ingenuity of the designer. For Mr. Abbey is remarkable for the wealth of his invention and research in details. These illustrations are undoubtedly of great charm; they are revelations of character, and they show insight into the plays. Yet somehow they do not entirely convince us that we are looking at the real people we have always known. Somehow the deep humanity does not seem to be there. There is almost an air of masquerade. The grace, the energy, and the vivacity are there, but not quite the depth of feeling. The illustrations of the *Tempest* may be quoted as an example; in them Prospero is too much the wizard and too little the philosopher. If one were inclined to push such objections, it would be possible to point out that in the picture of *King Lear*, hung in the Academy of 1898, Regan and Goneril are more impish demons of mischief than tragic incarnations of evil. But it would be going too far not to admit that Mr. Abbey has in this really splendid work created two figures of extraordinarily active malice, even if we feel that they have not quite the weight we are accustomed to expect in the two most terrible of Shakspere's creations. With the figure of Cordelia, who wishes to find fault? In it Mr. Abbey has corrected a common fault in our visual conception of this heroine. Too often people are wont to consider her to be Ophelia's twin sister. But Cordelia was made of sterner stuff, and it is difficult to conceive of a more appropriate figure than the one in the picture we are discussing. Admirable, too, is the figure of Lear; only his back is seen, but the bent form tells of the collapse after the cyclone of denunciation of his favorite daughter.

Mr. Abbey devoted himself for long to black and white work, but it was not on account of any lack of color sense that he did so. Few things are more remarkable about this artist than his sudden transition from an able black and white draughtsman to a painter of unusual accomplishment.

To paint in oils is easy; but to be able to use oil paint so as to get out of it the peculiar power of expression the medium is capable of comes to few artists. Young ladies generally paint in oils, believing that it is easier to do so than to paint in water-colors. There is a certain truth in this, as in most fallacies. It is easy to bury preliminary blunders under thick coats of sticky paint. But this is not oil-painting in the sense of Titian. If we look attentively at the surface of a picture by Titian, we find a wonderful variety in the way in which the actual paint is varied in its application to the canvas. This prince of painters did not consider that it was enough to color his canvas to the

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A SECTION OF MR. ABBEY'S "HOLY GRAIL" IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

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right hue in patches of given shapes. Rather he sought and found the right kind of touch necessary for every part of the picture, so that such a part might have its full and proper effect. Hazlitt said that words should be so chosen as to produce the "exact extreme characteristic impression." So it was with Titian. He was not satisfied merely to paint the flesh of Bacchus of a different color from that of the man with the snakes round his body on the right of the picture in the National Gallery. He gave a completely different consistency to the paint as well; its substance, as well as its color and shape, he made expressive. It must not be thought that mere differentiation of surface is all that is required, or else most of the Academicians would have to be pronounced painters in this highest sense. There are many people who can draw well, have a good feeling for color, can suggest the surfaces of the objects they represent, but still are not painters in this special application of the word. In no school of painting was the possession of this gift so common as in the Venetian. The Florentines rarely attained it. Velasquez, of course, was a master of this art, and so were Rembrandt and Holbein. If the reader has realized the significance of this subtle quality, he will also realize that it may exist in styles which in every other quality are wide asunder.

Mr. Abbey is conspicuous by the possession of this gift; he knows how to wield the magic of the brush so that his painting, apart from its color or form, is eloquent. Without this power the characterization of Cordelia would not have been as impressive as it is. There is something in the very way her figure and those of Regan and Goneril are painted that makes us realize the absolute division between her and her sisters. The miracle is that mere oil paint should be capable of such power of expression. William Hunt, in his admirable talks on art, says:

"Then the material in which they work is of a nature so impossible! Imagine! You have never tried it?—this undertaking to render sunlight, life, air, flowers, with the same tarry, unguent substance which you employ to keep wood from water-soak, or which you avoid for fear of having clothes soiled. For the sign 'Look out for PAINT' is hung up with the same universal conscience and has almost as much power as the sign 'Small-pox here.'"

No doubt many pictures, in spite of other qualities, always keep something of this freshly painted railings effect. But the true painter is he who can transmute the "tarry substance" into something which is in itself a joy to behold. From this question of paint to that of color is but a step. What is a colorist? He may use the most sober hues and yet be one; or, on the contrary, he may employ all the brilliant colors at once and still be one. Probably the least inaccurate definition of a colorist is this: he who so arranges colors that they shall be at once harmonious and effective. A number of sober grays may be put together by one who has no color sense so that they will look merely dull. But a colorist will arrange equally sober grays so that the beauty of their sobriety strikes us at once. But the test of a painter's capacity for harmony is when he comes to deal with strong and even violent colors. A master will place the most glaring hue so that it melts into the general scheme, and although it may dominate the picture, it is never isolated. Many painters use bright colors and yet do not produce that glowing effect which delights us in some works. Their colors seem hard and stiff; there is no reaction one upon another. But in such a work as the matchless "Concert," by Giorgione, in the Louvre, every color seems to belong to and be in harmony with every other, so that from top to bottom the picture glows as with golden sunlight. Mr. Abbey is too fond of accentuating individual patches of color to ever reach the supreme point of the art achieved by Giorgione and Titian. Nevertheless, in his own way, he is a remarkable colorist; for it seems an easy thing for him to assemble together all the colors which usually are looked upon as jarring, and then by the alchemy of his art turn them into harmony. This was notably the case in the picture of *Hamlet*, where, surrounded by red, dull green, and black, a purple flashed out with startling daring and success. It was in the background of this picture, which represents the King and Queen looking on at the play, that Mr. Abbey perhaps nearest approached to the ideal of coloring—that is, the perfect union of colors which presents to the eye a resplendent effect without the prominence

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OPHELIA.
From Mr. Abbey's Painting of "Hamlet."

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THOUGH Amaryllis dance in green
Like Fairy Queen,
And sing full clear,
Corinna can with smiling cheer.
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food,
And I so wood
That all the day
I sit and watch a herdmaid gay.
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright,
Is such delight,
That all in vain
I love to like, and lose my gain
For her, that thanks me not therefore.
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Ah, wanton eyes! my friendly foes,
And cause of woes!
Your sweet desire
Breeds flames of ice, and freeze in fire!
Yet scorn to see me weep so sore!
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not.
Since God is wot,
The more I wail,
The less my sighs and tears prevail.
What shall I do? but say therefore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

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of any particular hue. In this background green, red, and black were welded into a perfectly satisfactory harmony. It would be quite unjust to say that Mr. Abbey's pictures were anything but extremely harmonious; yet it is the salience of the colors that first strikes us, and after we have realized their brightness we recognize their harmony. The opposite is the case with the great Venetians. We are struck by the harmony first and the brightness of the colors afterwards.

When Mr. Abbey turned his attention from black and white to painting, he began a no less ambitious work than the decoration of a room in the Boston Library. The subject chosen, that of the Holy Grail, was one admirably adapted to the artist's special faculty of illustration—using this word in the special sense referred to at the beginning of this article. Of the finished half of the decorations the present writer can only judge from photographs, never having seen the originals, though he has seen the second half of the series now awaiting the finishing-touches in the artist's studio. This great series of wall-paintings reveals qualities of design which the artist had not made use of before he embarked on this work. There is a largeness of style combined with the wealth of detail that is new. This breadth of style, which, it may be said, might have been pushed still further without hurt, is indeed the essential quality of wall-decoration. Foremost among the modern masters of this noble branch of art stands Puvis de Chavannes, whose death in the plenitude of his powers European art deplores. The whole secret of the art of this great man, as he has told us himself, consists in elimination. In some autobiographical notes he has said, in reference to the difference between his system of wall-decoration and that usually practised in France:

"I have striven that every gesture should express something, and that the color, instead of contrasting, as in the past, with the whiteness of its frame, should harmonize with it. Instead of making holes in the wall, as do pictures which are too much forced, I have contented myself with simply decorating it."

Perhaps when Mr. Abbey undertakes another scheme of wall-decoration he will add still greater severity to his style; if he does, we need not fear that he will do so at the sacrifice of charm. In the designs of the Holy Grail decorations one cannot help being struck with the wonderful felicity and appropriateness of the artist's invention. What could be happier in its arrangement than the first of the series, where the kneeling nun holds up the baby Galahad before the angel bearing the Grail? The design of this angel is of the greatest beauty; in no other single figure has the artist exceeded the grace and felicity of arrangement of this "divine bird." The angel floats in the air; the bottom of its long white drapery is supported by fluttering doves, while the great wings, seen only in part, make an aureole to this bearer of the Holy Grail. Throughout this series Mr. Abbey has been at enormous pains to hunt up archæological details, and has laid the round-arched architecture of southern France under contribution. If contact with actual monuments and relics of the past stimulates the painter's imagination, let him be as learned as he pleases. But those who look on painting as a language of the emotions, and not as a means of conveying information as to actual things, will pay more attention to the striking effect produced by the assemblage of upright lances of the knights as they kneel in the chapel than to the date of the round arches. It must not be supposed for a moment that Mr. Abbey attaches any undue importance to the learned details of his work; he is much too sound a critic and true an artist to make any confusion between the flesh and the spirit of a picture. Mr. Abbey is by nature a scholar; he has a wide and at the same time a minute acquaintance with art, and his taste is of the most catholic description. While he occupies himself with the intricacies of form revealed in the elaborate mediæval dresses he loves to paint, he is keenly alive to the grandeur and severe majesty of Byzantine art. He can appreciate to the full those glowing Venetian idyls of which the Giorgione "Concert" in the Louvre is the archetype, while he is no less sensitive to the subtleties of a profile by Piero della Francesca. It is always interesting to speculate as to who were the artistic ancestors of a painter. Probably it would not be far wrong to trace many of Mr. Abbey's predilections in form and style to Holbein, Botticelli, and Carpaccio. It is to their love of grace, fancy, and exquisite taste that the modern paint-

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er is akin, more than to the deeply reflective poetry and passionate inspiration of such men as Michelangelo and Tintoretto. This may be exemplified in the peculiarities of form noticeable in the work of Mr. Abbey. He inclines to thin, supple bodies, and delicate, sensitive faces and hands, rather than to statuesque or monumental ideals of form. His draperies, too, wind and twist into endless graceful folds, and are curious in pattern and rich in material. A heraldic feeling is often present, giving at once a quaintness and decorative charm not easy to describe, but easy to feel. These leanings show that the artist is more in accord with the joyous poetry of the early Renaissance than with the passion of the latter part of that period, more in sympathy with the May morning of Benozzo Gozzoli than with the dawn of Giotto or the sunset of Titian. It is without the slightest wish to depreciate that these comparisons have been made, but simply with the desire to understand. It is not the business of the writer on art to be a judge who sets up a standard and then condemns all who do not come up to it. Better that the critic should try to enter into the mind of him he writes about. His work of criticism is best accomplished by trying to realize what is the peculiar nature and bent of the mind of the man whose art is under consideration. If the point of view of the artist is truly set forth, the judgment will come of itself. It is in this spirit that the present study of the art of Mr. Abbey has been written, and its work will have been accomplished if the reader by its means may be brought to what De Quincey called the sympathy of comprehension; for this is the true road to the higher sympathy of approbation.

THE GAME AND THE NATION

BY OWEN WISTER

I.

ALL America is divided into two classes—the Quality and the Equality. The latter will always recognize the former when mistaken for it. Both will be with us until our women bear nothing but kings. This is a story about both, and it begins in Colonel Cyrus Jones's Eating Palace, where I came upon the Virginian one morning.

Did you know the Palace? It stood in Omaha near the trains, and it was ten years old (which is middle-aged in Omaha) when I first saw it. It was a shell of wood, painted with golden emblems—the steamboat, the eagle, the Yosemite—and a live bear ate gratuities at its entrance. Weather permitting, it opened upon the world as a stage upon the audience. You sat in Omaha's whole sight and dined, while Omaha's dust came and settled upon the refreshments. It is gone the way of the Indian and the buffalo, for the West is growing old. You should have seen the Palace, and sat there. In front of you passed rainbows of men—Chinese, Indian chiefs, Africans, General Miles, younger sons, Austrian nobility, wide females in pink. Our continent drained prismatically through Omaha once. So I was passing that way also, walking, for the sake of ventilation, from a sleeping-car toward a bath, when the language of Colonel Cyrus Jones came out to me. The actual Colonel I had never seen before. He stood at the rear of his Palace in gray flowery mustaches and a Confederate uniform, telling the wishes of his guests to the cook through a hole. You always bought meal-tickets at once, else you became unwelcome. Guests here had foibles at times, and a rapid exit was too easy. Therefore I bought a ticket. It was a spring and summer since I had heard anything like the Colonel. The Missouri had not yet flowed into New York dialect freely, and his vocabulary met me like the breeze of the plains. So I went in to be fanned by it, and there sat the Virginian at a table, alone. Now this unexpected cow-puncher belonged a thousand miles beyond Omaha. I was looking to ride with him before long among the clean hills of Wyoming. His greeting was up to the code of indifference proper on the plains; but he presently remarked, "I'm right glad to see somebody," which was a good

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deal to say. "Them that comes hyeh," he observed next, "don't eat. They feed." And he considered the guests with a sombre attention. "D'yu' reckon they find joyful di-gestion in this swallo'-an'-get-out trough?"

"What are you doing here, then?" said I.

"Oh, pshaw! When yu' can't have what yu' choose, yu' just choose what yu' have." And he took the bill of fare. I began to know that he had something on his mind, so I did not trouble him further.

Meanwhile he sat studying the bill of fare.

"Ever heard o' them?" he inquired, shoving me the spotted document.

Most improbable dishes were there — salmis, canapés, suprêmes — perfectly spelt and absolutely transparent. It was the old trick of copying some metropolitan menu to catch travellers of the third and last dimension of innocence; and whenever this is done the food is of the third and last dimension of awfulness, which the cow-puncher knew as well as anybody.

"So they keep that up here still," I said.

"But what about them?" he repeated. His finger was at a special item, *Frogs' legs à la Delmonico*. "Are they true anywheres?" he asked. And I told him, certainly. I also explained to him about Delmonico.

"There's not a little bit o' use in lyin' to me this mawning," he said, with his engaging smile. "I ain' goin' to awdeh anything's laigs."

"Well, I'll see how he gets out of it," said I, remembering the old Texas legend. (The traveller read the bill of fare, you know, and called for a *vol-au-vent*. And the proprietor looked at the traveller, and running a pistol into his ear, observed, "You'll take hash.") I was thinking of this, and wondering what would happen to me. So I took the step.

"Wants frogs' legs, does he?" said Colonel Cyrus Jones. He fixed his eye upon me, and it narrowed to a slit. "Too many brain-workers breakfasting before yu' come in, professor," said he. "Missionary ate the last leg off me just now. Brown the wheat!" he commanded through the hole to the cook, for some one had ordered hot cakes.

"I'll have fried aiggs," said the Virginian. "Cooked both sides."

"White wings!" sang the Colonel through the hole. "Let 'em fly up and down."

"Coffee an' no milk," said the Virginian.

"Draw one in the dark!" the Colonel roared.

"And beefsteak, rare."

"One slaughter in the pan, and let the blood drip!"

"I should like a glass of water, please," said I.

The Colonel threw me a look of pity. "One Missouri and ice for the professor!" he said.

"That fello's a right live man," commented the Virginian. But he seemed thoughtful. Presently he inquired, "Yu' say he was a foreigner, an' learned fancy cookin' to New York?"

That was this cow-puncher's way. Scarcely ever would he let drop a thing new to him until he had got from you your whole information about it. So I told him the history of Augustine of Philadelphia, and of Lorenzo Delmonico and his pioneer work, as much as I knew, and the Southerner listened intently.

"Mighty inter-estin'," he said — "mighty. He could just take little old or'n'ry frawgs, an' dandy 'em up to suit the bloods. Mighty inter-estin'. I expaict, though, his cookin' would give an out-raiged stomach to a plain-raised man."

"If you want to follow it up," said I, by way of sudden experiment, "Miss Molly Wood might have some book about French dishes." I knew the Bear Creek schoolmarm lent him books.

But the Virginian did not turn a hair. "I reckon she wouldn't," he answered. "She was raised in Vermont. They don't bother overly about their eatin' up in Vermont." If you have a heart secret, speaking the precise truth does about as well as the Sphinx. "Hyeh's what Miss Wood recommended las' time I was seein' her," the cow-puncher added, bringing *Kenilworth* from his pocket. "Right fine story. That Queen Elizabeth must have cert'nly been a competent woman."

"She was," said I. But talk came to an end here. A dusty crew, most evidently from the plains, now entered and drifted to a table; and each man of them gave the Virginian about a quarter of a slouchy nod. His greeting to them was very serene. Only, *Kenilworth* went

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back into his pocket, and he breakfasted in silence. Presently we went together to the railway-yard.

"The Judge is doing a right smart o' business this year," he began, very casually indeed; so that I knew this was important. Besides bells and coal smoke, the smell and crowded sounds of cattle rose in the air around us. "Hyeh's our first gather o' beeves on the ranch," continued the Virginian. "The whole lot's shipped through to Chicago in two sections over the Burlington. The Judge is fighting the Elkhorn road." We passed slowly along the two trains—twenty cars, each car packed with huddled, round-eyed, gazing steers. He examined to see if any animals were down. "They 'ain't ate or drank anything to speak of," he said, while the terrified brutes stared at us through their slats. "Not since they struck the railroad they've not drank. Yu' might suppose they know somehow what they're travellin' to Chicago for." And casually, always casually, he told me the rest. Judge Henry could not spare his foreman away from the second gather of beeves. Therefore these two ten-car trains with their double crew of cowboys had been given to the Virginian's charge. After Chicago, he was to return with the men by St. Paul over the Northern Pacific; for the Judge had wished him to see the authorities in St. Paul, and explain to them how good a thing it would be for them to allow especially cheap rates to the Sunk Creek outfit henceforth. This was all the Virginian told me; and it contained the whole matter, to be sure.

"So you're acting foreman," said I.

"Why, somebody has to have the say, I reckon."

"And of course you hated the promotion."

"I don't know about promotion," he replied. "The boys have been used to seein' me one of themselves. Why don't yu' come along with us far as Plattsmouth?" Thus he shifted the subject from himself, and called to my notice the locomotives backing up to his cars, and reminded me that from Plattsmouth I had the choice of two trains returning. But he could not hide or belittle this confidence of his employer in him. It was the care of several thousand perishable dollars, and the control of men. It was a compliment. There were more steers than men to be responsible for; but none of the steers had been suddenly picked from the herd and set above his fellows. Moreover, Chicago finished up the steers; but the new-made deputy-foreman had then to lead his six highly unoccupied brethren away from towns, and back in peace to the ranch—or disappoint the Judge, who needed their services. These things sometimes go wrong in a land where you are all born free and equal; and that quarter of a nod in Colonel Cyrus Jones's Eating Palace held more equality than any whole nod you could see. But the Virginian did not see it, there being a time for all things.

We trundled down the flopping, heavy-eddied Missouri to Plattsmouth, and there they backed us aside—the Christian Endeavor being expected to pass that way. And while the equality absorbed themselves in a deep but harmless game of poker by the side of the railway line, the Virginian and I sat on the top of a car contemplating the sandy shallows of the Platte.

"I should think you'd take a hand," said I.

"Poker? With them kittens?" One flash of the inner man lightened in his eyes and died away; and he finished in his gentle drawl, "When I play I want it to be interestin'." He took out Sir Walter's *Kenilworth* once more, and turned the volume over and over slowly, without opening it. You cannot tell if in spirit he wandered on Bear Creek with the girl whose book it was. The spirit will go one road, and the thought another, and the body its own way sometimes. "Queen Elizabeth would have played a mighty pow'ful game," was his next remark.

"Poker?" said I.

"Yes, seh. Do you expaict Europe has got any queen equal to her at present?"

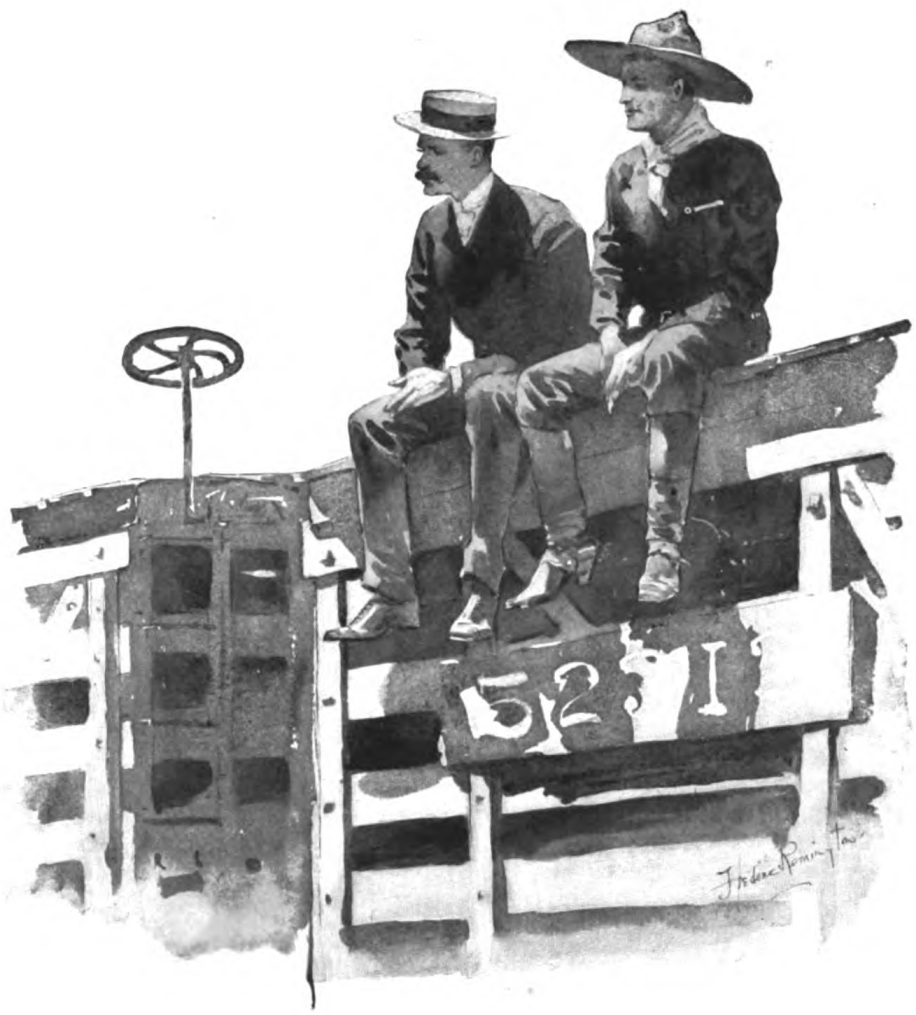
I doubted it.

"Victoria 'd get pretty nigh slain sliding chips out agaynst Elizabeth. Only mos' prob'ly Victoria she'd insist on a half-cent limit. You have read this hyeh *Kenilworth*? Well, deal Elizabeth ace high, an' she could scare Robert Dudley and a full house plumb out o' the bettin'."

I said that I believed she unquestionably could.

"And," said the Virginian, "if Essex's play got next her too near, I reckon she'd

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"POKER? WITH THEM KITTENS?"

have stacked the cyards. Say, Shakspere—he wrote about that fat man?"

"Falstaff? He did."

"I saw that in San Francisco las' time. I've saw that in Denver, Chicago, Saynt Paul—I always go to see that. It's a right down shame Shakspere couldn't know about poker. He'd have had Falstaff playing all day at that Tearsheet outfit. And the Prince would have beat him."

"The Prince had the brains," said I.

"Brains?"

"Well, didn't he?"

"I neveh thought to notice. Like as not he did."

"And Falstaff didn't, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, seh! Falstaff could have played whist."

"I suppose you know what you're talking about. I don't," said I. For he was drawling again.

The cow-puncher's eye rested a moment amiably upon me. "You can play whist with your brains," he mused. "Brains and cyards. Now cyards are only one o' the manifestations of poker in this hyeh world. One o' the shapes yu' fool with it in when the day's work is oveh. If a man is built like that Prince boy was built (an' it's away down deep beyond brains), he'll play winnin' poker with whatever hand he's holdin' when the trouble begins. Maybe it will be a mean, triflin'

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army, or an empty six-shooter, or a lame hawss, or maybe just nothing but his natural countenance. 'Most any old thing will do for a fellow like that Prince boy to play poker with."

"Then I'd be grateful for your definition of poker," said I.

Again the Virginian looked me over amiably. "You put up a mighty pretty game o' whist yourself," he remarked. "Don't that give yu' the contented spirit?" And before I had any reply to this, the Christian Endeavor began to come over the bridge. Three instalments crossed the Missouri from Pacific Junction, bound for Pikes Peak, every car in bright bunting, and at each window a Christian with a handkerchief, joyously shrieking. Then the cattle trains got the open signal, and I jumped off.

"Tell the Judge the steers was all right this far," said the Virginian.

That was the last of the deputy-foreman for a while.

II.

My road to Sunk Creek lay in no straight line. By rail I diverged northwest to Fort Meade, and thence, after some stay with the kind military people, I made my way on a horse. Up here in the Black Hills it sluiced rain most intolerably. The horse and I enjoyed the country and ourselves but little; and when finally I changed from the saddle into a stage-coach, I caught a thankful expression upon the animal's face, and returned the same.

"Six legs inside this jerky to-night?" said somebody, as I climbed the wheel. "Well, we'll give thanks for not havin' eight," he added, cheerfully. "Clamp your mind on to that, Shorty." And he slapped the shoulder of his neighbor. Naturally I took these two for old companions. But we were all total strangers. They told me of the new gold excitement at Rawhide, and supposed it would bring up the Northern Pacific; and when I explained the millions owed to this road's German bondholders, they were of opinion that a German would strike it richer at Rawhide. We spoke of all sorts of things, and in our silence I gloated on the autumn holiday promised me by Judge Henry. His last letter had said that an outfit would be starting for his ranch from Billings on the seventh, and he would have a horse for me. This was the fifth. So we six legs in the jerky travelled harmoniously on over the rain-gutted road, getting no deeper knowledge of each other than what our outsides might imply.

Not that we concealed anything. The man who had slapped Shorty introduced himself early. "Scipio Le Moyne, from Gallipolice, Ohio," he said. "The eldest of us always gets called Scipio. It's French. But us folks have been white for a hundred years." He was limber and light-muscled, and fell skilfully about, evading bruises when the jerky reeled or rose on end. He had a strange long jocular nose, very wary-looking, and a bleached blue eye. Cattle was his business, as a rule, but of late he had been "looking around some," and Rawhide seemed much on his brain. Shorty struck me as "looking around" also. He was quite short, indeed, and the jerky hurt him almost every time. He was light-haired and mild. Think of a yellow dog that is lost, and fancies each new-comer in sight is going to turn out his master, and you will have Shorty.

It was the Northern Pacific that surprised us into intimacy. We were nearing Medora. We had made a last arrangement of our legs. I lay stretched in silence, placid in the knowledge it was soon to end. So I drowsed. I felt something sudden, and waking, saw Scipio passing through the air. As Shorty next shot from the jerky I beheld smoke and the locomotive. The Northern Pacific had changed its schedule. A valise is a poor companion for catching a train with. There were rutted sand and lumpy, knee-high grease-wood in our short-cut. A piece of stray wire sprang from some hole and hung caracoling about my ankle. Tin cans spun from my stride. But we made a conspicuous race. Two of us waved hats, and there was no moment that some one of us was not screeching. It meant twenty-four hours to us.

Perhaps we failed to catch the train's attention, though the theory seems monstrous. As it moved off in our faces, smooth and easy and insulting, Scipio dropped instantly to a walk, and we two others outstripped him and came desperately to the empty track. There went the train. Even still its puffs were the separated puffs of starting, that bitten-off, snorty kind, and sweat and our true natures broke freely forth.

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I kicked my valise, and then sat on it, dumb.

Shorty yielded himself up aloud. All his humble secrets came out of him. He walked aimlessly round, lamenting. He had lost his job, and he mentioned the ranch. He had played cards, and he mentioned the man. He had sold his horse and saddle to catch a friend on this train, and he mentioned what the friend had been going to do for him. He told a string of griefs and names to the air, as if the air knew.

Meanwhile Scipio arrived with extreme leisure at the rails. He stuck his hands into his pockets and his head out at the very small train. His bleached blue eyes shut to slits as he watched the rear car in its smoke blur ooze away westward among the mounded bluffs. "Lucky it's out of range," I thought. But now Scipio spoke to it.

"Why, you seem to think you've left me behind," he began, easily, in fawning tones. "You're too much of a kid to have such thoughts. Age some." His next remark grew less wheedling. "I wouldn't be a bit proud to meet yu'. Why, if I was seen travellin' with yu', I'd have to explain it to my friends! Think yu've got me left, do yu'? Just because yu' ride through this country on a rail, do yu' claim yu' can find your way around? I could take yu' out ten yards in the brush and lose yu' in ten seconds, you spangle-roofed hobo! Leave *me* behind! you recent blanket-mortgage yearlin'? You plush-lined, nickel-plated, whistlin' wash-room, d'yu' figure I can't go east just as soon as west? Or I'll stay right here if it suits me, yu' dude-inhabited hot-box. Why, yu' coon-bossed face-towel—" But from here he rose in flights of novelty that appalled and held me spellbound, and which are not for me to say to you. Then he came down easily again, and finished with expressions of sympathy for it because it could never have known a mother.

"Do you expaict it could show a male parent off-hand?" inquired a slow voice behind us. I jumped round, and there was the Virginian.

"Male parent!" scoffed the prompt Scipio. "Ain't you heard about *them* yet?"

"Them? Was there two?"

"Two? The blamed thing was sired by a whole doggone Dutch syndicate."

"Why, the piebald son of a gun!" responded the Virginian, sweetly. "I got them steers through all right," he added, to me. "Sorry to see yu' get so out o' breath afteh the train. Is your valise sufferin' any?"

"Who's he?" inquired Scipio, curiously, turning to me.

The Southerner sat with a newspaper on the rear platform of a caboose. The caboose stood hitched behind a mile or so of freight-train, and the train was headed west. So here was the deputy-foreman, his steers delivered in Chicago, his men (I could hear them) safe in the caboose, his paper in his lap, and his legs dangling at ease over the railing. He wore the look of a man for whom things are going smooth. And for me the way to Billings was smooth now, also.

"Who's he?" Scipio repeated.

But from inside the caboose loud laughter and noise broke on us. Some one was reciting "And it's my night to howl."

"We'll all howl when we get to Rawhide," said some other one; and they howled now.

"These hyeh steam-cyars," said the Virginian to Scipio, "make a man's language mighty nigh as speedy as his travel." Of Shorty he took no notice whatever—no more than of the manifestations in the caboose.

"So yu' heard me speakin' to the express," said Scipio. "Well, I guess, sometimes I— See here," he exclaimed, for the Virginian was gravely considering him, "I may have talked some, but I walked a whole lot. You didn't catch *me* squandering no speed. Soon as—"

"I noticed," said the Virginian. "Thinkin' came quicker to yu' than runnin'."

I was glad I was not Shorty, to have my measure taken merely by my way of missing a train. And of course I was sorry that I had kicked my valise.

"Oh, I could tell yu'd been enjoying us!" said Scipio. "Observin' somebody else's scrape always kind o' rests me too Maybe you're a philosopher, but maybe there's a pair of us drawd in this deal."

Approval now grew plain upon the face of the Virginian. "By your laigs," said he, "you are used to the saddle."

"I'd be called used to it, I expect."

"By your hands," said the Southerner, again, "you 'ain't roped many steers lately. Been cookin' or something?"

"Say," retorted Scipio, "tell my future

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"HAVE YOUR BOTTLE, THEN."

some now. Draw a conclusion from my mouth."

"I'm right distressed," answered the gentle Southerner. "We've not a drop in the outfit."

"Oh, drink with me uptown!" cried Scipio. "I'm pleased to death with yu'."

The Virginian glanced where the saloons stood just behind the station, and shook his head.

"Why, it ain't a bit far to whiskey from here!" urged the other, plaintively. "Step down, now. Scipio Le Moyne's my name. Yes, you're lookin' for my brass ear-rings. But there ain't no ear-

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rings on me. I've been white for a hundred years. Step down. I've a forty-dollar thirst."

"You're certainly white," began the Virginian. "But—"

Here the caboose resumed:

"I'm wild, and woolly, and full of fleas;
I'm hard to curry above the knees;
I'm a she-wolf from Bitter Creek, and
It's my night to ho-o-wl—"

And as they howled and stamped, the wheels of the caboose began to turn gently and to murmur.

The Virginian rose suddenly. "Will yu' save that thirst and take a forty-dollar job?"

"Missin' trains, profanity, or what?" said Scipio.

"I'll tell yu' soon as I'm sure."

At this Scipio looked hard at the Virginian. "Why, you're talking business!" said he, and leaped on the caboose, where I was already. "I *was* thinkin' of Rawhide," he added, "but I ain't any more."

"Well, good luck!" said Shorty, on the track behind us.

"Oh, say!" said Scipio. "He wanted to go on that train, just like me."

"Get on," called the Virginian. "But as to getting a job, he ain't just like you." So Shorty came.

Our wheels clucked over the main-line switch. A train-hand threw it shut after us, jumped aboard, and returned forward over the roofs. Inside the caboose they had reached the third howling of the she-wolf.

"Friends of yourn?" said Scipio.

"My outfit," drawled the Virginian.

"Do yu' always travel outside?" inquired Scipio.

"It's lonesome in there," returned the deputy-foreman. And here one of them came out, slamming the door.

"Hell!" he said at sight of the distant town. Then, truculently, to the Virginian, "I told you I was going to get a bottle here."

"Have your bottle, then," said the deputy-foreman, and kicked him off into Dakota. (It was not North Dakota yet; they had not divided it.) The Virginian had aimed his pistol at about the same time with his boot. Therefore the man sat in Dakota quietly, watching us go away into Montana, and offering no objections. Just before he became too small to make out, we saw him rise and remove himself back toward the saloons.

III.

"That is the only step I have had to take this whole trip," said the Virginian. He holstered his pistol with a jerk. "I have been fearing he would force it on me." And he looked at empty, receding Dakota with disgust. "So nyeh back home!" he muttered.

"Known your friend long?" whispered Scipio to me.

"Fairly," I answered.

Scipio's bleached eyes brightened with admiration as he considered the Southerner's back. "Well," he stated, judicially, "start awful early when yu' go to fool with him, or he'll make you feel onpunctual."

"I expaict I've had them almost all of three thousand miles," said the Virginian, tilting his head toward the noise in the caboose. "And I've strove to deliver them back as I received them. The whole lot. And I would have. But he has spoiled my hopes." The deputy-foreman looked again at Dakota. "It's a disappointment," he added. "You may know what I mean."

I had known a little, but not to the very deep, of the man's pride and purpose in this trust. Scipio gave him sympathy. "There must be quite a balance of 'em left with yu' yet," said Scipio, cheeringly.

"I had the boys plumb contented," pursued the deputy-foreman, hurt into open talk of himself. "Away along as far as Saynt Paul I had them reconciled to my authority. Then this news about gold had to strike us."

"And they're a-dreamin' nuggets and Parisian bowleyvards," suggested Scipio.

The Virginian smiled gratefully at him. "Fortune is shining bright and blindin' to their delicate young eyes," he said, regaining his usual self.

We all listened a moment to the rejoicings within.

"Energetic, ain't they?" said the Southerner. "But none of 'em was whelped savage enough to sing himself bloodthirsty. And though they're straining mighty earnest not to be tame, they're going back to Sunk Creek with me according to the Judge's awdehs. Never a calf of them will desert to Rawhide, for all their dangerousness; nor I ain' goin' to have any fuss over it. Only one is left now that don't sing. Maybe I will have to make some arrangements about him. The man I have parted with," he said,

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with another glance at Dakota, "was our cook, and I will ask yu' to replace him, Colonel."

Scipio gaped wide. "Colonel! Say!" He stared at the Virginian. "Did I meet yu' at the Palace?"

"Not exackly meet," replied the Southerner. "I was praisent one mawnin' las' month when this gentleman awdehed frawgs' laigs."

"Sakes and saints but that was a mean position!" burst out Scipio. "I had to tell all comers anything all day. Stand up and jump language hot off my brain at 'em. And the pay don't near compensate for the drain on the system. I don't care how good a man is, you let him keep a-tapping his presence of mind right along, without takin' a lay-off, and you'll have him sick. Yes, sir. You'll hit his nerves. So I told them they could hire some fresh man, for I was going back to punch cattle or fight Indians, or take a rest somehow, for I didn't propose to get jaded, and me only twenty-five years old. There ain't no regular Colonel Cyrus Jones any more, yu' know. He met a Cheyenne telegraph pole in seventy-four, and was buried. But his Palace was doin' big business, and he had been a kind of attraction, and so they always keep a live bear outside, and some poor fello', fixed up like the Colonel used to be, inside. And it's a turruble mean position. Course I'll cook for yu'. Yo've a dandy memory for faces!"

"I wasn't right convinced till I kicked him off and you gave that shut to your eyes again," said the Virginian.

Once more the door opened. A man with slim black eyebrows, slim black mustache, and a black shirt tied with a white handkerchief was looking steadily from one to the other of us.

"Good-day!" he remarked, generally, and without enthusiasm; and to the Virginian, "Where's Schoffner?"

"I expaict he'll have got his bottle by now, Trampas."

Trampas looked from one to the other of us again. "Didn't he say he was coming back?"

"He reminded me he was going for a bottle, and afteh that he didn't wait to say a thing."

Trampas looked at the platform and the railing and the steps. "He told me he was coming back," he insisted.

"I don't reckon he has come, not without he clumb up ahaid somewhere. An' I mus' say, when he got off he didn't look like a man does when he has the intention o' returnin'."

At this Scipio coughed, and pared his nails attentively. We had already been avoiding each other's eye. Shorty did not count. Since he got aboard, his meek seat had been the bottom step.

The thoughts of Trampas seemed to be in difficulty. "How long's this train been started?" he demanded.

"This hyeh train?" The Virginian consulted his watch. "Why, it's been fanning it a right smart little while," said he, laying no stress upon his indolent syllables.

"Huh!" went Trampas. He gave the rest of us a final unlovely scrutiny. "It seems to have become a passenger-train," he said. And he returned abruptly inside the caboose.

"Is he the member who don't sing?" asked Scipio.

"That's the specimen," replied the Southerner.

"He don't seem musical in the face," said Scipio.

"Pshaw!" returned the Virginian. "Why, you surely ain't the man to mind ugly mugs when they're hollow!"

The noise inside had dropped quickly to stillness. You could scarcely catch the sound of talk. Our caboose was clicking comfortably westward, rail after rail, mile upon mile, while night was beginning to rise from earth into the clouded sky.

"I wonder if they have sent a search party forward to hunt Shoffner?" said the Virginian. "I think I'll maybe join their meeting." He opened the door upon them. "Kind o' dark hyeh, ain't it?" said he. And lighting the lantern, he shut us out.

"What do yu' think?" said Scipio to me. "Will he take them to Sunk Creek?"

"He evidently thinks he will," said I. "He says he will, and he has the courage of his convictions."

"That ain't near enough courage to have!" Scipio exclaimed. "There's times in life when a man has got to have courage *without* convictions—without them—or he is no good. Now your friend is that deep constitooted that you don't know and I don't know what he's thinkin' about all this."

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"If there's to be any gun-play," put in the excellent Shorty, "I'll stand in with him."

"Ah, go to bed with your gun-play!" retorted Scipio, entirely good-humored. "Is the Judge paying for a car-load of dead punchers to gather his beef for him? And this ain't a proposition worth a man's gettin' hurt for himself, anyway."

"That's so," Shorty assented.

"No," speculated Scipio, as the night drew deeper round us and the caboose click-clucked and click-clucked over the rail joints; "he's waitin' for somebody else to open this pot. I'll bet he don't know but one thing now, and that's that nobody else shall know he don't know anything."

Scipio had delivered himself. He lighted a cigarette, and no more wisdom came from him. The night was established. The rolling bad-lands sank away in it. A train-hand had arrived over the roof, and hanging the red lights out behind, left us again without remark or symptom of curiosity. The train-hands seemed interested in their own society and lived in their own caboose. A chill wind with wet in it came blowing from the invisible draws, and brought the feel of the distant mountains.

"That's Montana!" said Scipio, snuffing. "I am glad to have it inside my lungs again."

"Ain't yu' getting cool out there?" said the Virginian's voice. "Plenty room inside."

Perhaps he had expected us to follow him; or perhaps he had meant us to delay long enough not to seem like a re-enforcement. "These gentlemen missed the express at Medora," he observed to his men, simply.

What they took us for upon our entrance I cannot say, or what they believed. The atmosphere of the caboose was charged with voiceless currents of thought. By way of a friendly beginning to the three hundred miles of caboose we were now to share so intimately, I recalled myself to them. I trusted no more of the Christian Endeavor had delayed them. "I am so lucky to have caught you again," I finished. "I was afraid my last chance of reaching the Judge's had gone."

Thus I said a number of things designed to be agreeable, but they met my small-talk with the smallest talk you can have. "Yes," for instance, and "Pretty well, I guess," and grave strikings of matches and thoughtful looks at the floor. I suppose we had made twenty miles to the imperturbable clicking of the caboose when one at length asked his neighbor had he ever seen New York.

"No," said the other. "Flooded with dudes, ain't it?"

"Swimmin'," said the first.

"Leakin', too," said a third.

"Well, my gracious!" said a fourth, and beat his knee in private delight. None of them ever looked at me. For some reason I felt exceedingly ill at ease.

"Good clothes in New York," said the third.

"Rich food," said the first.

"Fresh eggs, too," said the third.

"Well, my gracious!" said the fourth, beating his knee.

"Why, yes," observed the Virginian, unexpectedly; "they tell me that aiggs there ain't liable to be so rotten as yu'll strike 'em in this country."

None of them had a reply for this, and New York was abandoned. For some reason I felt much better.

It was a new line they adopted next, led off by Trampas.

"Going to the excitement?" he inquired, selecting Shorty.

"Excitement?" said Shorty, looking up.

"Going to Rawhide?" Trampas repeated. And all watched Shorty.

"Why, I'm all adrift missin' that express," said Shorty.

"Maybe I can give you employment," suggested the Virginian. "I am taking an outfit across the basin."

"You'll find most folks going to Rawhide, if you're looking for company," pursued Trampas, fishing for a recruit.

"How about Rawhide, anyway?" said Scipio, skilfully deflecting this missionary work. "Are they taking much mineral out? Have yu' seen any of the rock?"

"Rock?" broke in the enthusiast who had beaten his knee. "There!" And he brought some from his pocket.

"You're always showing your rock," said Trampas, sulkily; for Scipio now held the conversation, and Shorty returned safely to his dozing.

"Hm!" went Scipio at the rock. He turned it back and forth in his hand,

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"'AFRAID!' HE SNEERED"

looking it over; he chucked and caught it slightingly in the air, and handed it back. "Porphyry, I see." That was his only word about it. He said it cheerily. He left no room for discussion. You could not damn a thing worse. "Ever been in Santa Rita?" pursued Scipio, while the enthusiast slowly pushed his rock back into his pocket. "That's down in New Mexico. Ever been to Globe, Arizona?" And Scipio talked away about the mines he had known. There was no getting at Shorty any more that evening. Trampas was foiled of his fish, or of learning how the fish's heart lay. And by morning Shorty had been carefully instructed to change his mind about once an hour. This is apt to discourage all but very superior missionaries. And I too escaped for the rest of this night. At Glendive we had a dim supper, and I bought some blankets; and after that it was late, and sleep occupied the attention of us all.

We lay along the shelves of the caboose, a peaceful sight I should think, in that smoothly trundling cradle. I slept almost immediately, so tired that not even our stops or anything else waked me, save once, when the air I was breathing grew suddenly pure, and I roused. Sitting in the door was the lonely figure of the Virginian. He leaned in silent contemplation of the occasional moon, and beneath it the Yellowstone's swift ripples. On the caboose shelves the others slept

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sound and still, each stretched or coiled as he had first put himself. They were not untrustworthy to look at, it seemed to me—except Trampas. You would have said the rest of that young humanity was average rough male blood, merely needing to be told the proper things at the right time; and one big bunchy stocking of the enthusiast stuck out of his blanket, solemn and innocent, and I laughed at it. There was a light sound by the door, and I found the Virginian's eye on me. Finding who it was, he nodded and motioned with his hand to go to sleep. And this I did with him in my sight, still leaning in the open door, through which came the interrupted moon and the swimming reaches of the Yellowstone.

It has happened to you, has it not, to wake in the morning and wonder for a while where on earth you are? Thus I came half to life in the caboose, hearing voices, but not the actual words at first.

But presently, "Hathaway!" said some one more clearly: "Portland 1291."

This made no special stir in my intelligence, and I drowsed off again to the pleasant rhythm of the wheels. The little shock of stopping next brought me to, somewhat, with the voices still round me; and when we were again in motion, I heard: "Rosebud. Portland 1279." These figures jarred me awake, and I said, "It was 1291 before," and sat up in my blankets.

The greeting they vouchsafed and the sight of them clustering expressionless in the caboose brought last evening's uncomfortable memory back to me. Our next stop revealed how things were going to-day.

"Forsythe," one of them read on the station. "Portland 1266."

They were counting the lessening distance westward. That was the undercurrent of war. It broke on me as I procured fresh water at Forsythe and made some toilet in their stolid presence. We were drawing nearer the Rawhide station—the point, I mean, where you left the railway for the new mines. Now Rawhide station lay this side of Billings. The broad path of desertion would open ready for their feet when the narrow path to duty and Sunk Creek was still some fifty miles more to wait. Here was Trampas's great strength; he need make no move meanwhile, but lie low for the immediate temptation to front and waylay them and win his battle over the deputy-foreman. But the Virginian seemed to find nothing save enjoyment in this sunny September morning, and ate his breakfast at Forsythe serenely.

That meal done and that station gone, our caboose took up again its easy trundle by the banks of the Yellowstone. The mutineers sat for a while digesting in idleness.

"What's your scar?" inquired one at length, inspecting casually the neck of his neighbor.

"Foolishness," the other answered.

"Yourn?"

"Mine."

"Well, I don't know but I prefer to have myself to thank for a thing," said the first.

"I was displaying myself," continued the second. "One day last summer it was. We come on a big snake by Torrey Creek corral. The boys got betting pretty lively that I dassent make my word good as to dealing with him, so I loped my cayuse full tilt by Mr. Snake, and swung down and catched him up by the tail from the ground, and cracked him same as a whip, and snapped his head off. You've saw it done?" he said to the audience.

The audience nodded wearily.

"But the loose head flew agin me, and the fangs caught. I was pretty sick for a while."

"It don't pay to be clumsy," said the first man. "If you'd snapped the snake away from yu' instead of towards yu', its head would have whirled off into the brush, same as they do with me."

"How like a knife-cut your scar looks!" said I.

"Don't it?" said the snake-snapper. "There's many that gets fooled by it."

"An antelope knows a snake is his enemy," said another to me. "Ever seen a buck circling round and round a rattler?"

"I have always wanted to see that," said I, heartily. For this I knew to be a respectable piece of truth.

"It's worth seeing," the man went on. "After the buck gets close in, he gives an almighty jump up in the air, and down comes his four hoofs in a bunch right on top of Mr. Snake. Cuts him all to hash. Now you tell me how the buck knows that."

Of course I could not tell him. And

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again we sat in silence for a while—friendlier silence, I thought.

"A skunk 'll kill yu' worse than a snake-bite," said another, presently. "No, I don't mean that way," he added. For I had smiled. "There is a brown skunk down in Arkansaw. Kind of prairie-dog brown. Littler than our variety, he is. And he is mad the whole year round, same as a dog gets. Only the dog has a spell and dies; but this here Arkansaw skunk is mad right along, and it don't seem to interfere with his business in other respects. Well, suppose you're camping out, and suppose it's a hot night, or you're in a hurry and you've made camp late, or anyway you haven't got inside any tent, but you have just bedded down in the open. Skunk comes travelling along and walks on your blankets. You're warm. He likes that, same as a cat does. And he tramps with pleasure and comfort, same as a cat. And you move. You get bit, that's all. And you die of hydrophobia. Ask anybody."

"Most extraordinary!" said I. "But did you ever see a person die from this?"

"No, sir. Never happened to. My cousin at Bald Knob did."

"Died?"

"No, sir. Saw a man."

"But how do you know they're not sick skunks?"

"No, sir! They're well skunks. Well as anything. You'll not meet skunks in any State of the Union more robust than them in Arkansaw. And thick."

"That's awful true," sighed another. "I have buried hundreds of dollars' worth of clothes in Arkansaw."

"Why didn't yu' travel in a sponge-bag?" inquired Scipio. And this brought a slight silence.

"Speakin' of bites," spoke up a new man, "how's that?" He held up his thumb.

"My!" breathed Scipio. "Must have been a lion."

The man wore a wounded look. "I was huntin' owl eggs for a botanist from Boston," he explained to me.

"Chiropodist, weren't he?" said Scipio. "Or maybe a somnabulator?"

"No, honest," protested the man with the thumb; so that I was sorry for him, and begged him to go on.

"I'll listen to you," I assured him. And I wondered why this politeness of mine should throw one or two of them into stifled mirth. Scipio, on the other hand, gave me a disgusted look and sat back sullenly for a moment, and then took himself out on the platform, where the Virginian was lounging.

"The young feller wore knee-pants and ever so thick spectacles with a half-moon cut in 'em," resumed the narrator; "and he carried a tin box strung to a strap I took for his lunch till it flew open on him and a horn toad hustled out. Then I was sure he was a botanist—or whatever yu' say they're called. Well, he would have owl eggs—them little prairie-owl that some claim can turn their head clean around and keep a-watchin' yu', only that's nonsense. We was ridin' through that prairie-dog town used to be on the flat just after yu' crossed the south fork of Powder River on the Buffalo trail, and I said I'd dig an owl nest out for him if he was willin' to camp till I'd dug it. I wanted to know about them owls some myself—if they did live with the dogs and snakes, yu' know," he broke off, appealing to me.

"Oh, yes," I told him, eagerly.

"So while the botanist went glarin' around the town with his glasses to see if he could spot a prairie-dog and an owl usin' the same hole, I was diggin' in a hole I'd seen an owl run down. And that's what I got." He held up his thumb again.

"The snake!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Rattler was keepin' house that day. Took me right there. I hauled him out of the hole hangin' to me. Eight rattles."

"Eight!" said I. "A big one."

"Yes, sir. Thought I was dead. But the woman—"

"The woman?" said I.

"Yes, woman. Didn't I tell yu' the botanist had his wife along? Well, he did. And she acted better than the man, for he was losin' his head and shoutin' he had no whiskey and he didn't guess his knife was sharp enough to amputate my thumb and none of us chewed and the doctor was twenty miles away and if he had only remembered to bring his ammonia—well, he was screechin' out 'most everything he knew in the world, and without arranging it any, neither. But she just clawed his pocket and burrowed and kep' yelling, 'Give him the stone, Augustus!' And she whipped out one of them Injun medicine-stones—first one I ever seen—and

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she clapped it on to my thumb, and it started in right away."

"What did it do?" said I.

"Sucked. Like blotting-paper does. Soft and funny it was, and gray. They get 'em from elks' stomachs, yu' know. And when it had sucked the poison out of the wound, off it falls of my thumb by itself! And I thanked the woman for saving my life that capable and keeping her head that cool. I never knowed how excited she had been till afterwards. She was awful shocked."

"I suppose she started to talk when the danger was over," said I, with deep silence around me.

"No; she didn't say nothing to me. But when her next child was born it had eight rattles."

Din now rose wild in the caboose. They rocked together. The enthusiast beat his knee tumultuously. And I joined them. Who could help it? It had been so well conducted from the imperceptible beginning. Fact and falsehood blended with such perfect art. And this last, an effect so new made with such world-old material! I cared nothing that I was the victim, and I joined them; but ceased, feeling suddenly somehow estranged or chilled. It was in their laughter. The loudness was too loud. And I caught the eyes of Trampas fixed upon the Virginian with exultant malevolence. Scipio's disgusted glance was upon me from the door.

Dazed by these signs, I went out on the platform to get away from the noise. There the Virginian said to me: "Cheer up! You'll not be so easy for 'em that-away next season."

He said no more; and with his legs dangled over the railing, appeared to resume his newspaper.

"What's the matter?" said I to Scipio.

"Oh, I don't mind if he don't," Scipio answered. "Couldn't yu' see? I tried to head 'em off from yu' all I knew, but yu' just ran in among 'em yourself. Couldn't yu' see? Kep' hinderin' and spoilin' me with askin' those urgent questions of yourn—why, I had to let yu' go your way! Why, that wasn't the ordinary play with the ordinary tenderfoot they treated you to! You ain't a common tenderfoot this trip. You're the foreman's friend. They've hit him through you. That's the way they count it. It's made them encouraged. Can't yu' see?"

Scipio stated it plainly. And as we ran by the next station, "Howard!" they harshly yelled. "Portland 1256!"

We had been passing gangs of workmen on the track. And at that last yell the Virginian rose. "I reckon I'll join the meeting again," he said. "This filling and repairing looks like the washout might have been true."

"Washout?" said Scipio.

"Big Horn bridge, they say, four days ago."

"Then I wish it came this side Rawhide station."

"Do yu'?" drawled the Virginian. And smiling at Scipio, he lounged in through the open door.

"He beats me," said Scipio, shaking his head. "His trail is turruble hard to anticipate."

We listened.

"Work bein' done on the road, I see," the Virginian was saying, very friendly and conversational.

"We see it too," said the voice of Trampas.

"Seem to be easin' their grades some."

"Roads do."

"Cheaper to build 'em the way they want 'em at the start, a man would think," suggested the Virginian, most friendly. "There go some more I-talians."

"They're Chinese," said Trampas.

"That's so," acknowledged the Virginian, with a laugh.

"What's he monkeyin' at now?" muttered Scipio.

"Without cheap foreigners they couldn't afford all this hyeh new gradin'," the Southerner continued.

"Grading! Can't you tell when a flood's been eating the banks?"

"Why, yes," said the Virginian, sweet as honey. "But 'ain't yu' heard of the improvements west of Big Timber, all the way to Missoula, this season? I'm talkin' about them."

"Oh! Talking about them. Yes, I've heard.'

"Good money-savin' scheme, ain't it?" said the Virginian. "Lettin' a freight run down one hill an' up the next as far as she'll go without steam, an' shavin' the hill down to that point." Now this was an honest engineering fact. "Better'n settin' dudes squintin' through telescopes an' cipherin' over one-per-cent. reductions," the Southerner commented.

"It's common-sense," assented Tram-

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pas. "Have you heard the new scheme about the water-tanks?"

"I ain't right certain," said the Southerner.

"I must watch this," said Scipio, "or I shall bust." He went in, and so did I.

They were all sitting over this discussion of the Northern Pacific's recent policy as to betterments, as though they were the board of directors. Pins could have dropped. Only nobody would have cared to hear a pin.

"They used to put all their tanks at the bottom of their grades," said Trampas.

"Why, yu' get the water easier at the bottom."

"You can pump it to the top, though," said Trampas, growing superior. "And it's cheaper."

"That gets me," said the Virginian, interested.

"Trains after watering can start down hill now and get the benefit of the gravity. It'll cut down operating expenses a heap."

"That's cert'nly common-sense!" exclaimed the Virginian, absorbed. "But ain't it kind o' tardy?"

"Live and learn. So they gained speed, too. High speed on half the coal this season, until the accident."

"Accident?" said the Virginian, instantly.

"Yellowstone Limited. Man fired at engine-driver. Train was flying past that quick the bullet broke every window and killed a passenger on the back platform. You've been running too much with aristocrats," finished Trampas, and turned on his heel.

"Haw, haw!" began the enthusiast, but his neighbor gripped him to silence. This was a triumph too serious for noise. Not a mutineer moved; and I felt cold.

"Trampas," said the Virginian, "I thought yu'd be afeared to try it on me."

Trampas whirled round. His hand was at his belt. "Afraid!" he sneered.

"Shorty!" said Scipio, sternly, and leaping upon that youth, took his half-drawn pistol from him.

"I'm obliged to yu'," said the Virginian to Scipio.

Trampas's hand left his belt. He threw a slight easy look at his men, and keeping his back to the Virginian, walked out on the platform and sat on the chair where the Virginian had sat so much.

"Don't you comprehend," said the Virginian to Shorty, amiably, "that this hyeh question has been discussed peaceable by civilized citizens? Now you sit down and be good, and Mr. Le Moyne will return your gun when we're across that broken bridge, if they have got it fixed for heavy trains yet."

"This train will be lighter when it gets to that bridge," spoke Trampas, out on his chair.

"Why, that's true, too!" said the Virginian. "Maybe none of us are crossin' that Big Horn bridge now, except me. Funny if yu' should end by persuadin' me to quit and go to Rawhide myself! But I reckon I'll not. I reckon I'll worry along to Sunk Creek, somehow."

"Don't forget I'm cookin' for yu'," said Scipio, gruffly.

"I'm obliged to yu'," said the Southerner.

"You were speaking of a job for me," said Shorty.

"I'm right obliged. But yu' see—I ain't exackly foreman the way this comes out, and my promises might not bind Judge Henry to pay salaries."

A push came through the train from forward. We were slowing for the Rawhide station, and all began to be busy and to talk. "Going up to the mines to-day?" "Oh, let's grub first." "Guess it's too late, anyway." And so forth; while they rolled and roped their bedding, and put on their coats with a good deal of elbow motion, and otherwise showed off. It was wasted. The Virginian did not know what was going on in the caboose. He was leaning and looking out ahead, and Scipio's puzzled eye never left him. And as we halted for the water-tank, the Southerner exclaimed, "They 'ain't got away yet!" as if it were good news to him.

He meant the delayed trains. Four stalled expresses were in front of us, besides several freights. And two hours more at least before the bridge would be ready.

Travellers stood and sat about forlorn, near the cars, out in the sage-brush, anywhere. People in hats and spurs watched them, and Indian chiefs offered them painted bows and arrows and shiny horns.

"I reckon them passengers would prefer a laig o' mutton," said the Virginian to a man loafing near the caboose.

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"Bet your life!" said the man. "First lot has been stuck here four days."

"Plumb starved, ain't they?" inquired the Virginian.

"Bet your life! They've eat up their dining-cars and they've eat up this town."

"Well," said the Virginian, looking at the town, "I expaict the dining-cyars contained more nourishment."

"Say! you're about right there!" said the man. He walked beside the caboose as we puffed slowly forward from the water-tank to our siding. "Fine business here if we'd only been ready," he continued. "And the Crow agent has let his Indians come over from the reservation. There has been a little beef brought in, and game, and fish. And big money in it, bet your life! Them Eastern passengers has just been robbed. I wisht I had somethin' to sell!"

"Anything starting for Rawhide this afternoon?" said Trampas, out of the caboose door.

"Not until morning," said the man. "You going to the mines?" he resumed to the Virginian.

"Why," answered the Southerner, slowly and casually, and addressing himself strictly to the man, while Trampas, on his side, paid obvious inattention, "this hyeh delay, yu' see, may unsettle our plans some. But it 'll be one of two ways—we're all goin' to Rawhide, or we're all goin' to Billings. We're all one party, yu' see."

Trampas laughed audibly inside the door as he rejoined his men. "Let him keep up appearances," I heard him tell them. "It don't hurt us what he says to strangers."

"But I'm goin' to eat hearty either way," continued the Virginian. "And I ain' goin' to be robbed. I've been kind o' promisin' myself a treat if we stopped hyeh."

"Town's eat clean out," said the man.

"So yu' tell me. But all you folks has forgot one source of revenue that yu' have right close by, mighty handy. If you have got a gunny sack, I'll show you how to make some money."

"Bet your life!" said the man.

"Mr. Le Moyne," said the Virginian, "the outfit's cookin' stuff is aboard, and if you'll get the fire ready we'll try how frawgs' laigs go fried." He walked off at once, the man following like a dog. Inside the caboose rose a gust of laughter.

"Frogs!" muttered Scipio. And then turning a blank face to me, "Frogs?"

"Colonel Cyrus Jones had them on his bill of fare," I said. "'*Frogs' Legs à la Delmonico.*'"

"Shoo! I didn't get up that thing. They had it when I come. Never looked at it. Frogs?" He went down the steps very slowly, with a long frown. Reaching the ground, he shook his head. "That man's trail is surely hard to anticipate," he said. "But I must hurry up that fire. For his appearance has given me encouragement," Scipio concluded, and became brisk. Shorty helped him, and I brought wood. Trampas and the other people strolled off to the station, a compact band.

Our little fire was built beside the caboose, so the cooking things might be easily reached and put back. You would scarcely think such operations held any interest, even for the hungry, when there seemed to be nothing to cook. A few sticks blazing tamely in the dust, a frying-pan, half a tin bucket of lard, some water, and barren plates and knives and forks, and three silent men attending to them—that was all. But the travellers came to see. These waifs drew near us, and stood, a sad, lorn, shifting fringe of audience; four to begin with; and then two wandered away; and presently one of these came back, finding it worse elsewhere. "Supper, boys?" said he. "Breakfast," said Scipio, crossly. And no more of them addressed us. I heard them joylessly mention Wall Street to each other, and Saratoga; I even heard the name Bryn-Mawr, which is near Philadelphia. But these fragments of home dropped in the wilderness here in Montana beside a freight caboose were of no interest to me now.

"Looks like frogs down there, too," said Scipio. "See them marshy sloos full of weeds?" We took a little turn and had a sight of the Virginian quite active among the ponds. "Hush! I'm getting some thoughts," continued Scipio. "He wasn't sorry enough. Don't interrupt me."

"I'm not," said I.

"No. But I'd 'most caught a-hold." And Scipio muttered to himself again, "He wasn't sorry enough." Presently he swore loud and brilliantly. "Tell yu'!" he cried. "What did he say to Trampas after that play they exchanged over railroad improvements and Trampas put the josh on him? Didn't he say,

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'Trampas, I thought you'd be afraid to do it'? Well, sir, Trampas had better have been afraid. And that's what he meant. There's where he was bringin' it to. Trampas made an awful bad play then. You wait. Glory, but he's a knowin' man! Course he wasn't sorry. I guess he had the hardest kind of work to look as sorry as he did. You wait."

"Wait? What for? Go on, man! What for?"

"I don't know! I don't know! Whatever hand he's been holdin' up, this is the show-down. He's played for a showdown here before the caboose gets off the bridge. Come back to the fire, or Shorty'll be leavin' it go out. Grow happy some, Shorty!" he cried on arriving, and his hand cracked on Shorty's shoulder. "Supper's in sight, Shorty. Food for reflection."

"None for the stomach?" asked the passenger who had spoken once before.

"We're figuring on that too," said Scipio. His crossness had melted entirely away.

"Why, they're cowboys!" exclaimed another passenger; and he moved nearer.

From the station Trampas now came back, his herd following him less compactly. They had found famine, and no hope of supplies until the next train from the East. This was no fault of Trampas's; but they were following him less compactly. They carried one piece of cheese, the size of a fist, the weight of a brick, the hue of a corpse. And the passengers, seeing it, exclaimed, "There's Old Faithful again!" and took off their hats.

"You gentlemen met that cheese before, then?" said Scipio, delighted.

"It's been offered me three times a day for four days," said the passenger. "Did he want a dollar or a dollar and a half?"

"Two dollars!" blurted out the enthusiast. And all of us save Trampas fell into fits of imbecile laughter.

"Here comes our grub, anyway," said Scipio, looking off toward the marshes. And his hilarity sobered away in a moment.

"Well, the train will be in soon," stated Trampas. "I guess we'll get a decent supper without frogs."

All interest settled now upon the Virginian. He was coming with his man and his gunny sack, and the gunny sack hung from his shoulder heavily, as a full sack should. He took no notice of the gathering, but sat down and partly emptied the sack. "There," said he, very businesslike, to his assistant, "that's all we'll want. I think you'll find a ready market for the balance."

"Well, my gracious!" said the enthusiast. "What fool eats a frog?"

"Oh, I'm fool enough for a tadpole!" cried the passenger. And they began to take out their pocket-books.

"You can cook yours right hyeh, gentlemen," said the Virginian, with his slow Southern courtesy. "The dining-cyars don't look like they were fired up."

"How much will you sell a couple for?" inquired the enthusiast.

The Virginian looked at him with friendly surprise. "Why, help yourself! We're all together yet awhile. Help yourselves," he repeated, to Trampas and his followers. These hung back a moment, then, with a slinking motion, set the cheese upon the earth and came forward nearer the fire to receive some supper.

"It won't scarcely be Delmonico style," said the Virginian to the passengers, "nor yet Saynt Augustine." He meant Augustine of Philadelphia, whose history I had sketched him at Omaha. Scipio now officiated. His frying-pan was busy, and prosperous odors rose from it. "Run for a bucket of fresh water, Shorty," he continued, beginning his meal. "Colonel, yu' cook pretty near good. If yu' had sold 'em as advertised, yu'd have cert'nly made a name."

Several were now eating with satisfaction, but not Scipio. It was all that he could do to cook straight. The whole man seemed to glisten. His eye was shut to a slit once more, while the innocent passengers thankfully swallowed.

"Now, you see, you have made some money," began the Virginian to his assistant.

"Bet your life!" exclaimed the man. "Divvy, won't you?" And he held out half his gains.

"Keep 'em," returned the Southerner. "I reckon we're square. But I expaict they'll not equal Delmonico's, seh?" he said to a passenger.

"Don't trust the judgment of a man as hungry as I am!" exclaimed the traveller, with a laugh. And he turned to his fellow-travellers. "Did you ever enjoy supper at Delmonico's more than this?"

"Never!" they sighed.

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"Why, look here," said the traveller, "what fools the people of this town are! Here we've been all these starving days, and you come and get ahead of them!"

"That's right easy explained," said the Virginian. "I've been where there was big money in frawgs, and they 'ain't been. They're all cattle hyeh. Talk cattle, think cattle, and they're bankrupt in consequence. Fallen through. Ain't that so?" he inquired of his assistant.

"That's about the way," said the man.

"It's mighty hard to do what your neighbors ain't doin'," pursued the Virginian. "Montana is all cattle, an' these folks must be cattle, an' never notice the country right hyeh is too small for a range, an' swampy, anyway, an' just waitin' to be a frawg-ranch."

At this, all wore a face of careful reserve.

"I'm not claimin' to be smarter than you folks hyeh," said the Virginian deprecatingly to his assistant. "But travellin' learns a man many customs. You wouldn't do the business they done at Tulare, California, north side o' the lake. They cert'nly utilized them hopeless swamps splendid. Of course they put up big capital and went into it scientific, gettin' advice from the government Fish Commission, an' such like knowledge. Yu' see, they had big markets for their frawgs — San Francisco, Los Angeles, and clear to New York afteh the Southern Pacific was through. But up hyeh yu' could sell to passengers every day like yu' done this one day. They would get to know yu' along the line. Competing swamps are scarce. The dining-cyars would take your frawgs, and you would have the Yellowstone Park for four months in the year. Them hotels are anxious to please, an' they would buy off you what their Eastern patrons esteem as fine eatin'. And you folks would be sellin' something instead o' nothing."

"That's a practical idea," said a traveller. "And little cost."

"And little cost," said the Virginian.

"Would Eastern people eat frogs?" inquired the man.

"Look at us!" said the traveller.

"Delmonico doesn't give yu' such a treat!" said the Virginian.

"Not exactly!" the traveller exclaimed.

"How much would be paid for frogs?" said Trampas to him. And I saw Scipio bend closer to his cooking.

"Oh, I don't know," said the traveller. "We've paid pretty well, you see."

"You're late for Tulare, Trampas," said the Virginian.

"I was not thinking of Tulare," Trampas retorted. Scipio's nose was in the frying-pan.

"Mos' comical spot you ever struck!" said the Virginian, looking round upon the whole company. He allowed himself a broad smile of retrospect. "To hear 'em talk frawgs at Tulare! Same as other folks talks hawsses or steers or whatever they're raising to sell. Yu'd fall into it yourselves if yu' started the business. Anything a man's bread and butter depends on he's going to be earnest about. Don't care if it is a frawg."

"That's so," said the assistant. "And it paid good?"

"The only money in the county was right there," answered the Virginian. "It was a dead county, and only frawgs was movin'. But that business was a-fannin' to beat four of a kind. It made yu' feel strange at first, as I said. For all the men had been cattle-men at one time or another. Till yu' got accustomed, it would give 'most anybody a shock to hear 'em speak about herdin' the bulls in a pasture by themselves." The Virginian allowed himself another smile, but became serious again. "That was their policy," he explained. "Except at certain times o' year they kept the bulls separate. The Fish Commission told 'em they'd better, and it cert'nly worked mighty well. It or something did—for, gentlemen, hush! but there was millions. You'd have said all the frawgs in the world had taken charge at Tulare. And the money rolled in! Gentlemen, hush! 'twas a gold-mine for the owners. Forty per cent. they netted some years. And they paid generous wages. For they could sell to all them French restaurants in San Francisco, yu' see. And there was the Cliff House. And the Palace Hotel made it a specialty. And the officers took frawgs at the Presidio, an' Angel Island, an' Alcatraz, an' Benicia. Los Angeles was beginnin' its boom. The corner-lot sharps wanted something by way of varnish. An' so they dazzled Eastern investors with advertising Tulare frawgs clear to N'Yol'ans an' New York. 'Twas only in Sacramento frawgs was dull. I expaict the California Legislature was too o'rn'ry for them fine-raised luxuries. They tell

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of one of them Senators that he raked a million out of Los Angeles real estate, and started in for a bang-up meal with champagne. Wanted to scatter his new gold thick an' quick. But he got astray among all the fancy dishes, an' just yelled right out before the ladies, 'Damn it! bring me forty dollars' worth of ham and aiggs.' He was a funny Senator, now."

The Virginian paused, and finished eating a leg. "Talkin' of Senators," he resumed, with the tone of new anecdotes in his voice, "Senator Wise—"

"How much did you say wages were at Tulare?" inquired one of the Trampas faction.

"How much? Why, I never knew what the foreman got. The regular hands got a hundred."

"A hundred a *month?*"

"Why, it was wet an' muddy work, yu' see. A man risked rheumatism some. He risked it a good deal. Well, I was goin' to tell about Senator Wise. When Senator Wise was speaking of his visit to Alaska—"

"Forty per cent., was it?" said Trampas.

"Oh, I must call my wife!" said the traveller behind me. "This is what I came West for." And he hurried away.

"Not forty per cent. the bad years," replied the Virginian. "The frawgs had enemies, same as cattle. I remember when a pelican got in the spring pasture, and the herd broke through the fence—"

"Fence?" said a passenger.

"Ditch, seh, and wire net. Every pasture was a square swamp with a ditch around, and a wire net. Yu've heard the mournful, mixed-up sound a big bunch of cattle will make? Well, seh, as yu' druv from the railroad to the Tulare frawg-ranch yu' could hear 'em a mile. Springtime they'd sing like girls in the organ-loft, and by August they were about ready to hire out for bass. And all was fit to be soloists, if I'm a judge. But in a bad year it might only be twenty per cent. The pelican rushed 'em from the pasture right into the San Joaquin River, which was close by the property. The big balance of the herd stampeded, and though of course they came out on the banks again, the news had went around, and folks below at Hemlen eat most of 'em just to spite the company. Yu' see, a frawg in a river is more hopeless than any maverick loose on the range. And they never struck any plan to brand their stock and prove ownership."

"Well, twenty per cent. is good enough for me," said Trampas, "if Rawhide don't suit me."

"A hundred a month!" said the enthusiast. And busy calculations began to rise among them.

"It went to fifty per cent.," pursued the Virginian, "when New York and Philadelphia got to biddin' agaynst each other. Both cities had signs all over 'em claiming to furnish the Tulare frawg. And both had 'em all right. And same as cattle-trains, yu'd see frawg-trains tearing acrosst Arizona—big glass tanks with wire over 'em—through to New York, an' the frawgs starin' out."

"Why, George," whispered a woman's voice behind me, "he's merely deceiving them! He's merely making that stuff up out of his head."

"Yes, my dear, that's merely what he's doing."

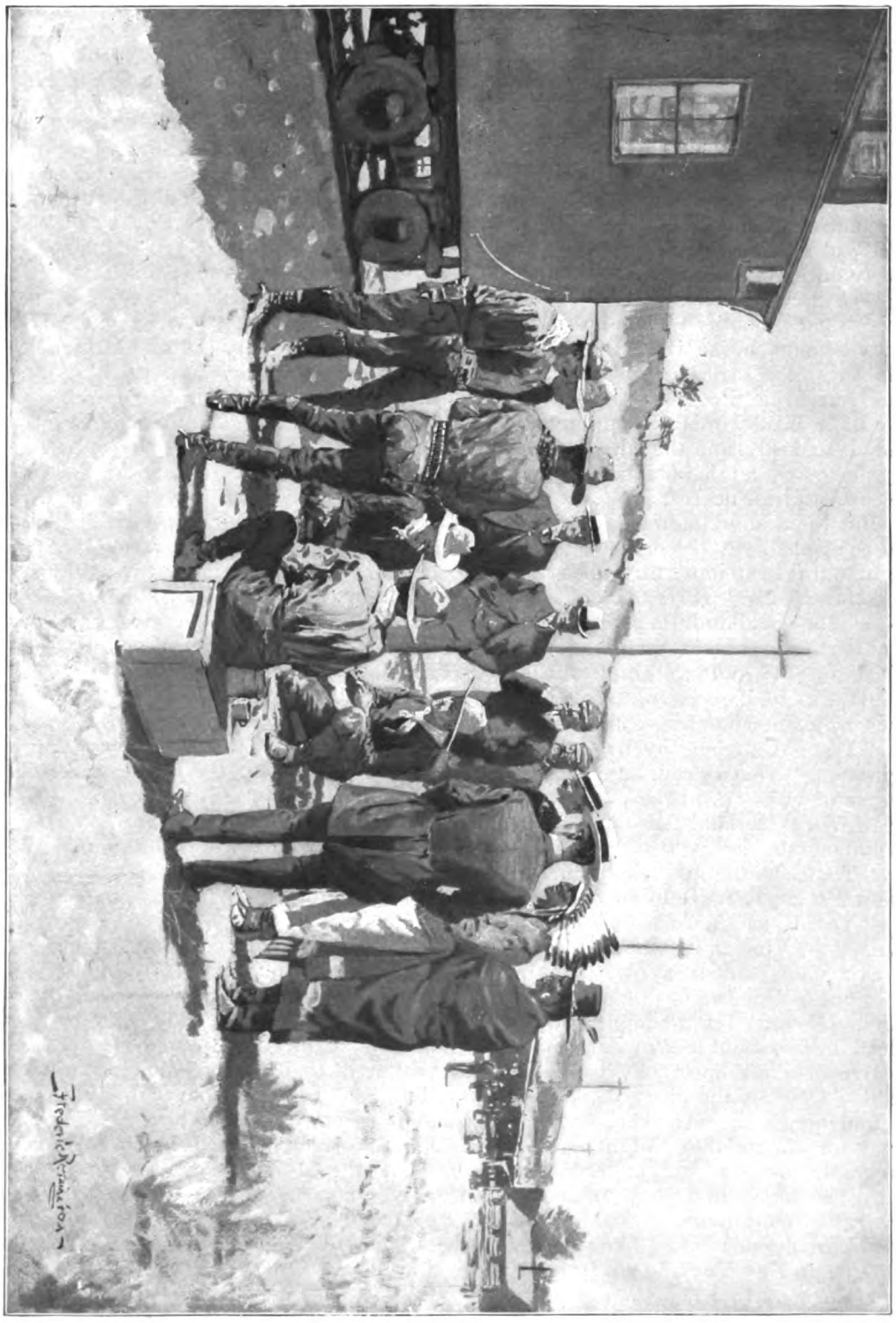
"Well, I don't see why you imagined I should care for this. I think I'll go back."

"Better see it out, Daisy. This beats the geysers or anything we're likely to find in the Yellowstone."

"Then I wish we had gone to Bar Harbor as usual," said the lady; and she returned to her Pullman.

But her husband staid. Indeed, the male crowd now was a goodly sight to see, how the men edged close, drawn by a common tie. Their different kinds of feet told the strength of the bond—yellow sleeping-car slippers planted miscellaneous and motionless near a pair of Mexican spurs. All eyes watched the Virginian and gave him beautiful sympathy. Though they could not know the reason for it, what he was doing had fallen as light upon them—all except the excited calculators. These were loudly making their fortunes at both Rawhide and Tulare, drugged by their satanically aroused hopes of gold, heedless of the slippers and the spurs. Had a man given any sign to warn them, I think he would have been lynched. Even the Indian chiefs had come to see in their show war-bonnets and blankets. They naturally understood nothing of it, yet magnetically knew that the Virginian was the great man. And they watched him with approval. He sat by the fire with the frying-pan, looking his daily self — en-

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THE FROG-STORY.

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gaging and saturnine. And now as Trampas declared tickets to California would be dear and Rawhide had better come first, the Southerner let loose his heaven-born imagination.

"There's a better reason for Rawhide than tickets, Trampas," said he. "I said it was too late for Tulare."

"I heard you," said Trampas. "Opinions may differ. You and I don't think alike on several points."

"Gawd, Trampas!" said the Virginian, "d' yu' reckon I'd be rotting hyeh on forty dollars if Tulare was like it used to be? Tulare is broke."

"What broke it? Your leaving?"

"Revenge broke it, and disease," said the Virginian, striking the frying-pan on his knee, for the frogs were all gone. At those lurid words their untamed child minds took fire, and they drew round him again to hear a tale of blood. The crowd seemed to lean nearer.

But for a short moment it threatened to be spoiled. A passenger came along, demanding in an important voice, "Where are these frogs?" He was president of the New York Midland, they whispered me, and out for a holiday in his private car. Reaching us and walking to the Virginian, he said, cheerily, "How much do you want for your frogs, my friend?"

"You got a friend hyeh?" said the Virginian. "That's good, for yu' need care taken of yu'." And the president of the New York Midland did not further discommode us.

"That's worth my trip," whispered a New York passenger to me.

"Yes, it was a case of revenge," resumed the Virginian, "and disease. There was a man named Saynt Augustine got run out of Domingo which is a Dago island. He come to Philadelphia, an' he was dead broke. But Saynt Augustine was a live man, an' he saw Philadelphia was full o' Quakers that dressed plain an' eat humdrum. So he started cookin' Domingo way for 'em, an' they caught right ahold. Terrapin, he gave 'em, an' croakeets, an' he'd use forty chickens to make a broth he called consommay. An' he got rich, and Philadelphia got well known, an' Delmonico in New York he got jealous. He was the cook that had the say-so in New York."

"Was Delmonico one of them I-talians?" inquired a fascinated mutineer.

"I don't know. But he acted like one. Lorenzo was his front name. He aimed to cut—"

"Domingo's throat?" breathed the enthusiast.

"Aimed to cut away the trade from Saynt Augustine an' put Philadelphia back where he thought she belonged. Frawgs was the fashionable rage then. These foreign cooks set the fashion in eatin', same as foreign dressmakers do women's clothes. Both cities was catchin' and swallowin' all the frawgs Tulare could throw at 'em. So he—"

"Lorenzo?" said the enthusiast.

"Yes, Lorenzo Delmonico. He bid a dollar a tank higher. An' Saynt Augustine raised him fifty cents. An' Lorenzo raised him a dollar. An' Saynt Augustine shoved her up three. Lorenzo he didn't expaict Philadelphia would go that high, and he got hot in the collar, an' flew round his kitchen in New York, an' claimed he'd twist Saynt Augustine's Domingo tail for him and crack his ossified system. Lorenzo raised his language to a high temperature, they say. An' then quite sudden off he starts for Tulare. He buys tickets over the Santa Fe, and he goes a-fannin' and a-foggin'. But, gentlemen, hush! The very same day Saynt Augustine he tears out of Philadelphia. He travelled by the way o' Washington, an' out he comes a-fannin' and a-foggin' over the Southern Pacific. Of course Tulare didn't know nothin' of this. All it knowed was how the frawg-market was on soarin' wings, and it was feelin' like a flight o' rawckets. If only there'd been some preparation—a telegram or something—the disaster would never have occurred. But Lorenzo and Saynt Augustine was that absorbed watchin' each other—for, yu' see, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific come together at Mojave, an' the two cooks travelled a matter of two hundred and ten miles in the same cyar—they never thought about a telegram. And when they arruv, breathless, an' started in to screeching what they'd give for the monopoly, why, them unsuspecting Tulare boys got amused at 'em. I never heard just all they done, but they had Lorenzo singin' and dancin', while Saynt Augustine played the fiddle for him. And one of Lorenzo's heels did get a trifle grazed. Well, them two cooks quit that ranch without disclosin' their identity, and soon as they got to a safe distance they swore

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eternal friendship, in their foreign way. And they went home over the Union Pacific, sharing the same state-room. Their revenge killed frawgs. The disease—"

"How killed frogs?" demanded Trampas.

"Just killed 'em. Delmonico and Saynt Augustine wiped frawgs off the slate of fashion. Not a banker in Fifth Avenue 'll touch one now if another banker's around. And if ever yu' see a man that hides his feet an' won't take off his socks in company—he has worked in them Tulare swamps an' got the disease. Catch him wadin' and yu'll find he's web-footed. Frawgs are dead, Trampas, an' so are you."

"Rise up, liars, and salute your king!" yelled Scipio. "Oh, I'm in love with you!" And he threw his arms round the Virginian.

"Let me shake hands with you," said the traveller who had failed to interest his wife in these things. "I wish I was going to have more of your company."

"Thank yu', seh," said the Virginian.

Other passengers greeted him, and the Indian chiefs came, saying "How!" because they followed their feelings without understanding.

"Don't show so humbled, boys," said the deputy-foreman to his most sheepish crew. "These gentlemen from the East have been enjoying yu' some, I know. But think what a weary wait they have had hyeh. And you insisted on playing the game with me this way, yu' see. What outlet did yu' give me? Didn't I have it to do? And I'll tell yu' one thing for your consolation. When I got to the middle of the frawgs I 'most believed it myself." And he laughed out the first laugh I had heard him give.

The enthusiast came up and shook hands. That led off, and the rest followed, with Trampas at the end. The tide was too strong for him. He was not a graceful loser; but he got through this, and the Virginian eased him down by treating him precisely like the others—apparently. Possibly the most beautiful—the most American—moment of all was when word came that the bridge was open, and the Pullman trains, with noise and triumph, began to move westward at last. Every one waved farewell to every one, craning from steps and windows, so that the cars twinkled with hilarity; and in twenty minutes the whole procession in front had moved, and our turn came.

"Last chance for Rawhide," said the Virginian.

"Last chance for Sunk Creek," said a recent mutineer; and all sprang aboard. There was no question who had won his spurs now.

Our caboose trundled on to Billings along the shingly, cottonwooded Yellowstone; and as the plains and bluffs and the distant snow began to grow well known, even to me, we turned to our baggage that was to come off, since camp would begin in the morning. Thus I saw the Virginian carefully re-wrapping *Kenilworth*, that he might bring it to its owner unharmed; and I said, "Don't you think you could have played poker with Queen Elizabeth?"

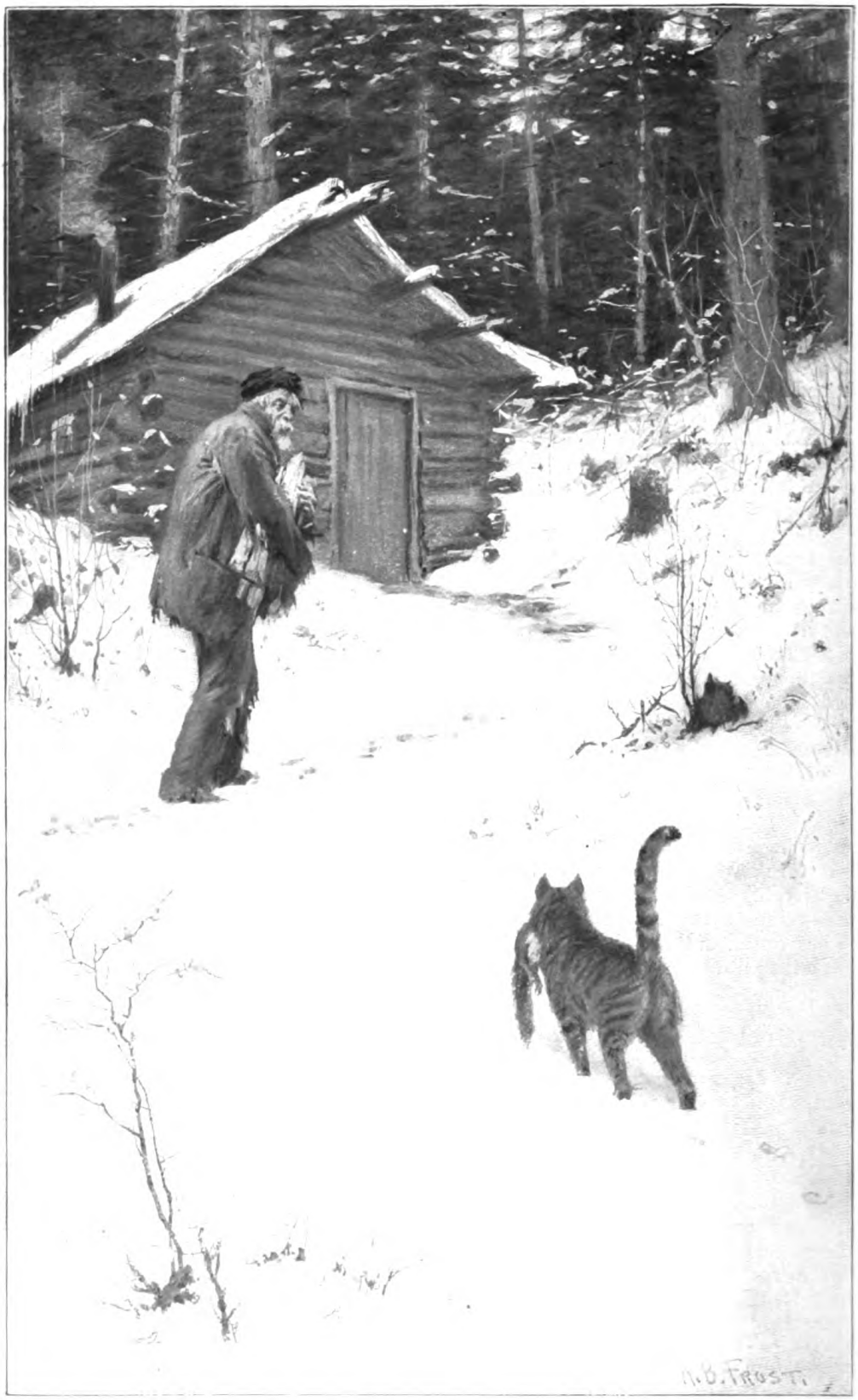
"No; I expaict she'd have beat me," he replied. "She was a lady."

IN THE HOLLOW

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

DOWN in the hollow, where lately lay the snow,
Sleeping till the bitter winds have all forgot to blow,
Waking with the day-dawn when the bud is on the thorn,
Laughing softly to herself for joy that she is born,
There I found arbutus, pink and sweet and shy,
And with it found the child I was in happy years gone by.
For the hand that holds arbutus is a child's hand to the end,
And whoever knows the darling flower knows and loves a friend.

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THE CAT FORAGED TIRELESSLY.

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THE CAT

BY MARY E. WILKINS

THE snow was falling, and the Cat's fur was stiffly pointed with it, but he was imperturbable. He sat crouched, ready for the death-spring, as he had sat for hours. It was night—but that made no difference—all times were as one to the Cat when he was in wait for prey. Then, too, he was under no constraint of human will, for he was living alone that winter. Nowhere in the world was any voice calling him; on no hearth was there a waiting dish. He was quite free except for his own desires, which tyrannized over him when unsatisfied as now. The Cat was very hungry—almost famished, in fact. For days the weather had been very bitter, and all the feebler wild things which were his prey by inheritance, the born serfs to his family, had kept, for the most part, in their burrows and nests, and the Cat's long hunt had availed him nothing. But he waited with the inconceivable patience and persistency of his race; besides, he was certain. The Cat was a creature of absolute convictions, and his faith in his deductions never wavered. The rabbit had gone in there between those low-hung pine boughs. Now her little doorway had before it a shaggy curtain of snow, but in there she was. The Cat had seen her enter, so like a swift gray shadow that even his sharp and practised eyes had glanced back for the substance following, and then she was gone. So he sat down and waited, and he waited still in the white night, listening angrily to the north wind starting in the upper heights of the mountains with distant screams, then swelling into an awful crescendo of rage, and swooping down with furious white wings of snow like a flock of fierce eagles into the valleys and ravines. The Cat was on the side of a mountain, on a wooded terrace. Above him a few feet away towered the rock ascent as steep as the wall of a cathedral. The Cat had never climbed it—trees were the ladders to his heights of life. He had often looked with wonder at the rock, and miauled bitterly and resentfully as man does in the face of a forbidding Providence. At his left was the sheer precipice. Behind him, with a short stretch of woody growth between, was the frozen perpendicular fall of a mountain stream. Before him was the way to his home. When the rabbit came out she was trapped; her little cloven feet could not scale such unbroken steeps. So the Cat waited. The place in which he was looked like a maelstrom of the wood. The tangle of trees and bushes clinging to the mountain-side with a stern clutch of roots, the prostrate trunks and branches, the vines embracing everything with strong knots and coils of growth, had a curious effect, as of things which had whirled for ages in a current of raging water, only it was not water, but wind, which had disposed everything in circling lines of yielding to its fiercest points of onset. And now over all this whirl of wood and rock and dead trunks and branches and vines descended the snow. It blew down like smoke over the rock-crest above; it stood in a gyrating column like some death-wraith of nature, on the level, then it broke over the edge of the precipice, and the Cat cowered before the fierce backward set of it. It was as if ice needles pricked his skin through his beautiful thick fur, but he never faltered and never once cried. He had nothing to gain from crying, and everything to lose; the rabbit would hear him cry and know he was waiting.

It grew darker and darker, with a strange white smother instead of the natural blackness of night. It was a night of storm and death superadded to the night of nature. The mountains were all hidden, wrapped about, overawed, and tumultuously overborne by it, but in the midst of it waited, quite unconquered, this little unswerving living patience and power under a little coat of gray fur.

A fiercer blast swept over the rock, spun on one mighty foot of whirlwind athwart the level, then was over the precipice.

Then the Cat saw two eyes luminous

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with terror, frantic with the impulse of flight, he saw a little quivering, dilating nose, he saw two pointing ears, and he kept still with every one of his fine nerves and muscles strained like wires. Then the rabbit was out—there was one long line of incarnate flight and terror—and the Cat had her.

Then the Cat went home, trailing his prey through the snow.

The Cat lived in the house which his master had built, as rudely as a child's block-house, but stanchly enough. The snow was heavy on the low slant of its roof, but it would not settle under it. The two windows and the door were made fast, but the Cat knew a way in. Up a pine-tree behind the house he scuttled, though it was hard work with his heavy rabbit, and was in his little window under the eaves, then down through the trap to the room below, and on his master's bed with a spring and a great cry of triumph, rabbit and all. But his master was not there; he had been gone since early fall, and it was now February. He would not return until spring, for he was an old man, and the cruel cold of the mountains clutched at his vitals like a panther, and he had gone to the village to winter. The Cat had known for a long time that his master was gone, but his reasoning was always sequential and circuitous; always for him what had been would be, and the more easily for his marvellous waiting powers, so he always came home expecting to find his master.

When he saw that he was still gone, he dragged the rabbit off the rude couch which was the bed to the floor, put one little paw on the carcass to keep it steady, and began gnawing with head to one side to bring his strongest teeth to bear.

It was darker in the house than it had been in the wood, and the cold was as deadly, though not so fierce. If the Cat had not received his fur coat unquestioningly of Providence, he would have been thankful that he had it. It was a mottled gray, white on the face and breast, and thick as fur could grow.

The wind drove the snow on the windows with such force that it rattled like sleet, and the house trembled a little. Then all at once the Cat heard a noise and stopped gnawing his rabbit and listened, his shining green eyes fixed upon a window. Then he heard a hoarse shout, a halloo of despair and entreaty; but he knew it was not his master come home, and he waited, one paw still on the rabbit. Then the halloo came again, and then the Cat answered. He said all that was essential quite plainly to his own comprehension. There was in his cry of response inquiry, information, warning, terror, and, finally, the offer of comradeship: but the man outside did not hear him, because of the howling of the storm.

Then there was a great battering pound at the door, then another, and another. The Cat dragged his rabbit under the bed. The blows came thicker and faster. It was a weak arm which gave them, but it was nerved by desperation. Finally the lock yielded, and the stranger came in. Then the Cat, peering from under the bed, blinked with a sudden light, and his green eyes narrowed. The stranger struck a match and looked about. The Cat saw a face wild and blue with hunger and cold, and a man who looked poorer and older than his poor old master, who was an outcast among men for his poverty and lowly mystery of antecedents; and he heard a muttered, unintelligible voicing of distress from the harsh, piteous mouth. There was in it both profanity and prayer, but the Cat knew nothing of that.

The stranger braced the door which he had forced, got some wood from the stock in the corner, and kindled a fire in the old stove as quickly as his half-frozen hands would allow. He shook so pitiably as he worked that the Cat under the bed felt the tremor of it. Then the man, who was small and feeble and marked with the scars of suffering which he had pulled down upon his own head, sat down in one of the old chairs, and crouched over the fire as if it were the one love and desire of his soul, holding out his yellow hands like yellow claws, and he groaned. The Cat came out from under the bed and leapt up on his lap with the rabbit. The man gave a great shout and start of terror, and sprang, and the Cat slid clawing to the floor, and the rabbit fell inertly, and the man leant gasping with fright, and ghastly, against the wall. The Cat grabbed the rabbit by the slack of its neck and dragged it to the man's feet. Then he raised his shrill, insistent cry, he arched his back high, his tail was a splendid waving plume. He rubbed against the man's feet, which were bursting out of their torn shoes.

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The man pushed the Cat away, gently enough, and began searching about the little cabin. He even climbed painfully the ladder to the loft, lit a match, and peered up in the darkness with straining eyes. He feared lest there might be a man, since there was a cat. His experience with men had not been pleasant, and neither had the experience of men been pleasant with him. He was an old wandering Ishmael among his kind; he had stumbled upon the house of a brother, and the brother was not at home, and he was glad.

He returned to the Cat, and stooped stiffly and stroked his back, which the animal arched like the spring of a bow.

Then he took up the rabbit and looked at it eagerly by the firelight. His jaws worked. He could almost have devoured it raw. He fumbled, the Cat close at his heels, around some rude shelves and a table, and found, with a grunt of self-gratulation, a lamp with oil in it. That he lighted; then he found a frying-pan and a knife, and skinned the rabbit, and prepared it for cooking, the Cat always at his feet.

When the odor of the cooking flesh filled the cabin, both the man and the Cat looked wolfish. The man turned the rabbit with one hand, and stooped to pat the Cat with the other. The Cat thought him a fine man. He loved him with all his heart, though he had known him such a short time, and though the man had a face both pitiful and sharply set at variance with the best of things.

It was a face with the grimy grizzle of age upon it, with fever hollows in the cheeks, and the memories of wrong in the dim eyes, but the Cat accepted the man unquestioningly and loved him. When the rabbit was half cooked, neither the man nor the Cat could wait any longer. The man took it from the fire, divided it exactly in halves, gave the Cat one, and took the other himself. Then they ate.

Then the man blew out the light, called the Cat to him, got on the bed, drew up the ragged coverings, and fell asleep with the Cat in his bosom.

The man was the Cat's guest all the rest of the winter, and winter is long in the mountains. The rightful owner of the little hut did not return until May. All that time the Cat toiled hard, and he grew rather thin himself, for he shared everything except mice with his guest; and sometimes game was wary, and the fruit of the patience of days was very little for two. The man was ill and weak, however, and unable to eat much, which was fortunate, since he could not hunt for himself. All day long he lay on the bed, or else sat crouched over the fire. It was a good thing that fire-wood was ready at hand for the picking up, not a stone's-throw from the door, for that he had to attend to himself.

The Cat foraged tirelessly. Sometimes he was gone for days together, and at first the man used to be terrified, thinking he would never return; then he would hear the familiar cry at the door, and stumble to his feet and let him in. Then the two would dine together, sharing equally; then the Cat would rest and purr, and finally sleep in the man's arms.

Toward spring the game grew plentiful, more wild little quarry were tempted out of their homes, in search of love as well as food. One day the Cat had luck —a rabbit, a partridge, and a mouse. He could not carry them all at once, but finally he had them together at the house door. Then he cried, but no one answered. All the mountain streams were loosened, and the air was full of the gurgle of many waters, occasionally pierced by a bird-whistle. The trees rustled with a new sound to the spring wind; there was a flush of rose and gold-green on the breasting surface of a distant mountain seen through an opening in the wood. The tips of the bushes were swollen and glistening red, and now and then there was a flower; but the Cat had nothing to do with flowers. He stood beside his booty at the house door, and cried and cried with his insistent triumph and complaint and pleading, but no one came to let him in. Then the Cat left his little treasures at the door, and went around to the back of the house to the pine-tree, and was up the trunk with a wild scramble, and in through his little window, and down through the trap to the room, and the man was gone.

The Cat cried again—that cry of the animal for human companionship which is one of the sad notes of the world; he looked in all the corners; he sprang to the chair at the window and looked out; but no one came. The man was gone, and he never came again.

The Cat ate his mouse out on the turf

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beside the house; the rabbit and the partridge he carried painfully into the house, but the man did not come to share them. Finally in the course of a day or two he ate them up himself; then he slept a long time on the bed, and when he waked, the man was not there.

Then the Cat went forth to his hunting-grounds again, and came home at night with a plump bird, reasoning with his tireless persistency in expectancy that the man would be there; and there was a light in the window, and when he cried his old master opened the door and let him in.

His master had strong comradeship with the Cat, but not affection. He never patted him like that gentler outcast, but he had a pride in him and an anxiety for his welfare, though he had left him alone all winter without scruple. He feared lest some misfortune might have come to the Cat, though he was so large of his kind, and a mighty hunter. Therefore when he saw him at the door in all the glory of his glossy winter coat, his white breast and face shining like snow in the sun, his own face lit up with welcome, and the Cat embraced his feet with his sinuous body vibrant with rejoicing purrs.

The Cat had his bird to himself, for his master had his own supper already cooking on the stove. After supper the Cat's master took his pipe, and sought a small store of tobacco which he had left in his hut over winter. He had thought often of it; that and the Cat seemed something to come home to in the spring. But the tobacco was gone; not a dust left. The man swore a little in a grim monotone, which made the profanity lose its customary effect. He had been, and was, a hard drinker; he had knocked about the world until the marks of its sharp corners were on his very soul, which was thereby calloused, until his very sensibility to loss was dulled. He was a very old man.

He searched for the tobacco with a sort of dull combativeness of persistency; then he stared with stupid wonder around the room. Suddenly many features struck him as being changed. Another stove lid was broken; an old piece of carpet was tacked up over a window to keep out the cold; his fire-wood was gone. He looked, and there was no oil left in his can. He looked at the coverings on his bed; he took them up, and again he made that strange remonstrant noise in his throat. Then he looked again for his tobacco.

Finally he gave it up. He sat down beside the fire, for May in the mountains is cold; he held his empty pipe in his mouth, his rough forehead knitted, and he and the Cat looked at each other across that impassable barrier of silence which has been set between man and beast from the creation of the world.

DAWN IN THE TROPICS

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN

FAINTER the Trade-wind westward sweeps,
Lighter the surf on the coral breaks,
Paler and paler the Day-star creeps
Down the pearl-gray sky as the sun awakes—
To fill the wave with a hundred gleams
Of ruby and topaz and amethyst,
To crown the hill with its lambent beams,
To free the vale from the wreathing mist,
To bid the land breeze stay its sweep,
To dry the fronds of the dew-drenched palm:—
A blessèd time betwixt waking and sleep,
When the world stands still in a golden calm.

There's a patter of feet on the cool, white roads,
A song comes drifting from far away,
A chatter of women beneath their loads:—
And the world is awake to another day.

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ELEANOR *

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER IX.

"MISS FOSTER is not getting up? How is she?"

"I believe Aunt Pattie only persuaded her to rest till after breakfast, and that was hard work. Aunt Pattie thought her rather shaken still."

The speakers were Manisty and Mrs. Burgoyne. Eleanor was sitting in the deep shade of the avenue that ran along the outer edge of the garden. Through the gnarled trunks to her right shone the blazing stretches of the Campagna, melting into the hot shimmer of the Mediterranean. A new volume of French memoirs, whereof not a page had yet been cut, was lying upon her knee.

Manisty, who had come out to consult with her, leant against the tree beside her. Presently he broke out impetuously:

"Eleanor, we must protect that girl! You know what I mean? You'll help me?"

"What are you afraid of?"

"Good heavens! I hardly know. But we must keep Alice away from Miss Foster. She mustn't walk with her, or sit with her, or be allowed to worry her in any way. I should be beside myself with alarm if Alice were to take a fancy to her."

Eleanor hesitated a moment. The slightest flush rose to her cheek, unnoticed in the shadow of her hat.

"You know, if you are in any real anxiety, Miss Foster could go to Florence. She told me yesterday that the Porters have friends there whom she could join."

Manisty fidgeted.

"Well, I hardly think that's necessary. It's a great pity she should miss Vallombrosa. I hoped I might settle her and Aunt Pattie there by about the middle of June."

Eleanor made so sudden a movement that her book fell to the ground.

"You are going to Vallombrosa? I thought you were due at home the beginning of June?"

"That was when I thought the book was coming out before the end of the month. But now—"

"Now that it isn't coming out at all, you feel there's no hurry?"

Manisty looked annoyed.

"I don't think that's a fair shot. Of course the book's coming out! But if it isn't June, it must be October. So there's no hurry."

The little cold laugh with which Eleanor had spoken her last words subsided. But she gave him no sign of assent. He pulled a stalk of grass, and nibbled at it uncomfortably.

"You think I'm a person easily discouraged?" he said presently.

"You take advice so oddly," she said, smiling; "sometimes so ill, sometimes so desperately well."

"I can't help it. I am made like that. When a man begins to criticise my work, I first hate him, then I'm all of his opinion—only more so."

"I know," said Eleanor, impatiently. "It's this dreadful modern way—the fatal power we all have of seeing the other side. But an author is no good till he has thrown his critics out of window."

"Poor Neal!" said Manisty, with his broad sudden smile; "he would fall hard. However, to return to Miss Foster. There's no need to drive her away if we look after her. You'll help us, won't you, Eleanor?"

He sat down on a stone bench beside her. The momentary cloud had cleared away. He was his most charming, most handsome self. A shiver ran through Eleanor. Her thought flew to yesterday—compared the kind radiance of the face beside her, its look of brotherly confidence and appeal, with the look of yesterday, the hard evasiveness with which he had met all her poor woman's attempts to renew the old intimacy, reknit the old bond. She thought of the solitary sleepless misery of the night she had just passed through. And here they were sitting in cousinly talk, as though nothing else were between them but this

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MANISTY AND HIS SISTER.

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polite anxiety for Miss Foster's peace of mind. What was behind that apparently frank brow, those sparkling gray-blue eyes? Manisty could always be a mystery when he chose, even to those who knew him best.

She drew a long inward breath, feeling the old inexorable compulsion that lies upon the decent woman who can only play the game as the man chooses to set it.

"I don't know what I can do," she said, slowly. "You think Alice is no better?"

Manisty shook his head. He looked at her sharply and doubtfully, as though measuring her, and then said, lowering his voice:

"I believe—I know I can trust you with this: I have some reason to suppose that there was an attempt at suicide at Venice. Her maid prevented it, and gave me the hint. I am in communication with the maid, though Alice has no idea of it."

"Ought she to come here at all?" said Eleanor, after a pause.

"I have thought of that—of meeting all the trains and turning her back. But you know her obstinacy. As long as she is in Rome and we here, we can't protect ourselves and the villa. There are a thousand ways of invading us. Better let her come, find out what she wants, pacify her if possible, and send her away. I am not afraid for ourselves, you included, Eleanor. She would do us no harm. A short annoyance, and it would be over. But Miss Foster is the weak point."

Eleanor looked at him inquiringly.

"It is one of the strongest signs of her unsound state," said Manisty, frowning, "the wild fancies that she takes for girls much younger than herself. There have been all sorts of difficulties in hotels. She will be absolutely silent with older people—or with you and me, for instance—but if she can captivate any quite young creature she will pour herself out to her, follow her, write to her, tease her, till she gets the pity and sympathy she craves. Poor, poor Alice!"

Manisty's voice had become almost a groan. His look betrayed a true and manly feeling.

"One must always remember," he resumed, "that she has still the power to attract a stranger. Her mind is in ruins, but they are the ruins of what was once fine and noble. But it is all so wild and strange and desperate. A girl is first fascinated, and then terrified. She begins by listening and pitying. Then Alice pursues her, swears her to secrecy, talks to her of enemies and persecutors, of persons who wish her death, who open her letters and dog her footsteps, till the girl can't sleep at nights, and her own nerve begins to fail her. There was a case of this at Florence last year. Dalgetty—that's the maid—had to carry Alice off by main force. The parents of the girl threatened to set the doctors in motion, to get Alice sent to an asylum."

"But surely, surely," cried Mrs. Burgoyne, "that would be the right course!"

Manisty shook his head.

"Impossible!" he said, with energy. "Don't imagine that my lawyers and I haven't looked into everything. Unless the disease has made much progress since I last saw her, Alice will always baffle any attempts to put her in restraint. She is queer — eccentric — melancholy; she envelops the people she victimizes with a kind of moral poison; but you can't *prove*—so far, at least—that she is dangerous to herself or others. The evidence always falls short." He paused; then added, with cautious emphasis: "I don't speak without book. It has been tried."

"But the attempt at Venice?"

"No good. The maid's letter convinced me of two things—first, that she had attempted her life, and next, that there is no proof of it."

Eleanor bent forward.

"And the suitor—the man?" she said, lowering her voice.

"Ah!" said Manisty, "Aunt Pattie told you that? Oh! it goes on. I believe there have been two interviews lately. The first at Venice—probably connected with the attempt we know of. The second some weeks ago at Padua. The man by all accounts is a reputable person, though no doubt not insensible to the fact that Alice has some money. You know who he is?—a French artist she came across in Venice. He is melancholy and lonely, like herself. I believe he is genuinely attached to her. But after the last scene at Padua she told Dalgetty that she would never make him miserable by marrying him."

"What do you suppose she is coming here for?"

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MANISTY AND LUCY FONTEIL.

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"Very likely to get me to do something for this man. She won't be his wife, but she likes to be his Providence. I shall promise anything, in return for her going quickly back to Venice—or Switzerland—where she often spends the summer. So long as she and Miss Foster are under one roof, I shall not have a moment free from anxiety. She passes very easily from a mad liking to a mad hate."

Eleanor sank back in her chair. She was silent, but her eye betrayed the bitter animation of the thoughts passing behind them—thoughts evoked not so much by what Manisty had said as by what he had *not* said. All alarm, all consideration to be concentrated on one point!—nothing, and no one else, to matter!

But again she fought down the rising agony, refused to be mastered by it, or to believe her own terrors. Another wave of feeling rose. It was so natural to her to love and help him!

"Tell me what you suggest. Of course we must all look after that child."

He brought his head nearer to hers, his brilliant eyes bent upon her intently.

"Never let her be alone with Miss Foster! Watch her. If you see any sign of persecution—if you can't check it—let me know at once. I shall keep Alice in play, of course. One day we can send Miss Foster into Rome—perhaps two. Ah! hush!—here she comes!"

Eleanor looked round. Lucy had just appeared in the cool darkness of the avenue. She walked slowly and with a languid grace, trailing her white skirts. The shy rusticity, the frank robustness of her earlier aspect were now either gone or temporarily merged in something more exquisite and more appealing. Her youth, too, had never been so apparent. She had been too strong, too self-reliant. The touch of physical delicacy seemed to have brought back the child.

Then, turning back to her companion, Eleanor saw the sudden softness in Manisty's face—the alert expectancy of his attitude.

"What a wonderful oval of the head and cheek!" he said, under his breath, half to himself, half to her. "Do you know, Eleanor, what she reminds me of?"

Eleanor shook her head.

"Of that little head—little face, rather—that I gave you at Nemi. Don't you see it?"

"I always said she was like your Greek bust," said Eleanor, slowly.

"Ah, that was in her first archaic stage! But now that she's more at ease with us—you see?—there's the purity of line just the same—but subtilized—humanized—somehow! It's the change from marble to terra-cotta, isn't it?"

His fancy pleased him, and his smile turned to hers for sympathy. Then, springing up, he went to meet Lucy.

"Oh, there can be nothing on his mind. He could not speak—look—smile—like that to *me*," thought Eleanor, with passionate relief.

Then as they approached she rose, and with kind solicitude forced Lucy to take her chair, on the plea that she herself was going back to the villa.

Lucy touched her hand gratefully. "I don't know what's happened to me," she said, half wistful, half smiling; "I never staid in bed to breakfast in my life before. At Greyridge they'd think I had gone out of my mind."

Eleanor inquired if it was an invariable sign of lunacy in America to take your breakfast in bed. Lucy couldn't say. All she knew was that nobody ever took it so in Greyridge, Vermont, unless they were on the point of death.

"I should never be any good any more," she said, with an energy that brought the red back to her cheeks, "if they were to spoil me at home as you spoil me here."

Eleanor waved her hand, smiled, and went her way.

As she moved farther and farther away from them down the long avenue, she saw them all the time, though she never once looked back—saw the eager inquiries of the man, the modest responsiveness of the girl. She was leaving them to themselves—at the bidding of her own pride—and they had the May morning before them. According to a telegram just received, Alice Manisty was not expected till after lunch.

Meanwhile Manisty was talking of his sister to Lucy, with coolness, and as much frankness as he thought necessary.

"She is very odd—and very depressing. She is now very little with us. There is no company she likes as well as her own. But in early days she and I were great friends. We were brought up in an old Yorkshire house together, and

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a queer pair we were. I was never sent to school, and I got the better of most of my tutors. Alice was unmanageable too, and we spent most of our time rambling and reading as we pleased. Both of us dreamed awake half our time. I had shooting and fishing to take me out of myself; but Alice, after my mother's death, lived with her own fancies and got less like other people every day. There was a sort of garden-house in the park—a lonely overgrown kind of place. We put our books there, and used practically to live there for weeks together. That was just after I came into the place, before I went abroad. Alice was sixteen. I can see her now sitting in the doorway of the little house, hour after hour, staring into the woods like a somnambulist, one arm behind her head. One day I said to her, 'Alice, what are you thinking of?' 'Myself!' she said. So then I laughed at her and teased her. And she answered, quite quietly, 'I know it is a pity, but I can't help it.'"

Lucy's eyes were wide with wonder. "But you ought to have given her something to do—or to learn—right away! Couldn't she have gone to school, or found some friends?"

"Oh, I dare say I ought to have done a thousand things," said Manisty, impatiently. "I was never a model brother, or a model anything! I grew up for myself and by myself, and I supposed Alice would do the same. You disapprove?"

He turned his sharp compelling eyes upon her, so that Lucy flinched a little. "I shouldn't dare," she said, laughing. "I don't know enough. But I'm sorry, anyway, for your sister."

"What did you think about at sixteen?"

Her sweet look wavered.

"I had mother then," she said, simply.

"Ah! then—I'm afraid you've no right to sit in judgment upon us. Alice and I had no mother—no one but ourselves. Of course all our relations and friends disapproved of us. But that, somehow, has never made much difference to either of us. Does it make much difference to you? Do you mind if people praise or blame you? What does it matter what anybody thinks? Who can know anything about you but yourself?—eh?"

He poured out his questions in a hurry, one tumbling over the other. And he had already begun to bite the inevitable stalk of grass. Lucy, as usual, was conscious both of intimidation and attraction—she felt him at once absurd and magnetic.

"I'm sure we're meant to care what people think," she said, with spirit. "It helps us. It keep us straight."

His eyes flashed.

"You think so? Then we disagree entirely, absolutely, and *in toto!* I don't want to be approved. I want to be happy. It never enters my head to judge other people. Why should they judge me?"

"But—but—" Then she laughed out, remembering his book and his political escapade. "Aren't you *always* judging other people?"

"Fighting them—yes! That's another matter. But I don't give myself superior airs. I don't judge; I just love—and hate."

Her attention followed the bronzed expressive face, so bold in outline, so delicate in detail, with a growing fascination.

"It seems to me you hate more than you love."

He considered it.

"Quite possible. It isn't an engaging world. But I don't hate readily; I hate slowly and by degrees. If anybody offends me, for instance, at first I hardly feel it—it doesn't seem to matter at all. Then it grows in my mind; gradually it becomes a weight—a burning fire—and drives everything else out. I hate the men, for instance, that I hated last year, in England, much worse now than I did then!"

Her steady lips, her sparkling eye, showed an opposition that must needs venture into the open.

"Why did you hate them? I have heard—"

"Yes?" he said, peremptorily, bending again towards her.

She trembled, but went on—

"That it was a great pity—that you lost influence—"

"I shall recover it," he said, briefly.

"Through your book?"

"That's only one means among many. The cause is so strong, the weapons hardly matter."

"What do you mean by 'the cause'?"

"Everything reactionary, foolish, and superstitious," he said, with malicious emphasis. "Everything that confounds

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the wisdom of the wise—everything that your Puritan ancestors thought anathema—fasting, monkery, sacramentalism, relics, indulgences—everything that a snug, prosperous, Protestant England or America hates and despises—while all the time it is keeping the world going for Protestant England or America to wax fat in."

She said nothing, but her face spoke for her.

"You think me mad?"

She turned aside, dumb, plucking at a root of cyclamen beside her.

"Insincere?"

"No. But you like to startle one—to make one angry!"

He shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Not at all. There is a certain joy always in pricking bubbles—in tripping people up where they think themselves most secure."

"Even when those people are in earnest—and you—?"

"Are not? Charge home. I am prepared," he said, smiling.

She opened her deep puzzled eyes upon him, glowing from an inward fire.

"You talk as though you were a Catholic—and you are not—you don't believe—" she said, and then stopped, startled by her own rashness.

"You are quite right," he said, with emphasis. "Not only do I not believe, but I find it impossible to understand how any educated man can possibly, conceivably, be a believer."

Her face expressed her repulsion and bewilderment.

"Then why?—why?"

"It's quite simple. Because the world can't get on without morals, and Catholicism—Anglicanism too—the religions of authority, in short—are the great guardians of morals. They are the binding forces—the forces making for solidarity and continuity. Your cocksure, peering Protestant is the dissolvent—the force making for ruin. What's his private judgment to me, or mine to him? But for the sake of it he'll make everything mud and puddle! Of course you may say to me—it is perfectly open to you to say"—he looked away from her, half forgetting her, addressing with animation and pugnacity an imaginary opponent—"what do morals matter?—how do you know that the present moral judgments of the world represent any ultimate truth? Ah, well!"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I can't follow you there. Black may be really white, and white black; but I'm not going to admit it. It would make me too much of a dupe. I take my stand on morals. And if you give me morals, you must give me the only force that can guarantee them—Catholicism—more or less; and dogma, and ritual, and superstition, and all the foolish ineffable things that bind mankind together, and send them to 'face the music' in this world and the next!"

She sat silent, with twitching lips, excited, yet passionately scornful and antagonistic. Thoughts of her home; of the sturdy Methodist farmers she knew; of the hymns at meetings, and the deep inwardness of the faith and penitence expressed in them—the only utterance of a dour and silent race; of her uncle's simple and personal piety—flashed thick and fast through her mind. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands, to hide a fit of laughter that had overtaken her.

"All that amuses you?" said Manisty, breathing a little faster.

"No—oh no! But—I was thinking of our friends—and my uncle. What you said of Protestants seemed all at once so odd—so—ridiculous!"

"Did it?" said Manisty. "Take care! I have seen you a Catholic once—for three minutes!"

"When?"

"In St. Peter's."

His smiling imperious eyes followed up their advantage.

"Forgive me! But I saw you overthrown. The great tradition swept upon you; you knelt like the rest of us."

She was silent. Far within she was conscious of a kind of tremor. She threw herself on another subject.

"I hope you will finish the book," she said, hastily, "for Mrs. Burgoyne's sake."

His expression changed. Throwing himself on his elbow, he lay full length on the marble bench beside her. His strong curls of black hair overhung a slightly frowning brow. But his frown was only a nervous trick. When he spoke it was with a smile.

"You think Mrs. Burgoyne cares about it so much?"

"But she worked so hard for it!" cried Lucy, indignant with something in his manner, though she could not have defined what. Her mind, indeed, was full

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of vague and generous misgivings on the subject of Mrs. Burgoyne. First she had been angry with Mr. Manisty for what had seemed to her neglect and ingratitude. Now she was somehow dissatisfied with herself too.

"She worked too hard," said Manisty, gravely. "It is a good thing the pressure has been taken off. Have you found out yet, Miss Foster, what a remarkable woman my cousin is?"

He turned to her with a sharp look of inquiry.

"I admire her all day long," cried Lucy, warmly.

"That's right," said Manisty, slowly—"that's right. Do you know her history?"

"Mr. Brooklyn told me—"

"He doesn't know very much. Shall I tell it you?"

"If you ought—if Mrs. Burgoyne would like it," said Lucy, eager and yet hesitating, the color coming and going. There was a chivalrous feeling in the girl's mind that she was too new an acquaintance—that she had no right to the secrets of this friendship, and Manisty no right to speak of them.

But Manisty took no notice. With half-shut eyes, like a man looking into the past, he began to describe his cousin—first as a girl in her father's home; then in her married life, silent, unhappy, gentle; afterwards in the dumb years of her irreparable grief; and finally in this last phase of intellectual and spiritual energy, which had been such an amazement to himself—which had first revealed to him, indeed, the true Eleanor.

He spoke slowly, with a singular and scrupulous choice of words, building up the image of Mrs. Burgoyne's life and mind with an insight and a delicacy which presently held his listener spell-bound. Several things emerged and stamped themselves on the girl's astonished and vibrating sense—his affection for his cousin, and his detachment from her; the extraordinary closeness and penetration, moreover, of his moral judgment of women. Several times Lucy felt herself flooded with hot color.

"Does he guess so much about—about us all?" she asked herself with a secret excitement.

Suddenly Manisty said, with an entire change of tone, springing to his feet as he did so,

"In short, Miss Foster, my cousin Eleanor is one of the ablest and dearest of women, and she and I have been completely wasting each other's time this winter!"

Lucy stared at him in astonishment.

"Shall I tell you why? We have been too kind to each other!"

He waited, studying his companion's face with a hard, whimsical look.

"Eleanor gave my book too much sympathy. It wanted brutality. I have worn her out, and my book is in a mess. The best thing I could do for us both was to cut it short. It's too bad, isn't it, to complain of indulgence?"

Lucy was uncomfortably silent. Her thoughts went back to her first evening—to the criticism on the Nemi piece implied in Mrs. Burgoyne's gentle refraining from good words, and the evident annoyance of the writer. Manisty watched her closely, and probably divined her.

"There's no use in talking about it," he said, impatiently, with a shake of his great shoulders. "I am not meant to work in partnership. A word of blame depresses me, and I am led astray by praise. It was all a mistake. If only Eleanor could understand that it's my own fault—and I know it's my own fault—and not think me unjust and unkind. Miss Foster—"

Lucy looked up. In the glance she encountered, the vigorous and wilful personality beside her seemed to bring all its force to bear upon herself.

"—if Eleanor talks to you—"

"She never does!" cried Lucy.

"She might," said Manisty, coolly—"she might. If she does, persuade her of my admiration—my gratitude. Tell her that I know very well that I am not worth her help. Her inspiration would have led any other man to success. It only failed because I was I. I hate to seem to discourage and disavow what I once accepted so eagerly. But a man must find out his own mistakes and thrash his own blunders. She was too kind to thrash them, so I have appointed Neal to the office. Do you understand?"

She rose, full of wavering approvals and disapprovals, seized by him, and feeling with Mrs. Burgoyne.

"I understand only a very little," she said, lifting her candid, charming eyes to

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his, "except that I never saw any one I —I cared for so much, in so short a time, as Mrs. Burgoyne."

"Ah! care for her!" he said, in another voice, with another aspect—"go on caring for her! She needs it."

They walked on together towards the villa, for Alfredo was on the balcony signalling to them that the twelve-o'clock breakfast was ready.

On the way Manisty turned upon her.

"Now you are to be obedient! You are not to pay any attention to my sister. She is not a happy person; but you are not to be sorry for her. You can't understand her, and I beg you will not try. You are, please, to leave her alone. Can I trust you?"

"Hadn't you better send me into Rome?" said Lucy, laughing and embarrassed.

"I always intended to," said Manisty, shortly.

Towards five o'clock Alice Manisty arrived, accompanied by an elderly maid. Lucy—before she escaped into the garden —was aware of a very tall woman, possessing a harshly expressive face, black eyes, and a thin, long-limbed frame. These black eyes—uneasily bright—searched the salon as she entered it, only to fasten, with a kind of grip in which there was no joy, upon her brother. Lucy saw her kiss him, with a cold perfunctoriness, bowed herself as her name was nervously pronounced by Miss Manisty, and then withdrew. Mrs. Burgoyne was in Rome for the afternoon.

But at dinner they all met, and Lucy could satisfy some of the natural curiosity that possessed her. Alice Manisty was dressed in black lace and satin, and carried herself with distinction. Her hair, raven-black like her brother's, though with a fine line of gray here and there, was of enormous abundance, and she wore it heavily coiled round her head in a mode which gave particular relief to the fire and restlessness of the eyes which flashed beneath it. Beside her, Eleanor Burgoyne, though she too was rather tall than short, suffered a curious eclipse. The plaintive distinction that made the charm of Eleanor's expression and movements seemed for the moment to mean and say nothing beside the tragic splendor of Alice Manisty.

The dinner was not agreeable. Manisty was clearly ill at ease, and seething with inward annoyance; Miss Manisty had the air of a frightened mouse; Alice Manisty talked not at all, and ate nothing except some poached eggs that she had apparently ordered for herself before dinner; and Eleanor—chattering of her afternoon in Rome—had to carry through the business as best she could, with occasional help from Lucy.

From the first it was unpleasantly evident to Manisty that his sister took notice of Miss Foster. Almost her only words at table were addressed to the girl sitting opposite to her; and her roving eyes returned again and again to Lucy's fresh young face and quiet brow.

After dinner Manisty followed the ladies into the salon, and asked his aunt's leave to smoke his cigarette with them.

Lucy wondered what had passed between him and his sister before dinner. He was polite to her; and yet she fancied that their relations were already strained.

Presently, as Lucy was busy with some embroidery on one of the settees against the wall of the salon, she was conscious of Alice Manisty's approach. The newcomer sat down beside her, bent over her work, asked her a few low, deep-voiced questions. Those strange eyes fastened upon her—stared at her, indeed.

But instantly Manisty was there, cigarette in hand, standing between them. He distracted his sister's attention, and at the same moment Eleanor called to Lucy from the piano:

"Won't you turn over for me? I can't play them by heart."

Lucy wondered at the scantiness of Mrs. Burgoyne's musical memory that night. She, who could play by the hour without note on most occasions, showed herself, on this, tied and bound to the printed page; and that page must be turned for her by Lucy, and Lucy only.

Meanwhile Manisty sat beside his sister smoking, throwing first the left leg over the right, then the right leg over the left, and making attempts at conversation with her, that Eleanor positively must not see, lest music and decorum both break down in a wreck of nervous laughter.

Alice Manisty scarcely responded; she sat motionless, her wild black head bent like that of a Mænad at watch, her gaze

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fixed, her long thin hands grasping the arm of her chair with unconscious force.

"What is she thinking of?" thought Lucy once, with a momentary shiver. "Herself?"

When bedtime came, Manisty gave the ladies their candles. As he bade good-night to Lucy, he said in her ear: "You said you wished to see the Lateran Museum. My aunt will send Benson with you to-morrow."

His tone did not ask whether she wished for the arrangement, but simply imposed it.

Then, as Eleanor approached him, he raised his shoulders with a gesture that only she saw, and led her a few steps apart in the dimly lighted anteroom, where the candles were placed.

"She wants the most impossible things, my dear lady," he said in low-voiced despair—"things I can no more do than fly over the moon!"

"Edward!" said his sister from the open door of the salon, "I should like some further conversation with you before I go to bed."

Manisty, with the worst grace in the world, saw his aunt and Eleanor to their rooms, and then went back to surrender himself to Alice. He was a man who took family relations hardly, impatient of the slightest bond that was not of his own choosing. Yet it was Eleanor's judgment that, considering his temperament, he had not been a bad brother to this wild sister. He had spent both heart and thought upon her case; and at the root of his relation to her a deep and painful pity was easily to be divined.

Vast as the villa-apartment was, the rooms were all on one floor, and the doors fitted badly. Lucy's sleep was haunted for long by a distant sound of voices, generally low and restrained, but at moments rising and sharpening as though their owners forgot the hour and the night. In the morning it seemed to her that she had been last conscious of a burst of weeping, far distant—then of a sudden silence.

The following day, Lucy, in Benson's charge, paid her duty to the Sophocles of the Lateran Museum, and, armed with certain books lent her by Manisty, went wandering among the art and inscriptions of Christian Rome. She came home—inexplicably tired—through a glorious Campagna splashed with poppies, embroidered with marigold and vetch; she climbed the Alban slopes from the heat below, and rejoiced in the keener air of the hills, and the *ponente*, as she drove from the station to the villa.

Mrs. Burgoyne was leaning over the balcony looking out for her. Lucy ran up to her, astonished at her own eagerness of foot, at the breath of home which seemed to issue from the great sun-beaten house.

Eleanor looked pale and tired, but she took the girl's hand kindly.

"Oh, you must keep all your gossip for dinner!" said Eleanor as they greeted. "It will help us through. It has been rather a hard day."

Lucy's face showed her sympathy, and the question she did not like to put into words.

"Oh, it has been a wrestle all day!" said Eleanor, wearily. "She wants Mr. Manisty to do certain things with her property that as her guardian he *cannot* do. She has the maddest ideas—she *is* mad. And when she is crossed she is terrible."

At dinner Lucy did her best to lighten the atmosphere, being indeed most truly sorry for her poor friends and their dilemma. But her pleasant girlish talk seemed to float above an abyss of trouble and discomfort, which threatened constantly to swallow it up.

Alice Manisty indeed responded. She threw off her silence and talked of Rome, exclusively to Lucy and with Lucy, showing in her talk a great deal of knowledge and a good deal of fine taste, mingled with occasional violence and extravagance. Her eyes, indeed, were wilder than ever. They shone with a miserable intensity that became a positive glare once or twice when Manisty addressed her. Her whole aspect breathed a tragic determination, crossed with an anger she was hardly able to restrain. Lucy noticed that she never spoke to or answered her brother if she could help it.

After dinner Lucy found herself the object of various embarrassing overtures on the part of the new-comer. But on each occasion Manisty interposed, at first adroitly, then roughly. On the last occasion Alice Manisty sprang to her feet, went to the side table where the candles were placed, disappeared, and did not return. Manisty, his aunt, and Mrs. Bur-

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goyne drew together in a corner of the salon discussing the events of the day in low, anxious voices. Lucy thought herself in the way, and went to bed.

After some hours of sleep, Lucy awoke, conscious of movement somewhere near her. With the advent of the hot weather she had been moved to a room on the eastern side of the villa, in one of two small wings jutting out from the façade. She had locked her door, but the side window of her room, which overlooked the balcony towards the lake, was open, and slight sounds came from the balcony. Springing up, she crept softly towards the window. The wooden shutters had been drawn forward, but both they and the casements were ajar.

Through the chink she saw a strange sight. On the step leading from the house to the terrace of the balcony sat Alice Manisty. Her head was thrown back against the wall of the villa, and her hands were clasped upon her knee. Her marvellous hair fell round her shoulders, and a strange illumination, in which a first gleam of dawn mingled with the moonlight, searched the haggard whiteness of the face and struck upon the long emaciated hands emerging from the darkness of her loose black dress.

Was she asleep? Lucy, holding back so as not to be seen, peered with held breath. No!—the large eyes were wide open, though it seemed to Lucy that they saw nothing.

Minute after minute passed. The figure on the terrace sat motionless. There were two statues on either side of her, a pair of battered round-limbed nymphs, glorified by the moonlight into a grace of poetry not theirs by day. They seemed to be looking down upon the woman at their feet in a soft bewilderment—wondering at a creature so little like themselves; while from the terrace came up the scent of the garden, heavy with roses and bedrenched with dew.

Suddenly it seemed to Lucy as though that stricken face, those intolerable eyes, awoke—turned towards herself, penetrated her room, pursued her. The figure moved, and there was a low sound of words. Her window was in truth inaccessible from the terrace; but in a panic fear Lucy threw herself on the casement and the shutters, closed them, and drew the bolts—as noiselessly as she could—still not without some noise. Then hurrying to her bed, she threw herself upon it, panting—in a terror she could neither explain nor compose.

CHAPTER X.

"My dear lady, there's nothing to be done with her whatever. She will not yield one inch—and I cannot. But one thing at last is clear to me. The mischief has made progress—I fear, great progress."

Manisty had drawn his cousin into the garden, and they were pacing the avenue. With his last words he turned upon her a grave, significant look.

The cause of Alice Manisty's visit, indeed, had turned out to be precisely what Manisty supposed. The sister had come to Marinata in order to persuade her brother, as one of the trustees of her property, to co-operate with her in bestowing some of her money on the French artist, Monsieur Octave Vacherot, to whom, as she calmly avowed, her affections were indissolubly attached, though she did not ever intend to marry him, nor indeed to see much of him in the future. "I shall never do him the disservice of becoming his wife," she announced, with her melancholy eyes full upon her brother. "But money is of no use to me. He is young and can employ it." Manisty inquired whether the gentleman in question was aware of what she proposed. Alice replied that if money were finally settled upon him, he would accept it, whereas his pride did not allow him to receive perpetual small sums at her hands. "But if I settle a definite sum upon him, he will take it as an endowment of his genius. It would be giving to the public, not to him. His great ideas would get their chance."

Manisty, in his way as excitable as she, had evidently found it difficult to restrain himself when M. Octave Vacherot's views as to his own value were thus explained to him. Nevertheless, he seemed to have shown on the whole a creditable patience, to have argued with his sister, to have even offered her money of his own, for the temporary supply of M. Vacherot's necessities. But all to no avail; and in the end it had come, of course, to his flatly refusing any help of his to such a scheme, and without it the scheme fell. For their father had been perfectly well aware of his daughter's eccentricities, and

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had placed her portion, by his will, in the hands of two trustees, of whom her brother was one, without whose consent she could not touch the capital.

"It always seemed to her a monstrous arrangement," said Manisty, "and I can see now it galls her to the quick to have to apply to me in this way. I don't wonder—but I can't help it. The duty's there—worse luck!—and I've got to face it, for my father's sake. Besides, if I were to consent, the other fellow—an old cousin of ours—would never dream of doing it. So what's the good? All the same, it makes me desperately anxious, to see the effect that this opposition of mine produces upon her."

"I saw yesterday that she must have been crying in the night," said Eleanor.

Her words evoked some emotion in Manisty.

"She cried in my presence, and I believe she cried most of the night afterwards," he said, in hasty pain. "That beast Vacherot!"

"Why doesn't she marry him?"

"For the noblest of reasons! She knows that her brain is clouded, and she won't let him run the risk."

Their eyes met in a quick sympathy. She saw that his poetic susceptibility, the romantic and dramatic elements in him, were all alive to his sister's case. How critically, sharply perceptive he was—or could be—with regard apparently to everybody in the world—save one! Often—as they talked—her heart stirred in this way, far out of sight, like a fluttering and wounded thing.

"It is the strangest madness," said Manisty, presently. "Many people would say it was only extravagance of imagination, unless they knew—what I know. She told me last night that she was not one person, but two, and the other self was a brother!—not the least like me—who constantly told her what to do and what not to do. She calls him quite calmly 'my brother John,' 'my heavenly brother.' She says that he often does strange things—things that she does not understand—but that he tells her the most wonderful secrets, and that he is a greater poet than any now living. She says that the first time she perceived him as separate from herself was one day in Venice, when a friend came for her to the hotel. She went out with the friend, or seemed to go out with her, and then suddenly she perceived that she was lying on her bed, and that the other Alice had been John! He looks just herself—but for the eyes. The weirdness of her look as she tells these things! But she expresses herself often with an extraordinary poetry. I envy her the words and the phrases! It seemed to me, once or twice, that she had all sorts of things I wished to have. If one could only be a little mad, one might write good books!"

He turned upon his companion, with a wild brilliance in his own blue eyes, that, taken together with the subject of their conversation and his many points of physical likeness to his sister, sent an uncomfortable thrill through Eleanor. Nevertheless, as she knew well, at the very bottom of Manisty's being there lay a remarkable fund of ordinary capacity—an invincible sanity, in short—which had always so far rescued him in the long-run from that element which was extravagance in him and madness in his sister.

And certainly nothing could have been more reasonable, strong, and kind than his further talk about his sister. He confided to his cousin that his whole opinion of Alice's state had changed; that certain symptoms for which he had been warned to be on the watch had, in his judgment, appeared; that he had accordingly written to a specialist in Rome, asking him to come and see Alice, without warning, on the following day; and that he hoped to be able to persuade her, without too much conflict, to accept medical watching and treatment for a time.

"I feel that it is plotting against her," he said, not without emotion, "but it has gone too far; she is not safe for herself or others. One of the most anxious things is this night wandering which has taken possession of her. Did you hear her last night?"

"Last night?" said Eleanor, startled.

"I had been warned by Dalgetty," said Manisty. "And between three and four I thought I heard sounds somewhere in the direction of the Albano balcony. So I crept out through the salon into the library. And there, sitting on the step of the glass passage, was Alice, looking as though she were turned to marble, and staring at Miss Foster's room! To my infinite relief, I saw that Miss Foster's shutters and windows were fast closed. But I felt I could not leave Alice there.

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I made a little noise in the library to warn her, and then I came out upon her. She showed no surprise, nor did I. I asked her to come and look at the sunrise striking over the Campagna. She made no objection, and I took her through my room and the salon to the salon balcony. The sight was marvellous; and first it gave her pleasure—she said a few things about it with her old grace and power. Then, in a minute, a veil seemed to fall over her eyes. The possessed, miserable look came back. She remembered that she hated me—that I had thwarted her. Yet I was able to persuade her to go back to her room. I promised that we would have more talk to-day. And when she had safely shut her own door—you know that tiled anteroom that leads to her room?—I found the key of it, and locked it safely from outside. That's one access to her. The other is through the room in which Dalgetty was sleeping. I'd have given a good deal to warn Dalgetty, but I dared not risk it. She had not heard Alice go out by the anteroom, but she told me the other day the smallest sound in her own room woke her. So I felt tolerably safe, and I went to bed. Eleanor! do you think that child saw or knew anything of it?"

"Lucy Foster? I noticed nothing."

The name, even on her own lips, struck Eleanor's aching sense like a sound of fate. It seemed now as if through every conversation she foresaw it—that all talk led up to it.

"She looks unlike herself still, this morning, don't you think?" said Manisty, in disquiet.

"Very possibly she got some chill at Nemi—some slight poison—which will pass off."

"Well, now," he said, after a pause, "how shall we get through the day? I shall have another scene with Alice, I suppose. I don't see how it is to be avoided. Meanwhile, will you keep Miss Foster here"—he pointed to the garden—"out of the way?"

"I must think of Aunt Pattie, remember," said Eleanor, quickly.

"Ah! dear Aunt Pattie!—but bring her too. I see perfectly well that Alice has already marked Miss Foster. She has asked me many questions about her. She feels her innocence and freshness like a magnet—drawing out her own sorrows and grievances. My poor Alice! What a wreck! Could I have done more?—could I?"

He walked on absently, his hands behind his back, his face working painfully.

Eleanor was touched. She did her best to help him throw off his misgivings; she defended him from himself; she promised him her help, not with the old effusion, but still with a cousinly kindness. And his mercurial nature soon passed into another mood—a mood of hopefulness that the doctor would set everything right, that Alice would consent to place herself under proper care, that the crisis would end well—and in twenty-four hours.

"Meanwhile, for this afternoon?" said Eleanor.

"Oh, we must be guided by circumstances. We understand each other. Eleanor!—what a prop, what a help you are!"

She shrank into herself. It was true, indeed, that she had passed through a good many disagreeable hours since Alice Manisty arrived, on her own account; for she had been left in charge several times, and she had a secret terror of madness. Manisty had not given her much thanks till now. His facile gratitude seemed to her a little tardy. She smiled and put it aside.

Manisty wrestled with his sister again that morning, while the other three ladies, all of them silent and perturbed, worked and read in the garden. Lucy debated with herself whether she should describe what she had seen the night before. But her instinct was always to make no unnecessary fuss. What harm was there in sitting out-of-doors on an Italian night in May? She would not add to the others' anxieties. Moreover, she felt a curious slackness and shrinking from exertion—even the exertion of talking. As Eleanor had divined, she had caught a slight chill at Nemi, and the effects of it were malarious, in the Italian way. She was conscious of a little shiveriness and languor, and of a wish to lie or sit quite still. But Aunt Pattie was administering quinine, and keeping a motherly eye upon her. There was nothing, according to her, to be alarmed about.

At the end of a couple of hours Manisty came out from his study much discom-

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posed. Alice Manisty shut herself up in her room, and Manisty summoned Eleanor to walk up and down a distant path with him.

When luncheon came, Alice Manisty did not appear. Dalgetty brought a message excusing her, to which Manisty listened in silence.

Aunt Pattie slipped out to see that the visitor had everything she required. But she returned almost instantly, her little parchment face quivering with nervousness.

"Alice would not see me," she said to Manisty.

"We must leave her alone," he said, quickly. "Dalgetty will look after her."

The meal passed under a cloud of anxiety. For once Manisty exerted himself to make talk, but not with much success.

As the ladies left the dining-room he detained Lucy.

"Would it be too hot for you in the garden now? Would you mind returning there?"

Lucy fetched her hat. There was only one short stretch of sun-beaten path to cross, and then, beyond, one entered upon the deep shade of the ilexes, already penetrated, at the turn of the day, by the first breaths of the sea-wind from the west. Manisty carried her books, and arranged a chair for her. Then he looked round to see if any one was near. Yes. Two gardeners were cutting the grass in the central zone of the garden—well within call.

"My aunt or Mrs. Burgoyne will follow you very shortly," he said. "You do not mind being alone?"

"Please, don't think of me!" cried Lucy. "I am afraid I am in your way."

"It will be all right to-morrow," he said, following his own thoughts. "May I ask that you will stay here for the present?"

He bent over her with a most courteous, a most winning kindness. Lucy promised, and he went.

She was left to think first, to think many times, of these new manners of her host, which had now wholly driven from her mind the memory of her first experiences; then to ponder, with a growing fascination which her own state of slight fever and the sultry heat of the day seemed to make it impossible for her to throw off, on Alice Manisty, on the incident of the night before, and on the meaning of the poor lady's state and behavior. She had taken Mrs. Burgoyne's word of "mad" in a general sense, as meaning eccentricity and temper. But surely they were gravely anxious, and everything was most strange and mysterious. The memory of the staring face under the moonlight appalled her. She tried not to think of it; but it haunted her.

Her nerves were not in their normal state, and, as she sat there in the cool dark, vague paralyzing fears swept across her, of which she was ashamed. One minute she longed to go back to them and help them. The next she recognized that the best help she could give was to stay where she was. She saw very well that she was a responsibility and a care to them.

"If it lasts, I must go away," she said to herself, firmly. "Certainly I must go."

But at the thought of going the tears came into her eyes. At most there was little more than a fortnight before the party broke up and she went with Aunt Pattie to Vallombrosa.

She took up the book upon her knee. It was a fine poem in Roman dialect on the immortal retreat of Garibaldi after '49. But after a few lines she let it drop again, listlessly. One of the motives which had entered into her reading of these things—a constant heat of antagonism and of protest—seemed to have gone out of her.

Meanwhile Aunt Pattie, Eleanor, and Manisty held conclave in Aunt Pattie's sitting-room, which was a little room at the southwestern corner of the apartment. It opened out of the salon and overlooked the Campagna.

On the northeastern side, Dalgetty, Alice Manisty's maid, sat sewing in a passage-room which commanded the entrance to the glass passage — her own door — the door of the anteroom that Manisty had spoken of to Eleanor, and close beside her a third door, which was half open, communicating with Manisty's library. The glass passage, or conservatory, led directly to the staircase and the garden, past the French windows of the library.

Dalgetty was a person of middle age, a strongly made Scotch woman, with a

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high forehead and fashionable rolls of sandy hair. Her face was thin and freckled, and one might have questioned whether its expression was shrewd or self-important. She was clearly thinking of other matters than needle-work. Her eyes travelled constantly to one or other of the doors in sight, and her lips had the pinched tension that shows preoccupation.

Her mind, indeed, harbored a good many disagreeable thoughts. In the first place, she was pondering the qualities of a certain drug lately recommended as a sedative to her mistress. It seemed to Dalgetty that its effect had not been good, but evil; or rather that it acted capriciously—exciting as often as it soothed. Yet Miss Alice would take it. On coming to her room after her interview with her brother, she had fallen first into a long fit of weeping, and then, after much restless pacing to and fro, she had put her hands to her head in a kind of despair, and had bade Dalgetty give her the new medicine. "I must lie down and sleep —*sleep!*" she had said, "or—"

And then she had paused, looking at Dalgetty with an aspect so piteous and wild that the maid's heart had quaked within her. Nevertheless, she had tried to keep the new medicine away from her mistress. But Miss Alice had shown such uncontrollable anger on being crossed that there was nothing for it but to yield. And as all was quiet in her room, Dalgetty hoped that this time the medicine would prove to be a friend, and not a foe, and that the poor lady would wake up calmer and less distraught.

She was certainly worse—much worse. The maid guessed at Mr. Manisty's opinion; she divined the approach of some important step. Very likely she would soon be separated from her mistress, and the thought depressed her. Not only because she had an affection for her poor charge, but also because she was a rather lazy and self-indulgent woman. Miss Alice had been very trying, certainly, but she was not exacting in the way of late hours and needle-work; she had plenty of money, and she liked moving about. All these qualities suited the tastes of the maid, who knew that she would not easily obtain another post so much to her mind.

The electric bell on the outer landing rang. Alfredo admitted the caller, and Dalgetty presently perceived a tall priest standing in the library. He was an old man, with beautiful blue eyes, and he seemed to Dalgetty to have a nervous, timid air.

Alfredo had gone to ask Mr. Manisty whether he could receive this gentleman, and meanwhile the stranger stood there twisting his long bony hands and glancing about him with the shyness of a bird.

Presently Alfredo came back and conducted the priest to the salon.

He had not been gone five minutes before Mr. Manisty appeared. He came through the library, and stood in the doorway of the passage-room where she sat.

"All right, Dalgetty?" he said, stooping to her, and speaking in a whisper.

"I think and hope she's asleep, sir," said the maid, in his ear. "I have heard nothing this half-hour."

Manisty looked relieved, repeated his injunctions to be watchful, and went back to the salon. Dalgetty presently heard his voice in the distance, mingling with those of the priest and Mrs. Burgoyne.

A little while afterwards there was another ring. This time it proved to be a lady from Rome, an old friend and connection of Aunt Pattie's.

Aunt Pattie, very pale and incoherent, came bustling out to receive her.

After greeting her guest, Miss Manisty shut the door upon the landing where Dalgetty sat working, and the sound of the ladies' talking presently filled Dalgetty's ear and effaced the voices from the salon.

Now she had nothing left to amuse her but the view through the glass passage to the balcony and the lake. It was hot, and she was tired of her sewing. The balcony, however, was in deep shade, and a breath of cool air came up from the lake. Dalgetty could not resist it. She glanced at her mistress's door and listened a moment. All was silence.

She put down her work and slipped through the glass passage on to the broad stone balcony.

There her ears were suddenly greeted with a sound of riotous shouting and singing on the road, and Alfredo ran out from the dining-room to join her.

"*Festa!*" he said, nodding to her in a kindly patronage, and speaking as he might have spoken to a child—"*Festa!*"

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And Dalgetty began to see a number of carts adorned with green boughs and filled with singing people coming along the road. Each cart had a band of girls dressed alike—red, white, orange, blue, and so forth.

Alfredo endeavored to explain that these were Romans, who, after visiting the church of the "Madonna del Divino Amore" in the plain, were now bound to an evening of merriment at Albano. According to him, it was not so much a case of "divino amore" as of "amore di vino," and he was very anxious that the English maid should understand his pun. She laughed—pretended—showed off her few words of Italian. She thought Alfredo a funny, handsome little man, a sort of toy wound up, of which she could not understand the works. But, after all, he was a man—and the time slipped by.

After ten minutes she remembered her duties with a start, and hastily crossing the glass passage, she returned to her post. All was just as she had left it. She listened at Miss Alice's door. Not a sound was to be heard, and she resumed her sewing.

Meanwhile Manisty and Eleanor were busy with Father Benecke. The poor priest had come full of a painful emotion, which broke its bounds as soon as he had Manisty's hand in his.

"You got my letter?" he said, eagerly. "That told you I was condemned. Well, I submitted—two days ago. They got me to write a letter, on condition that nothing more should be published than just the fact of my submission. Otherwise—I refused. They promised me the letter should be private. Only *they* would write nothing. So I wrote the letter they demanded. I placed myself, like a son, in the hands of the Holy Father. Now this morning there is my letter—the whole of it—in the *Osservatore Romano!* Tomorrow—I came to tell you—I withdraw it. I recant my recantation!"

He drew himself up, his blue eyes shining. Yet they were swollen with fatigue and sleeplessness, and over the whole man a blighting breath of age and pain had passed since the day in St. Peter's.

Manisty looked at him in silence a moment; then he said, "I'm sorry—heartily, heartily sorry!"

At this, Eleanor, thinking that the two men would prefer to be alone, turned to leave the room. The priest perceived it.

"Don't leave us, madame, on my account. I have no secrets, and I know that you are acquainted with some at least of my poor history. But perhaps I am intruding—I am in your way?"

He looked round him in bewilderment. It was evident to Eleanor that he had come to Manisty in a condition almost as unconscious of outward surroundings as that of the sleep-walker. And she and Manisty, on their side, as they stood looking at him, lost the impression of the bodily man in the overwhelming impression of a wounded spirit struggling with mortal hurt.

"Come and sit down," she said to him, gently, and she led him to a chair. Then she went into the next room, poured out and brought him a cup of coffee. He took it with an unsteady hand and put it down beside him untouched. Then he looked at Manisty, and began in detail the story of all that had happened to him since the letter in which he had communicated to his English friend the certainty of his condemnation.

Nothing could have been more touching than his absorption in his own case, his entire unconsciousness of anything in Manisty's mind that could conflict with it. Eleanor, turning from his tragic simplicity to Manisty's ill-concealed worry and impatience, pitied both. That poor Father Benecke should have brought his grief to Manisty on this afternoon of all afternoons!

It had been impossible to refuse to see him. He had come on a pilgrimage from Rome, and could not be turned away. But she knew well that Manisty's ear was listening all the time for every sound in the direction of his sister's room; his anxieties, indeed, betrayed themselves in every restless movement as he sat with averted head listening.

Presently he got up, and with a hurried "Excuse me an instant," he left the room.

Father Benecke ceased to speak, his lips trembling. To find himself alone with Mrs. Burgoyne embarrassed him. He sat, folding his soutane upon his knee, answering in monosyllables to the questions that she put him. But her sympathy perhaps did more to help him unpack his heart than he knew; for when Manisty returned he began to talk rapidly

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and well, a natural eloquence returning to him. He was a South German, but he spoke a fine literary English, of which the very stumbles and occasional naïvetés had a peculiar charm—like the faults which reveal a pure spirit even more plainly than its virtues.

He reached his climax in a flash of emotion. "My submission, you see—the bare fact of it—left my cause intact. It was the soldier falling by the wall. But my letter must necessarily be misunderstood—my letter betrays the cause. And for that I have no right. You understand? I thought of the Pope—the old man; they told me he was distressed—that the Holy Father had suffered—had lost sleep—through me! So I wrote out of my heart—like a son. And the paper this morning! See—I have brought it you—the *Osservatore Romano*. It is insolent—brutal—but not to me—no; it is all honey to me—but to the truth—to our ideas. No! I cannot suffer it! I take it back! I bear the consequences!"

And with trembling fingers he took a draft letter from his pocket, and handed it, with the newspaper, to Manisty.

Manisty read the letter, and returned it, frowning.

"Yes, you have been abominably treated—no doubt of that. But have you counted the cost? You know my point of view. It's a great game to me, and I the onlooker. Intellectually I am all with you; strategically, all with them. They can't give way; the smallest breach lets in the flood. And then chaos."

"But the flood is truth," said the old man, gazing at Manisty. There was a delicate spot of red on each wasted cheek. A fierce flame spoke in the eyes.

Manisty shrugged his shoulders, then dropped his eyes upon the ground, and sat pondering awhile in a moody silence. Eleanor looked at him in some astonishment. It was as though for the first time his habitual paradox hurt him in the wielding, or rather as though he shrank from using what was a conception of the intellect upon the flesh and blood before him. She had never yet seen him visited by a like compunction.

It was curious indeed to see that Father Benecke himself was not affected by Manisty's attitude. From the beginning he had always instinctively appealed from the pamphleteer to the man. Manisty had been frank, brutal even. But notwithstanding, the sensitive yet strong intelligence of the priest had gone straight for some core of thought in the Englishman that it seemed only he divined. And it was clear that his own utter selflessness, his poetic and passionate detachment from all the objects of sense and ambition, made him a marvel to Manisty's more turbid and ambiguous nature. There had been a mystical attraction between them from the first; so that Manisty, even when he was most pugnacious, had yet a filial air and way towards the old man.

Eleanor too had often felt the spell. Yet to-day there were both in herself and Manisty hidden forces of fever and unrest which made the pure idealism, the intellectual tragedy of the priest almost unbearable. Neither—for different and hidden reasons—could respond; and it was an infinite relief to both when the old man at last rose to take his leave.

They accompanied him through the library to the glass passage.

"Keep me informed," said Manisty, wringing him by the hand, "and tell me if there is anything I can do."

Eleanor said some parting words of sympathy. The priest bowed to her with a grave courtesy in reply.

"It will be as God wills," he said, gently, and then went his way in a sad abstraction.

Eleanor was left a moment alone. She put her hands over her heart, and pressed them there. "He suffers from such high things," she said to herself in a sudden passion of misery; "and I?"

Manisty came hurrying back from the staircase, and crossed the library to the passage-room beyond. When he saw Dalgetty there, still peacefully sewing, his look of anxiety cleared again.

"All right?" he said to her.

"She hasn't moved, sir. It's the best sleep Miss Alice has had this many a day. After all, that stuff do seem to have done her good."

"Well, Eleanor, shall we go and look after Miss Foster?" he said, returning to her.

They entered the garden with cheered countenances. The secret terror of immediate and violent outbreak which had possessed Manisty since the morning subsided, and he breathed in the *ponente* with delight.

Suddenly, however, as they turned into

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the avenue adorned by the battered bust of Domitian, Manisty's hand went up to his eyes. He stopped; he gave a cry.

"Good God!" he said; "she is there!"

And half-way down the shadowy space Eleanor saw two figures—one white, the other dark—close together.

She caught Manisty by the arm.

"Don't hurry! Don't excite her!"

They walked up quietly.

As they came nearer they saw that Lucy was still in the same low chair where Manisty had left her. Her head was thrown back against the cushions, and her face shone deathly white from the rich sun-warmed darkness shed by the overarching trees. And kneeling beside her, holding both her helpless wrists, bending over her in a kind of passionate triumphant possession, was Alice Manisty.

At the sound of the steps on the gravel she looked round, and at the sight of her brother she slowly let fall the hands she held—she slowly rose to her feet. Her tall emaciated form held itself defiantly erect; her eyes flashed hatred.

"Alice," said Manisty, approaching her, "I have something important to say to you. I have reconsidered our conversation of this morning, and I came to tell you so. Come back with me to the library, and let us go into matters again."

He spoke with gentleness, controlling her with a kind look. She shivered and hesitated, her eyes wavered. Then she began to say a number of rapid, incoherent things in an under-voice. Manisty drew her hand within his arm.

"Come," he said, and turned to the house.

She pulled herself angrily away.

"You are deceiving me," she said. "I won't go with you."

But Manisty captured her again.

"Yes, we must have our talk," he said, with firm cheerfulness; "there will be no time to-night."

She broke into some passionate reproach, speaking in a thick low voice almost inaudible.

He answered it, and she replied. It was a quiet dialogue, soothing on his side, wild on hers. Lucy, who had dragged herself from her attitude of mortal languor, sat with both hands grasping her chair, staring at the brother and sister. Eleanor had eyes for none but Manisty. Never had she seen him so adequate, so finely master of himself.

He conquered. Alice dropped her head sullenly, and let herself be led away. Then Eleanor turned to Lucy, and the girl, with a great sob leant against her dress; and burst into uncontrollable tears.

"Has she been long here?" said Eleanor, caressing the black hair.

"Very nearly an hour, I think. It seemed interminable. She has been telling me of her enemies, her unhappiness, how all her letters are opened, how everybody hates her, especially Mr. Manisty. She was followed at Venice by people who wished to kill her. One night, she says, she got into her gondola in a dark canal, and found there a man with a dagger, who attacked her. She only just escaped. There were many other things — so — so — horrible," said Lucy, covering her eyes. But the next moment she raised them. "Surely," she said, imploringly—"surely she is insane?"

Eleanor looked down upon her, mutely nodding.

"There is a doctor coming to-morrow," she said, almost in a whisper.

Lucy shuddered.

"But we have to get through the night," said Eleanor.

"Oh, at night," said Lucy, "if one found her there beside one, one would die of it! I tried to shake her off just now several times, but it was impossible."

She tried to control herself, to complain no more, but she trembled from head to foot. It was evident that she was under some overmastering impression, some overthrow of her own will-power which had unnerved and disorganized her. Eleanor comforted her as best she could.

"Dalgetty and Manisty will take care of her to-night," she said. "And to-morrow she will be sent to some special care. How she escaped from her room this afternoon I cannot imagine. We were all three on the watch."

Lucy said nothing. She clung to Eleanor's hand, while long shuddering breaths, gradually subsiding, passed through her like the slow departure of some invading force.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE PROBLEM OF ASIA

III.

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

THE accentuating rivalry between the states of our civilization arising from the unstable conditions of China, long uneasily felt, but not formally avowed, is now approaching a moment resembling that fixed for the unveiling of a statue. The presence of the statue is no secret, the very folds of the drapery betray its outlines, yet it is as it were ignored, until the date fixed for display. From yesterday to to-morrow things continue essentially as they have been; yet we all know by experience how profound the change, the increased sense of imminence and of responsibility, when the curtain falls, and facts long dissembled are looked straight in the face. Without moving, we have traversed years of event. Action that seemed susceptible of indefinite procrastination appears now to have been too long deferred. Opportunities which might have been seized are seen to have passed irretrievably, because in heedlessness or indolence we noted not the day of visitation. But, as has been remarked, it is not China alone that lies within the debatable zone. With but slight modification of phrase, what has been said of her may be affirmed of Afghanistan, of Persia, and of Asiatic Turkey, on the other flank of the line.

In contemplating the possibilities of action, it must be repeated that consideration for the populations involved should have precedence of the interests of external nations — even of the one, or ones, taking action. This is not said as a cover or an apology for measures the originating motive of which may be national self-interest. Self-interest is not only a legitimate, but a fundamental, cause for national policy; one which needs no cloak of hypocrisy. As a principle it does not require justification in general statement, although the propriety of its application to a particular instance may call for demonstration. But as a matter of preparation, for dealing wisely and righteously with this great question, against the chance of occasion arising,—a mental preparation which no government can afford to postpone,—the very first element of a just and far-seeing decision must be the determination to bear in mind, and to give due precedence to, the natural rights and the future development of the peoples most directly affected. The phrase "natural rights" is chosen expressly, to indicate those that result from the simple fact of being born; in this distinct from political or legal rights, which depend upon other fitnesses than that of merely being a man. Thus the claim of an indigenous population to retain indefinitely control of territory depends not upon a natural right, but upon political fitness, shown in the political work of governing, administering, and developing, in such manner as to insure the natural right of the world at large that resources should not be left idle, but be utilized for the general good. Failure to do this justifies, in principle, compulsion from outside; the position to be demonstrated, in the particular instance, is that the necessary time and the fitting opportunity have arrived.

The interests of the populations in these countries is by no means necessarily identical with those of the present governments, nor with the continuance of the latter in either form or person. These are not representative, in the sense that they either embody the wishes or promote the best welfare of the subject. They represent at most the incapacity of the people to govern themselves, and in their defects are the results of generations of evolution from a false system, unmodified by healthy opposition. Being what they are, should necessity demand their discontinuance, there need be no tenderness in dealing with them as institutions, whatever consideration may be shown to the incumbents of the moment.

It is, in fact, the inefficiency of the governments that chiefly gives rise to the

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present uneasiness. Were they otherwise, the balance of strength which now exists between the land and the sea Powers, as already indicated, and the commercial interest of the latter in the preservation of peace, would naturally and easily determine their maintenance against any aggression that overpassed the fortunes common to all states, and threatened their permanence or independence. As it is, confronted with the imminent probability of a dissolution, neither the time nor the circumstances of which can be foreseen, the result of causes either internal or external, or both, other nations are compelled to seek the preservation of their own interests, by means which may employ the existing governments, if these are equal to the task, or may supersede them. That either alternative is repugnant to the genius and traditions of the United States, it is needless to say. Under the government of no party will she willingly initiate a process so contrary to her preferences, and the grave issues of which cannot be foreseen; but, equally, under no government can she stand by and see substantial injury done to the welfare of her citizens by the undue preponderance of an inimical system of occupation or of influence.

Accepting the existence of the problem in the terms so far stated, a solution may be attempted. Granting outside interference at all,—which not only is most likely, but has actually begun,—the successful issue would be found in a condition of political equilibrium between the external powers, whereby the equality of opposing forces, resting each on stable foundations, should prevent the undue preponderance of any one state, or of any one force resulting from a combination of states, and which at the same time should promote, at the utmost rate consistent with healthy growth, the material and spiritual development of the populations affected. Thus would be hastened the desirable day when the latter, while still retaining their special traits and aptitudes, shall have been successfully grafted on to the civilization which, whatever its shortcomings, certainly has produced the best fruits in the individual, social, and political well-being of its members. This vital change effected, they will then be able to discharge all functions of self-dependent and self-governing peoples, such as now constitute the international commonwealth. Is it too much to say that in Japan, being a country of manageable dimensions, our own day has witnessed just such a change?—demonstrating the possibility of absorbing the benefits, intellectual as well as material, of a system hitherto alien, and of entering into the community of its life without sacrificing national individuality? And while it is doubtless true that Japan has not experienced the governmental paralysis of China, she has, since she felt the impulse of the foreigner, passed through a revolution of institutions, from which only recently she has emerged, to the general admiration, into the full enjoyment of all international dignity and privilege. It is evident, however, that the duration of such a process depends in some considerable degree upon the bulk of the subject by which it is undergone; and when this is large, as in China, the effect of external impulses will be accelerated in proportion to the number of points, or to the extent of surface, to which they are applied. Making every allowance for the adaptability of the people of Japan, to which so much of her success is to be attributed, it may plausibly be inferred that her comparative smallness of area and of population facilitated her progress; and that accordingly many points of contact will be favorable to the development of the greatly superior mass of China, by distributing the external influences among areas corresponding to those centres through which the respective Powers may act.

To such diffusion of influences, and to assurance of equilibrium, the presence and differing interests of many states will tend. Nor will it be without benefit that the effects produced will represent very great differences of characteristics, corresponding to the national types engaged. In so great an aggregate as that of China, variety and contrast of result would be intrinsically good; and if they promoted political subdivision, that also probably would be beneficial, both for the internal administration of the country and for the general political equilibrium of the world. As has before been said, it is scarcely desirable that so vast a proportion of mankind as the Chinese constitute should be animated by but one spirit and moved as a single man. If not a diversity of governments, at the least a strong antagonism of parties, embodying opposite con-

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ceptions of national policy, is to be hoped, as conducive to the healthful balance of herself and of other countries. It was not wholly a mistake that some in the ancient world deprecated the ruin of Carthage, and the disappearance of her influence upon the international relations of the day, with the consequent fall of Rome into corruption within and excess without, through the abuse of power to which no adequate external check remained.

There is therefore no cause to lament the rivalries, nor the conflict of systems, represented by the various nationalities which are now impressing China with the consciousness of the urgency of their demands. The facts exist, beyond the chance of speedy reversal, and must now be accepted as they are: conditions of the immediate present, elements of the short view, by which current action must be modified. It is unpractical to expend emotion in regret for the inevitable; it is better utilized as a stimulus to action, preventive or remedial. The necessity now is to take the next steps as nearly as possible in the direction of the ultimate goal, the ascertainment of which has been the object of what has so far been said; in other words, to seek the speedy establishment of conditions under which there shall be a balance of influence between land power and sea power, and at the same time a minimum of friction between the two ensue. The problem, from its nature, especially demands study by the Teutonic nations—Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; for to them, representing as they do one party to the case, co-operation—not alliance, nor even pledge—is necessary, and co-operation must depend upon identity of conviction, resting upon community of interest. A single state like Russia, equipped with a government embodying the simplest conception of political unity, escapes the embarrassment inevitable to several nations, of more complex organization, in which the wills of the citizens have to be brought, not to submission merely, but to accord; and that upon a matter not only of national policy, but of international understanding.

Of other countries, France, it may be presumed, is by her artificial connection engaged to some extent to the policy of Russia in the East; whether for better or for worse will depend upon the coincidence of this with her natural interests there. At present, the principal result of the alliance is to emphasize the divergence of interests internal to the group of Latin nations. This is probably inevitable, both as a historical consequence of their too great proximity, and from their present conflicting ambitions in the Mediterranean. Nor can there be left out of account here the sincerely cordial interest, both past and present, of the English-speaking nations in the progress and confirmation of Italian unity. This can scarcely fail to strengthen, by all the subtile force of sentiment, on the one side and the other, the bond of a common interest in the Mediterranean, which is created and unified by the historic and unceasing efforts of France for a preponderance there, intolerable to other states. In face of an immediate urgency like this, especially when supported by the might of Russia, it is unreal to appeal to an argument so phantasmal as a common Latinity; for France, after all, is Latin but imperfectly, in organization rather than in temperament; the Gallic admixture, whatever its advantages, apparently carries with it a lack of the steadfastness essential to the endurance of political combination. From these relations of antagonism follow two chief results: first, that the French positional control of the western Mediterranean is much weakened; and again, that there is no third racial genius comparable, in political influence, to the two by which the European pressure upon Asia is chiefly constituted—the Slavonic and the Teutonic.

There remains to consider Japan, the importance of whose part is evident, because she is the one nation, Asiatic in genius as in position, which by efficiency of action, internal as well as external, has established and maintained its place as a fully equipped member of the commonwealth of states, under recognized international law. It has already been noted that the essential elements of her strength, being insular, place her inevitably in the ranks of the Sea Powers, and whatever ambitions of territorial acquisition upon the continent she may entertain must be limited in extent, because of the limited number of her own population compared to that of the mainland adjacent; farther than which, of course, it is not supposable that she can wish to

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extend her activities. Western Asia and the Mediterranean, for example, though inseparably a part of the broad world question which centres just now about China, are clearly beyond the scope of Japan. Like the United States, local conditions emphasize her primary interests in a particular region and in one continent. Unlike the United States, the contractedness of her area denies the expectation of a superfluity of force, disposable in remoter quarters; while the nearness, in Asia, of great rival powers diminishes still further the possibility of distant enterprises. Narrow restriction in local territorial occupancy, however, is common to all the interested states; except, perhaps, Russia. The others on account of their distance, as Japan on account of her size, must expect to affect China by impulses imparted to the inhabitants through commercial and political relations, supported militarily by sea power, which, from its mobility, will be operative not only in the immediate locality, but wherever else throughout the world its force can be felt as a check by an opposing influence—as, for instance, in the control of commerce to its own advantage and to the injury of an enemy.

In the kind and methods of their power, and in their immediate interests, the Teutonic group and Japan are at one; it is in the nature of the influence transmitted that they will differ, because the original genius and, still more important, the inherited traditions of the two are different. Japan has exhibited remarkable capacity and diligence in the appropriation and application of European ways; but these are to her as yet an external acquisition, a piece of property, not a part of herself. In the European peoples these same ways, as they now exist, are the exponents of national character, of habits of thought, the outcome of centuries of evolution, in which a transmitted civilization, once exterior, has undergone an assimilative process under the operation of distinctive national faculties and environment. Such a result carries with it the assurance of permanence; not, indeed, in the form of stationariness, but in nature and direction of movement. Japan, in fact, from our point of view, is still under the disadvantage, by no means irretrievable, that the exterior and material characteristics of European civilization have been received too recently and rapidly for entire assimilation. In the short time that has elapsed since national political conversion began, it is not possible that change can have penetrated far below the surface, modifying essential traits and modes of thought. This, indeed, can be effected healthfully only by the gradual processes of evolution.

In the matter before us, co-operation—not formal alliance—between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States would be a strictly natural condition, carrying with it a fair promise of continuance, because, being based upon a common interest, its exertion would be governed by ideas substantially the same in origin, in tradition, and in spirit. The accession of Japan as a partner, if it take place, as may be hoped, will be the expression of a political phase, more or less lasting; of an expediency, resting upon the fact that, land and sea power being for the time in opposition, her place is with the latter. But even so, and while acting together loyally for common ends, the subtile essential characteristics of race must make themselves felt, must impart a divergence of ideals and of influences, not by any means necessarily hostile. Japan, like China, is Asiatic; the appreciativeness and energy with which she has embraced European standards and ways are a favorable omen, giving perhaps the surest promise as yet in sight that these shall pass into the Asiatic life and remodel it, as the civilization of Rome passed into the Teutonic tribes. But the result in the latter case has been a Teutonic civilization, not a mere extension of that of Rome. So here, what we have to hope for is a renewed Asia, not another Europe; and to this end the willing acceptance—nay, initiative—of an Asiatic nation is perhaps the most potent factor.

It must, however, be recognized and candidly accepted that difference of race characteristics, original and acquired, entails corresponding temporary divergence of ideal and of action, with consequent liability to misunderstanding, or even collision. Such recognition is a necessary, as well as a most important, antecedent to provision for the future, in which we all hope for the prevalence of justice and peace. Divergence of interests generates contention, even among those of the same household; but where there exists a community of feeling and tradi-

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tion to which appeal can be made, there is already a beginning of reconciliation, that is less easily found where misunderstanding results from divergence of temperament and ideals. Both sources of difficulty are present in our problem. The contrary interests and the positions of the land and the sea Powers have been examined at some length. The differences of temperament that are now meeting in Asia have been more casually indicated, but they may be summed up in the three races, the Asiatic, the Slavonic, and the Teutonic, neither of which probably can yet give to the others the perfect comprehension expressed in the word "unanimity." It is a prime necessity to recognize these diversities, to appreciate them, and to accept them, as being not causes of complaint, but difficulties to be smoothed; not by abolishing them, which is impossible, but by allowing to each fair play, so long as it grows by its own inner energy, and does not attempt propagation by the alien means of armed compulsion. From such tolerant temper will ensue an adjustment corresponding to the true value of each element involved, which cannot be expected if essential differences are ignored, and the expectation of uniformity take the place of that of unanimity, confounding oneness of spirit with oneness of operation. The distant solution, which all three races should desire, for the common good of Europe and of Asia, is not the subversion of Asiatic genius or institutions, but the quiet introduction of the European leaven—which itself, even when long accepted, is modified in form by racial genius—and that this should be effected under conditions of mutual respect and kindliness, which will ensure its spread, if it possesses the advantages which we think.

In this spirit, then, let us give consideration to the demands of to-day, in the light of the long view of the distant future as so far set forth for acceptance. In the present backward political condition of Asia, which accurately reflects the want of political aptitude in its peoples, the lack of effective organization deprives her great mass of population of the power of effective initiative, limiting its present function to a load of inertia, of passive resistance to change, which is, indeed, no contemptible factor in the evolution of the future, but against which no immediate provision is necessary. In organized preparation for advance, Japan alone represents the Asiatic; and Japan, so long as in this respect by herself, is not big enough to contribute the weight upon which, as well as upon force of impulse, momentum depends. For the moment Japan is perforce confined to deciding which of the two other contending races is by character and ambitions most favorable, both to her immediate interests and to the free ultimate development of Asia in the line of its natural capacities; and upon these considerations she must shape her course.

Between the two other races, the Slav and the Teuton, there are well-recognized racial divergences, which find concrete expression in differences, equally marked, of political institutions, of social progress, and of individual development. It is reasonable to believe that these differences are partly fundamental, deep seated in the racial constitution, and partly the result of the environment amid which either has passed its centuries of growth. There is between them the antagonism that results from lack of mutual comprehension, while to that is added a conflict of interests, such as is inherent in their relative positions in Asia, as heretofore analyzed, and in their consequent necessary ambitions. To deal satisfactorily with such a condition it is first of all necessary to admit it; not to gloze truth with a thin and useless veneer of uncandid professions of good-will, diluted by mental reservations. That done, it may be profitably asked whether parallel lines may not run in one direction instead of in opposition; whether it may not be possible for us even to converge, accepting one another as we are, not exacting uniformity, but finding in the one object which attracts our aims a centre of unanimity rather than of discord. This, however, is impracticable unless each recognizes the crucial necessities of the other.

There can be little doubt that beyond substantial differences of racial characteristics, which find necessary expression in modes of action—for action is the materialization of spirit—the accidental line of separation between the two races, defining their interests and their ambitions, is denoted by the ideas of land power and sea power. This distinction proceeds alike from present possession and from present want. It inheres in their posi-

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tions, both absolutely, and as related to the common objects of interest or of desire in Asia. It attaches conspicuously to the question of communications, of access to those objects. The Teuton, under the three great national heads, possesses the sea, from which the Slav is almost debarred. The Teuton is inferior in land power, for, in all his branches and settlements, he is geographically far removed from Asia, with which a great part of the Slavonic tenure is coterminous. The communications of Asia with the outer world are fullest by way of the sea; and here again it is the Teuton that leads, as well in naval as in commercial development, and by a superiority which admits no rival.

Essentially, this relative condition cannot be reversed; it can only be modified, and that to the extent of reasonable concession, not of equality. Its maintenance, being in the line of nature's dispositions, is a rule of healthy policy, that will dictate or control national demands for local influence or possession, as affecting preponderance upon the element with which the racial strength is identified. On the other hand, it must equally be recognized that each race absolutely requires some foothold, though an inferior one, on the field which is not primarily its own; and this common, reciprocal need indicates the quarters in which mutual concession must smooth the way towards adjustment.

For instance, it is abundantly clear that Russia can never be satisfied with the imperfect, and politically dependent, access to the sea afforded her by the Baltic and the Black Sea, under present conditions. It is to the writer equally clear that the European members of the Teutonic family, Germany and Great Britain, cannot possibly admit her predominance in the Levant—and through this over the Suez route—which would be acquired if the enclosed naval basin of the Black Sea were converted into an impregnable base, for exit and for entrance, by the acquisition of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. There is not in the world a parallel to this combination of advantages for the secure development, drill, and egress at will, of a formidable fleet; while its situation relatively to the canal would revolutionize commercial conditions, in so far as dependent upon naval power. So strong is my conviction upon this point that, while heartily wishing the success of the British arms in the current war in South Africa, I should see compensation even for utter defeat and loss in the necessity for Great Britain then to concentrate upon the Mediterranean and the Levant, and, in accord with Germany, to preserve a predominance about the isthmus, including Asia Minor; thus assuring a route necessary to both nations, and for which that by the Cape of Good Hope is no adequate alternative.*

How and where, then, can concession be made to the sea wants of Russia? There are two quarters remaining, and only two; neither wholly satisfactory, and by that very fact confirming the essential isolation of the Slav from the sea. They will be repeated, with a brief mention of the advantages and disadvantages of each to the two parties chiefly concerned. There is the Persian Gulf, reached by land through Persia from the shores of the Caspian; and there is the seaboard of China, to which access is had through Siberia. The former involves an aggression upon Persia, or concession from her; for it can in no way be considered adequate to Russia's ambitions unless it carries with it extensive and consecutive territorial possession, from her present southern limits in East Turkestan to the borders of the gulf. If this be obtained, Russia is placed upon the flank of India; she controls one issue of any possible railroad from the Mediterranean through the valley of Mesopotamia, and absolutely interposes between it and its prolongation to India. Besides this, although the Persian Gulf has no such absolute control of the route to the East, *viâ* Suez, as is conferred by predominance in the Levant, it nevertheless does afford a flanking position, and entails a perpetual menace in war. In addition, it may be remarked that the maintenance there, by Russia, of a navy sufficient to be a serious consideration to the fleets of Great Britain, and to those who would be her natural allies upon the sea in case of complications in the farther East, would involve an exhausting effort, and a naval abandonment of the Black Sea, or of the China Sea, or of both. Naval divisions distributed among the three could not possibly give mutual support. Such a situation, contrasted with the secure, though long, access to the China sea-coast, through

* These words were written December 12, 1899.

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territory either her own or under facile control, and with a fleet concentrated there, on the spot of greatest interest to the world, presents drawbacks so obvious that there is no motive, in the good of Russia, for the other states to consent to an arrangement which carries with it hazard to them. On the other hand, it appears unreasonable, and needlessly provocative of bad feeling, to object to her reaching the sea on the seaboard of China. Thus, here again, by an inevitable operation of a line of least resistance, we find on the eastern flank of the debatable zone, as on the western, the clustering of the nationalities, the gathering of the eagles, around a central interest, which derives its disputable character from the moribund condition of the local government.

In acknowledgment of their willing acquiescence in this coast tenure, opening free communication into the seas of the world, the Sea Powers may reasonably claim equal candor of admission that the navigable stream of the Yang-tse-kiang is their necessary line of access into the land, and the nucleus essential to the local spread of their influence. Like all arrangements here suggested, this reciprocal agreement should not be in the nature of formal convention, but of an understanding; which is not arbitrary, but rests upon existing facts that receive recognition in a spirit of mutual concession. It carries the corollary that there shall not be established upon the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang, by fortification or otherwise, any military tenure by which its waters can be forcibly closed to the Sea Powers. That the latter, under such conditions, will refrain during peace from using their own naval strength to debar others from commercial use of the river is insured; partly by the settled policy of the one among them that now has the greatly preponderant navy, partly by the mutual watchfulness between themselves which is inseparable from all combinations of states. In this instance co-operation among the naval nations depends upon a common opposition to a particular movement, naturally antagonistic to them, and upon a common interest, which, being accurately understood, will prevent measures that inure to the disproportionate sway of any one of them.

In fact, as regards possible aggression upon China, land power, being the prerogative of a single state, near at hand, is far more to be feared than sea power; for the latter is distributed among several, the bases of whose national strength are remote, and moreover it is in its methods more promotive of benefit, for it finds the sources of its vigor in commerce—only secondarily in force. It is therefore especially interested in elevating, rather than in subjugating, those with whom it deals, and the aim here, for the welfare of the world, should not be compulsion, but influence; not the appropriation of these countries, by one or by many, but the gradual evolution of their inhabitants, through material progress, and through mental contact with a civilization that has so far given the highest individual and social results. That such a process should be underlain by force—force of intrusion on the part of the outside influences, force of opposition among the latter themselves—may be regrettable, but it is only a repetition of all history. Force has been the instrument by which ideas have lifted the European world to the plane on which it now is, and it still supports our political systems, national and international, as well as our social organization.

In summary, therefore, and with respect both to the remote future and to immediate policy, the issue of events in the seas of China and in the Levant, in the extreme east and extreme west of Asia, will depend upon the presence of force, evident in positions occupied and in numbers available. This condition, at once natural and inevitable, dictates co-operation—not formal, but none the less clearly conscious—between the Teutonic nations, because of their fundamental identity of interest, which is the material factor, and because the conduct to which that interest and the nature of their power alike impel is animated by one spirit. That is the spirit of commerce—of interchange—essentially free, and desirous of an influence which, although it can and must be maintained by naval force locally displayed, cannot be widely diffused by the same agency; because the conditions of its strength narrowly limit its extension inland, making it for this chiefly dependent upon native local support. For effects, present and future, the Sea Powers must rely upon evident benefit following from association with them; a means which induces acceptance, not submission. Their force, resting on the sea,

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can serve only to frustrate attempts to exclude themselves, or, if occasion arise, to aid the populations concerned in resistance to subjection. To accomplish these things they must work together; not in the letter of alliance, which fetters, but in the spirit of accord, which comprehends.

From existing elements of opposition, the future of Asia will remain a question in which military consideration must predominate; until, at least, antagonism shall have passed into adjustment. Thus regarded, the nature and direction of effective co-operation are indicated by the geographical conditions which constitute the strategic situation. These have been discussed at large in the previous papers. It is enough to recall here, in summary, that the chief centre of interest, because of its extent and present unsettled state, is China, around which, however, are grouped the other wealthy districts, continental and insular, which constitute eastern Asia, from Java to Japan. These markets of the future are the near objectives of the political and military discussions which now attract attention; but beyond them, in any statesmanlike view, lies the remote future result upon Asiatics of the impressions they may receive in absorbing and assimilating European civilization. Will they, from the effects thus wrought upon them, enter its community, spiritually, as equals, as inferiors, or as superiors? politically, as absorbing, or absorbed?

Except Russia and Japan, the several nations actively concerned in this great problem rest, for home bases, upon remote countries. We find therefore two classes of Powers: those whose communication is by land, and those who depend upon the sea. The sea lines are the most numerous and easy, and they will probably be determinative of the courses of trade. Among them there are two the advantages of which excel all others—for Europe by Suez, from America by way of the Pacific Ocean. The latter will doubtless receive further modification by an isthmian canal, extending the use of the route to the Atlantic seaboard of America, North and South.

Communications dominate war; broadly considered, they are the most important single element in strategy, political or military. In its control over them has lain the pre-eminence of sea power—as an influence upon the history of the past; and in this it will continue, for the attribute is inseparable from its existence. This is evident because, for reasons previously explained, transit in large quantities and for great distances is decisively more easy and copious by water than by land. The sea, therefore, is the great medium of communications—of commerce. The very sound, "commerce," brings with it a suggestion of the sea, for it is maritime commerce that has in all ages been most fruitful of wealth; and wealth is but the concrete expression of a nation's energy of life, material and mental. The power, therefore, to insure these communications to one's self, and to interrupt them for an adversary, affects the very root of a nation's vigor, as in military operations it does the existence of an army, or as the free access to rain and sun—communication from without—does the life of a plant. This is the prerogative of the Sea Powers; and this chiefly—if not, indeed, this alone—they have to set off against the disadvantage of position and of numbers under which, with reference to land power, they labor in Asia. It is enough. Pressure afar off—diversion—is adequate to relieve that near at hand, as Napoleon expected to conquer Pondicherry on the banks of the Vistula. But if the Sea Powers embrace the proposition that has found favor in America, and, by the concession of immunity to an enemy's commerce in time of war, surrender their control of maritime communications, they will have abdicated the sceptre of the sea, for they will have abandoned one chief means by which pressure in one quarter—the sea—balances pressure in a remote and otherwise inaccessible quarter. Never was moment for such abandonment less propitious than the present, when the determination of influence in Asia is at stake.

Of the three Teutonic nations—Germany, Great Britain, and the United States—the two former alone are immediately interested in the Levant; because, independent of its local resources, the most vulnerable part of their necessary communication with the East is there. For its protection they have ample naval strength, if to the latter adequate local support is given. For this there is a nucleus in the central positions of Egypt and Cyprus, flanked as these are by Aden on the one side, by Malta and Gibraltar

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on the other; but there is further needed, unquestionably, in the region defined by the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, that predominance of political influence which rests upon consciousness of interest implanted in the inhabitants; upon their dependence for security against a dreaded aggression; and upon their sense of benefit, anticipated for the future as well as bestowed in the past and present.

Preponderance such as this is conferred by commercial enterprises for the development of a country, provided the nation by which they are undertaken supports them by its power, expressed by its wealth, and, in case of necessity, by its organized military forces. This is the necessary aim of the states which find in the Suez Canal their shortest route to the farther East. It is more particularly that of Great Britain, because she has extensive responsibilities in India, which may at any time require the use of that shortest route, not for commerce merely, but for troops. For the latter purpose, even the blocking of the canal would only lessen, not destroy, the gain in time over the Cape voyage. Germany's interest, while differing in kind and in degree, is no less real; and the irreversible fact remains that in the entrance of the Black Sea, in the valley of Mesopotamia, and in the table-lands of Asia Minor, by virtue of their natural features, of their extent, and of their central position, rests an ultimate control of the eastern Mediterranean, resembling that exercised some centuries ago by the Ottoman Turks. In the days of sails, however, loss of control did not involve exclusion from the best sea road to the East, as it now would. The matter is pre-eminently the concern of Germany and Great Britain; but with theirs is associated that of Italy, because France has deliberately cast in her lot with Russia, which, by the nature of things, must be opposed alike to Latin and Teutonic predominance in the regions named. It lies beyond the scope of United States' activities, but not outside of our lively solicitude. It affects us in that it touches to the quick the freedom and rapidity of intercourse with the East on the part of those whose policy there must run even with ours, because of the similarity which characterizes alike our strength and our interests.

To state such a fact as this, with the reasons supporting it, is simply to indicate what has been before called the long view, the distant goal, which, to borrow a simile from the sea, may be steered for direct when the wind of circumstances is fair; but with the many complications that exist, or that may arise, each generation of statesmen must contend as the seaman of a few years back contended with contrary winds or currents. But, while so doing, they will not be helped, but hindered, if amid present difficulties they lose sight of ultimate aims; as if, to continue our parallel, the seaman forgot his destination in his attention to the wind. Neither in politics nor in seamanship can the course at any moment set disregard the port desired, nor in either profession does neglect of charted data conduce to success.

The people of the United States and their successive governments have not now, nor are likely to have hereafter, in connection with the future of Asia, to consider any such complicated conditions as are presented by the surroundings of the Suez Canal and of the Levant. Our difficulty at present does not proceed from outside conditions, but from those internal to our own national habits of thought, which in the past have been distinctly averse to studying external political problems, and even to admitting their existence, until pressed home upon our consciousness by an immediate emergency. Startling as has been the effect produced upon public sentiment by the recent exigency which threw the Philippines upon our hands, it must be remembered that a mental temperament evolved and ingrained by generations of acceptance, not merely inert, but willing, must tend to revert, as passing time dulls the sharp impression and lively emotions that followed the war with Spain. Most persons have experienced that, in forming or in breaking habits, the first few days under the impulse of a recent resolve are comparatively easy, but that to them succeeds an uninteresting monotonous period of struggle, which too often issues in apathetic surrender to former conditions. With nations the tendency is the same. To resist it, where resistance is necessary, there is required a comprehension of facts, and a recognition of the duties and interests involved; for in these, distant or immediate, are to be found the only unanswer-

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able reasons and durable motives for national policy.

The argument of these papers rests upon the assumption, now quite generally accepted, that in the wide movement of expansion which has characterized the last quarter of the closing century, the Pacific Ocean in general and eastern Asia in particular are indicated as the predominant objects of interest, common to all nations, both in the near and in the remote future. Within the home dominions of the European and the American Powers no marked territorial changes are to be expected; but in the outer world, where conditions are unsettled, and towards which all eyes are turned, regions even extensive derive their present significance less from their intrinsic value than from their bearing upon access to the central objects named. South Africa, for instance, if Mr. Bryce's estimate is correct, receives from its great gold-fields but a temporary importance, destined soon to disappear by their exhaustion; but as an important outpost on one of the highroads to India and the farther East it has some permanent value, which may be more or less, but in any event demands consideration.

The Isthmus of Suez, the Levant, and Persia in like manner possess inherent advantages; but it has been attempted to show that the enjoyment of these is a less pressing concern than the establishment there of political conditions which may affect the future control of the Suez route.

These, and the other factors named, by their particular values and their mutual influence, constitute the strategic features of the general world situation involved in the problem of Asia. With them nations have to deal in the light of their individual interests, checked by due respect to the rights of others, measuring the latter not exclusively by the rule of conventional ideas, essentially transitory, but by the standards of eternal justice, which human law can express only imperfectly. Nor does the mighty power of sentiment fail to find due place in such a scheme; on the contrary, when healthy in character, it receives from the considerations that have been adduced the intelligent direction which alone makes it operative for good. But a very large part of a nation's wisdom consists in reenforcing its own strength by co-operation with others, based upon a substantial identity of interests; and if such identity is found combined with community of character and tradition, fostering community of ideals, the prospect of continued and harmonious co-operation is greatly increased. From the sense of such kinship springs a sound affection, which redeems interest from much of the selfishness associated with the word. Such is the triple bond which may unite Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; not in alliance, but in solidarity of action, founded upon the rock of common interest, and cemented by the ties of blood.

In eastern Asia and the Pacific, although the interests of the United States are not identical with those of Germany and of Great Britain, they are alike; not the same, but similar. Rightly understood, while the three nations will be competitors,—seekers of the same end,—they should not be antagonists. For this reason our sympathy should go with the others in whatsoever, by facilitating their influence, tends towards the furtherance of the common policy. This needs especially to be understood in matters affecting the communications with the East; for there, the effect being indirect, and exercised in quarters remote from our own activities, understanding and sympathy are less easily aroused, and greater attention is required to comprehend. That upon such instructed appreciation of facts, when fully assimilated, there should follow a certain mutual regard, will be natural. Like will to like.

In return we may claim, and will doubtless receive, the same intelligent recognition and sympathy that we ourselves extend. Upon no other condition than a clear perception, where the respective paths and duties lie apart, can we reach that accord which will enable us to act in concert where they coincide. Of the two great lines of communication —Suez and Panama—the former, as a matter of political action, is wholly theirs; the latter, necessarily ours. If it should ever happen that either group come to the help of the other on its own ground, either by active interference or by unmistakable moral support,—as Great Britain is reported to have withstood foreign combination against us at the opening of the Spanish war,—it must not be with any idea of subsequent claim to local political

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interference. We work together when mutual interest requires, but in accordance with well-understood conditions; beyond that we stand clear of each other's business, knowing that misplaced meddling separates closest friends.

The writer has too often already discussed, directly or incidentally, the strategic situation which finds its centre in Panama to repeat the same here; but one or two remarks about the Monroe doctrine may be not out of place. Accepting as probably durable the new conditions, which have so largely modified the nation's external policy in the direction of expansion, there is in them nothing to diminish, but rather to intensify, the purpose that there shall be no intrusion of the European political system upon territory whence military effect upon the Isthmus of Panama can be readily exerted. For instance, should a change anticipated by some occur, and Holland enter the German Empire, it will be advantageous that it should even now be understood, as it then would be necessary for us to say, that our consent could not be given to Curaçao forming part of that incorporation. The Isthmus of Panama —in addition to its special importance to us as a link between our Pacific and Atlantic coasts—sums up in itself that one of the two great lines of communication between the Atlantic and the farther East which especially concerns us, and we can no more consent to such a transfer of a fortress in the Caribbean than we would ourselves have thought of acquiring Port Mahon, in the Mediterranean, as a result of our successful war with Spain.

Consideration of interests such as these must be dispassionate upon the one side and upon the other; and a perfectly candid reception must be accorded to the views and the necessities of those with whom we thus deal. During the process of deliberation not merely must preconceptions be discarded, but sentiment itself should be laid aside, to resume its sway only after unbiassed judgment has done its work. The present question of Asia, the evolution of which has taken days rather than years, may entail among its results no change in old maxims, but it nevertheless calls for a review of them in the light of present facts. If from this no difference of attitude results, the confirmed resolve of sober second thought will in itself alone be a national gain. This new Eastern question has greatly affected the importance of communications, enhancing that of the shorter routes, reversing political and military—as distinguished from mercantile—conditions, and bringing again into the foreground of interest the Mediterranean, thus reinvested with its ancient pre-eminence. For the same reason the Caribbean Sea, because of its effect upon the Isthmus of Panama, attains a position it has never before held, emphasizing the application to it of the Monroe doctrine. The Pacific has advanced manifold in consequence to the United States, not only as an opening market, but as a means of transit, and also because our new possessions there, by giving increased opportunities, entail correspondingly heavier burdens of national responsibility. The isthmian canals, present and to come, — Suez and Panama, —summarize and locally accentuate the essential character of these changes, of which they are at once an exponent and a factor. It will be no light matter that man shall have shifted the Strait of Magellan to the Isthmus of Panama, and the Cape of Good Hope to the head of the Mediterranean.

The correlative of these new conditions is the comparative isolation, and the dwindled consequence, of the southern extremes of Africa and America, which now lie far apart from the changed direction imposed upon the world's policies. The regions there situated will have small effect upon the great lines of travel, and must derive such importance as may remain to them from their intrinsic productive value. Does there, then, remain sound reason of national interest for pressing the Monroe doctrine to the extent of guaranteeing our support to American states which love us not, and whose geographical position, south of the valley of the Amazon, lies outside of effective influence upon the American isthmus? Does the disposition to do so arise from policy, or from sentiment, or from mere habit? And, if from either, do the facts justify retaining a burden of responsibility which may embarrass our effective action in fields of greater national consequence—just as South Africa may prove a drain upon Great Britain's necessary force about Suez? In short, while the principles upon which the Monroe doctrine reposes are not only unimpaired, but fortified, by recent changes,

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is it not possible that the application of them may require modification, intensifying their force in one quarter, diminishing it in another?

Not the least striking and important of the conditions brought about by the two contemporary events—the downfall of the Spanish colonial empire and the precipitation of the crisis in eastern Asia—has been the drawing closer together of the two great English-speaking nationalities. Despite recalcitrant objections here and there by unwilling elements on both sides, the fact remains concrete and apparent, endued with essential life, and consequent inevitable growth, by virtue of a clearly recognized community of interest, present and future. It is no mere sentimental phase, though sentiment, long quietly growing, had sufficiently matured to contribute its powerful influence at the opportune moment; but here, as ever, there was first the material—identity of interest—and not till afterwards the spiritual — reciprocity of feeling — aroused to mutual recognition by the causes and motives of the Spanish war. The latter, and the occurrences attendant, proclaimed emphatically that the two countries, in their ideals of duty to the suffering and oppressed, stood together, indeed, but in comparative isolation from the sympathies of the rest of the world.

The significance of this fact has been accentuated by the precision with which in the United States the preponderance of intelligence has discerned, and amid many superficially confusing details has kept in mind, as the reasonable guide to its sympathies, that the war in the Transvaal is simply a belated revival of the issue on which our own Revolution was fought, viz., that when representation is denied, taxation is violent oppression. The principle is common to Great Britain and to us, woven into the web of all her history, despite the momentary aberration which led to our revolt. The twofold incident—the two wars and the sympathies aroused, because in both each nation recognized community of principle and of ideals—indicates another great approximation to the unity of mankind; which will arrive in due time, but which is not to be hurried by force or by the impatience of dreamers. The outcome of the civil war in the United States, the unification of Italy, the new German Empire, the growing strength of the idea of Imperial Federation in Great Britain, all illustrate the tendency of humanity to aggregate into greater groups, which in the instances cited have resulted in political combination more or less formal and clearly defined. To the impulse and establishment of each of these steps in advance, war has played a principal part. War it was which preserved our Union. War it was which completed the political unity of Italy, and brought the Germans into that accord of sentiment and of recognized interest upon which rest the foundations and the continuance of their empire. War it is which has but now quickened the spirit of sympathy between Great Britain and her colonies, and given to Imperial Federation an acceleration into concrete action which could not otherwise have been imparted; and it needed the stress of war, the threat of outside interference with a sister nation in its mission of benevolence, to quicken into positive action the sympathy of Great Britain with the United States, and to dispose the latter to welcome gladly and to return cordially the invaluable support thus offered.

War is assuredly a very great evil; not the greatest, but among the greatest which afflict humanity. Yet let it be recognized at this moment, when the word Arbitration has hold of popular imagination, more perhaps by the melody of its associations than by virtue of a reasonable consideration of both sides of the question, of which it represents only one, that within two years two wars have arisen, the righteous object of either of which has been unattainable by milder methods. When the United States went to war with Spain, four hundred thousand of the latter's colonial subjects had lost their lives by the slow misery of starvation, inflicted by a measure—Reconcentration—which was intended, but had proved inadequate, to suppress an insurrection incited by centuries of oppression and by repeated broken pledges. The justification of that war rests upon our right to interfere on grounds of simple humanity, and upon the demonstrated inability of Spain to rule her distant colonies by methods unharmful to the governed. It was impossible to accept renewed promises, not necessarily through distrust of their honesty, but because political incapacity to give just and good administration had been proved by repeated failures.

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The justification of Great Britain's war with the Transvaal rests upon a like right of interference—to relieve oppression, and upon the broad general principle for which our colonial ancestors fought the mother-country over a century ago, that "taxation without representation is tyranny." Great Britain, indeed, did not demand the franchise for her misgoverned subjects, domiciled abroad; she only suggested it as a means whereby they might, in return for producing nine-tenths of the revenue, obtain fair treatment from the state which was denying it to them. But be it remembered, not only that a cardinal principle upon which English and American liberty rests was being violated, but that at the time when the foreigners were encouraged to enter the Transvaal franchise was attainable by law in five years, while before the five years had expired the law was changed, and the privilege withdrawn by *ex post facto* act.

In each of these wars one of the two nations which speak the English tongue has taken a part, and in each the one engaged has had outspoken sympathy from the other, and from the other alone. The fact has been less evident in the Transvaal war, partly because the issue has been less clear, or less clearly put, chiefly because many foreign-born citizens of the United States still carry with them the prepossessions of their birthplace, rather than those which should arise from perception of their country's interests.

Nevertheless, the foundations stand sure. We have begun to know each other, in community of interest and of traditions, in ideals of equality and of law. As the realization of this spreads, the two states, in their various communities, will more and more closely draw together in the unity of spirit, and all the surer that they eschew the bondage of the letter of alliance. To complete the group, ethnically and spiritually, there is needed the accession of the other branches of the Teutonic family, of which the German Empire is the great exponent. The race can afford to wait for this, and it would certainly be injudicious to precipitate its coming by a forcing process; still, it may be remarked that the period of incipiency, in which the Anglo-American concord of tendency still remains, is the most favorable moment for the entrance of a third party, akin to the other two.

In conclusion a further remark may be offered. Both the signs of the times and obvious motives for action point to a probable permanent co-operation between the communities which speak the English tongue, as well as to a possible, if much less assured, coincidence of action with the empire the language and people of which come from the same stock, though differentiated by prolonged separation. But upon the horizon of the future may be descried a further omen of favorable augury. Various causes have conspired during the passing century to depress the visible power and influence of the Latin communities in Europe, compared to those grouped as the Teutonic. The unification of Italy is the one conspicuous exception. To this let there be added the strategic central position of the new state in the Mediterranean, which is to Europe far more even than the Caribbean can be to America, and also the political considerations which have forced her and France into the opposite scales of the political balance.

This attitude of Italy cannot but be fully confirmed by the clear necessity, to Latin and to Teuton, to insure that predominance in the Levant which is essential to both, because, as Sea-Powers, secure use of the Suez Canal is to them vital. The significance of this is that, by the force of circumstances, Italy, the modern representative of that which is most solid, politically, in the original Latin strain, remains in the intimacy of political attachment with the Teutonic Powers. This assures us the continued association of that Latin element which has contributed so much to the composite result of our Christian civilization; and it still more points on to the time when that element, the lineal inheritor of Roman greatness, seeing more clearly where its interests lie, shall find in Italy the centre and the pattern which shall restore it, in renewed glory, to the commonwealth of states that already owes to it so much.

NOTE.—Since concluding these papers the writer has met these recent words of Sir W. W. Hunter (introduction to *History of British India*), whose regretted death has just removed one of the most widely informed students of Asian questions: "I hail the advent of the United States in the East, as a new power for good, not alone for the island races that come under their care, but also in that great settlement of European spheres of influence in Asia, which, if we could see aright, forms a *world problem* of our day."

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ACTS AND ENTR'ACTES

BY KATRINA TRASK

"IT is like a pilgrimage; isn't it, Max?"

"With this advantage," he answered—"one's saint walks beside on towards the shrine."

"Don't be flippant."

"I assure you, nothing was further from my thought. Look at me, Dorothy. No—turning your head is not looking—lift your eyes—so, sweetheart. Do I look flippant?"

Whatever he looked, she felt it was safe for her to turn away again as quickly as possible. They were walking with a throng of people up the hill at Baireuth, and were too surrounded on every side for betrayal of crimson cheeks and telltale eyes. Why was it that Max Reynolds could always rouse this tide in her when he chose? She rebelled against it—and loved it. He was the direct antithesis of her schoolgirl picture. She had lived in a realm of poetry and romance, defying the order of the life in which she moved. In her maiden heart she held a shadowy vision of some Lohengrin sailing from unknown spheres to prove that love was still a mystic wonder. She had dreamed of being caught into a splendor of warmth and color, and "light that never was on sea or land"; and while she was waiting, this quiet man with the calm eyes and the clear clever brain, a vigorous product of the nineteenth century, had called to her and claimed her; she had shut her dreams in her heart and had gone to him with the unerring instinct of a homing bird. But why? He was so different! Here was Baireuth, for example—he was taking it quite as a matter of course, an intellectual interest, a musical curiosity; and she—

"Look!" she said, with bated breath; "there it is!"

He looked at her instead.

"Oh, Max! how can you? Look!" and she pointed to the theatre that appeared, a small flat round, at the top of the hill they were ascending.

"Dorothy! Dorothy! there it is," called her chaperon, who was walking ahead with the rest of the party.

"Oh, I see it!" Dorothy's voice was vibrant.

"It is remarkable," Max said, "how earnestness of purpose makes an atmosphere; really one feels lifted into a more reverent attitude towards life." (Ah! now he was satisfactory!) "See that old man over there, with the music score under his arm—I believe he spent his last cent to come here; and those women—stout and middle-aged—how young and eager they seem! I am glad we came."

"Oh, thank you, Max! I thought you did not care."

"Sweetheart, because a man is not the torrid zone, don't press him into the frigid."

"What is that?" and Dorothy's voice rose to the thrill of coming joy.

"That, miss," volunteered a lank, sandy-haired man behind her, "is the horn to call the audience together. It blows three times, and if you aren't there at the last blow, you can't get in—they lock the doors."

He spoke to her as though it were quite natural that in a common cause, bound towards a common goal, there should be a sense of brotherhood.

"Oh, thank you. Hurry, Max; hurry! do not let us be late."

When they entered the theatre Dorothy had a pang of disappointment. This barren, barnlike place the arena for the great dramas of the master! The Mecca she had longed and waited for! Devoid of all ornament and symmetry, nothing could be more puritanically severe than the rows and rows of seats before the sombre curtain.

"Wait, sweetheart," Max whispered, "you won't be disappointed soon."

"How did you know I was disappointed?"

"How do I know many things?"

He was not a hero, but undoubtedly he was sometimes very delicious. As they spoke, the lights went down, and Dorothy realized the artistic merit of the theatre's barrenness. The darkness was the genius of the place. It fell like a liv-

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ing power, subduing, silencing. The murmur of voices was stilled, the restless shuffling ceased, and that vast audience sat in expectant hush as the first notes of the orchestra rose and swelled into fulness of harmony.

Instinctively, Dorothy's little hand slipped into that of Max, which—by some strange chance—was not far to find. The knowledge of all the world locked out, the knowledge that no belated comer could open the doors—where loomed in the dusk inexorable porters—gave a sense of peace and remoteness which was the climax to Dorothy's delight. Slowly the curtain rose, and her quick intellect perceived, what she had only felt before, why all the theatre should be dark and still. It is the crowning touch of dramatic effect, and makes one a very part of the unfolding drama.

The opera was *Die Götterdämmerung*. Brünnhilde stood upon her fire-guarded mountain height and bade farewell to her hero. Dorothy's heart expanded with that sense of relief which expression brings, be it our own expression or some consummate interpretation which expresses for us. In Brünnhilde she felt herself expressed. Too little tribute has been paid to the character of Brünnhilde as a revelation of woman—that wondrous blending of supreme surrender and immortal maidenhood—she thought.

"Shakspere does not begin to understand woman as Wagner does." She could not resist that one whisper to Max.

"'Sh!" said a man behind her; and Dorothy was glad of the darkness.

Max was interested in the opera; he had a good knowledge of music, an intelligent interest in all art; and although by no means an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner, he recognized that he was a master, that he had conquered even his enemies, and was to be approached and considered with a reverent and open mind. He had determined to make an intellectual study of this first performance he had seen in the proper setting; but he found himself studying, instead, the sensitive face beside him, which the darkness veiled, but did not hide. The color coming and going, the parted scarlet lips, the beautiful eyes which translated the music into their common language, seemed to him, just then, more worth while than the passing scenes upon the stage. What a child she was! How eager and unworldly, with all her intellect! How full of the glow of her young enthusiasm!

The opera went on. Siegfried said his lingering good-by; his call was heard echoing in the distance; Brünnhilde was alone; the curtain fell, and rose again at once upon King Gunther's hall. Then came that picture of mediæval life—the old castle; the coming of the hero; the meeting; the pledging of friendship; and the blood-covenant.

Max smiled as he watched the play upon the lovely face beside him; but the smile had no trace of criticism nor intolerance. To his practical sense the blood-covenant had a strong touch of the ridiculous. Both as a present representation and a realization of past methods among men it tried him. How absurd to see two full-grown men—the one supposedly a hero—standing before witnesses, each plunging a sword into his own right arm, mingling the blood in a cup of wine and drinking it as an eternal pledge!

But to Dorothy! Well, what was it to Dorothy? Why did her face glow with such an inner radiance that Max was quite content to leave the study of Wagner for some future day, and found himself longing for the curtain to fall, that the opus of his own life might have another act?

When the doors were thrown open, the hushed audience thronged forth into fresh air and speech. In front of the theatre was a large square, and here people gathered, full of comment and chatter, or walked down the board walk at the back of the theatre towards the grove of trees. Max and Dorothy, by common impulse, followed the walk, left it, and climbing down the hill-side, found a shaded nook among the lindens; he spread his overcoat upon the ground and made a place for her, then threw himself beside her, and taking off his hat, looked up at her with smiling eyes.

He saw at once that there was something new in her face; it was rosy with a sweet shyness.

"Max—"

"Yes, dear."

"That is what I want—it is so much more than any engagement-ring *could* be. Will you give me your penknife—and—will you do it?" Her voice faltered like a child's.

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"Sweetheart, what *do* you mean? Do what?"

"Let us have a blood-covenant, Max, here — a little one; it will prove so much."

Then Max did a thing altogether natural to man: he put back his head and laughed—a frank, kindly laugh. "My sweet child," he said, "we live in the nineteenth century; we are long past such nonsense. I want my love to be a strong woman — not a sentimentalist. Don't look like that, Dorothy! You know I know what you are; but I want to save you from the rocks that silly women are wrecked upon."

"Thank you, Max."

He looked up quickly to determine just what her tone might mean. There was a proud turn to her head, a sudden veiling, which gave her for him an exquisite charm. He remembered this afterwards; at the time he did not analyze it. He was vaguely conscious of a psychic remoteness; but before he had time to realize a shadow had fallen, she reassured him by saying, quite naturally,

"Wagner is the only man who has co-ordinated the arts, and it makes him intellectually most interesting: do you not think so?"

"Indeed, yes; and gives him a power which is immeasurable."

"Almost all the arts," she continued—"music, painting—for his scenes are living pictures which stay in the memory—and the drama. He is a much greater dramatist than one realizes at first—because one forgets everything in the music. As I said to you, when that man hushed me so peremptorily, Shakspere has never drawn one woman with the human livingness of Wagner's heroines—and with her soul."

"My dear Dorothy! Think of Portia, and Beatrice, and Rosalind—"

"I have thought of them."

"Well, I don't know," Max said, reflectively.

"Of course you don't: you are not a woman." Dorothy rose.

"Dorothy! you are not going back yet? What is it?"

"Oh, nothing! I have just thought how impolite we are to Mrs. Floyd."

"Bother Mrs. Floyd! How can you remember her? Do stay a little longer."

"No; we really must go back;" and she walked on, talking of Wagner.

Max was roused to mental effort, which stimulated him. How well she talked! He found himself watching with a pleasant excitement the play of her words and the turn of her thought; in so doing he lost sight, for the moment, of her heart; but when they joined the chaperon, he saw that also!

Dorothy had been hurt, and had covered her retreat by manœuvres of bright speech to call off his attention from herself. Like a woman, she had talked her best when pricked by pride. When they reached the group, who were leisurely eating ices, and were drawn at once into general conversation, reaction came; the strain of pretence told upon her; she longed to put her head down upon the little iron table before her and burst into a torrent of relieving tears. Max saw the sudden change of mood, and was baffled by it; he searched for the old electric current between them, but found it not; her eyes were veiled when he sought them, and her sensitive mouth had no responsive lines to the covert appeals he made in words that she would understand amid the general talk, and in little ways a woman knows. They seemed more divided, sitting two feet apart in this small circle, than they had often seemed when a continent separated them.

Max grew impatient. Was ever *entr'acte* so long? Why did it not end? Let him but whisper one word in her ear in the darkness, let him but once find her hand under the sway of the music, and by a subtle current warm her back to life—and all would be right again.

He began seeking in his mind for the cause of this withdrawal. He was of that order of men who are sensitive enough to feel results, but yet not quite sensitive enough to divine the cause. That was to come, perchance, after close contact with Dorothy's illuming influence, as to her would come the saner balance and the surer poise—else it would be no true marriage. He welcomed the horn which called them back, with an eager haste; but, to his dismay, he found himself seated between Mrs. Floyd and Carrie Reinhart.

Dorothy had an imperious way of accomplishing her purposes. Max could usually controvert it, if on his guard; but, taking for granted the natural order of things, he went into his place with Mrs.

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Floyd—having walked back to the theatre with her—expecting Dorothy to follow. Instead, Carrie Reinhart did as she was bid and walked into Dorothy's vacant place; then came Jack Cassidy. Dorothy sat next to Mr. Floyd, with whom she was a great favorite, and who took her charming conclusion—that she would sit by him this time—as a boon granted for gratitude. He had brought her to Baireuth, and it seemed but natural that she should give him the enjoyment of her pleasure.

Max felt as if he must rise and protest aloud against his fate; but he talked on with Mrs. Floyd, until the lights went down. Then he challenged his memory. What was it? What had brought this dearth upon his hour? He had been often conscious of a resolution to mature and curb the exuberance of Dorothy's nature, given to his keeping; but now he missed it; he felt suddenly like a man from whom the sunlight has been withdrawn when he was carelessly basking in it. The face of nature had changed for him. Could he, the strong man—who would have laughed awhile ago at shadings given from without—be conscious of a chill, a sense of desolation, simply because a presence had been withdrawn from his side? It was absurd; yet, argue against it as he might, the fact remained. How different Wagner had seemed, in the last act, with Dorothy's glowing self beside him! He recalled how the little hand had slipped into his, and the sweet wonder on the face as the music unfolded—and—yes, that was it!—he remembered!—the blood-covenant!—of course. It all comes back to him now—her romantic folly, his laugh, and her quick plunging into brilliant argument, which had absorbed him and turned his attention from herself. How proud and clever she is—and yet withal what a foolish child! Stay! was it folly? Are things not relative—and dependent upon their source? What may be curiosity in the petty man is investigation in the scientist. What is sentimentalism in the empty-headed may be symbolism of the highest to the idealist. And between the sentimentalist and the true idealist there is as much difference as there is between the glinting of tinsel and the glory of sunshine. Poor child! she had been reaching after an expression of the ideal in material, visible form. What was that but the history of the human race in epitome? Had not mankind cried out after the Logos—made audible, made visible—since the world began? As the hour passed, his heart championed her cause against his traditions. A wider apprehension came to him of natures different from his own. Foolishness was, after all, largely a point of view, and, like crime upon intent, was dependent upon the motive behind it.

With this new apprehension of her, he looked up and saw her. She was leaning eagerly forward, with clasped hands, her eyes riveted upon the stage; even in the darkness he could see that she was very pale, and that two tears were rolling slowly down her cheeks. A yearning tenderness overswept his heart; he longed to rise and gather her close, to comfort and soothe her in the face of all the world. Dear heart! that he had laughed at her—when she had merely wanted, in a simple, primitive way, what all the world has wanted from the beginning. And he had quoted the nineteenth century to her—dullard that he was! Could he not see that she was greater than a condition, and had that immortal simplicity, defying all ages, which belongs to Homer and the Vedic hymns? She should have her blood-covenant. It was only the pettiness of his own mind which had belittled the idea from a sense of humor.

Dorothy had come into the theatre her heart fierce with bitterness—she had made an overture to her love, and he had *laughed!* As she took her seat away from him she felt that she hated him. He did not understand her; he classed her with those silly girls who press flowers and wear locks of hair. The revelation of a great idea had come to her—the desire for a symbol, holy, uniting. And he had dared to laugh! The penknife? No, that was scarcely romantic, it might be even funny,—but who could stay to think of petty details in a sacrament? She remembered, once, in a poor country church, she had drunk the eucharistic wine out of a heavy glass mug. It had not touched the solemnity; in a way, it had seemed to add to it. If symbolism were not to be at all—that was another thing; but there would be the engagement-ring—he had told her it should be beautiful, a fitting symbol of their love—and the wedding-ring, which the wedding service called "the symbol of

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an endless bond." No one thought these foolish—simply because society endorsed them and conventionality approved. Yes, she hated him; he was crowded down into narrow grooves—and she had sworn to mate a hero!

But the curtain rose, and in spite of the bitterness in her heart she found herself following the story upon the stage.

Then rang out that heart-searching cry from Brünnhilde, "Betrayed! betrayed!"

A shock vibrated through Dorothy from head to foot. And Siegfried was a hero! Softly, through the bitterness, the anger that had held her, there stole a sense of buoyant gratefulness. She would never know that cry! Max might not be a hero, but his love was sure—as sure as the foundations of the earth. Ah! surer, for it was immortal, and would last when the firmament was rolled together like a scroll. No potion could touch his brain—it was too clear; no confusion, no stratagem, could drive her from her place in that true heart. The bitterness began to ebb, and in its place a sweet reasonableness rose. It is true he had laughed, but not unkindly; as she recalled it now, in her softer mood, there had been a certain tenderness in it. What had it been, and what had his words been, but a warning born of his love—a warning to guard her from danger—the danger of taking outward things for the real? And she had punished him so severely for that moment's misunderstanding. She would not stay with him when he asked her; she made no response to his courteous overtures before the others; and the hurt surprise on his face when he found that she had left her seat beside him haunted her.

And now Siegfried is swearing on the spear that he does not know Brünnhilde. And where is chivalry? Even if the poison in his veins has made him forget her—and blotted out their love—she is a woman in sore anguish, and Siegfried is ruthless and wantonly cruel in his manner of denying and defying her, to vindicate himself. Dorothy remembers, once, when some one had accused Max falsely, the measureless pity that he had shown for the man's perfidy, calling it blindness.

Ah! after all, it does not lie in outward things. It is not the aureole that makes the saint, not the externals that make the hero. As that wonderful music soars and rises to its divine revelation, the story seems to shrivel away into nothingness—even her own story grows small—before the universal revelation of beauty, and her soul seems to stand in a larger place. She held her breath when the curtain fell, as if she would hold the spell; then came a rush of joy—she would be near Max again! At the door they met, and each knew that the shadow had been lifted. Without a word they went down the path, and found the same place among the lindens.

"Dorothy—"

"Max!" she interrupted him, "let me speak first, please. I see—I understand. You are right. I must not be carried away by externals, by effects. The consciousness is the real having. You were right. The idea of the blood-covenant is too great to be held by form; forms were for those who could not grasp the spirit; —we are beyond them. I was foolish."

"My darling," he answered, "my wise darling, that is true; but you were not foolish—forgive me that I laughed. I, too, have been learning something this last hour. Your thought was, at base, the motive from which poetry comes. I understand better now. Will you forgive me?"

The tremulous shadows of the lindens fell upon her face. His heart rejoiced in her beauty. "You shall have the blood-covenant, sweetheart, if it would please you—with us it will not be foolish. Do you want it?"

He took her hand in his firm grasp—ah! they had been parted so long! Her blood leaped to his touch, thrilled to her finger-tips. She lifted her eyes, and their souls met.

"I have had it," she said.

TWO WORLDS

BY LYMAN W. DENTON

THE worlds in which we live are two—
The world "I am," and the world "I do."

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FIFTY YEARS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

BY THE EDITOR

THERE are no men now living who can remember the first beginnings of the house of Harper. Only those who have reached threescore and ten years could have read, at its issue, the first book published by James and John Harper—the eldest two of the four brothers; and these two had been printers many years before they became publishers, and before St. George's had become Franklin Square. James, the first to take up the trade, passed through a regular apprenticeship, and before he undertook business on his own account, was considered the most efficient pressman in New York. It is curious to note that in the war of 1812 he, after his work all day at the press, was for several nights engaged with other stalwart young men in strengthening the defences of the city against an apprehended attack by the British. Those were the days of sailing-vessels and of the hand-press. Work in this country, on the farm, in domestic service, and in factories, was done quite entirely by native-born Americans; and the habit of manual labor was almost universal.

Already a new era had begun in our American industrial world, and had gained momentum. The steam-engine and the electric telegraph had been doing their

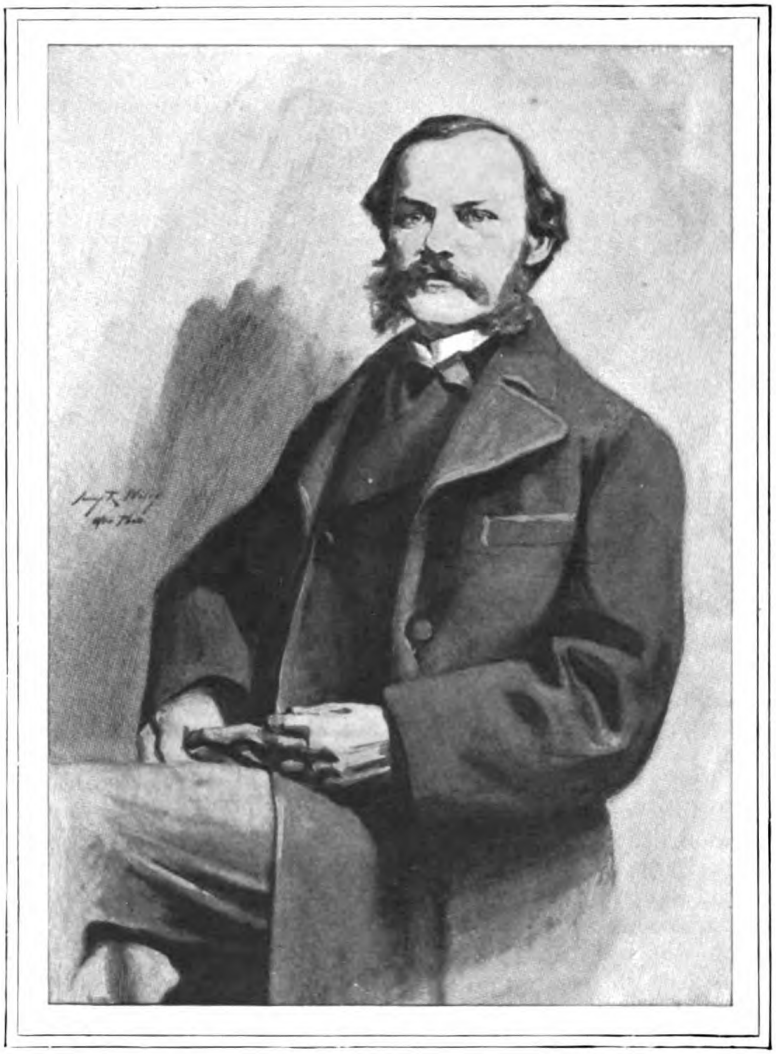
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work. Railroad-building and enterprise, and the increased demand for labor in every field, had invited, and now every year more eagerly invited, immigrants from Europe. The association of some kinds of manual labor with this vast incoming crowd of ignorant workers put upon it something of the same kind of stigma that it had long suffered in the South from association with slave labor. The character of political issues changed. For several years in the largest Northern cities an acute Protestant sensitiveness had been developed. The public-school system, not yet firmly established, depended for its security entirely upon the enthusiastic support of native-born Americans, and the jealousy with which it was guarded against alien views and traditions brought on local conflicts. It was as the result of such antagonism that James Harper was elected Mayor of New York city in the early forties, only a few years after the formation of the house of Harper and Brothers, of which he was the senior partner. The preservation of distinctively American institutions seemed to be threatened, and the Native-American party was organized. The Free-Soil party grew into formidable proportions in like manner for the protection of free labor in our western territories from the stigma of association with slave labor and from the obvious disadvantages of competition with unwaged service. The civil war settled the latter issue, the former it buried in oblivion, since those of foreign birth who had once fought for the integrity of the nation could never again be distinguished from the native defenders of American institutions.

The first decade of *Harper's Magazine* lay under the shadow of this coming war, but scarcely an intimation of it can be found in its pages during that period. The Harpers were Democrats, but how little partisan predilections affected the character of their Magazine is indicated by the fact that its first editor, Henry J. Raymond, was a prominent Free-Soil Whig, who a year later founded the New York *Times*. The nearest approach to an article touching a current political issue in the Magazine was that contributed to the September number, 1858, by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, advocating the principle of popular sovereignty in the Territories.

This Magazine was no accidental emergence in the literary world; it came in the natural evolution of the Harpers' publishing business. Fletcher Harper once said to me: "If we were asked why we first started a monthly magazine, we would have to say frankly that it was as a tender to our business, though it has grown into something quite beyond that." There was evident satisfaction in what had been accomplished beyond the first intention, notwithstanding the modest and wholly ingenuous disclaimer of merit on account of it. The character of the general business of the house really determined the character of the Magazine. It is quite probable that the popular appreciation of *Harper's Family Library*—itself a kind of serial publication—suggested the issue of a monthly periodical for the diffusion of good literature. The perfection of an efficient electrotyping process had made possible the prompt regular issue of a large edition. The fact that for several months it was wholly eclectic (containing really the cream of foreign periodical literature), and that the illustrations of the first number consisted only of three portraits of contemporary historians—Allison, Macaulay, and Prescott—and of a few fashion plates, shows how far removed from the vision of its promoters was the whole field of its future accomplishment. And right here it must be clearly pointed out that the first and dominant note of the Magazine was literary rather than artistic. The thoughtful readers of that day were satisfied by the best literature without pictures. At the end of 1850, after six months' trial of its chances with the public, the Magazine had a monthly circulation of more than fifty thousand copies. The six numbers already issued, apart from fashion plates, had contained an average of only eight pictures each, and one-fourth of these had been portraits, while nearly all the others had purely literary associations. This success of a distinctively literary enterprise—the literature, be it remembered, being quite entirely English, and, while contemporaneous, having no special timeliness in an acutely journalistic sense—is notable, and reflects credit upon that generation of American readers. The art of pictorial illustration was in its crude infancy in the early fifties, and there were very few artists in the field. For that matter, our American literature

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HENRY J. RAYMOND.

at that period had very few eminent names to show. In New England, Longfellow and Whittier had begun to be popular; Lowell was but dimly recognized; Emerson had just emerged into such publicity as the Lyceum lecture-field was beginning to afford to effective talent; Hawthorne's seclusion was scarcely broken, though he was giving the world his best work; and Holmes had not yet become the Autocrat. In the Middle States, Cooper and Irving and Bryant are the only names now widely remembered, with the exception, perhaps, of N. P. Willis; Timrod, Simms, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and John Esten Cooke were eminent in the South, where for the most part literary aspirations were sacrificed for those of a political character. The West had then no literature. Mrs. Stowe, who was writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, belonged properly to New England. New writers were becoming known—notably Donald G. Mitchell, Richard Henry Stoddard, T. B. Aldrich, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Magazines already existing, like *Graham's* and *The Knickerbocker*, or soon to enter the field, like *Putnam's* and *The Atlantic*, depending quite entirely upon contributions from American writers, would be sure of a respectable constituency, though of such enterprises (including many not here mentioned) none of a purely literary character has survived. Those which persisted—most eminently *The Atlantic*—whatever literary value they had, were obliged to depend for their success upon other qualities, and especially upon the timely appeal to readers in the selection of themes treated. If *Harper's Magazine* had been started upon the plan of exclusive American authorship, the limitation thus imposed would have been an obstacle to the development of its present comprehensive scope. Every other American magazine existing in 1850 had a definite plan which determined its scope, and, as a matter of fact, had filled that scope, had attained its full development. If it had a specialty—as *Godey's* had, being a magazine for women, devoted to fashions and kindred objects—it had its appropriate constituency. Dow's *Waverley*

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Magazine (a weekly) showed what success was possible to a periodical appealing mainly to romantic sensibility. As regards literary appeal, the condition of American literature at that time fixed a narrow limit. Outside of Hawthorne's novels, then clearly indicated as to their quality by such examples as *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Blithedale Romance*, there was no new American fiction of a high order.

In this situation the Harpers did as magazine publishers what for many years they had been doing in their book business—they brought to readers the richest treasures of literature wherever they were to be found. The best was to be found in European periodicals. Thus it was that the most eminent English serial fiction of the last half-century found its place in *Harper's Magazine*.

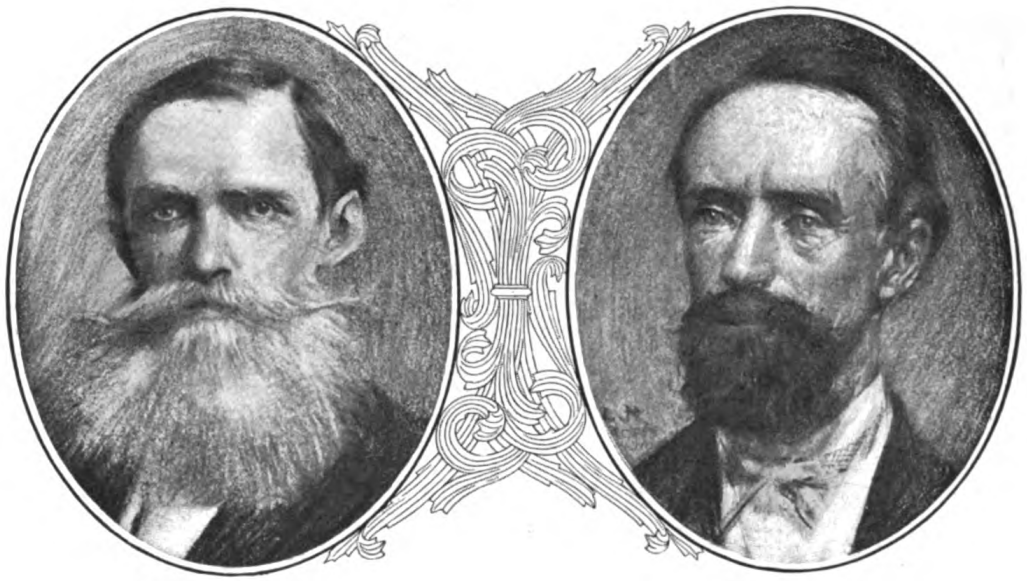
In the mean time *Harper's Magazine* was developing a distinctive type of periodical by natural evolution. Its eclectic character rapidly disappeared in its very infancy. The nebulous miscellany was resolved into a constellation. There are really only two types of magazine, excluding, of course, those devoted to some distinct specialty. *Blackwood* is the original of one type, *Harper* of the other. In the latter the type was gradually disclosed — what it was to become was indicated only in the becoming. The distinction is not that of an illustrated from an unillustrated magazine. *Harper* is not *Blackwood* plus suitable illustrations. Some things—for example, the best kind of fiction—might be common to both, but there would always be this difference, that *Blackwood* would by choice appeal to a limited class of highly cultivated readers, proposing to meet special demands of that class, while *Harper* would be addressed to all readers of average intelligence, having for its purpose their entertainment and illumination, meeting in a general way the varied claims of their human intellect and sensibility, and in this accommodation following the lines of their aspiration. *Blackwood* would begin on the highest level of special literary excellence, and should it seek popularity in a wider appeal, must do so through accommodation, relaxing its first tension, imperilling its original type. *Harper*, starting from the lowest level to which *Blackwood* could properly fall, would, with always the most ready accommodation to popular interest, steadily ascend, improving in every essential respect as to substance and form, while constantly broadening its appeal, never quite reaching its full tension—the perfect fulfilment of its type.

Looking back upon the hundred volumes concluded with the present number, the first impression made upon the mind is that of a real exposition of the last half-century in every field of human activity and interest. The next impression is that of a steady growth in literary and artistic excellence, as well as in the efficient achievement of its initial purpose.

The intimacy between the Magazine and the book-publishing department, never wholly broken, was closest in the first score of years after the establishment of the former, and very largely determined its character. The house was eminent as publishers of books on themes especially suited to a popular illustrated periodical—books of travel and exploration, of science popularly treated, of history and biography, and, in general, of the kind of literature best suited to the home, when the practice of reading aloud in the family circle was still a prevalent custom. If the books were illustrated—as those of travel and exploration and science were sure to be—a foretaste of these was frequently given in the Magazine articles, with some of the pictures. African and arctic exploration furnished the most lively reading and the most striking pictures for many years, and next in novelty and curious interest ranked the articles describing the strange aspects of human life and natural scenery in Russia and the Far East, in the islands of the Pacific, and in the wilds of South and Central America. Foreign travel was not so common in the fifties as it is now, and Europe afforded to writer and artist much that was new and picturesque. Our own yet wild West and the newly settled Pacific coast, with its rude mining-camps, added another vast field of novelty and adventure. Thomas W. Knox's stories of Russian and Siberian travel were not nearly so thrillingly interesting as J. Ross Browne's tales of mining life in and beyond the Rockies.

The first writer for *Harper's* distinguished for his use of the pencil was "Porte Crayon" (the significant pen-name of D. H. Strother), whose remark-

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D. H. STROTHER. J. ROSS BROWNE.

ably quaint descriptions of life in the mountains of Virginia, with his still quainter pictures, began during the second year of the Magazine. He was given a roving commission, which took him to other parts of his native South and to New England (where he was not so much at home, missing the plump negro wenches and jolly pickaninnies whom he delighted to portray). One of his characteristic articles described an artist's railway journey. He contributed to the Magazine from Southern battle-fields during the war, and died at Charleston, West Virginia, in 1888. Much wise philosophy was blended with his humor and quick sense of the picturesque.

The wonders of science freshly disclosed in sea, earth, and sky engaged their full share of the expository scheme. Here Jacob Abbott was the first and most valuable contributor. He entered the new industrial field with equal zest. The earliest very important illustrated article was his description of the Novelty Iron-Works in New York city—the first in a long line of such articles that have all along been a special feature of the Magazine. American history was fairly represented in that early period by the richly illustrated contributions of Benson J. Lossing, who was then preparing his *Field-Book of the Revolution*, and who was at once writer, artist, and engraver. Probably the most popular series of that day was J. S. C. Abbott's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, upon the illustrations for which the utmost skill then possible was expended.

From this brief survey, mainly confined to the very earliest volumes of *Harper*—which contained at the same time the serial novels of Lever, Bulwer, and Dickens, and a little later of Thackeray—one sees what was the first shaping of the wholly new type of a popular magazine which we have designated the *Harper* type, and how essential to the perfection of this type was the art of pictorial illustration.

My first connection with the house of Harper was as a writer, in collaboration with Alfred H. Guernsey (who succeeded Henry J. Raymond as editor of the Magazine), on *The Pictorial History of the Rebellion*. This was in the summer of 1863. I soon found that editorial assistance and literary advice, as reader, were expected of me. I had had no experience in this line, though such work had always seemed to me more interesting than any other, excepting, of course, that of authorship. In the winter of 1863–4 I was asked by Fletcher Harper to take the office management of *Harper's Weekly*. Counting on his assistance, I consented. He was the real conductor of that journal from its inception; it was said that he carried it in his hat. I selected stories for it, and wrote the articles

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accompanying the pictures. In such training as I acquired in editorial management Mr. Harper was my teacher. He knew where to be bold and where to be cautious. I also assisted Mr. Guernsey on the Magazine.

For nearly six years after my connection with the establishment the beautiful association of the four Harper brothers remained unbroken. They were not, but well they might have been, the model of Dickens's Cheeryble Brothers. They were known among themselves and their intimates by sobriquets whose origin was referred back to a time far antedating my acquaintance with them. James, who did the social honors of the house to visitors (himself defining his special business, in answer to an anxious inquirer, as that of "attending to the bores"), and whose cheerful face was known to every employe of the establishment, was for obvious reasons known as "the Mayor"; John, who managed the finances, was "the Colonel"; Joseph Wesley, who was more immediately connected with the book-publishing department, conducting the correspondence with authors, was "the Captain"; Fletcher, the youngest of the brothers, and a master in journalism, was "the Major." The lines of distinction above indicated in the various functions of business were not strictly drawn; there was always a fraternal blending and convergence of them. To "the Colonel" as long as he lived the title-page of every book published by the house was submitted for his approval or revision. How indelible in my memory are the faces of these four men and their frankly disclosed characters! After the sudden death of the eldest by accident in 1869, the others soon followed, like the links of a broken chain — first, Joseph Wesley, in 1870; then John, in 1875; and last of all Fletcher, in 1877.

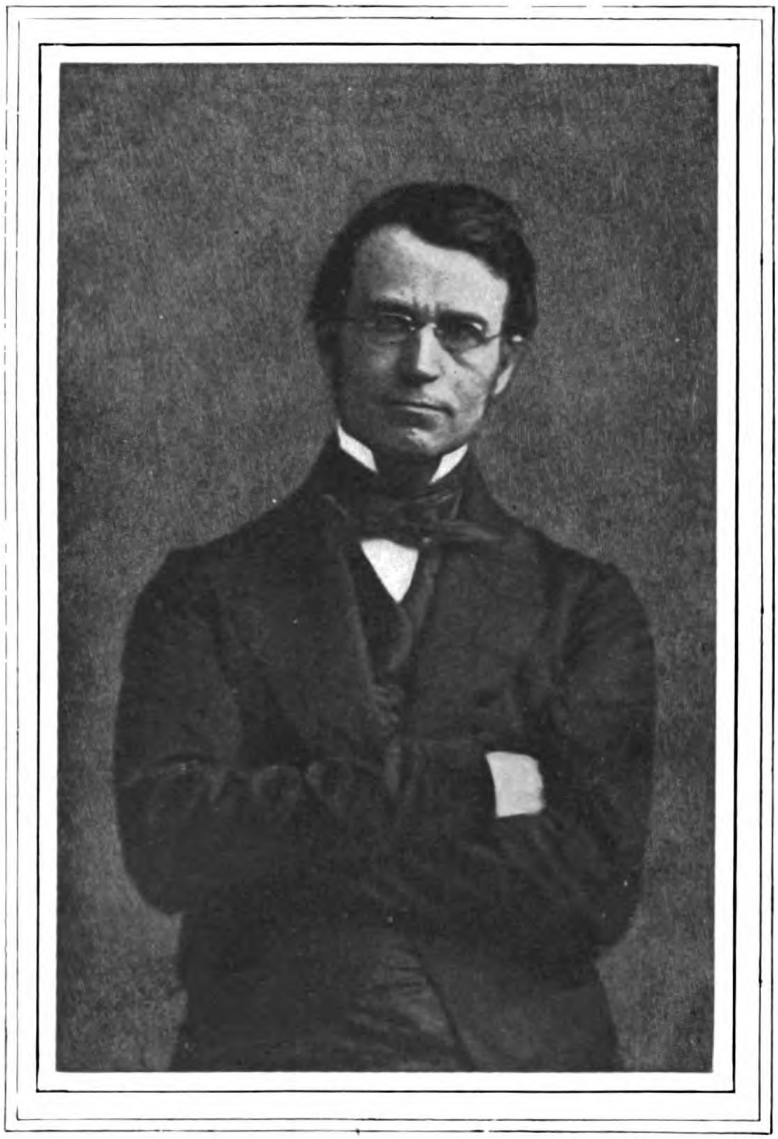
I undertook the editorial management of the Magazine in 1869. Up to that time there had been no material change in its general conduct, and it had not been challenged to measure its strength against any serious competitor in its own field. It had been steadily advancing after its own type in the excellence of its literary contents and of its illustrations. As a popular magazine it could not properly attempt literary pre-eminence on the *Blackwood* plan—that would contradict its own peculiar genius and limit its usefulness. It continued to publish serially the best novels that were produced from year to year, but it could not have published Emerson's essays or Lowell's critical papers. It could and did welcome the best short stories of its time, from those of its earlier years by W. D. O'Connor, J. D. Whelpley, Fitz-James O'Brien, and Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, to the later efforts of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Harriet Prescott Spofford, just as it hospitably entertained poems by Aldrich and Howells, and popular articles of journalistic value by James Parton and Edwin P. Whipple. There had been developed in Boston a distinct constellation which took its own place in the literary heavens, and, by a law of natural selection, shone brilliantly in the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Boston had then much the same relation to American contemporary literature that Edinburgh had to British literature in the first quarter of the century, and the period of its distinction was in like manner limited.

A change was about to be effected in the character of the Magazine, as the result of regular development, but stimulated, particularly in the field of illustrations, by honorable competition with periodicals established on the same general type, but laying claim to popular favor through some special distinction—as, for example, more exclusive use of contributions by American writers or better illustrations.

The Harper establishment has been from the beginning a great workshop. The atmosphere of the place did not suggest any special æsthetic refinement. There was a corps of engravers who worked on a salary, meeting all requirements for the illustration of the books and periodicals of the house. Often in the engravings for the *Weekly*, and sometimes in those for the Magazine, different engravers would work on different portions of the same block. But the utmost possible attention was given to securing the most excellent workmanship. Mr. Henry Sears, who was at the head of this department, was a faithful and efficient superintendent, and, in spite of the defects of such a system, there were instances of eminent individual mastery of the art—more and more of them as the individual eminence of the artists who made the drawings led to the exaction of better engraving. And these artists had

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their workshop as well, in a room of their own, under the superintendence of Charles Parsons, who had early in 1863 succeeded John Chapin. One of my most vivid early recollections of the establishment is of this room, with a dozen or more artists seated at desks, drawing on wood, and at times varying their work with riotous hilarity. There were Harry Stephens, W. S. Jewett, Sol Eytinge, William and A. R. Waud, Theodore R. Davis, Granville Perkins, Tom Nast, C. G. Bush, and a number of others whose names have escaped my memory. These artists had no models, but they did remarkable work, and several of them were excellent painters, whose work was accepted for Academy exhibitions. Mr. Parsons was an eminent water-color painter. Some of these artists followed our armies in the field and contributed to *Harper's Weekly* sketches of battle scenes that were memorable for their accuracy and graphic delineation.



JACOB ABBOTT.

Mr. Parsons was an ideal teacher of art, and many a young artist who, without academic training of any sort, came under his charge, or submitted to him his first drawings, received suggestions, criticism, and encouragement to which, from the high point of subsequent eminence, he looked back as the stimulus of his timid venture—the starting-point of successful undertaking. Abbey, Reinhart, Alexander, Frost, and Du Mond were notably among those who worked first under his eye in that old workshop, and who would gladly pay their tribute of grateful acknowledgment to him for his quick recognition of their individual quality and for his generous encouragement and sympathy. These, with others who, like Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, and William T. Smedley, were not directly connected with the old shop, formed a new group of later-day artists, with new methods and higher attainments. The studio and the model became necessary to the perfection of their work. The artist of this new school was not merely illustra-

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ting the writer's text; he stood for himself as an individual artist. He therefore made new demands upon the engraver.

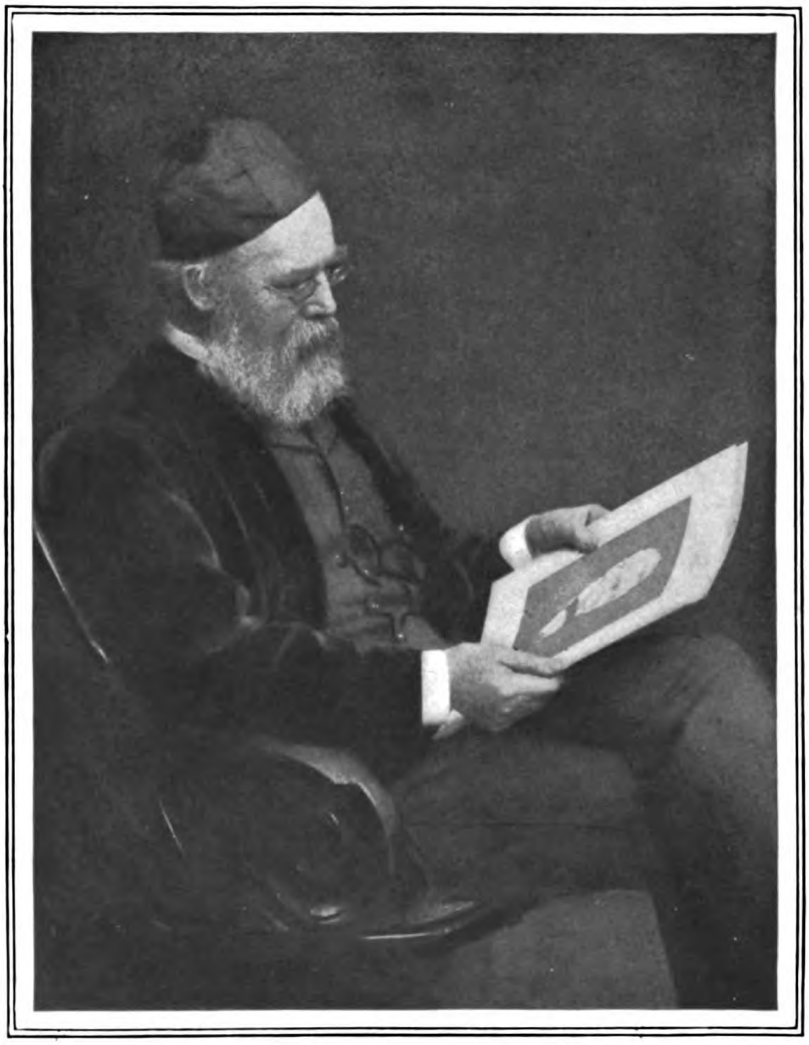
The first and immediate response to this demand was a new school of engravers —those masters in their art who inaugurated the golden age of engraving in America. Something had been gained when the drawing could be directly photographed on the wood, the drawing itself remaining intact (instead of, as formerly, being destroyed in the very process of engraving), and serving as a standard for judgment as to the engraver's faithful rendering. But the artist was not satisfied with this rendering, however good. Indeed, in just so far as the engraver showed individual mastery, his work to that extent was differentiated from the artist's original. It was like FitzGerald translating "Omar Khayyám" —not that it was that much better, but that much different.

Hence it was that the most eminent artists eagerly welcomed the half-tone

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process engraving, which presented a facsimile of their work, and the possibilities of this process have been perfected for his sake.

Thus it will be seen that the apparently sudden advance in the art of pictorial illustration—for it still served the purposes of illustration, while emphasizing the artistic as something quite distinct from the literary or merely graphic *motif*—in the early seventies was really a movement that had been preparing for this leap, and would inevitably have taken it if *Harper's* had remained the only popular illustrated magazine in the market.



CHARLES PARSONS.

The stimulation of American literary effort through the Magazine was from the first very great in certain lines—in none more so than in the production of short stories, where American writers have always excelled, especially women. Now and then, but rarely, some prominent English novelists, like Charles Reade, W. E. Norris, and Justin McCarthy, have written exceedingly clever short stories. From the last-mentioned, during his first visit to America, Fletcher Harper, in half bravado, ordered forty-five short stories for periodical use. Before his return to England Mr. McCarthy had filled the order, and the stories were all worthy of publication anywhere. The fact, how-

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ever, that English fiction, in serial form, was in its best days of such eminence as to command the preference of readers, and therefore a larger space in the pages of the Magazine, caused special stress to be laid upon short stories from American writers, and portraying American life and character. Many writers whose novels were to be published serially elsewhere, like Cable, Stockton, and Mrs. Burnett (then Frances Hodgson), contributed their first short stories to *Harper*.

The general acceptance of *Harper's* as pre-eminently a home magazine for family reading made short stories of domestic interest, and especially well-written love-stories, a characteristic feature. The first short story that came into my hands for editorial examination was a very excellent one of this kind by Louise Chandler Moulton; and, as a rule, these stories were contributed by women. It would be interesting to trace the development of the American short story into the thing of art it has become to-day in the hands of the women as well as of the men who are doing or have recently done the best work in this field, but I have not the space for this. We ought not, however, in our admiration of Howells, Mark Twain, Richard Harding Davis, Owen Wister, Thomas A. Janvier, Richard Malcolm Johnston, James Lane Allen, Charles Egbert Craddock, H. S. Edwards, Margaret Deland, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Octave Thanet, Mrs. Catherwood, Sarah Barnwell Elliott, Grace King, Constance Cary Harrison, and others, forget the tribute which is due to Constance Fenimore Woolson, Rebecca Harding Davis, Rose Terry Cooke, J. W. De Forest, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, Sherwood Bonner, and others whose names have previously been mentioned. Dr. Hale wrote short stories with as much facility as Justin McCarthy, and though there was less of romantic sentiment in them, his tales showed greater versatility, and were always distinguished by some original turn of native wit, peculiar to the New England garden of genius in which they grew, and whose hardy shrubs often gave forth this same pungent aroma, quite distinct from the fragrance of some flowers which, though sheltered there, seemed exotic. For kinship with Dr. Hale there is notably Dr. Holmes; for contrast, Mrs. H. P. Spofford.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson stands out from all the story-writers in the group where I have placed her as pre-eminently the pioneer of the new art that has come into full possession of the field, her proximate, in my opinion, being Mrs. R. H. Stoddard. Miss Woolson came just before Bret Harte, and, in local color and character, she did for our northern lake region and for the southeast seaboard what he did for the Pacific coast. The war for the Union was the great romance of her life. It seems strange that one so thoroughly American should have spent so many of her last years abroad, but in that way she was able to add to her American studies equally characteristic sketches of Italy. Her descriptive articles — and she contributed several of these — always took the form of stories.

One writer, whose best short stories (excepting "A Brother to Dragons") were contributed to *Harper's Magazine*, stands alone in the field of fiction, without precursor, or successor, or even kindred — Amélie Rives, of Virginia. American literature has no such example to present of genius in its simplest terms and most naïve expression as is shown in the tales and dramas known to have been written by Miss Rives before she was sixteen, and published, most of them, years afterward.

In some way Mary E. Wilkins, of New England, is associated in my mind with certain qualities of Amélie Rives's genius; for, while the results are so widely variant, there is a like spontaneity and dream-like freedom of subjective construction. Both these writers would have been suppressed by early academic training; they remained plastic long enough to show native qualities and moods. Any one supposing that Miss Wilkins derives her stories from studies of New England life and character is greatly mistaken; she is, first of all, an impressionist, with a dominant subjective motive, her fiction taking its outward shape from an inward prompting, having only such connection with actual life as there is in the texture of a dream. Whenever she deviates from this procedure, the result lacks her individual quality.

Our civil war in a very important way affected American literature, which is not strange, seeing what changes it wrought in the sensibility of a whole people. The

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HOWARD PYLE. WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

demoralization was greatest among those not directly engaged in the conflict, and who could even go on in profitable business, in eager speculation, and in prodigal pleasure. The Southern people, so completely absorbed in a losing venture, and so nearly losing all material possessions, were gainers in a spiritual sense, and we have a striking illustration of this advantage in the brilliant group of Southern writers that so suddenly emerged after the war: Cable, Grace King, Mrs. Stuart, Hearn, and M. E. M. Davis, in Louisiana; Harris, Johnston, and Edwards, in Georgia; Sherwood Bonner, in Mississippi; Mrs. Frazer Boyle, in Tennessee; Page, the Egglestons, Miss Rives, Mrs. Harrison, and a host of others, in Virginia. The mere mention of a few names brings to mind remarkable literary triumphs, gained chiefly in fiction, and through a faithful realism, and a vivid appreciation of local color and character, and of the wealth of negro folklore at hand, conferring not merely entertainment, but also inestimable values.

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Among the English writers of short stories for *Harper's*, Charles Reade holds a place of distinction. While his novels of the later period were intended to reflect the life of his own day—as is shown by his method of transcribing from newspapers into voluminous scrap-books the chronicles of striking incidents and situations for their use in his fiction—his short stories in the same period referred back, as to their motive and material, to an older type. The essential features of historical dramatic scenes appealed to him as did the contemporary scrap-book chronicles. If a story had been told before, that was no objection to his use of it, but rather an incentive. A good story could not be invented, except in the original sense of *invent—i. e.*, it must be *found*. He often sent his manuscripts to me, keeping no copy. Once, in the second part of a series, he left it to me to supply the name of a character used in the first part and which he had forgotten. The habit of telling old stories probably prompted his undertaking a series of Bible stories, and telling them in the idiomatic phrase of the day, even tolerating unmistakable slang. In his story of Nehemiah, I remember, he used this phrase: "The Prophet did not smell a rat." I had a liberal indulgence toward slang, which often gives the most effective expression to a thought, but I could not editorially sanction this particular instance in its connection, and I uttered my protest, thereby bringing upon myself a storm of violent indignation. I quietly modified the phrase, and in due time received the author's cordial thanks, with the acknowledgment that I was right. In all cases of conflict between us—none of which would probably have occurred but for an excessive irritability preceding his last illness—there was always this welcome sequel. Only a few days before his death I received from him a letter full of expressions of gratitude for the kind treatment he had always received from the editor and from the publishers. His favorite portrait, a painting which in his will he bequeathed to the Messrs. Harper, hangs over my editorial desk.

There has been an important change in the conduct of this Magazine during the last twenty-five years—the type and aim remaining the same. The rapid expansion of newspaper enterprise, the readiness of communication through steam locomotion and electricity, the magnificent development of our institutions for popular, academic, and technical education, and the general diffusion of information in printed books and well-equipped libraries, have rendered superfluous what, under far different circumstances, was a prime necessity in a first-class popular magazine—its work as a factor in the supplementary education of its readers. No trace is left of the once so delightful literary miscellany; for information that is generally accessible there is no room. Gradually the descriptive article, in its old form, has disappeared; it is retained only in cases where (as in Abbey and Boughton's Holland sketches) there is some special literary combined with an equally important artistic value to be secured, or where (as in Bigelow's "White Man's Africa") a new field for exploitation is opened to civilized nations. In archæology and exploration only the results of new and important discoveries that have not hitherto or elsewhere transpired can find a place. The same is true of science, though, when timely occasion prompts, an interesting résumé is permitted, as in the recently published "Science of the Century" series. New movements—social, literary, political, or artistic—take the place that would once have been given to superficial and uncoördinated features. In a word, the journalistic motive dominates. Perhaps the advance is best indicated by the fact that whereas formerly many magazine articles were made from books about to be published by the house, the rule is now reversed, and a large number of the most important books published have originally appeared in the Magazine.

The personality of the writer counts for more than it did a quarter of a century ago; indeed, it is only within the last twenty years that the names of writers have been uniformly given with their contributions in the Magazine. A comparatively limited class of readers would follow the elaborate discussion in three long papers of "The Problem of Asia" if the writer's name were withheld, but such a treatise fathered by Captain Mahan, the author of *Sea Power*, becomes generally interesting.

A notable gain in the advantage of the Magazine with its readers is that whatever can be told in the form of a story takes

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this form rather than that of the conventional magazine article. The problems of our modern life—its complex texture, its lights and shadows—are best presented in a living, moving drama. The writer of an article that is going to have any human interest is usually tempted to the undertaking by some specially attractive points that have arrested and fixed his attention, but in the final presentation he will have, for the sake of completeness, given a larger amount of space to features that neither he nor his readers care for in the least. This is the vice of the article—its waste and unvital diffusion. The story, even if it occupies more space, is in every part vital, but by reason of its suggestiveness it can convey more in less space; besides, it has its own separate dramatic interest—and it is a human document. Brander Matthews's "Vignettes of Manhattan" were more to the purpose than a like number of articles on New York life. Our story-writers, from Irving and Cooper to Mark Twain and his contemporaries, have best shown the atmosphere and conditions of our American life. George Eliot's "Romola" was a vivisection of Savonarola's Italy, as is Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor" of the present. Hence the importance of the historical romance, from Scott to Winston Churchill. On the other hand, the effort of the imagination to produce pure fiction—*i. e.*, to produce a story that has no real basis either in emotional experience or in the facts of life, individual or social—is a waste of the divine faculty. In every great work belonging properly to what De Quincey calls the "literature of power" (as distinguished from the "literature of information") there is, indeed, a transcendent *motif*, a font invisible, such as all living watercourses have, unseen in the skies, yet must there be the earthly issue—the vital current from the human heart, or, to change the figure, an edifice founded in human experience. Shakspere's plays are the ever-patent illustration of this principle—such exceptions as may seem to be presented in *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* only proving the rule. I am dwelling upon this primacy of fiction because it seems to me that the change which has been going on during the last quarter of a century, more and more displacing the literature of information by the literature of power, is still to go on, showing more remarkable results than have yet been obtained, and offering to the pictorial art fresh fields of conquest. Always, of course, the drama of the present—the human conflicts for every sort of earthly kingdom necessary to consummate Christendom—takes the foremost place, and there is in no other connection so great a prompting of the highest literary genius to instant service. Here there is no exception to the new order, no diversion from the lines of advance in the literature of power. It is journalism; but Renan was right when he called the great Hebrew prophets journalists. Captain Mahan is a prophet of American destiny.

Now, to the readers who regard indulgently the veteran editor, let me extend an invitation to enter the little office where he has worked with three generations of Harpers. In each generation these publishers have co-operated with the editor not only through their liberal enterprise, but through wise counsel as well, and whatever success the Magazine has achieved is due mainly to this co-operation. There is visibly room for but two in the editor's office, but in imagination each of my large audience may occupy the other chair. I will not tell you sad stories about some other occupants of that chair—you can guess them. I will tell you one, however, because, besides being characteristic, I think it is amusing. Howells might make a "farce" of it. Imagine, then, the place where you now sit (in imagination) occupied by a beautiful young girl of fifteen years. (They are not always so young as that; indeed, the age is exceptional in a candidate for literary honors; but I am telling a true story, and you must accept the fact.) By her sudden advent the editor has been interrupted in his reading of a short story contributed by Mark Twain. This girl, too, has a manuscript story—her first, she says—which she modestly tenders for editorial consideration. Moved by curiosity as to the character of a story written by one so young, the editor waives the point of delay, and reads the manuscript at once. It is remarkable in many ways, but impossible, and the fair hand that penned it has not skill enough as yet to make it worthy of acceptance, or probably to write any other that would win the coveted place. All this must be said

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EDITORIAL COUNSEL.

frankly and firmly, and in saying it the editor is gentle in his counsel, feeling almost a paternal responsibility. "But if it has promise, may I not rewrite it?" Both the editor and contributor have risen, and the former, as he folds up the manuscript and hands it to the girl, in answer to her question shuts off any hope of present success. "No, it would do no good to try with this, or with anything else now. A painter might as well expect to secure Academic exhibition of his first picture. You must wait your time. If you do not feel irresistibly impelled to write, give up all hope of success. As to this story, I would not even look at it again if I were you. Put it beyond your possible reach, behind lock and key, or, better yet, burn it up. If you *must* write, try something new; but success lies at the end of a rough, uphill road, thronged with many competing travellers."

Very judicious advice, and kind as well. The girl, with a gracious smile, left the office, taking her manuscript with her. After a brief moment given to something demanding my attention, I thought to resume my reading of Mark Twain's story. But where *was* the story? Suddenly it occurred to me that I must have had it lying beneath the newly offered manuscript as I was reading the latter, and had folded both up together, handing them to the girl, whose address and whose name were unknown to me; and I had advised her to burn up her manuscript, or at least never to look at it again! Possibly there was no other copy of Mark's story in existence. The next morning I was much relieved by receiving the lost manuscript from my fair contributor, with a brief note in which—God bless her young heart!—there was no allusion to my injunction of extreme renunciation on her part.

Well, my patient visitor, in that one other chair, I have no more stories to tell, but would rather, if the list were not so long, recall the names of distinguished authors who have sat there. In doing so I would but repeat nearly all the names previously mentioned in this paper. More interesting it would be to take you to the counting-room and recall the visitors old who have been received there—Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, Lord Houghton, Martin Farquhar Tupper, George Bancroft, W. H. Prescott—indeed, nearly every noted author on their book-list. There in the first days of the Magazine came George William Curtis, a youth unknown to fame, in as faultlessly fashionable attire as ever graced the form of N. P. Willis, fresh from his Egyptian tour, with the manuscript of his *Nile Notes* under his arm, seeking a publisher. Learning from Major Harper that the house then had a book about Egypt in press, he was about to retire, when the Major politely urged him to leave his book for consideration. "The fact that we have a book on Egypt is no reason why we should not publish another." The manuscript was left, and in due time published by the house. Such was Mr. Curtis's first introduction to the Harpers, with whom he was thenceforth associated until his death, in 1892. He was the true American prophet (in Renan's sense) for two-score years. He began his prophetic career in his letters from Concord to Professor Dwight before he had completed his twentieth year. Nothing that he afterward wrote was wiser or more far-seeing. Just outside my office door there was the desk in a drawer of which his

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mail was deposited, and on certain days of the week he came for it, and then going to the composing-room in the uppermost story of the building, revised there his editorials for the *Weekly* and sometimes his "Easy Chair" for the Magazine. He was the chosen knight of this publishing-house, doing brave battle for civil service improvement and for the betterment of social and political life, and he was beloved by all who knew him personally as well as by thousands who knew him through his writings and addresses.

Mr. Howells was also closely associated with the Magazine, contributing for several years the "Editor's Study," a department of literary comment and criticism which very happily supplemented the "Easy Chair." Afterward Charles Dudley Warner succeeded him in this department, enlarging its scope when the "Easy Chair" was discontinued. These three men — Curtis, Howells, and Warner — thus intimately associated with the Magazine, gave it their best, and they constitute a memorable triumvirate in the history of its first half-century.

The time came when the monthly editorial gossip, formerly a so prominent characteristic of a great magazine, was abandoned. The "Easy Chair" will always be remembered as the most graceful and elegant *causerie* in American literature, but so completely was it identified with Mr. Curtis that after his death it seemed unnatural to continue it. The "Study" survived it only a few years, and would not have been retained for so long a time but for Mr. Warner's association with it. "The Monthly Record of Current Events" originated with Henry J. Raymond, who made this department a complete digest of the world's news. For years it occupied several pages of the Magazine, and was useful and necessary, being for many readers the only comprehensive body of organized intelligence of its kind; but, as the daily newspaper came to be universally accessible, the "Record" dwindled in size, until finally other current digests made it wholly unnecessary, and it disappeared altogether.

There was for a few years in the Magazine an "Editor's Table," which must have been rather heavy reading. When Mr. Joseph W. Harper, Jun., in those days, heard any one complain of a number of the Magazine as comparatively unsatisfactory, he could always without fear of contradiction exclaim, "Oh! but you didn't read the 'Editor's Table.'"

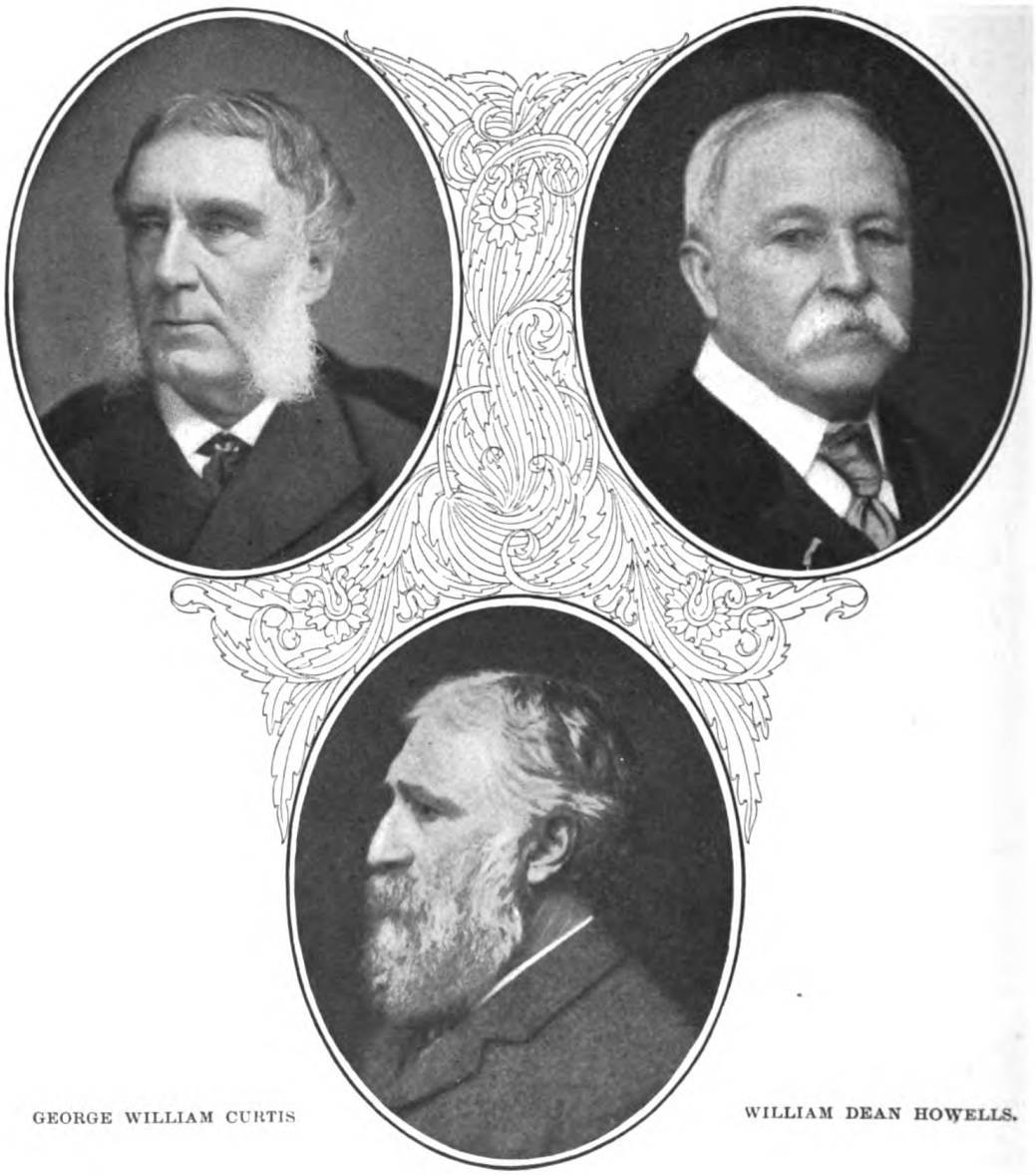
The "Editor's Scientific Record," conducted by Spencer F. Baird, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was also of brief continuance. Here, as finally in the case of the other editorial departments, it was found that an adequate article in the body of the Magazine, as occasion prompted, was far more satisfactory to the readers.

The "Drawer" alone remains; no longer, however, known as the "Editor's Drawer." The old "Editor's Drawer"— so called because a drawer in Fletcher Harper's office desk was the receptacle of the quaint oddities gathered from varied sources that mainly furnished the contents of the department from month to month — was altogether unique in periodical literature. It had no scheme apart from its humorous intention. It was something spontaneous, and was always a series of surprises to all concerned: to the fond parents who first



THE REV S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

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GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

heard the wonderful saying of a child (and of such sayings mostly was this Kingdom of Fun), and who hastened to communicate it to the "Drawer"; to the editor; and finally to hundreds of thousands of readers, for everybody read this portion of the Magazine, to whatever else he gave the go-by, and usually he read it first. Of course there were funny things said by grown-up children, and things done as well as said, making anecdotes and sometimes small narrations. The conductors of the "Drawer," while it still retained its original character, were, first, the Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, and after him William A. Seaver. Then there came a change. Under more recent conductors of this department—W. L. Alden, Charles Dudley Warner, and John Kendrick Bangs, original humorous contributions—stories and poems—with illustrations from eminent artists, took the place of the old miscellany of current anecdote.

With the "Drawer" we naturally come to the end of our story. May the boys on the cover blow their bubbles forever!

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WHILOMVILLE STORIES

BY STEPHEN CRANE

X.—THE TRIAL, EXECUTION, AND BURIAL OF HOMER PHELPS

FROM time to time an enwearied pine bough let fall to the earth its load of melting snow, and the branch swung back glistening in the faint wintry sunlight. Down the gulch a brook clattered amid its ice with the sound of a perpetual breaking of glass. All the forest looked drenched and forlorn.

The sky-line was a ragged enclosure of gray cliffs and hemlocks and pines. If one had been miraculously set down in this gulch one could have imagined easily that the nearest human habitation was hundreds of miles away, if it were not for an old half-discernible wood-road that led toward the brook.

"Halt! Who's there?"

This low and gruff cry suddenly dispelled the stillness which lay upon the lonely gulch, but the hush which followed it seemed even more profound. The hush endured for some seconds, and then the voice of the challenger was again raised, this time with a distinctly querulous note in it.

"Halt! Who's there? Why don't you answer when I holler? Don't you know you're likely to get shot?"

A second voice answered, "Oh, you knew who I was easy enough."

"That don't make no diff'rence." One of the Margate twins stepped from a thicket and confronted Homer Phelps on the old wood-road. The majestic scowl of official wrath was upon the brow of Reeves Margate, a long stick was held in the hollow of his arm as one would hold a rifle, and he strode grimly to the other boy. "That don't make no diff'rence. You've got to answer when I holler, anyhow. Willy says so."

At the mention of the dread chieftain's name the Phelps boy daunted a trifle, but he still sulkily murmured, "Well, you knew it was me."

He started on his way through the snow, but the twin sturdily blocked the path. "You can't pass less'n you give the countersign."

"Huh?" said the Phelps boy. "Countersign?"

"Yes—countersign," sneered the twin, strong in his sense of virtue.

But the Phelps boy became very angry. "Can't I, hey? Can't I, hey? I'll show you whether I can or not! I'll show you, Reeves Margate!"

There was a short scuffle, and then arose the anguished clamor of the sentry: "Hey, fellers! Here's a man tryin' to run a-past the guard. Hey, fellers? Hey?"

There was a great noise in the adjacent underbrush. The voice of Willie could be heard exhorting his followers to charge swiftly and bravely. Then they appeared —Willie Dalzel, Jimmie Trescott, the other Margate twin, and Dan Earl. The chieftain's face was dark with wrath. "What's the matter? Can't you play it right? 'Ain't you got any sense?" he asked the Phelps boy.

The sentry was yelling out his grievance. "Now—he came along an' I hollered at 'im, an' he didn't pay no 'tention, an' when I ast 'im for the countersign, he wouldn't say nothin'. That ain't no way."

"Can't you play it right?" asked the chief again, with gloomy scorn.

"He knew it was me easy enough," said the Phelps boy.

"That 'ain't got nothin' to do with it,"

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cried the chief, furiously. "That 'ain't got nothin' to do with it. If you're goin' to play, you've got to play it right. It ain't no fun if you go spoilin' the whole thing this way. Can't you play it right?"

"I forgot the countersign," lied the culprit, weakly.

Whereupon the remainder of the band yelled out, with one triumphant voice: "War to the knife! War to the knife! I remember it, Willie. Don't I, Willie?"

The leader was puzzled. Evidently he was trying to develop in his mind a plan for dealing correctly with this unusual incident. He felt, no doubt, that he must proceed according to the books, but unfortunately the books did not cover the point precisely. However, he finally said to Homer Phelps, "You are under arrest." Then with a stentorian voice he shouted, "Seize him!"

His loyal followers looked startled for a brief moment, but directly they began to move upon the Phelps boy. The latter clearly did not intend to be seized. He backed away, expostulating wildly. He even seemed somewhat frightened. "No, no; don't you touch me, I tell you; don't you dare touch me."

The others did not seem anxious to engage. They moved slowly, watching the desperate light in his eyes. The chieftain stood with folded arms, his face growing darker and darker with impatience. At length he burst out: "Oh, seize him, I tell you! Why don't you seize him? Grab him by the leg, Dannie! Hurry up, all of you! Seize him, I keep a-sayin'!"

Thus adjured, the Margate twins and Dan Earl made another pained effort, while Jimmie Trescott manœuvred to cut off a retreat. But, to tell the truth, there was a boyish law which held them back from laying hands of violence upon little Phelps under these conditions. Perhaps it was because they were only playing, whereas he was now undeniably serious. At any rate, they looked very sick of their occupation.

"Don't you dare!" snarled the Phelps boy, facing first one and then the other; he was almost in tears—"don't you dare touch me!"

The chieftain was now hopping with exasperation. "Oh, seize him, can't you? You're no good at all!" Then he loosed his wrath upon the Phelps boy: "Stand still, Homer, can't you? You've got to be seized, you know. That ain't the way. It ain't any fun if you keep a-dodgin' that way. Stand still, can't you! You've got to be seized."

"I don't *want* to be seized," retorted the Phelps boy, obstinate and bitter.

"But you've *got* to be seized!" yelled the maddened chief. "Don't you see? That's the way to play it."

The Phelps boy answered, promptly, "But I don't want to play that way."

"But that's the *right* way to play it. Don't you see? You've got to play it the right way. You've got to be seized, an' then we'll hold a trial on you, an'—an' all sorts of things."

But this prospect held no illusions for the Phelps boy. He continued doggedly to repeat, "I don't want to play that way!"

Of course in the end the chief stooped to beg and beseech this unreasonable lad. "Oh, come on, Homer! Don't be so mean. You're a-spoilin' everything. We won't hurt you any. Not the tintiest bit. It's all just playin'. What's the matter with you?"

The different tone of the leader made an immediate impression upon the other. He showed some signs of the beginning of weakness. "Well," he asked, "what you goin' to do?"

"Why, first we're goin' to put you in a dungeon, or tie you to a stake, or something like that—just pertend, you know," added the chief, hurriedly, "an' then we'll hold a trial, awful solemn, but there won't be anything what 'll hurt you. Not a thing."

And so the game was readjusted. The Phelps boy was marched off between Dan Earl and a Margate twin. The party proceeded to their camp, which was hidden some hundred feet back in the thickets. There was a miserable little hut with a pine-bark roof, which so frankly and constantly leaked that existence in the open air was always preferable. At present it was noisily dripping melted snow into the black mouldy interior. In front of this hut a feeble fire was flickering through its unhappy career. Underfoot, the watery snow was of the color of lead.

The party having arrived at the camp, the chief leaned against a tree, and balancing on one foot, drew off a rubber boot. From this boot he emptied about a quart of snow. He squeezed his stock-

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ing, which had a hole from which protruded a lobster-red toe. He resumed his boot. "Bring up the prisoner," said he. They did it. "Guilty or not guilty?" he asked.

"Huh?" said the Phelps boy.

"Guilty or not guilty?" demanded the chief, peremptorily. "Guilty or not guilty? Don't you understand?"

Homer Phelps looked profoundly puzzled. "Guilty or not guilty?" he asked, slowly and weakly.

The chief made a swift gesture, and turned in despair to the others. "Oh, he don't do it right! He does it all wrong!" He again faced the prisoner with an air of making a last attempt. "Now look-a-here, Homer, when I say, 'Guilty or not guilty?' you want to up an' say, 'Not guilty.' Don't you see?"

"Not guilty," said Homer, at once.

"No, no, no. Wait till I ask you. Now wait." He called out, pompously, "Pards, if this prisoner before us is guilty, what shall be his fate?"

All those well-trained little infants with one voice sung out, "*Death!*"

"Prisoner," continued the chief, "are you guilty or not guilty?"

"But look-a-here," argued Homer, "you said it wouldn't be nothin' that would hurt. I—"

"Thunder an' lightnin'!" roared the wretched chief. "Keep your mouth shut, can't ye? What in the mischief—"

But there was an interruption from Jimmie Trescott, who shouldered a twin aside and stepped to the front. "Here," he said, very contemptuously, "let me be the prisoner. I'll show 'im how to do it."

"All right, Jim," cried the chief, delighted; "you be the prisoner, then. Now all you fellers with guns stand there in a row! Get out of the way, Homer!" He cleared his throat, and addressed Jimmie. "Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," answered Jimmie, firmly. Standing there before his judge—unarmed, slim, quiet, modest—he was ideal.

The chief beamed upon him, and looked aside to cast a triumphant and withering glance upon Homer Phelps. He said: "There! That's the way to do it."

The twins and Dan Earl also much admired Jimmie.



"FROM THIS BOOT HE EMPTIED ABOUT A QUART OF SNOW."

"That's all right so far, anyhow," said the satisfied chief. "An' now we'll—now we'll—we'll perceed with the execution."

"That ain't right," said the new prisoner, suddenly. "That ain't the next thing. You've got to have a trial first. You've got to fetch up a lot of people first who'll say I done it."

"That's so," said the chief. "I didn't think. Here, Reeves, you be first witness. Did the prisoner do it?"

The twin gulped for a moment in his anxiety to make the proper reply. He was at the point where the roads forked. Finally he hazarded, "Yes."

"There," said the chief, "that's one of 'em. Now, Dan, you be a witness. Did he do it?"

Dan Earl, having before him the twin's

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THE EXECUTION.

example, did not hesitate. "Yes," he said.

"Well, then, pards, what shall be his fate?"

Again came the ringing answer, "*Death!*"

With Jimmie in the principal rôle, this drama, hidden deep in the hemlock thicket, neared a kind of perfection. "You must blindfold me," cried the condemned lad, briskly, "an' then I'll go off an' stand, an' you must all get in a row an' shoot me."

The chief gave this plan his urbane countenance, and the twins and Dan Earl were greatly pleased. They blindfolded Jimmie under his careful directions. He waded a few paces into snow, and then turned and stood with quiet dignity, awaiting his fate. The chief marshalled the twins and Dan Earl in line with their sticks. He gave the ne-

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cessary commands: "Load! Ready! Aim! Fire!" At the last command the firing party all together yelled, "Bang!"

Jimmie threw his hands high, tottered in agony for a moment, and then crashed full length into the snow—into, one would think, a serious case of pneumonia. It was beautiful.

He arose almost immediately and came back to them, wondrously pleased with himself. They acclaimed him joyously.

The chief was particularly grateful. He was always trying to bring off these little romantic affairs, and it seemed, after all, that the only boy who could ever really help him was Jimmie Trescott. "There," he said to the others, "that's the way it ought to be done."

They were touched to the heart by the whole thing, and they looked at Jimmie with big smiling eyes. Jimmie, blown out like a balloon-fish with pride of his performance, swaggered to the fire and took seat on some wet hemlock boughs. "Fetch some more wood, one of you kids," he murmured, negligently. One of the twins came fortunately upon a small cedar-tree the lower branches of which were dead and dry. An armful of these branches flung upon the sick fire soon made a high, ruddy, warm blaze, which was like an illumination in honor of Jimmie's success.

The boys sprawled about the fire and talked the regular language of the game. "Waal, pards," remarked the chief, "it's many a night we've had together here in the Rockies among the b'ars an' the Indyuns, hey?"

"Yes, pard," replied Jimmie Trescott, "I reckon you're right. Our wild free life is—there ain't nothin' to compare with our wild free life."

Whereupon the two lads arose and magnificently shook hands, while the others watched them in an ecstasy. "I'll allus stick by ye, pard," said Jimmie, earnestly. "When yer in trouble, don't forgit that Lightnin' Lou is at yer back."

"Thanky, pard," quoth Willie Dalzel, deeply affected. "I'll not forgit it, pard. An' don't you forgit, either, that Deadshot Demon, the leader of the Red Raiders, never forgits a friend."

But Homer Phelps was having none of this great fun. Since his disgraceful refusal to be seized and executed he had been hovering unheeded on the outskirts of the band. He seemed very sorry; he cast a wistful eye at the romantic scene. He knew too well that if he went near at that particular time he would be certain to encounter a pitiless snubbing. So he vacillated modestly in the background.

At last the moment came when he dared venture near enough to the fire to gain some warmth, for he was now bitterly suffering with the cold. He sidled close to Willie Dalzel. No one heeded him. Eventually he looked at his chief, and with a bright face said,

"Now—if I was seized now to be executed, I could do it as well as Jimmie Trescott, I could."

The chief gave a crow of scorn, in which he was followed by the other boys. "Ho!" he cried, "why didn't you do it, then? Why didn't you do it?" Homer Phelps felt upon him many pairs of disdainful eyes. He wagged his shoulders in misery.

"You're dead," said the chief, frankly. "That's what you are. We executed you, we did."

"When?" demanded the Phelps boy, with some spirit.

"Just a little while ago. Didn't we, fellers? Hey, fellers, didn't we?"

The trained chorus cried: "Yes, of course we did. You're dead, Homer. You can't play any more. You're dead."

"That wasn't me. It was Jimmie Trescott," he said, in a low and bitter voice, his eyes on the ground. He would have given the world if he could have retracted his mad refusals of the early part of the drama.

"No," said the chief, "it was you. We're playin' it was you, an' it *was* you. You're dead, you are." And seeing the cruel effect of his words, he did not refrain from administering some advice: "The next time, don't be such a chucklehead."

Presently the camp imagined that it was attacked by Indians, and the boys dodged behind trees with their stick-rifles, shouting out, "Bang!" and encouraging each other to resist until the last. In the mean time the dead lad hovered near the fire, looking moodily at the gay and exciting scene. After the fight the gallant defenders returned one by one to the fire, where they grandly clasped hands, calling each other "old pard," and boasting of their deeds.

Parenthetically, one of the twins had an unfortunate inspiration. "I killed

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the Indy-un chief, fellers. Did you see me kill the Indy-un chief?"

But Willie Dalzel, his own chief, turned upon him wrathfully: "*You* didn't kill no chief. *I* killed 'im with me own hand."

"Oh!" said the twin, apologetically, at once. "It must have been some other Indy-un."

"Who's wounded?" cried Willie Dalzel. "Ain't anybody wounded?" The party professed themselves well and sound. The roving and inventive eye of the chief chanced upon Homer Phelps. "Ho! Here's a dead man! Come on, fellers, here's a dead man! We've got to bury him, you know." And at his bidding they pounced upon the dead Phelps lad. The unhappy boy saw clearly his road to rehabilitation, but mind and body revolted at the idea of burial, even as they had revolted at the thought of execution. "No!" he said, stubbornly. "No! I don't want to be buried! I don't want to be buried!"

"You've *got* to be buried!" yelled the chief, passionately. "'Tain't goin' to hurt ye, is it? Think you're made of glass? Cóme on, fellers, get the grave ready!"

They scattered hemlock boughs upon the snow in the form of a rectangle, and piled other boughs near at hand. The victim surveyed these preparations with a glassy eye. When all was ready, the chief turned determinedly to him: "Come on now, Homer. We've got to carry you to the grave. Get him by the legs, Jim!"

Little Phelps had now passed into that state which may be described as a curious and temporary childish fatalism. He still objected, but it was only feeble muttering, as if he did not know what he spoke. In some confusion they carried him to the rectangle of hemlock boughs and dropped him. Then they piled other boughs upon him until he was not to be seen. The chief stepped forward to make a short address, but before proceeding with it he thought it expedient, from certain indications, to speak to the grave itself. "Lie still, can't ye? Lie still until I get through." There was a faint movement of the boughs, and then a perfect silence.

The chief took off his hat. Those who watched him could see that his face was harrowed with emotion. "Pards," he began, brokenly—"pards, we've got one more debt to pay them murderin' redskins. Bowie-knife Joe was a brave man an' a good pard, but—he's gone now—gone." He paused for a moment, overcome, and the stillness was only broken by the deep manly grief of Jimmie Trescott.



THE FUNERAL ORATION.

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THE DRAWER

WITH THE LIBRETTI

TANNHÄUSER

BY ANNE WARRINGTON WITHERUP



"ABOUT TO VISIT THE METROPOLIS."

UPON my return from Manila, having at the conclusion of the Yanko-Spanko war resigned my position of First Assistant Vivandière to the Department of the Philippines, I resumed my newspaper work, and was given an assignment, in behalf of the *Sunday Windbag*, to interview personally a large number of operatic heroes and heroines who were about to visit the metropolis.

It so happened that Herr Tannhäuser was the first of these operatic celebrities to receive me. He was very gracious, and gave me my interview in the Hall of the Muses in the Castle of Wartzburg, on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street. He was staying there temporarily as the guest of the Landgrave, who, though a Thuringian, very much resembles the popular Mr. Pol Plançon.

"You must excuse me, Miss Witherup," he said, in choice French, "if I do not talk very much. I have a very bad cold, owing to the peculiar conditions of your atmosphere, and have spent most of my time since my arrival in New York trying to get warm. My clothing is not adapted to the American climate."

I noticed that he was very hoarse, and begged him not to put himself out on my account.

"It has occurred to the proprietors of the *Sunday Windbag*, Mr. Tannhäuser," said I, "that you would perhaps like to make some statement to the public concerning the breaking off of your engagement to Miss Elizabeth, the niece of the Landgrave. There have been a great many rumors about the affair, and some of them not altogether creditable to you."

"I know," said Tannhäuser, strumming the "Washington Post March" on his lyre. "It is scandalous the way people will gossip about the private affairs of others. I can only assure you, Miss Witherup, that that story was made up out of whole cloth. There's not a word of truth in it. It was the invention of certain professional rivals who wished to discredit my standing as a bard. I don't know whether you are aware of it or not," he added, whacking the Landgrave's gilded Georgia-pine throne with a tuning-fork, "but I was for six or seven years the champion six-days-sing-as-you-please vocalist of Wartzburg, and my success gave rise to much jealousy."

"I had heard that you were a first-class singer, Mr. Tannhäuser," said I.

"It was in the days before golf was invented, you know," he continued, reflectively. "When I was young, all the sport we had was in the line of music and dragon-shooting. A man who couldn't sing wasn't received any-

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"HE WAS VERY GRACIOUS."

where in polite society. It did not make any difference how well born a man was, if he couldn't sing he became a super, or sometimes, in case of an emergency, a member of the chorus or a scene-shifter. You had to have a voice to cut any figure in the community. So it happened that, just as your young men of to-day go off and compete for pewter cups on various golf links, we fellows used to have singing matches, and unfortunately we always sang for somebody's hand. If a king had a daughter he wanted to get rid of, he'd announce an autumn tournament to be held in his music-hall, and put up his daughter's hand for a first prize, and invite all the swells to come and compete. There'd be one day given over to ballads, and another to recitative numbers, ending up with one of the most difficult of tasks—an impromptu harp and voice act, in which one had to compose one's poem and one's music on the spot, and keep the harp going, all at the same time."

"A terrible strain, I should think," said I, as I grasped the idea.

"Some of 'em were worse than terrible," said Tannhäuser. "But imagine the situation. Take a man like myself, for instance. There wasn't anybody could beat me, and I went around the country singing for ladies' hands, and winning all the time. Now your golf-players can win a hundred cups in the course of a season, but what the deuce are you going to do if you win the hands of a hundred women?"

I began to appreciate some of a tenor's difficulties.

"Particularly if they are all daughters of dukes or kings, or nieces of landgraves," said I.

"Exactly," he replied. "Particularly nieces of landgraves," he added, impressively. "Now really, Miss Witherup, I had more hands of nieces of landgraves than I had any use for. I had hands of nieces of landgraves to burn, but I couldn't burn 'em—I couldn't even keep 'em gloved.

"And there I was on this particular occasion which has given rise to so much gossip. I had been spending a very charming fortnight with my aunt—"

I laughed.

"Your aunt?" I queried.

"Certainly," he replied, ingenuously. "Venus was my step-mother's sister, but she was always just as much of an aunt to me as if we had been twin brothers. She invited me to spend a week or ten days with her at her mountain retreat and get rested up for the annual championship meeting that was to be held here at Wartzburg Castle. Realizing that I was over-sung, I accepted the invitation, and we had a delightful time. The old lady is a born entertainer, and such a good old soul that she wants everybody to have a good time, and I assure you there was no lack of diversion for me while I was there. She invited in her friends to cheer me up. The naiads and the dryads and all the other ads in the neighborhood kept calling, and giving dances in my honor morning, noon, and night. Then we had living pictures—pictures which my aunt arranged for me, each containing some moral lesson that the sweet creature deemed it well I should learn. So much for the pleasurable side of my vacation. Professionally I was helped much. My aunt has a voice that is a perfect wonder. It ranges all the way from 'high C to bully G,' as a small boy in the gallery once remarked, and her technique is exquisite. She's been offered $2500 a note to sing Home, Sweet Home for charity, so you can imagine what a wonder she is; and naturally she is fond of exercising her voice. Hence we used to put in an hour or two every afternoon strolling about the hills singing duets together. In this way I kept my voice in trim and gained a great deal of valuable experience."



"SINGING DUETS TOGETHER."

"If you can only prove all this," I cried, "it will shed so much light on a perplexing bit of rumor. People thought you a sad flirt."

"Bosh!" ejaculated Tannhäuser. "I'd have to be a sad flirt to flirt with my aunt. But to resume. My vacation was over all too soon, and I returned to

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Wartzburg for the championship. When I arrived the town was full of contestants, and simultaneously a large party of alleged pilgrims arrived on their way South—a sort of Cook's tourist crowd, who walked about the town two by two, like the animals going into the Ark, bellowing a chorus which was not at all bad, and which got ringing in my ears so that it raised the deuce with my game later on.

"Among the competitors were several old contestants of mine in previous matches. There was a chap named Walther, with a voice that sounded as if it had a tack in it somewhere; I'd beaten him four up and two to sing the previous spring on the Fogelveide links, and he never forgave me. Then there was old man Biterolf, who got his form out of the books, and never sang a bar without foozling his attack. And finally Wolfram, who had been runner-up in several competitions with me, and who was about the only fellow I considered at all dangerous.

"We met and tried a few practice strokes together, and it looked as if I was going to win hands down, when I discovered that Wolfram was really in love with Elizabeth, and wanted her hand in the worst way, but was purposely playing off so that I might win, since the lady was so thoroughly enamored of my personal charms that she couldn't be happy with anybody else."



THE RUNNER-UP.

Here Tannhäuser adjusted his neck-tie, and leaning over, gazed, with a very manifest appreciation of his charms, at the reflection of his noble face in the mirror-like surface of his patent-leather shoes.

"She had all the weakness of a matinée girl for tenors," he added, reflectively, "and had several times embarrassed me in previous competitions by hitting me in the neck with bouquets just as I was about to take a top note, and I frankly didn't care for her, so I decided to throw the match. How to do it without destroying my standing as a singer puzzled me at first, but when I learned that the theme for the competition was to be, 'What is Love?' it was easy. The Thuringians are a sentimental, emotional lot, and view love as a most entrancing and poetical abstraction. That was the way Wolfram treated it, and he brought down the house. When my turn came I took the other view. I dilated upon the humorous aspects of housekeeping; intimated that while love was sweet, cake was better to sustain life—in fact, so enraged everybody by the extremely material view I took of love, that I was out of the contest at the end of the first round, and the people jumped into the ring and tried to mob me before I was half through the second. I had all I could do to escape their violence, and I think if it hadn't been for the Landgrave and Elizabeth, I should have been killed. As it was, they had to disguise me as one of the Cook's tourists to get me safely out of town, and I went off with them after they had done the Thuringian galleries, and so escaped."

"And how did it happen that you failed to get absolution?" I asked.

Tannhäuser laughed.

"That's another fairy-tale. I never tried," he said. "Those pilgrims were all a fake. As soon as they got outside they changed their clothes and went about their business. They were only hired for the occasion. Later on we all returned to Thuringia, and had a little more music and ended up the story."

"But, Mr. Tannhäuser," said I, "didn't Elizabeth die of a broken heart?"

"Not she!" he cried. "Broken heart! Why, Miss Witherup, she went on the operatic stage, and if you'll come around here next Wednesday night you'll see her earn her little fifteen hundred singing Juliet. Broken heart! Broken manager's more like it."

"And your aunt?" I said.

"Still on deck, madam. She sang for a hospital at the Walledoff last Thursday night. They took in $8000," said Tannhäuser. "I understand the hospital netted $8 75. She's a generous old soul, Aunt Venus is. Most people in her position would have taken all the receipts."

And I left the great Tannhäuser reflecting affectionately upon the good qualities of his aunt, which seems to have been many in spite of her undoubtedly flirtatious disposition.

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MAY

MAY has come with all the graces,
Prue and Amy, Kit and Jean.
Bless their pretty frocks and faces—
Will they NEVER clear the green!

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THEATRICAL COOLNESS.

"ONE of the best actors I ever knew," said the old property-man, "was a feller named Wilkinson Natwick. Cool, Natwick was. Played in melodrama and the legit. He was an artist, too, and was up on the technique of the drama. You never seen him open a business letter on the stage and read it without first hitting the sheet a smart rap with the back of his hand, and then holding it at arm's-length and reading it off like greased lightning. And if the letter was of love instead of business, he would hold it four inches from the end of his nose, and wag his head like a butler's pantry door. He'd been a stoodent of the old school, and had the small but important details of his art down fine. I've seen some alleged villains on the stage dooring the past few years who will talk confidentially with another man without hanging their leg over the back of a chair; but you never seen Natwick make no such breaks. And when *he* was a villain, as he usually was, he wore high boots, and smoked cigarettes too. I saw a villain a week ago—high-salaried man, mind you—who in the fourth act thought of his innocent childhood—or at least he *said* he did—and never once beat his forehead with the palm of his hand. You bet when Natwick thought of *his* innocent childhood in *any* act, he slapped his forehead till it jarred the thunder-machine up in the flies. And his voice—had the most wonderful control over it; when he soliloquized, he just filled the house; when he whispered, you could hear him out at the box-office; but when you was driving by in a cab and heard the voice of Wilkinson Natwick, you could know that he was simply thinking.

"Great smoker, Natwick was. Smoked all the time off the stage, and always willing to take a poorer part in the cast if it would allow him to smoke on the stage. Remember one time out at Lansing, Michigan. Natwick was the villain, as usual. Couldn't smoke much in the part. Shot himself at the end of the fourth act, and died between the centre and second O. P. entrance—or ought to, but he was so strong on dyings that he was liable to hand in his checks 'most anywhere. Got the curtain soon as he was quiet, and always set up and lit his pipe the first thing. This night he welted his forehead when he thought of his childhood, and then pulled the trigger and begun to die the death of a wicked man. Reminded you some of two men shaking a stair-carpet. Smote the stage first with his head, then with his feet, then with his head again, and so on. Got mixed up, and breathed his last too far down front. Curtain dropped, and left him betwixt it and the foot-lights. He never knew it, set up, took out his pipe, struck a match on his boot sole, and went to puffing away. Just then the audience busted out a-hissing. He stopped, looked around startled a minute, remembered his pipe, just saved it from going out with three or four hard pulls, then got up, motioned for the house to stop its hissing, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, after a villain is dead, naturally he smokes,' and walked off cool as an ice-wagon. They don't have such actors now'days." H. C

HE MAY CALL AGAIN.

SAM PEASLEY was an odd character. He used to go and sleep in the graveyard—said it was "better than sleeping out-doors, anyway." Judge Sawyer once built a new tomb, and Sam took the first night after it was done to sleep in it. Meeting the owner next day, he called out: "Hello, Judge! I laid in your tomb before you did."

"Did you really, Sam? Well, did you see anything?"

"Nothing much. Towards morning the devil came along and looked in, but he see 'twa'n't Sawyer, so he went away again."

EDUCATED.

WHEN you were younger—long before
You showed such elegance in diction,
With tresses half-way to the floor,
Defying hair-pins and restriction—
Then, then it was you used to speak
A language femininely simple,
And every smile that crossed your cheek
Betrayed its presence by a dimple.

To fall in love was easy then,—
And I fell in before I knew it;
But now, when I fall in again,
You greet my words with "*Tempus fuit;*"
"*Auf wiedersehen,*" when I depart;
"*Bonjour,*" on every fit occasion;
And "*Pas encore,*" when to your heart
I offer any old persuasion.

And "*οἱ πολλοί*" you scorn, you say,—
I hope I am not classed among them!
Old notions you have flung away,—
I wish I knew just where you flung them!
Of course I'm satisfied that you
Enjoy the "*dolce far niente.*"
But I confess I never knew
A girl enjoyed so much at twenty.

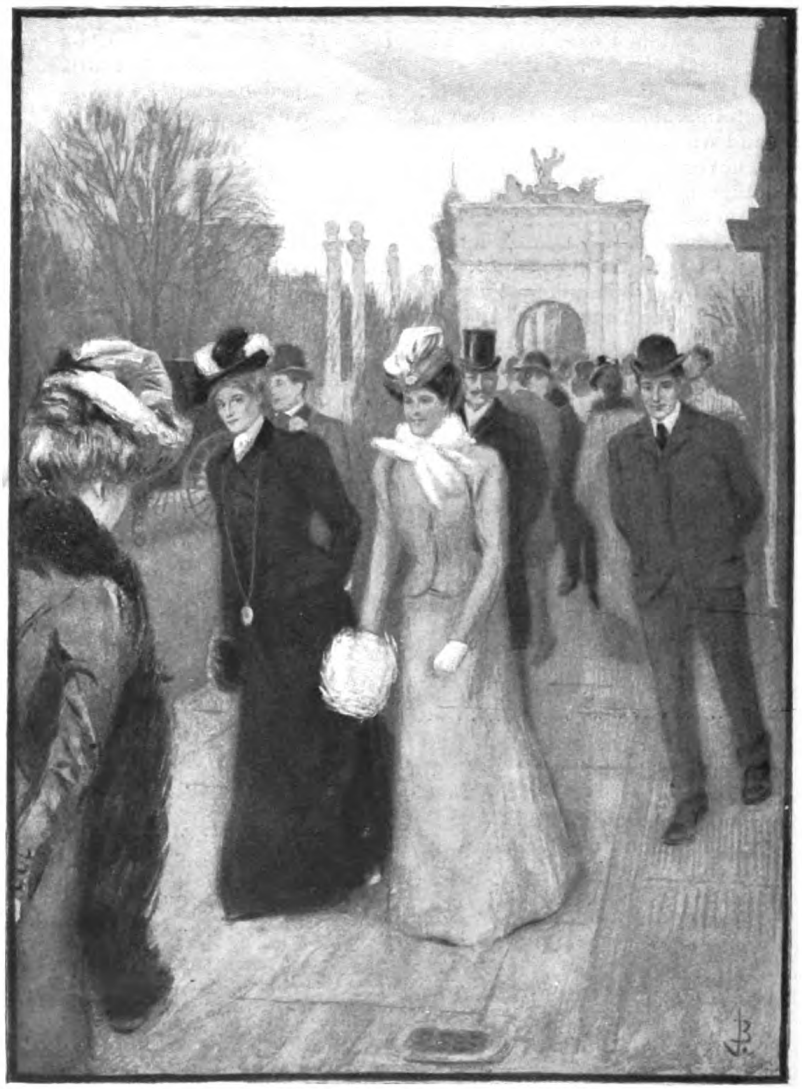
Can you not see this verbal froth
Is much too light for me to handle?
Will you not pity this dull moth
Whose wings are singed in culture's candle?
I loved you ignorant and young,
Ere Wisdom put your brain in bridle,—
But now your learning chains my tongue,
And Love lies destitute and idle!

P. MEDERST.

TOO ANXIOUS.

IT was at a wedding, and as the soon-to-be-wedded couple walked down the aisle of the little church, embarrassment was plainly written on the face of both; but when, in response to the question by the minister if either of them knew of any reason why they should not lawfully be joined together, there came boldly forth from each the answer, "*I do.*" the evident embarrassment on their part was changed to one of real on the part of the clergyman.

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Maude. "Is she married?"
Mabel. "No. Unmarried for the fourth time!"

ELIZABETH'S ANNOYANCE.

ELIZABETH and Annie are sisters. Elizabeth is a little over six years old, while Annie is a little beyond eighteen.

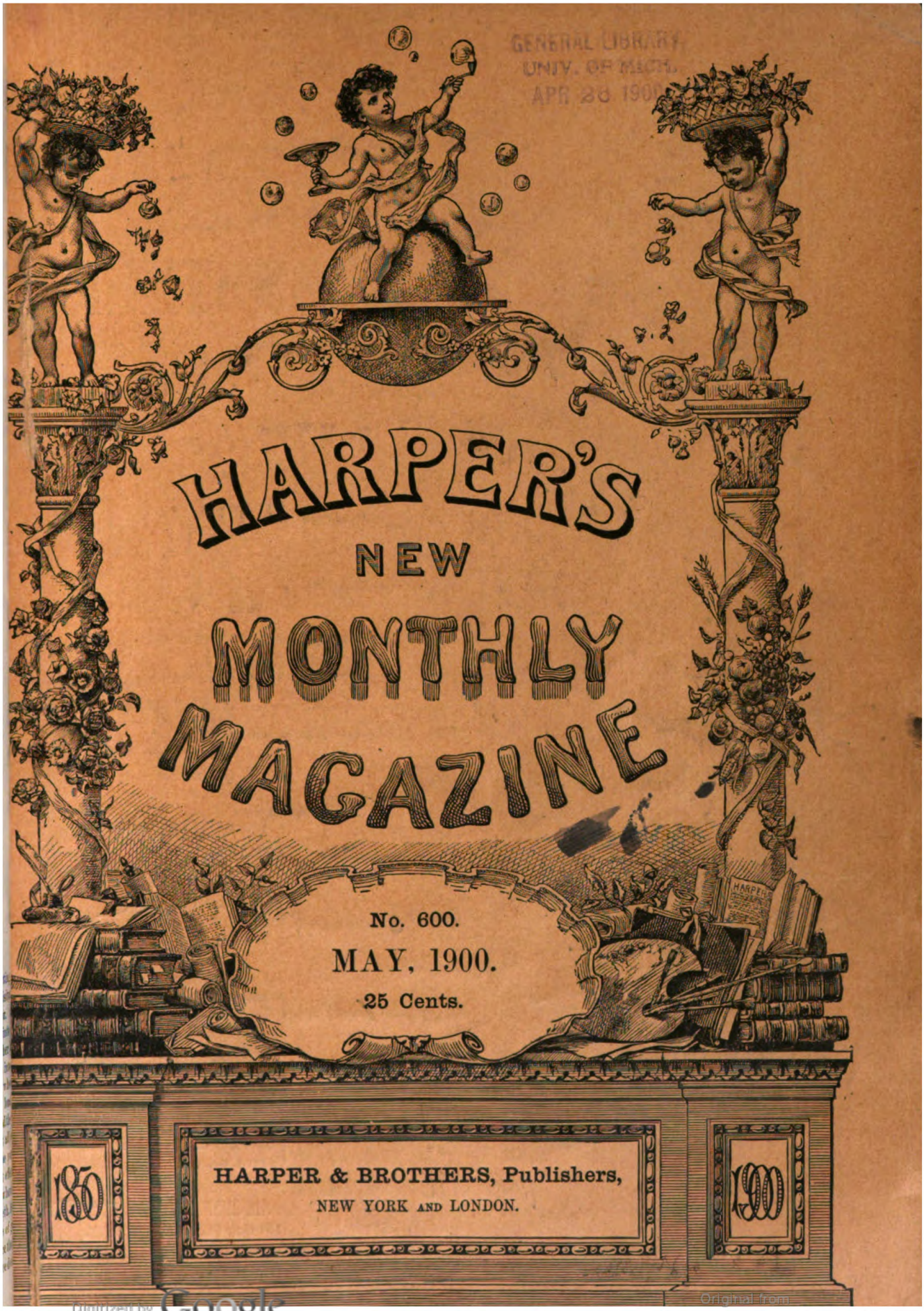
Annie was expecting a caller a few afternoons ago, and had gone to particular pains to prepare herself for her visitor.

Elizabeth was already entertaining a visitor, a girl of her own age who lived in the neighborhood, and the two children were having a boisterous time. At length it was decided that as other forms of amusement had palled upon the little girls, they would write letters. Elizabeth went up stairs into her father's den for paper, pens, and ink, and had piled the stationery on a tray to facilitate its transportation to the back parlor, where the little girls were playing. While Elizabeth was collecting the writing materials, Annie's expected visitor arrived and was shown into the parlor. Apprised of his arrival, Annie rushed into her room to put the finishing touches to her hair, and then rushed out to go down stairs into the parlor. She did not notice Elizabeth, who was coming out of papa's den with her load of writing material, and the little girl and the big girl collided. Both kinds of ink went all over Annie's nice gown, the black and the purple uniting to form striking impressionist effects.

Annie stood speechless with horror when she saw the devastation. Not so Elizabeth, however, who was indignant at the waste of good writing material. In an impatient voice the little girl exclaimed, "Now see what you've done!"

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HARPER'S *for* JUNE

ONE hundred volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE have been published—a mighty storehouse of treasures, literary, historical, scientific, artistic—the benefits of which millions of readers have shared, wherever the English language is read. The June Number, opening the first of a new century of volumes, will be, in attractiveness and interest, a foretaste and promise of the future.

The Number will be especially rich in fiction, containing instalments of **Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor"**—which is unquestionably the literary triumph of the year—and of **Israel Zangwill's** remarkable study of English social and political life, **"The Mantle of Elijah."** ALBERT STERNER is illustrating "Eleanor," and LOUIS LOEB's drawings for "The Mantle of Elijah" are particularly happy. In addition to these serials is a lively summer romance, the opening chapters of which will be found in the June Number—**"A Bicycle of Cathay,"** by **Frank R. Stockton,** whose whimsical fancy is at its best in gently satirizing the subject of summer flirtations. ORSON LOWELL has caught the spirit of the author, and his clever pencil has produced many sprightly pictures.

Four short stories of more than average worth will be printed in the June Number: **"The Fight"**—in **Stephen Crane's** "Whilomville" series—an amusing study of boyish nature, illustrated by PETER NEWELL; **"The Debut of Jack,"** by **E. W. Townsend,** Author of "Chimmie Fadden"; **"The Singing of a Bird,"** by **Julian Hawthorne,** illustrated by F. D. STEELE; and **"Delia,"** A Story of Factory Life, by **Gertrude Roscoe.**

Dr. J. H. Hyslop has contributed to the June HARPER'S a study entitled **"Life After Death,"** a paper of remarkable interest to all who consider psychical phenomena; **Captain M. S. Wellby,** a record of his **"Journey to the Abyssinian Capital,"** illustrated from photographs taken by the author; and **Charles Henry Hart,** a study of the paintings of **"Jouett's Kentucky Children,"** illustrated by copies after JOUETT.

One of the striking contributions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June is **General Greely's** paper, **"Balloons in Warfare,"** in which is traced the history of military aeronautics from the Civil War in America to the present time. This article is fully illustrated, and contains descriptions of experiments with balloons, an estimate as to the actual value of the service during hostilities, and anecdotes showing how balloons have been and are constructed, transported, and used.

Newspaper correspondents travelling with British troops have told the world about one side of the South African War; but HARPER'S for June will publish a second article by **E. E. Easton,** who went with President Krüger's permission **"Inside the Boer Lines,"** and who tells in this part of the movements executed early in the war by soldiers of the two South African Republics. The illustrations of this article are from photographs made and obtained by Mr. EASTON.

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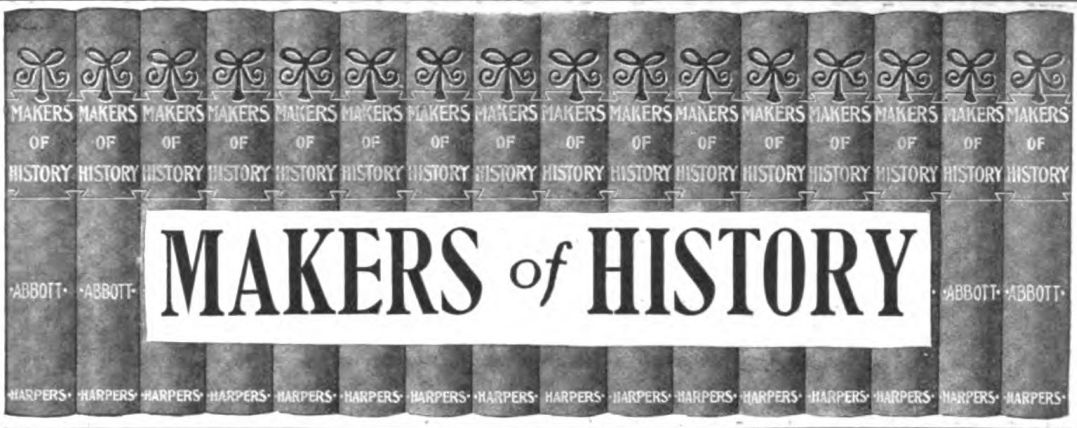
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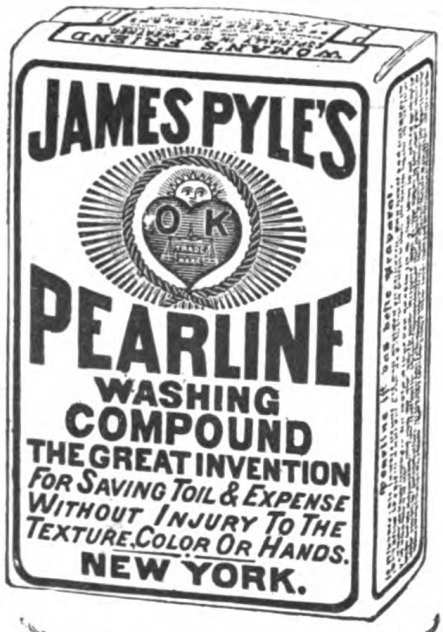
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We have just received from abroad some entirely new styles in Suits and Skirts for summer wear. We have had these illustrated on a Supplement Sheet, which will be sent *free*, together with our Spring Catalogue and a choice collection of samples of suitings, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost. We make every garment to order, thus insuring that perfection of fit and finish which is not to be found in ready-made goods. *We pay all express charges.*



Our catalogue illustrates:

New Designs in Summer Suits, $4 up.
In Pique, Crash, Cotton Covert Cloths, Duck, Linens, etc.

Tailor-Made Suits, $5 up.
In All-wool Serges, Cheviots, Broadcloths, Covert Cloths, Venetians, etc.

Duck, Pique, and Crash Skirts, $3 up.

Separate Skirts, $4 up.
Lined with Percaline, well stiffened and bound with Corduroy; made of All-wool Cloths, Serges, Cheviots, etc., in the latest effects.

Special Values in Bicycle Suits in the newest fabrics, $5 up.

Separate Bicycle Skirts, $3.50 up.

Rainy-day Suits and Skirts made of double-face materials.

Our line of samples includes the newest materials, many of them being exclusive novelties not shown elsewhere. We also have a special line of black goods and fabrics for second mourning. All orders filled with the greatest promptness; a suit or skirt can be made in three days when necessary. Write to-day for Catalogue, Supplement, and Samples; you will get them *free* by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY, 119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.



The Value of Reputation.

A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is permanent, its offices are in every city of the world, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained.

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I have used Fairy Soap and find it excellent.

Mrs G. F. Hoar

(Wife of U. S. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts.)

Before we offered **FAIRY SOAP** to the public we had for years experimented with and tested new materials and new methods, fully determined that we would not make a **floating white soap** unless it was the best. We **want** to convince **YOU**, as we have the wife of the eminent Senator from Massachusetts, that **FAIRY SOAP** is **purer, whiter,** and **more delicate** than any other. Ask your grocer for "FAIRY SOAP." Send for our free Fairy Art booklet.

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WHEAT grown in the Red River Valley of the North, Minnesota and the Dakotas, contains more gluten, more phosphates, more health-giving strength sustaining qualities than wheat grown anywhere else in the world. It is hard Spring wheat, and makes better bread than Winter wheat.

Pillsbury's Best Flour

is made from this hard Spring wheat, grown in the Red River Valley of the North, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Not from any or all of this wheat, but from the choicest of it, is Pillsbury's Best Flour made. In short, the wheat from which Pillsbury's Best Flour is made is the choicest product of the most famous wheat producing soil in the world.

Grocers everywhere sell Pillsbury's Best Flour. Ask yours for book of Pillsbury Recipes—FREE.

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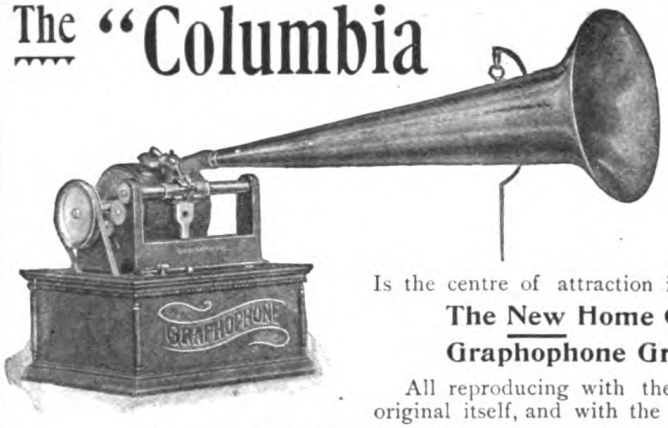
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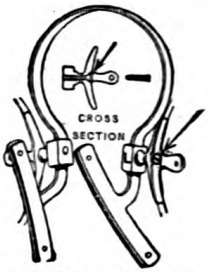
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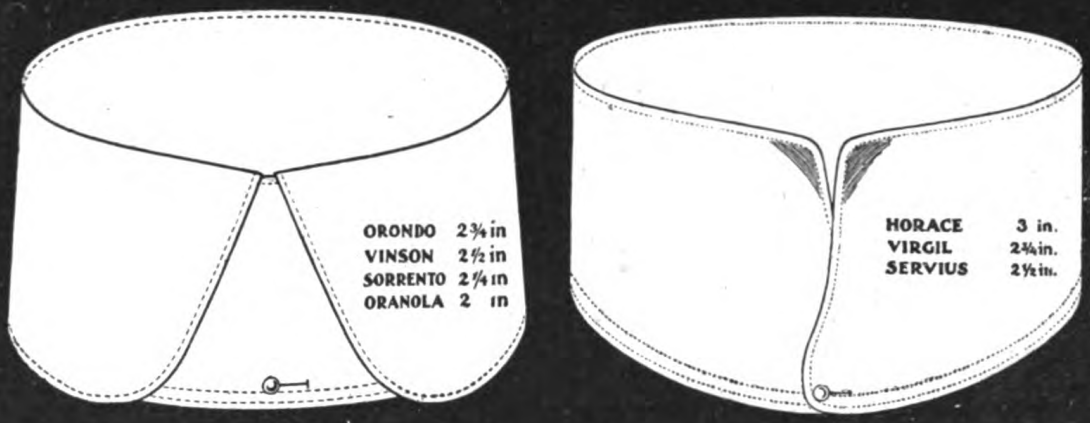
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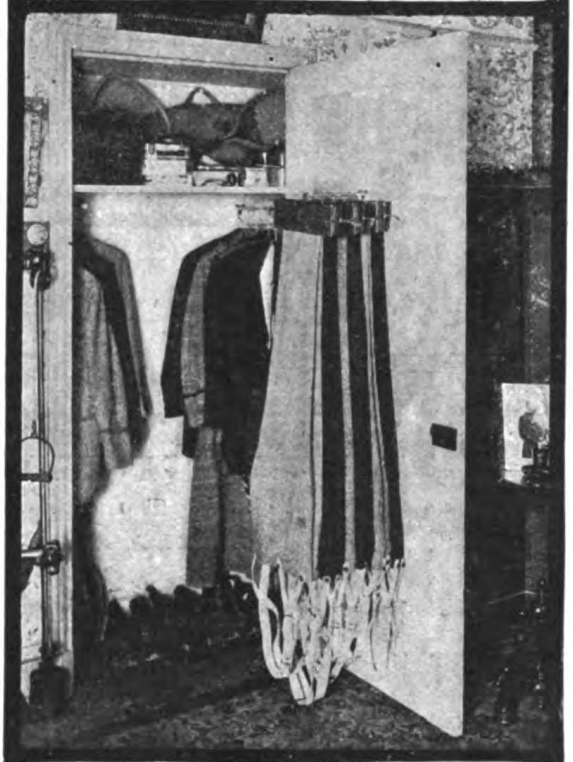
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is indispensable to every man, whether he have few or many clothes. It keeps trousers **"smooth as if ironed,"** renders every garment separately **"get-at-able,"** and **doubles** closet **capacity.**

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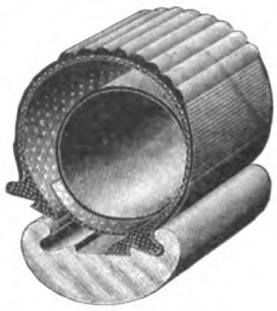
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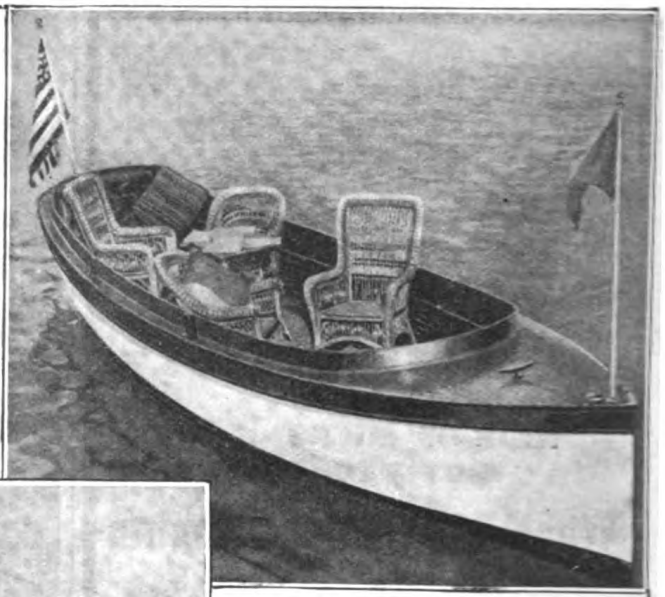
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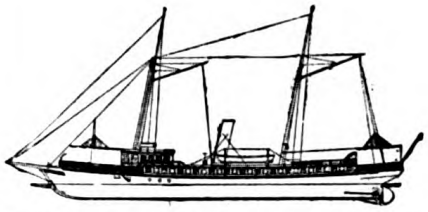
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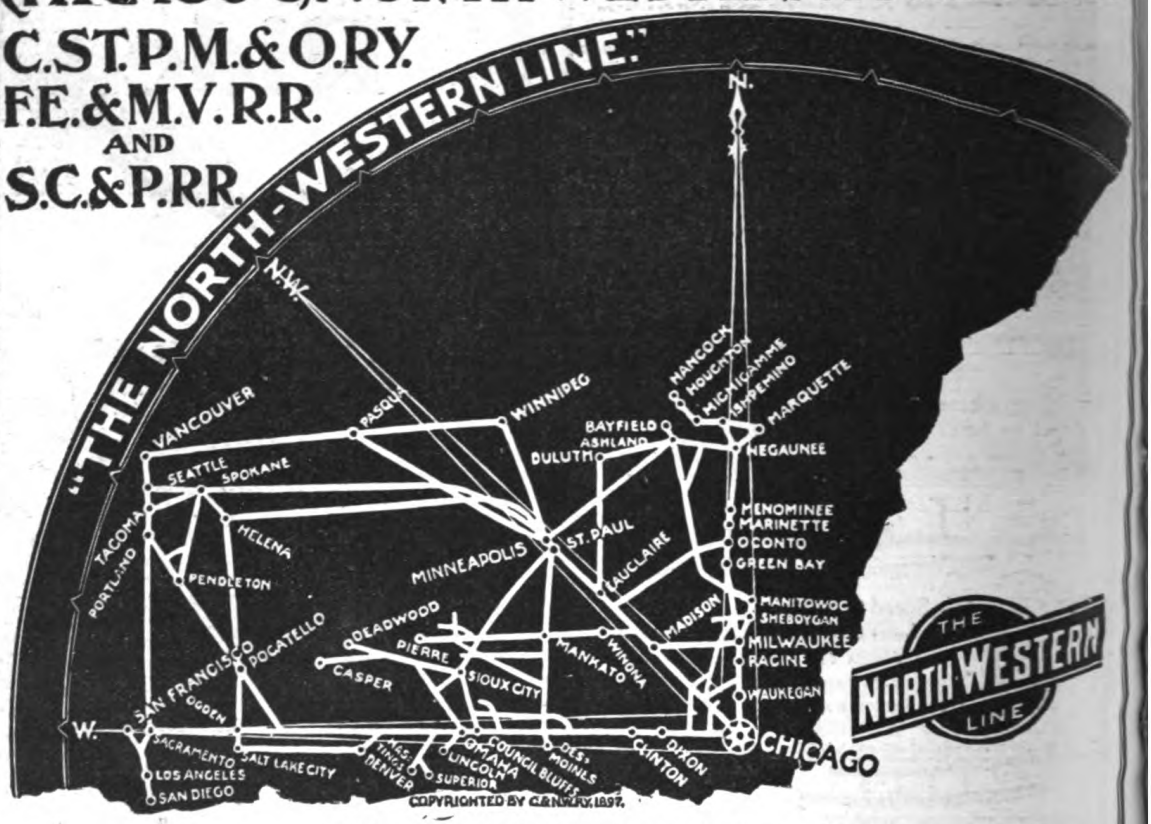
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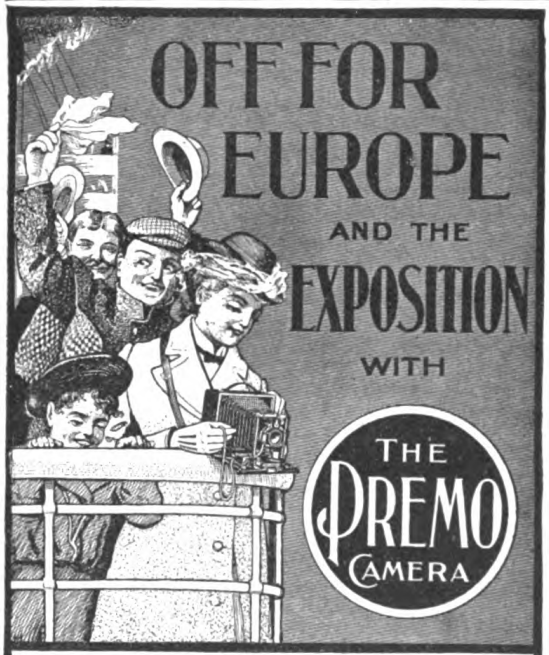
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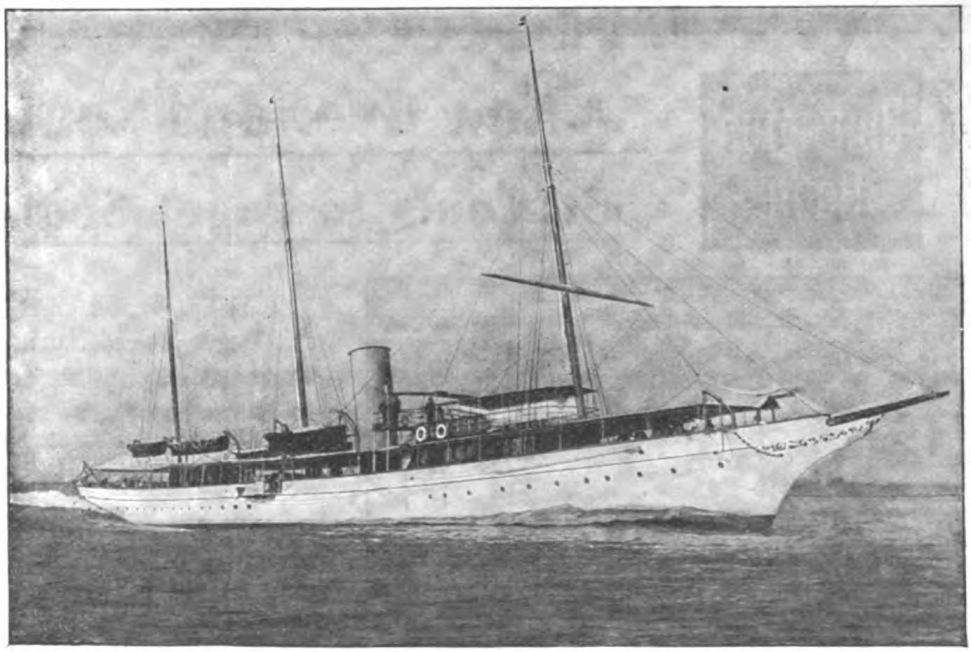
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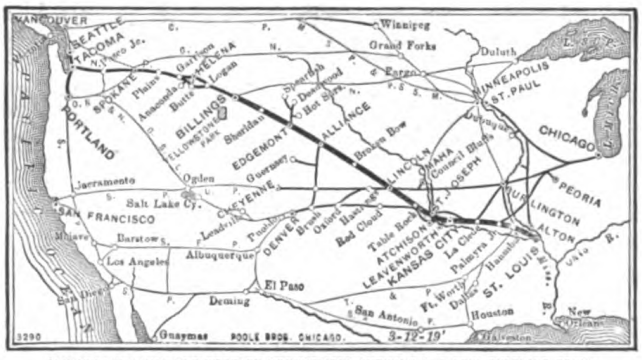
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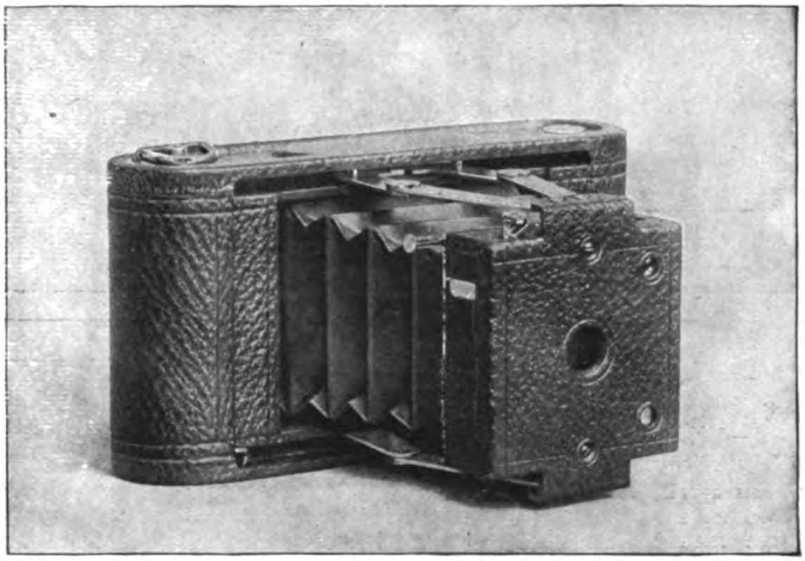


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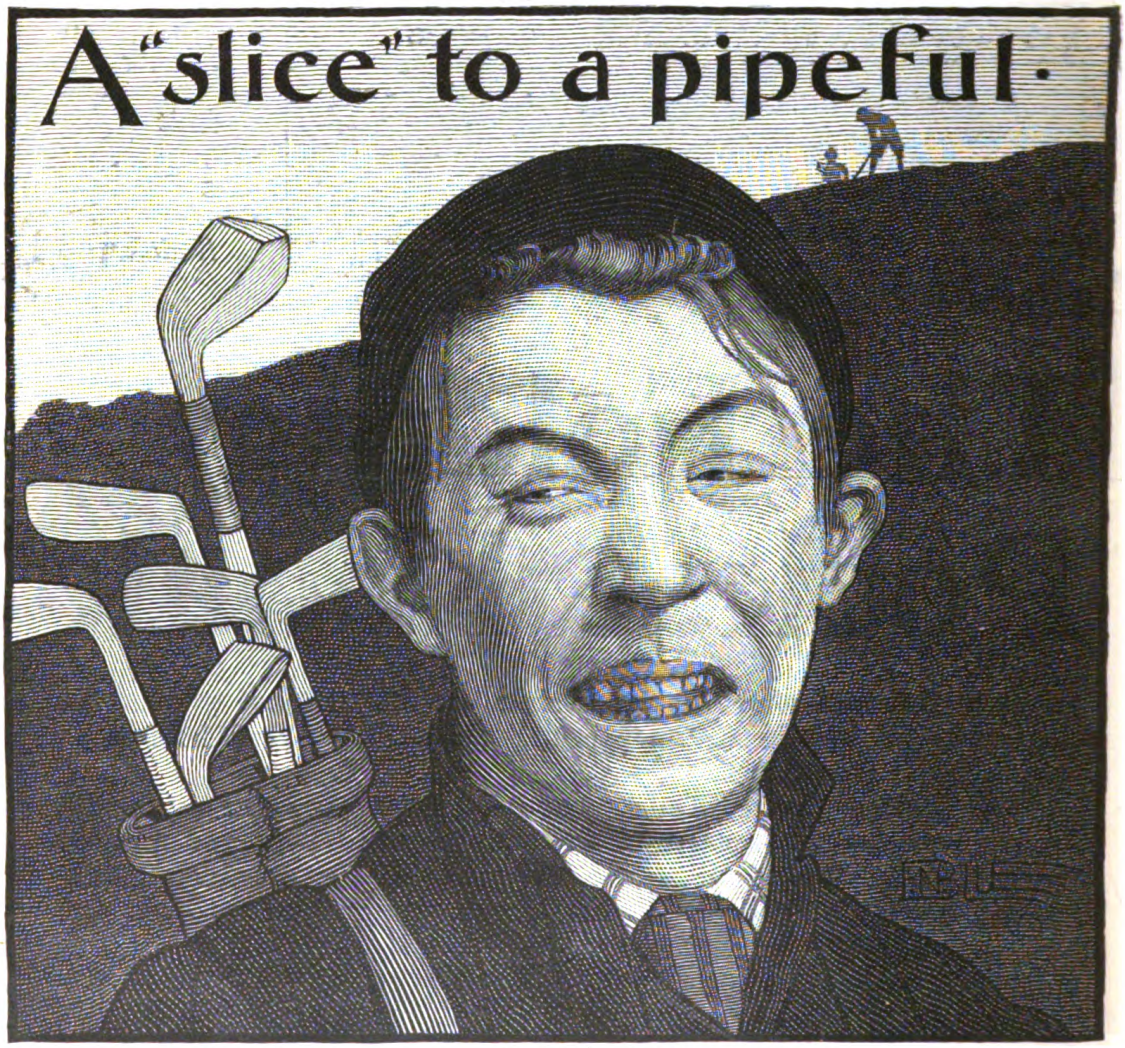
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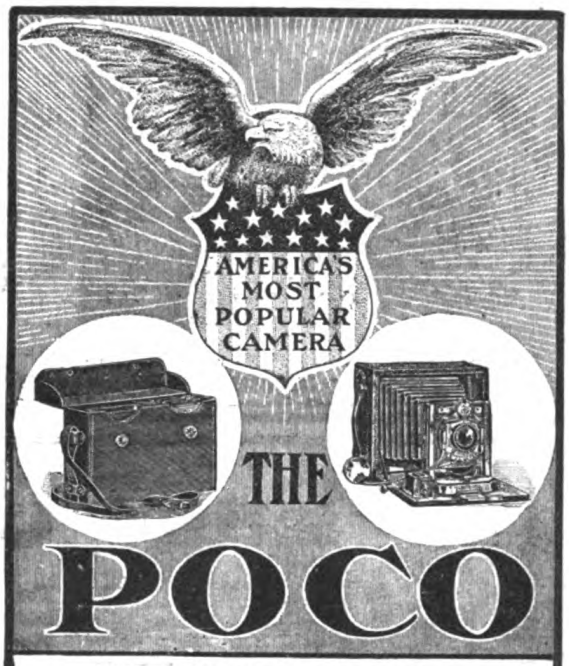
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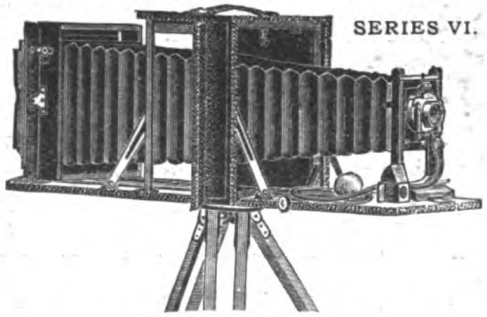
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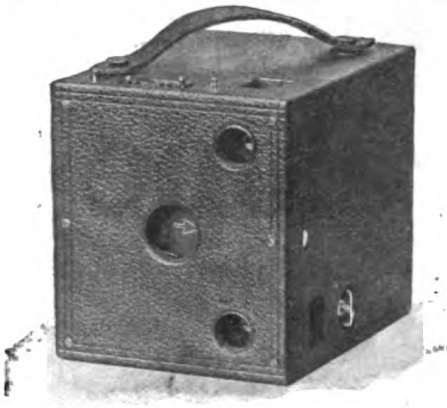
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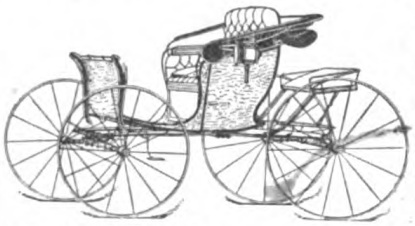
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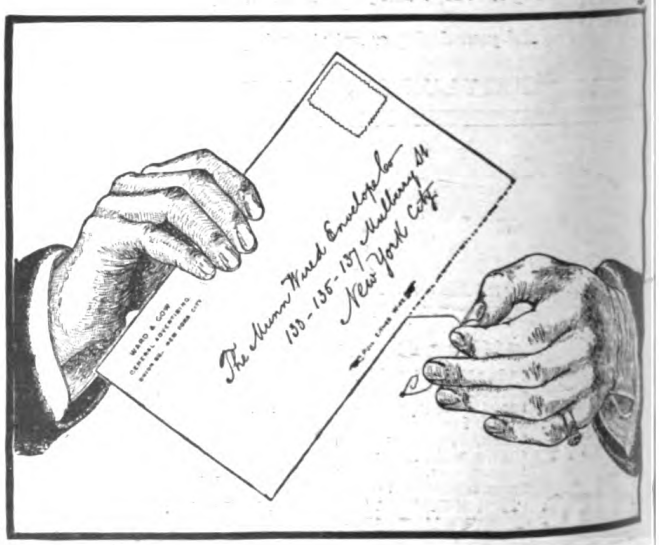
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The Chase BOX Magazine Camera



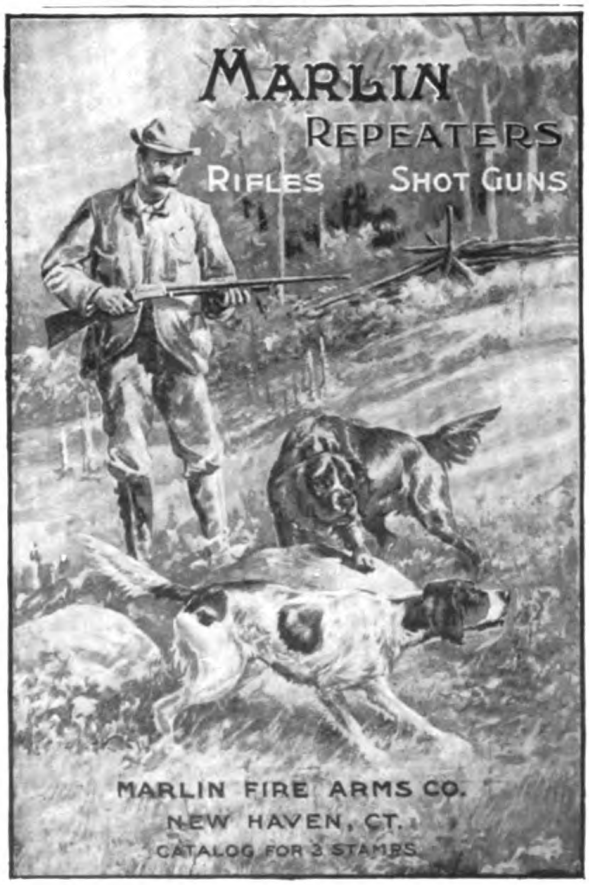
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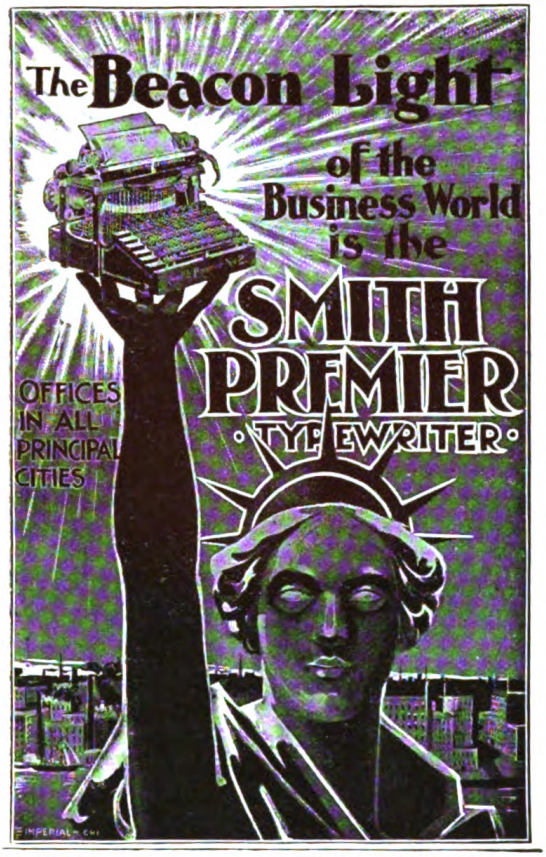
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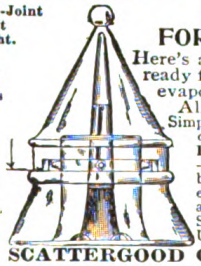
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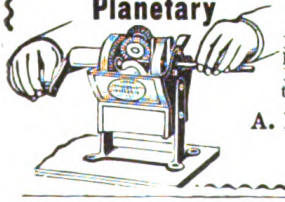


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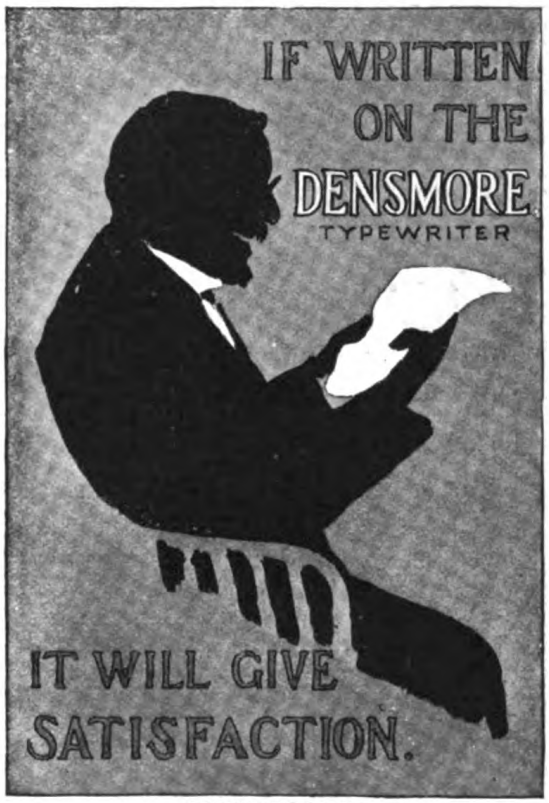
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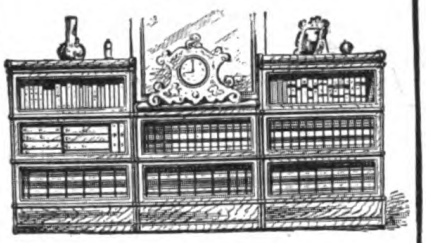
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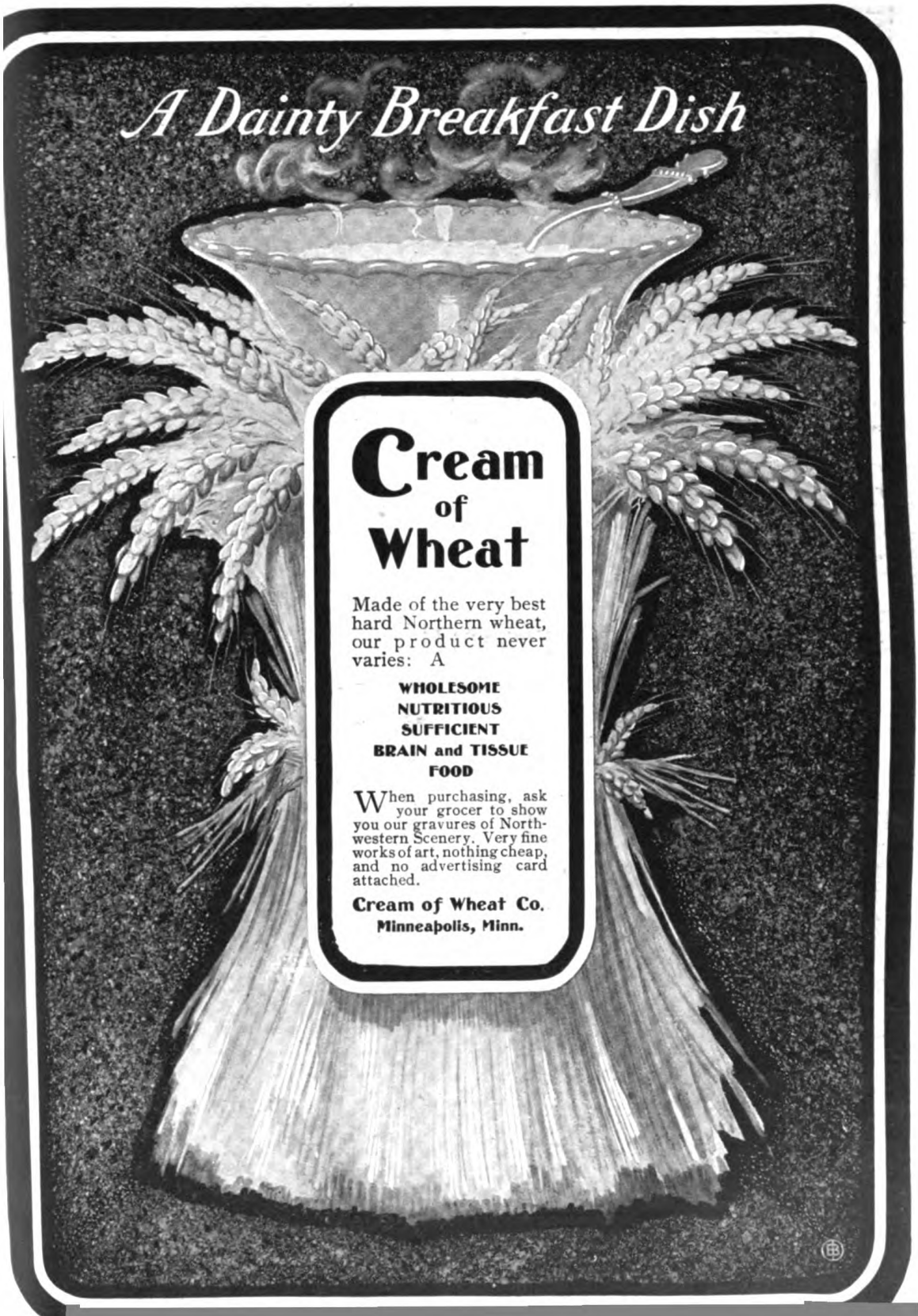
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Our Pulverized Gelatine is the most convenient for family use, as it requires much less time to dissolve.

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Porcelain-Lined Refrigerators

Dainty—Cleanly—Healthful—Economical—Odorless

Anybody who wants a refrigerator would have a MONROE if he knew all about it. And it is due to yourself that you know about it. You choose for a lifetime. Better spend a half hour to learn which is best. You will select the MONROE. Every food compartment is lined with white porcelain, moulded into one piece, with rounded corners. No crevices. No joints where food may lodge and decay. The whiteness throws light into every corner, so that you may see any uncleanliness. The glaze enables you to wipe it up with a cloth—about all the cleaning ever necessary.

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The MONROE costs more than common refrigerators, but that cost is economy. It isn't on account of the linings. The whole construction is so skilful, the insulation so perfect, that the MONROE saves its cost over and over in the ice that the other refrigerators waste. The cost gives you an honest refrigerator, cheaper by far than the common kind, even were the common kind free; for the main cost is the ice cost.

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These refrigerators are always sold direct from factory to user. But for convenience in showing we have exhibits in the following cities, for no one who sees a MONROE will be content with the common kind:

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Binghamton.	Innes & Demarest, Heaters, 128 State St.
Birmingham.	Hopkins Stove & Tinware Co., 2012 Second Ave.
Boston.	Abram French Co., China, 89 Franklin St.
Buffalo.	Wm. Scott, Florist, cor. Main and Balcom Sts.
Chicago.	Jacob Retterer, Stoves, 169 Lake St., 2d floor.
Cincinnati.	Koch & Braunstein, China, 22 E. Fourth St.
Columbus.	The Hasbrook-Bargar Co., China, 87 N. High St.
Detroit.	L. B. King & Co., China, 103 Woodward Ave.
Kansas City.	T. M. James & Sons, China, 1020 Walnut St.
Louisville.	W. H. McKnight, Sons & Co., Carpets, 225 Fourth Ave. and 328 Main St.
Milwaukee.	Slater, Price & Dempsey Co., Furniture, 137 Wisconsin St.
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Other superior features are: substantial construction; proper circulation of air, insuring freedom from odor and dampness; economy in ice waste.

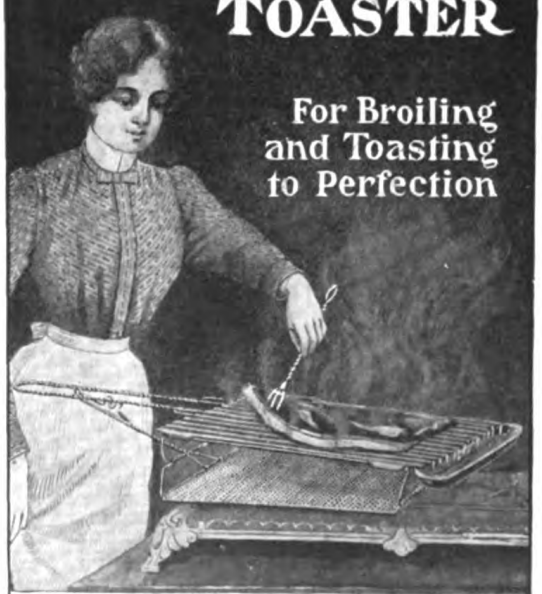
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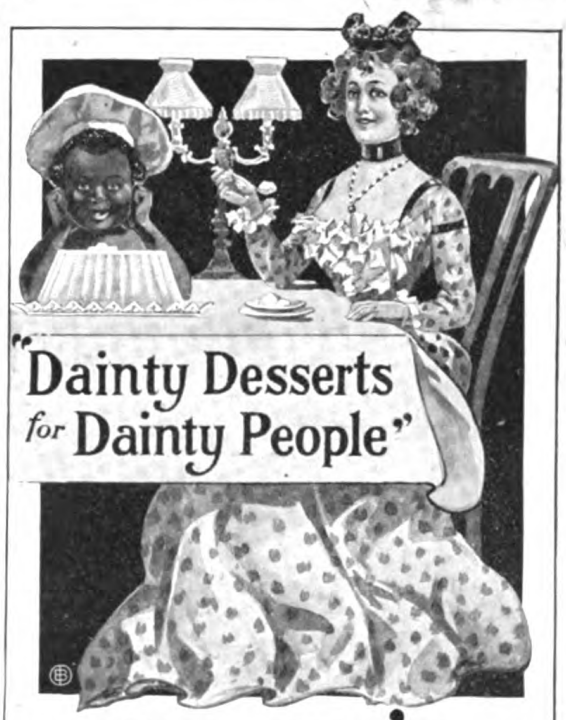
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Each packet makes at least a pint more jelly than any other packet of equal size.

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my 32-page book of seventy recipes, called "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," to every applicant. Send for it to-day.

For 5 cents in stamps (to cover postage and packing), I will mail the book and *full pint sample*. I wish you would at least give it this trial.

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Pink gelatine for fancy desserts in every package.

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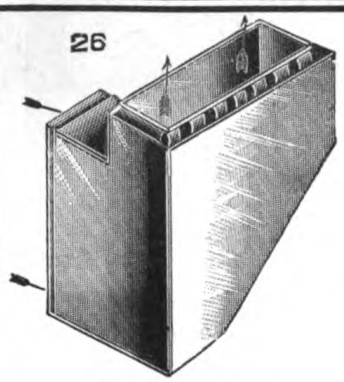
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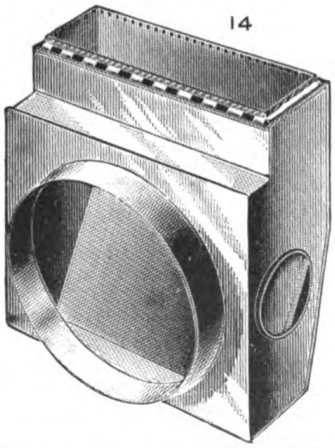
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Life and **Death**

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THE BALTIMORE NEWS.

VOL. LV—NO. 113. LARGEST CIRCULATION IN BALTIMORE. THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1900. LAST EDITION. SIX CENTS A WEE

POSNER'S.

E INDUCEMENTS ARE VERY GREAT.

o find the inducements much important and attractive than thought in this merchandise basement. And if you avail selves every day as you have the past two days we will be to close the basement up before rday week, for there will be ing left to sell. We observe those who make it their busi- to scrutinize everything there en there, closely and carefully, gever so much that they can use of; particularly at the won- il reductions. It is virtually our-own-price" selling now. We gotten so far below profit that any cases we have dropped be- rest. In no case have we neg- d to make an additional reduc- to that already made; so that

GAS SURPRISE.

CORPORATIONS COMMITTEE REPORTS POE PLAN

As Substitute For Dollar-Gas Measure.

Vote Shows 53 to 21 in Company's Favor.

Amendment Guarantees the Company 4 Per Cent.

House Begins Consideration of the Measure.

Senator Bryan Will Not Accept Amendment.

stockholders, many of whom he said live in the counties.

Mr. Lacroix also spoke in the same strain.

Mr. Stewart said the amendment practically killed the bill. "Why was it not presented months ago?" he asked.

Mr. Long advocated the original bill and characterized the proposed amendment as a most cunningly devised scheme to defeat dollar gas.

Mr. Marriner referred to the passage of the resolutions by the City Council of Baltimore in favor of dollar gas, and asked for home rule.

Mr. Sanford also spoke against the amendment.

Minority Report Beaten.

Mr. Lehmayer turned Mr. Poe's guns against him by reading from Poe's Pleading, showing that the Court of Appeals has no original jurisdiction.

The vote was then taken on the minority report, which was lost by 47 to 31. Messrs. Brown, Lacroix and Curtis of Baltimore city voting against it.

The majority report was then adopted by a vote of 52 to 21. Mr. Speaker Wilkinson stated that this did not affect the amendment, as that must be dealt on the third reading of Senate bill.

At 7 o'clock the House took a recess until 8 o'clock.

At 7:30 the Senate took a recess until 8 o'clock.

EXCLUDE GARDINER.

GRAND JURY OBJECTS TO HIS PRESENCE.

District Attorney Wants to Help Examine Parkhurst.

Recorder Goff Declines to Hear His Side.

An Effort to Make Crusade Unpopular.

New York, March 15.—A sensational election was injected into the reform movement today when the Grand Jury formally retused against the presence of District Attorney Gardiner during the examina-

Governor sent a four emergency messages to the Legislature in order to facilitate the passage of four reform bills, two of them being measures to which the Comptroller is vitally interested. These two are the Fallows anti-Ramapo bill and the bill providing that the consent of the Comptroller shall be necessary before the Corporation Counsel can make confession of judgment or any suit against the city. Both bills were passed by the Assembly.

The debate on the confession of judgments bill in the Assembly developed a savage assault on Comptroller Coler by the Tammany Assemblymen. These language was so intense as to show how hard Tammany has been hit by the Comptroller.

CROKER SAYS IT'S POLITICS.

Repudiates the Idea That Protection Has Vote in Parliament.

London, March 15.—Richard Croker yesterday gave his views on the anti-rise crusade now raging in New York. Speaking of the New York movement, he said:

"It is the old, old story trotted out again for obvious political reasons. Till the millennium arrives this will be an existent with large populations. The suggestion that this is sheltered by the police of New York is as untrue as it is base."

FREE TRADE IS PRACTICABLE.

Chapter Rates Give Poor Sleep.

SMALL RESISTANCE

ROBERTS' EASY VICTORY AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

Next Fighting to Take Place in Natal.

Warren's Division Recalled by Buller.

England Will Accept No Intervention.

London, March 15.—At precisely 1.30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon a Union Jack, specially made for this purpose for Lady Roberts, was hoisted over the Presidency of Bloemfontein amid the acclamations

reporting that the Government of South African Republic [illegible] Orange Free State [illegible] with a view to the cessation of hostilities and inviting that a similar request be made to the representatives of the Queen's powers. [illegible] Lord Salisbury replied that [illegible] Her Majesty's Government [illegible] of the United States of the receipt of their communication, and to say that Her Majesty's Government was unable to accept the proposal [illegible] the settlement of South African affairs.

Lord and principal Clerk [illegible] Secretary.

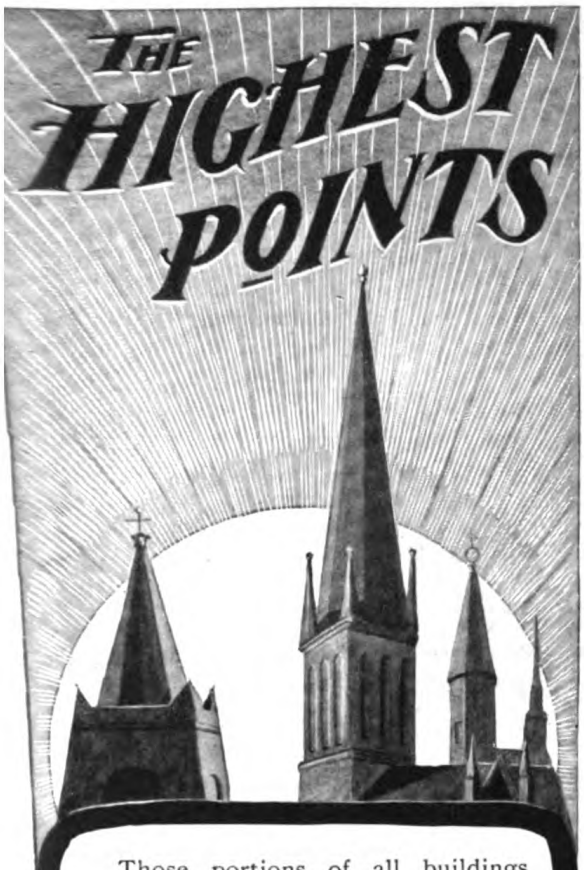
At the conclusion of the Secretary's reading Mr. Kruger asked whether there was any answer to the [illegible]

FAIR

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Thoroughly tested by years of use, PATTON'S SUN PROOF PAINTS have stood every test so well the makers positively guarantee them for five years.

If you need much or little painting done—inside or out—you need the help that our book on painting gives. Book and a practical model to aid in color selection mailed free.

Dealers should write for special inducements and sole agency.

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Made also with drop oven door.

Delicious hot rolls in fifteen minutes. Stove cold—strike a match, turn a handle and the stove is hot. Hot summer months urge the use of gas as a fuel. For roasting meats or baking pastry, bread or anything, the best results can not be had unless the oven is a

Bake-even Oven.

The excellent baking qualities of the "Monitor" make it strong where other gas ranges are weak. Heat is applied uniformly—no shifting of pans from rack to rack. The oven is closed—no fumes from burning gas. With a

Monitor Gas Range

you can boil or broil, bake or fry, roast or toast, heat water for the entire house. It will do all that any coal range can do and do it quicker and cheaper. Occupies small space.

"Kitchen Pleasure" tells how to enjoy kitchen life—how to keep a good cook. Write for it.

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Manufacturers of Stoves and Ranges since 1819.

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It is the only natural, easy, and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development, and elasticity of mind and body.

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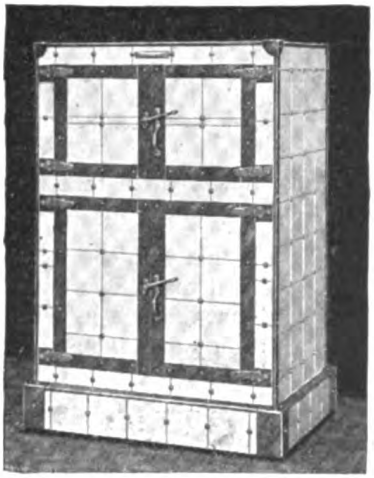
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YOUR VACATION IN COLORADO

Burlington Route

DO you quite realize that in all the world there is no scenery more gorgeous, more majestic and awe-inspiring than that of Colorado?

Couple this with these facts—

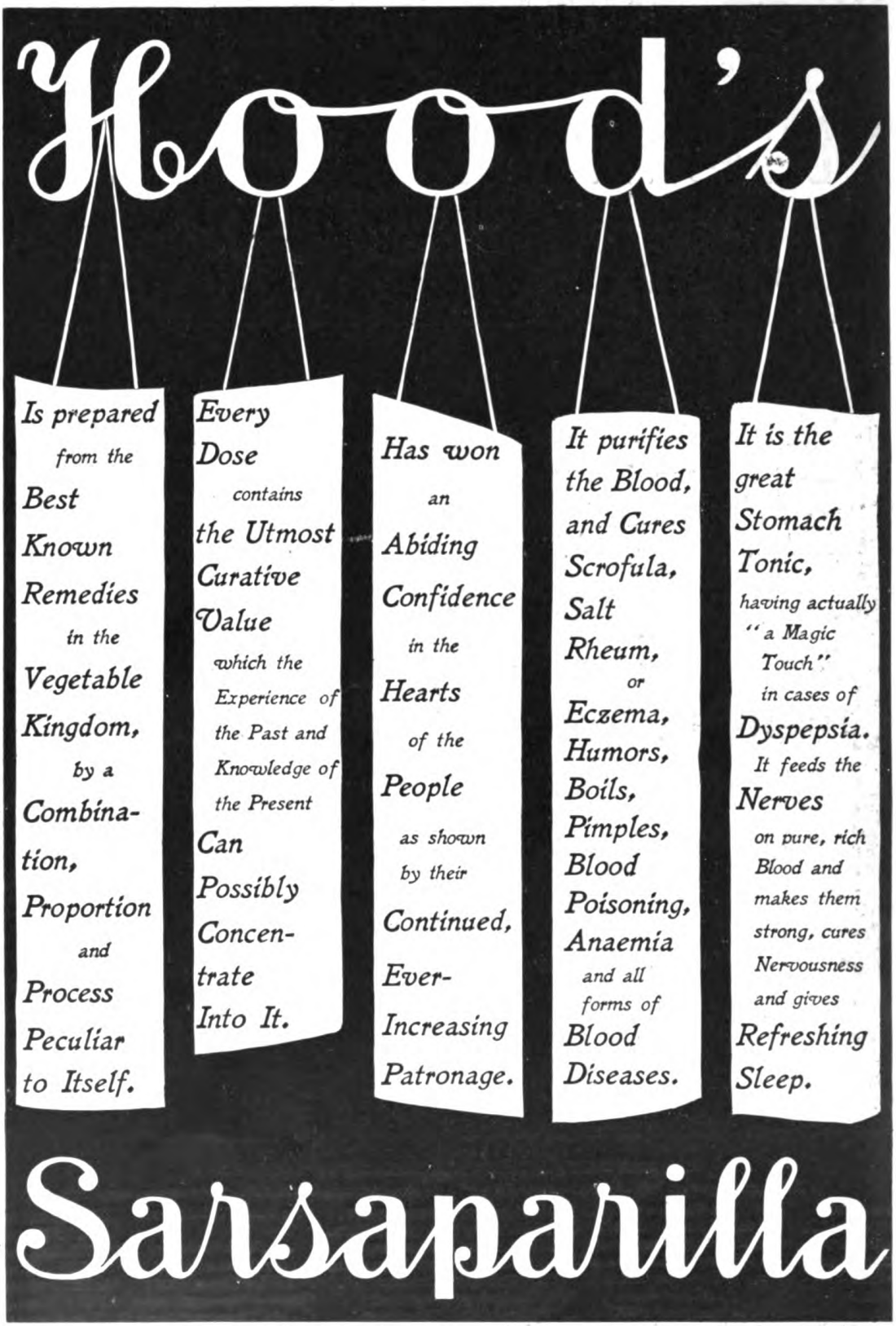
That the climate of Colorado is simply delightful.
That the dry, pure air is wonderfully healthful and invigorating; and that the hotels are of unusual excellence.
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Colorado is not far away. The Burlington Route runs "one night on the road" trains from both Chicago and St. Louis, and they are luxuriously furnished. Sumptuous library smoking cars and dining cars *à la carte* make the trip seem very short. Then during the summer months tourist tickets are sold at greatly reduced rates, so the expense is not great.

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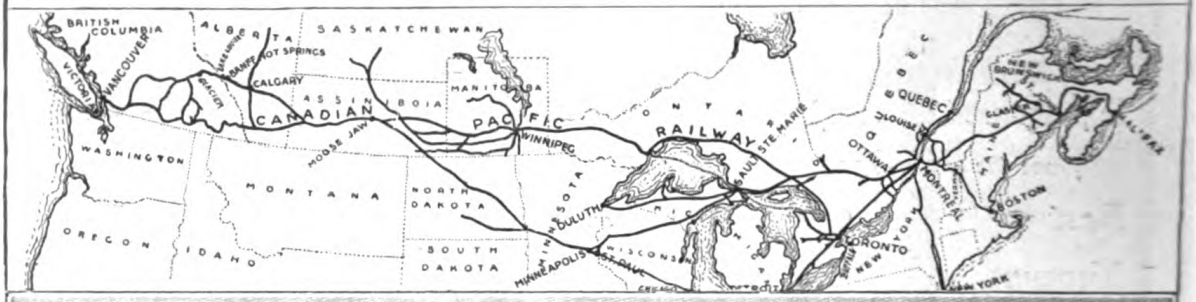
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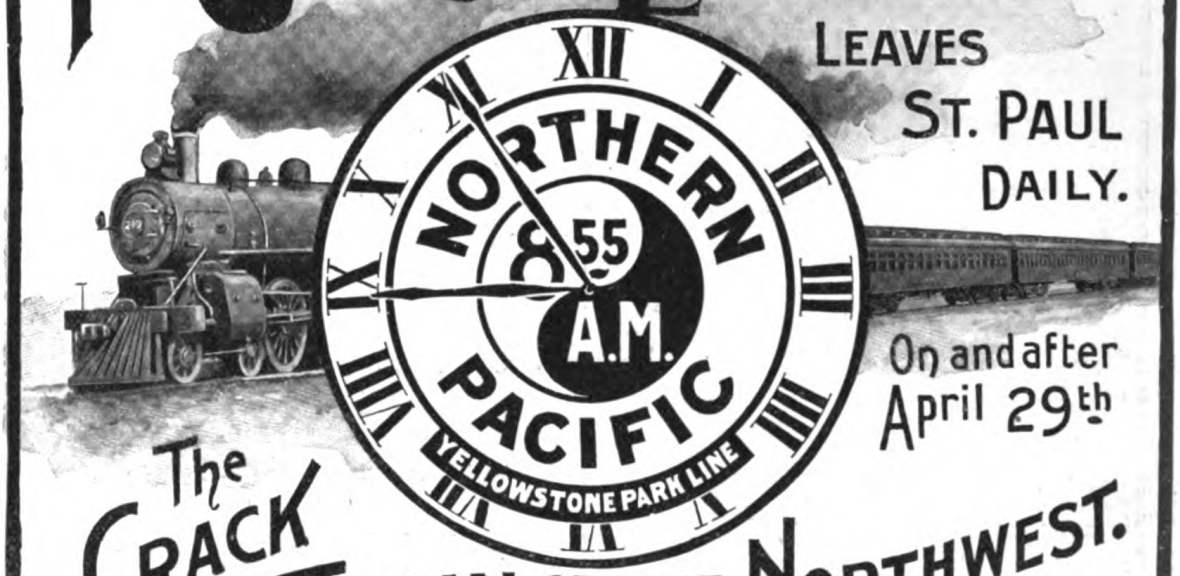
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At Randolph, Vermont.

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W. R. Emerson, Architect, Boston.

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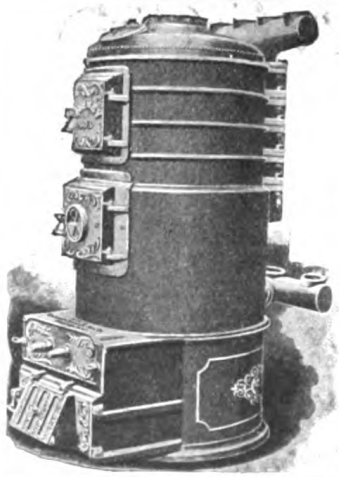
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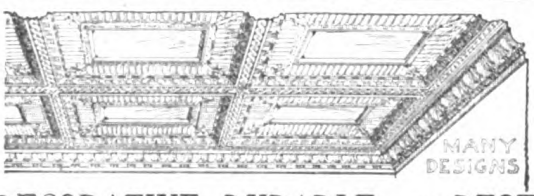
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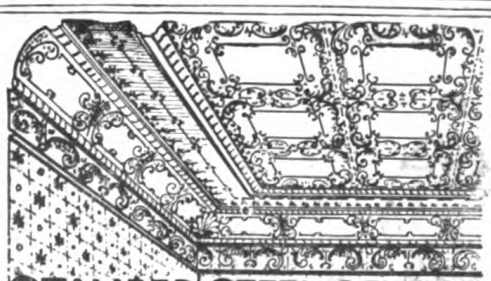
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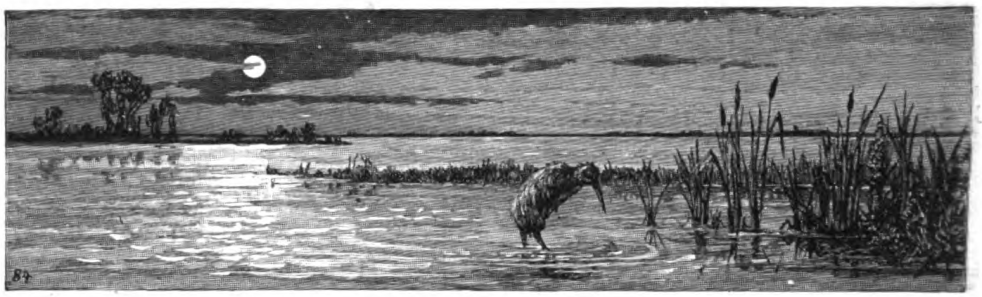
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Prints 4 x 5 inches, on 7 x 9 paper, 1c. each; suitably framed, 75c. each.
Send 30c. in stamps for 25 small prints and catalogue. *(No order for less than 25 prints received.)* **Catalogue alone, with 8 full-page illustrations, 5c.**

LARGE PRINTS.—Fifty selected subjects for School, Library, and Home Decoration. **Prints 16½ x 23 inches, 35c. each; suitably framed, $3.00 each.**

THE HELMAN-TAYLOR ART CO., Sole Agents, **257 k Fifth Ave., New York City**

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Millions of Women

Use CUTICURA SOAP exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily, suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, and for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. No other *medicated* soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic *toilet* soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin," free.

SKIN HUMORS Instantly relieved and speedily cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES, THE SET, $1.25.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

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MAGAZINE - -	$3 00
WEEKLY - - -	4 00
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PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled, Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.** Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures **FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

DEAFNESS CURED

Deafness is incurable till the cause is removed. Therefore Ear Drums and other artificial aids never cure. 95 per cent. of all cases of Deafness is caused from Catarrh, and as Catarrh cannot exist under the use of "Actina," nobody need be Deaf where the Actina Pocket Battery is obtainable. Are you seeking a cure? Then investigate **"Actina."** Write today for *a valuable book* —Prof. Wilson's Dictionary of Disease, **Free. Dept. 15 New York & London Electric Ass'n, 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.**





SEASICKNESS PREVENTED. That indescribable misery and discomfort to which many persons are subject on **Vessels, Cars, and Vehicles,** is absolutely prevented by wearing the **Anti-Nausea Stomach Shield.** It never fails to give satisfaction, and works equally well on land or water. Mailed, prepaid, on receipt of **$2.00.** Further information on application. **ANTI-NAUSEA PAD CO., Box 147-D., Cincinnati, O.**

EUROPEAN TOURS.
19th Year. Select parties. Terms reasonable. Conducted by Dr. & Mrs. H. S. PAINE, Glens Falls, N.Y.

Work, Worry and Disease

are a formidable trio; yet the weak person frequently has to meet all at once. How can he overcome them? The answer is, with our COMPOUND OXYGEN (and ours only). The countless demonstrations of twenty-five years warrant this reply.

Our treatment is available for home use; neither need your occupation be interfered with. The value of these features is obvious. What about your need? A book of explanation and proof is yours to consider—if asked for now.

Drs. Starkey & Palen
1112 Girard Street, Room "P," **Philadelphia, Pa.**

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GOLF

THE MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO GOLFING INTERESTS
AND THE
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED STATES GOLF ASSOCIATION

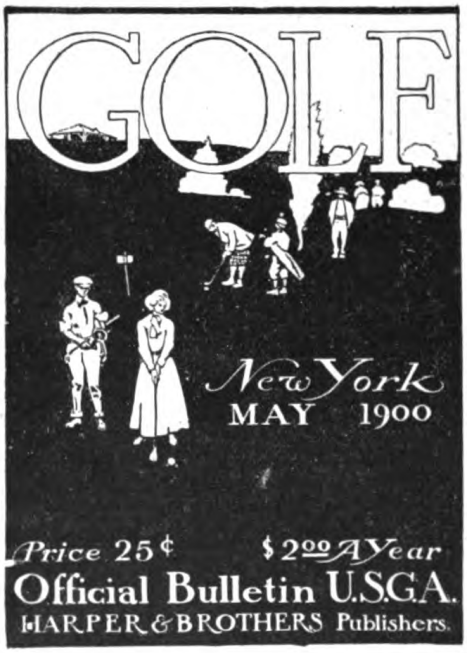
IF

You are a Woman

You probably play Golf.

If you do not play, learn how by reading

"GOLF"



IF

You are a Man

You play Golf.

You want Golf news, pictures, and instruction.

You should read

"GOLF"

THE publication of "GOLF" under the new management began with the last issue. It is edited under the direction of Mr. Van Tassel Sutphen, the well-known authority on golfing subjects and the author of "The Golficide, and Other Tales."

It will contain news on the latest events in the golfing world; bulletins of the U. S. G. A.; pictures of new club-houses and links, portraits of prominent players, and articles by leading authorities on golfing subjects.

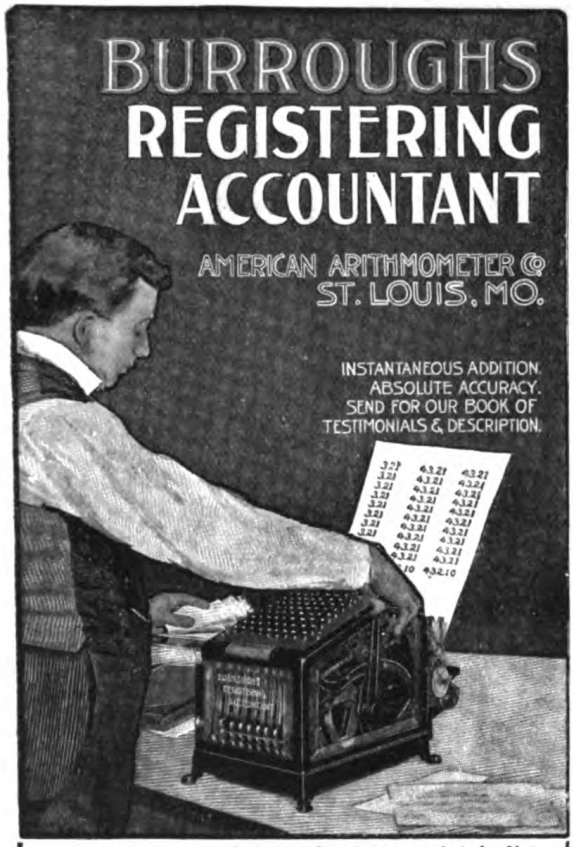
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Sub-totals at any point in list.
Operation learned in fifteen minutes.
Speed from three to five times ordinary hand work.
Automatic corrections of keys wrongly hit.
Used by over **3000** banks, small as well as large.
Invaluable for use in all financial and commercial institutions.
Machines sent on trial to any responsible bank or business house.
Incessant use of these machines for five years in largest banks in New York City finds the machines without signs of wear. They will last upwards of fifteen years ordinary banking use.

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303 California St.

1900= 36th =1900

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,981,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175.51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305,307.27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997.04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	259,449.36
Government Bonds,	789,016.96
County and municipal bonds,	3,114,997.64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks,	1,258,674.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,288,350.00
Total Assets,	**$27,760,511.56**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent., Life Department,	$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,500,369.22
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Total Liabilities	**23,739,827.61**
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	**4,020,683.95**
Surplus,	**$3,020,683.95**

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	**$100,334,554.00**
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	**17,165,686.00**
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	**1,522,417.06**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**16,039,380.95**

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	**15,386**
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	**339,636**
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	**$ 1,227,977.34**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**23,695,539.94**

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	**$ 2,750,394.40**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**39,734,920.89**

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

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Ward & Gow

Street-car and Elevated Railroad Advertising.

Lessees of the privileges of

The Manhattan Elevated Road of N. Y.,

including stations, cars and news-stands, also

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company's

advertising space, comprising all the surface cars in Brooklyn, except about 175.

General Agents for Surface cars in the following States:

Alabama,	4	Cities.	Kentucky,	6	Cities.	No. Carolina,	2	Cities.
Arkansas,	2	"	Louisiana,	2	"	Ohio,	15	"
Colorado,	1	"	Massachusetts,	1	"	Pennsylvania,	2	"
Florida,	1	"	Michigan,	11	"	So. Carolina,	2	"
Georgia,	5	"	Minnesota,	4	"	Tennessee,	3	"
Illinois,	21	"	Missouri,	5	"	Texas,	7	"
Indiana,	12	"	Nebraska,	1	"	Vermont,	1	"
Iowa,	8	"	New Jersey,	9	"	Virginia,	4	"
Kansas,	3	"	New York,	18	"	Wisconsin,	5	"
			Canada,	3	Cities.			

We can place your Advertising in

14,000 Cars

under a single contract.

WRITE FOR RATES AND FULL PARTICULARS TO

Ward & Gow,

1 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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. . . DRUG . . . ADDICTIONS

such as Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine, and all other Drug Habits, can be permanently and painlessly cured at home. No detention from business. No inconvenience whatever. **Action immediate.** Creates good appetite. Produces sound, restful sleep. Leaves system of patient in natural, healthy condition and without further desire for drugs of any kind.

Over 2000 PHYSICIANS among our best patrons
Hundreds of America's best citizens have been cured

We invite closest investigation, especially by physicians. Don't take our word. We can and do **prove** all we claim. We will exhibit thousands of unsolicited letters of high commendation from people of all classes, particularly from physicians.

Contains the VITAL PRINCIPLE lacking in all others. A Perfect Antidote—Not a Substitute. . . .

A FREE TRIAL TREATMENT will be sent to any one addicted to morphine or other drug habits on receipt of request. This trial will demonstrate its remarkable curative value. A trial treatment often cures.

The closest feeling of confidence exists between our patients and medical director who personally prescribes for every patient.

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ST. JAMES SOCIETY
1181 and 1183 Broadway, New York City

Personal Magnetism

WILL POWER
NERVE FORCE
Call it what you will

is the intangible power that controls human destiny. It is the key to all business and social success. All truly great men and women are magnetic; they know how to win and hold people. This power does not come by chance. It is an art, a science, which any one of ordinary intelligence can master. If interested in the mental sciences, write for a copy of our 100-page, profusely illustrated treatise on the uses and possibilities of applied **Personal Magnetism,** together with a chapter on how to acquire the power. It is a work of psychological research. Its authors are men of world-wide literary and scientific reputation. It has elicited favorable comment, alike, from critics and scholars.

A postal-card will bring you this highly interesting and instructive work. We send it absolutely free of cost. Address

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE
Dept. DA9, 39 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

OXYDONOR



ABSORB NEW LIFE

OXYDONOR instils new life, teeming with health and vigor, gently and unconsciously, into your system while you rest. You soon feel as a new person. Literally, OXYDONOR forces disease out of your body and rejuvenates you. OXYDONOR gives the required vital energy to all the organs to perform the functions for which they were made by Nature. No dangerous drugs are used. No surgical operations are required to see what is wrong or to remove any part. The healing and repair all take place naturally, through extraordinary *vis medicatrix naturæ*, increased and intensified by OXYDONOR, by maximum functional activity of the system. OXYDONOR begets the primary energy, and, as when fuel is supplied in food and drink, Nature does the rest. There is no difficulty, no pain, no sensation, no danger in using OXYDONOR, and any sane person can use it successfully. Buckle the disk at one end of its cord to one ankle, and drop the vocor at the other end of its cord into cold water, and the revitalizing process begins. OXYDONOR will last a lifetime and serve a whole family. The purchase is the only cost. No periodical investment is required. Book of Directions with each OXYDONOR.

FEVER.

Mr. E. M. Smith, President Bank of Thomasville, Thomasville, Ga., writes May 26, 1899: "I tested Oxydonor thoroughly on myself for fever, and also on my little boy, with success. I would not be without it for its weight in gold."

RHEUMATIC IRITIS.

Mr. C. E. Kennard, 251 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes Nov. 27, 1899: "By use of Oxydonor I have been cured of a dangerous disease of the eyes known as Rheumatic Iritis. Have also cured different ills in my family."

DYSPEPSIA.

Mr. H. S. Goldey, Proprietor Goldey Wilmington Commercial College, writes Mar. 7, 1900: "I am emphatic in my belief that Oxydonor has permanently cured me of Dyspepsia of five years' standing."

Mrs. Walter Wayne, Haddonfield, N. J., writes Nov. 5, 1899: "I have had Oxydonor in use for six years, and it has been all the doctor I have needed. Several of my friends have found it wonderful in curing sickness of various kinds."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Mrs. Emily F. Wright, Dadesville, Ala., writes Dec. 5, 1899: "For a long time I have been afflicted with an aggravated case of Bright's Disease (as termed by physicians) and other complications. My physician had given up all hope of my recovery at the time I commenced the use of Oxydonor, but I improved right away, and am in better health than I have been in twenty years. Oxydonor has restored me to health and made me happy and contented."

CAUTION.—Imitations of Oxydonor are dangerous to use. Refuse to accept them. Dr. H. Sanche is the Inventor and Originator, and has obtained final decision in Supreme Court, in Washington, D. C., against imitators. Also on Oct. 16, 1899, the United States Court granted us an injunction restraining Agents from selling an imitation of Oxydonor.

We invite full investigation of our claims. Our book containing Grateful Reports from users of Oxydonor sent free.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., Dept. S.
61 FIFTH ST., DETROIT, MICH.
261 5th AVE., NEW YORK.
57 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
CANADA OFFICE:
2268 ST. CATHERINE ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

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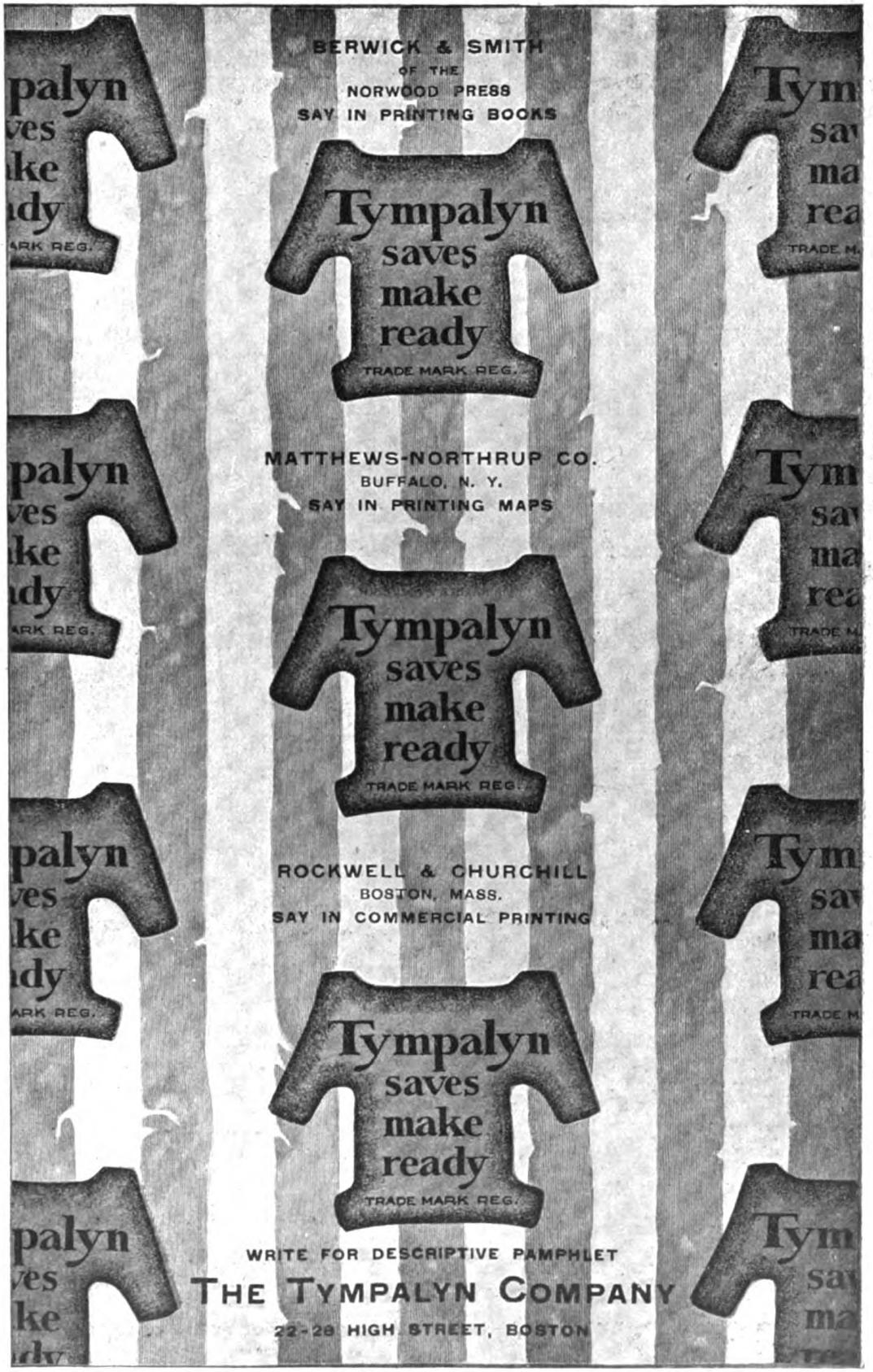
N.W.Ayer & Son

PHILADELPHIA

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COOK'S
Flaked Rice

A NEW FOOD

MORE NOURISHING THAN BEEF AND NEEDS NO COOKING

One Minute from Package to Plate

THE WEAKEST STOMACH can digest it
It satisfies THE STRONGEST APPETITE

Ideal food the whole year through



Every grain perfect.

Scientifically cooked and sterilized.

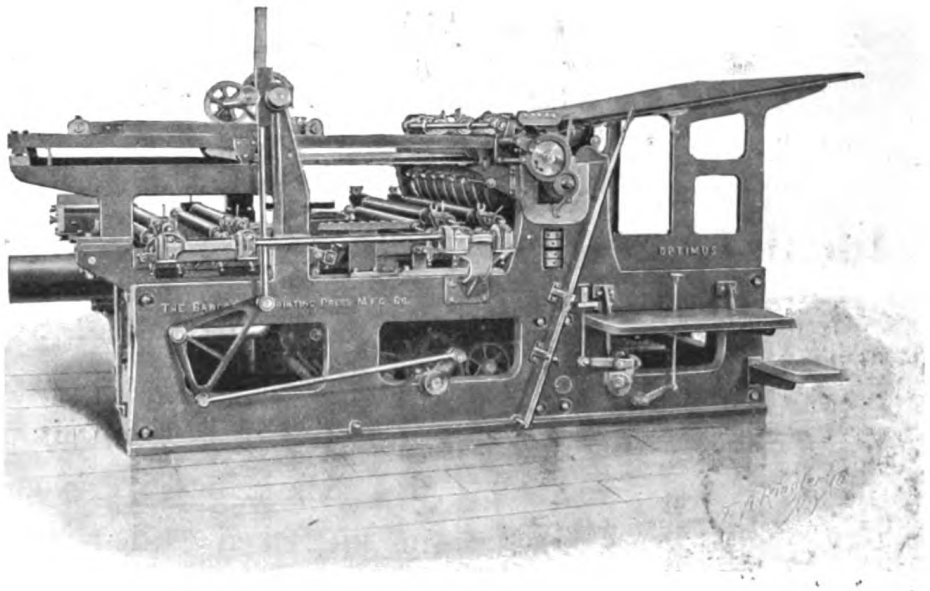
Endorsed by physicians and epicures.

GOOD FOR BABY, TOO!

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BARNHART BROS. & SPINDLER,
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Purity Built it

The first brewery of Jos. Schlitz was a hut, but the beer that was brewed there was honest. That was fifty years ago. Today the magnificent Schlitz Brewery forms a monument to that honesty.

From the very beginning the main object has been to attain absolute purity. In Schlitz beer pure yeast was first introduced in America. In the Schlitz Brewery are all the inventions men have made for protecting beer from impurities. Schlitz beer is even cooled in filtered air; then it is filtered, then sterilized. It is well aged to avoid the cause of biliousness.

Ask your physician about Schlitz beer, and you'll drink it. If all men knew what we know about it, this brewery would have to be fifty times as large.

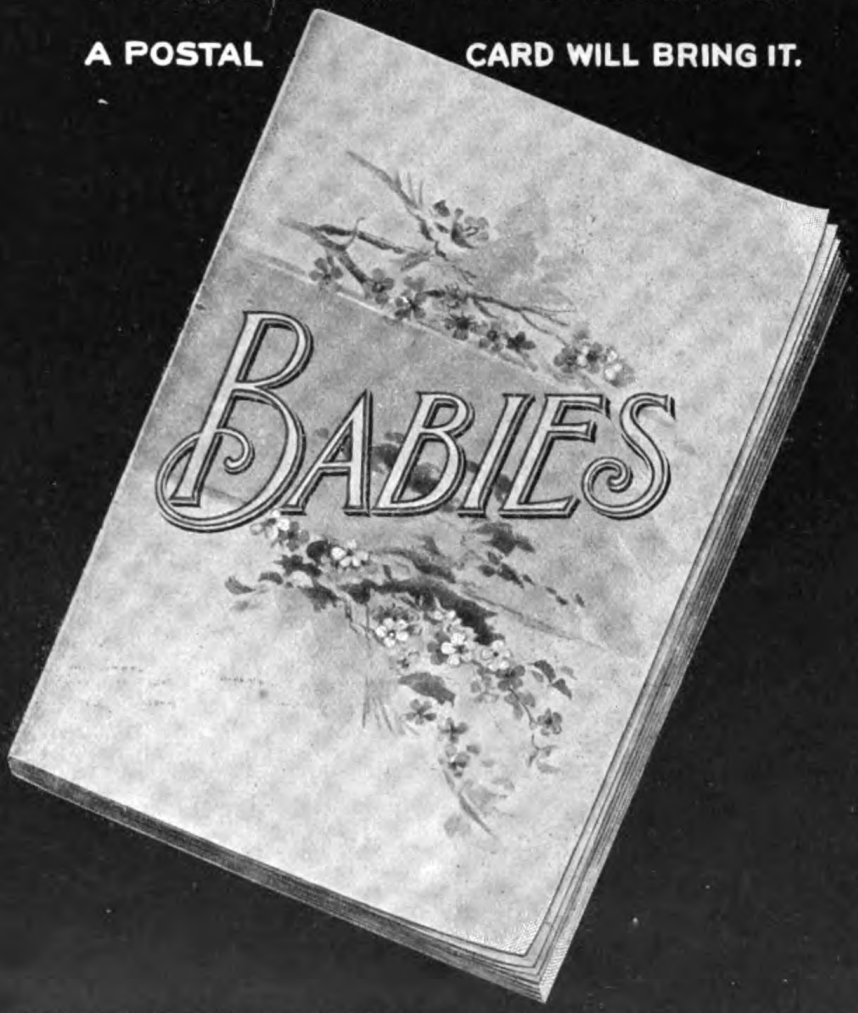
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A Book on Infant Feeding. FREE to Mothers.

A POSTAL CARD WILL BRING IT.



More good-natured, strong, robust, healthy babies are raised on

Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

than on all other (so-called) infant foods combined. It has stood the test for more than FORTY YEARS.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., 72 Hudson St., New York

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Londonderry



IS FOUND ON EVERY
WELL APPOINTED
TABLE

BINNER-CHI.

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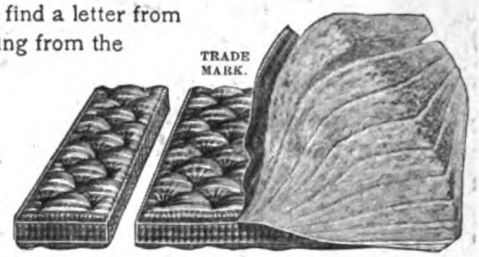
of 72 pages, "The Test of Time." In it you will probably find a letter from some neighbor or friend that is just as strong as the following from the

Rev. JOS. A. SEISS, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & CO., 1338 Spring Garden Street, Jan. 10, 1900.

SIRS:—I have had one of your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses in constant use for twenty-eight years past—it is not in the least matted down, but is just as soft, clean and elastic as when new, although the ticking is very badly worn, so that I think re-covering is necessary.

I certainly would not have a mattress for personal use except the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt, for there is not, to my knowledge, anything so satisfactory and enduring as your mattress possible to be obtained. Surely the sight of this twenty-eight year old mattress, and my remarkable experience, must convince doubters, if any are left. The Luthern Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy we furnished throughout with your mattresses, where they are proving just as satisfactory. Yours truly, JOS. A. SEISS.



The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15. Express Prepaid to your door.

is always "SENT ON SUSPICION," which means just this: SLEEP ON IT 30 NIGHTS and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked." There will be no unpleasantness about it at all.

Send for Our Book "THE TEST OF TIME," whether you need a mattress now or not. It will interest you to know about the *best* and *cheapest* mattress in the world.



3 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$ 8.35	ALL 6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG.
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70	
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35	
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00	

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.

Take Care! Don't Be Cheated! There is not a single store in the country that carries our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "felt," which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. *Our name and guarantee on every mattress.* Can be bought only of

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 109 Elizabeth Street, New York.

We have cushioned 25,000 Churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."



DID YOU EVER ENJOY A MEAL

IN BED?

Not unless the meal was served upon a table so arranged as to extend over the bed, and still not touch it. Most convenient in the sick room. Excellent sewing, cutting and reading table. Various kinds of wood. Beautifully finished. Write for circulars and testimonials.



NO AGENTS. Size of Top, 18 x 36 Inches.

INVALIDS TABLE COMPANY,
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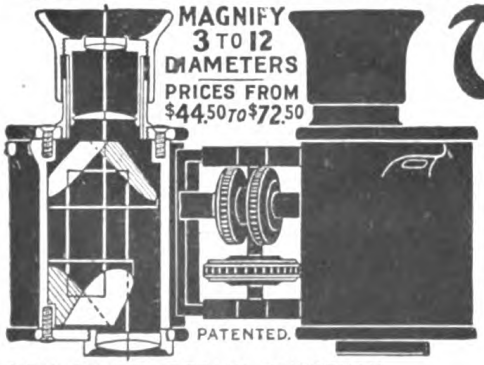
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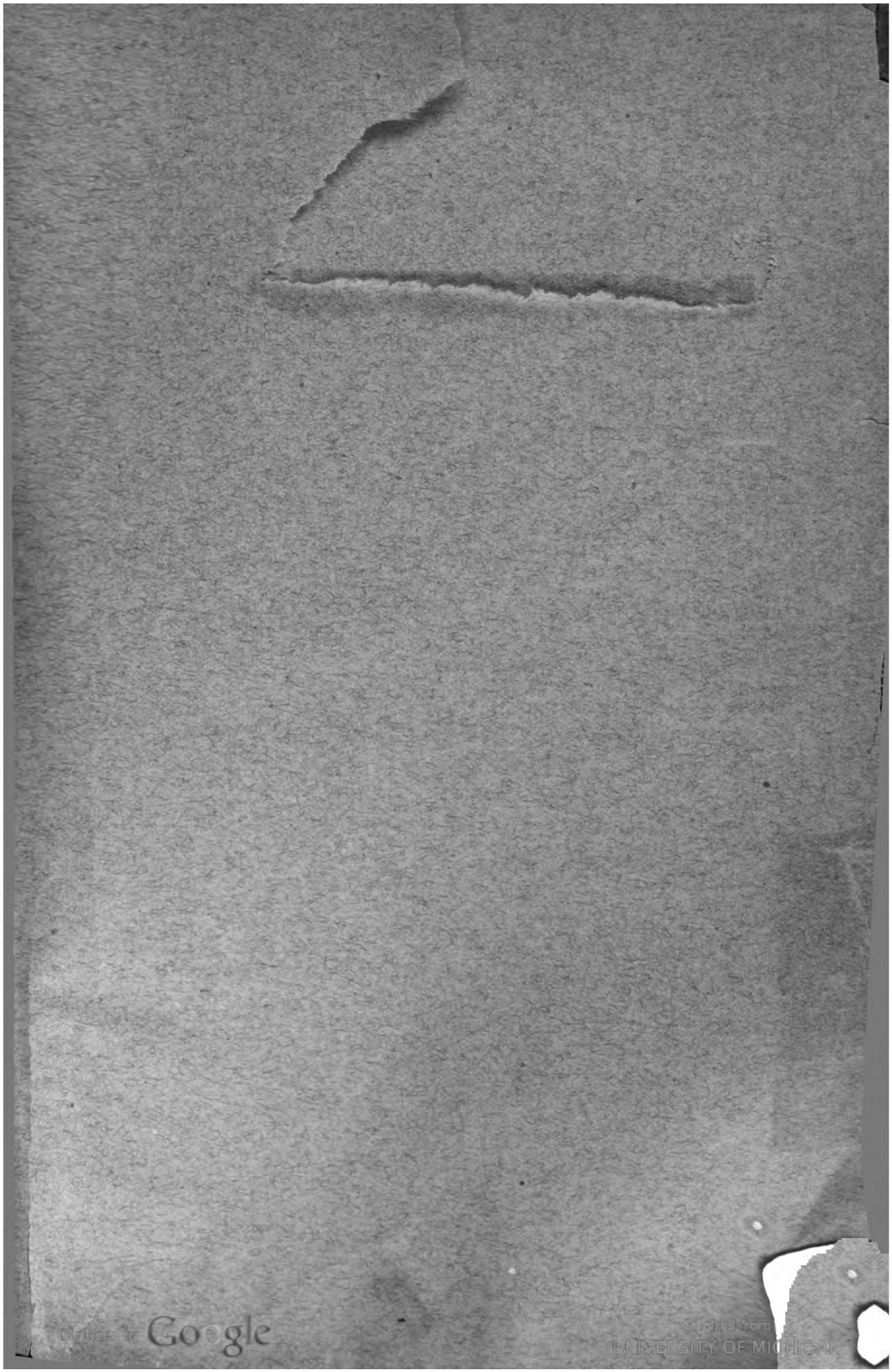


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